Guide to the SM3 Caingang File

[The sample group used in this file are the Aweikoma and Botocudo. The four sources contained herein represent all of the available literature on this group. Some caution, however, should be exercised in using this file for cross-cultural research. The Aweikoma or Botocudo, unlike the other Caingang groups, are non-agricultural. The Aweikoma are a 'refuge group,' one whose way of life has been drastically altered within a short period of time, many cultural elements undoubtedly being lost or changed in the process. Another difficulty is that the literature, apart from the work of Jules Henry, is often vague as to the exact group being discussed. Thus, statements on this region may refer to the Aweikoma, the Caingang generally, or to a completely different culture which exists alongside a Caingang group.

1: Metraux and 4: Paula are short general summaries of the culture. 2: Henry gives a general description of the group, concentrating on their social life. 3: Henry is basically a study of the Caingang language. Although some material on the subject is included, this file is particularly weak regarding material culture.]

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1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

THE CAINGANG

By Alfred Métraux

TRIBAL DIVISIONS AND HISTORY

101 131 The name *Caingang* (map 1, *No. 10*) was introduced in 1882 by Telemaco Morocines Borba to designate the non-*Guaraní* Indians of the States of São Paulo, Paraná, Santa Catarina, and Rio Grande do Sul, who previously were known as *Guayaná*, *Coroado*, *Bugre*, *Shokleng*, *Tupí*, *Botocudo*, etc., but who are all linguistically and culturally related to one another and form the southern branch of the *Ge* family (long. 50° W. between lat. 20° to 30° S.).

101 619 **Guayaná.**—These Indians appear for the first time in the literature under the name of *Guayaná* (*Goyaná*, *Goaianá*, *Guayná*, *Wayannas*, etc.). Staden (1925, part 2, chap. 3) mentions them in the Capitania of São Vicente. Early documents assign to them the plains of Piratininga and the region where São Paulo was founded. According to Soares de Souza (1851, pp. 99–100) they were the masters of the entire coast of the present State of São Paulo, from Angra dos Reis to Cananéia. Actually, they shared the seashore with the *Guaraní*-speaking *Tupiníkin*. The Portuguese chronicler describes them as noncannibalistic people with softer dispositions than the *Tupinamba*, living in the open country, and shunning the forest where they were worsted by their *Tupinamba* neighbors. Tebyreçá, who played such an important part in the early history of São Paulo, was a *Guayaná* chief. The settlement of Pinheiros, near old São Paulo, was formed by Indians of that tribe. Since the toponymy of this region is *Guaraní*, some authors consider the *Guayaná* a *Tupí-Guaraní* tribe. Though it is possible that the *Guayaná* of Piratininga spoke *Tupí*, there is little doubt that the majority of *Guayaná* belonged to a different family and were the ancestors of the modern *Caingang*. In the last century the name *Guayaná* was still applied in the State of São Paulo to a group of 200 *Caingang* who were settled in 1843 near Itapeva (Saint-Hilaire, 1830–51, 2:439–461; Machado de Oliveira, 1846, pp. 248–254).

The chronicler Rui Díaz de Guzmán (1914, p. 14) speaks of *Guayaná*, *Pattes* (*Basas?*), *Chovas*, and *Chouacas*, who spoke related languages and had their habitat on the Piquirý River and on the Rio Negro.[1]

[1] Xarque (1909, 4:294) states that the "Guañana" were situated on the Piquirý River, near the missions of San Pedro, São Paulo, and Concepción.

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101 619 Lozano (1873–74, 1:422) calls *Guañana*, *Guayaná*, or *Gualacho* the non-*Guaraní* "who lived on the Iguassú River and extended to the Atlantic." His description of the culture of the *Guayaná* of the Iguassú River leaves little doubt that these *Guayaná* were the modern *Caingang*, the more so that the only word of their language which he mentions is a *Caingang* word (soul, "acupli"; modern, "vaicupli").

Azara (1904, pp. 404–407) divides the *Guayaná* into two unrelated groups. The first ranged west of the Uruguay River from the region of La Guayrá to an undetermined boundary in the north. These *Guayaná* who did not speak *Guaraní*, practiced bloodletting, used long bows, and raised some crops, were certainly identical to the *Caingang* who now occupy the same territory and who share the very culture traits enumerated by Azara.

The other *Guayaná* Indians described by Azara spoke *Guaraní* and lived on the right side of the Paraná River from the Caraguarapé River to the Monday River and on the left side from Corpus to the Iguassú River. The descendants of these *Guaraní*-speaking *Guayaná* resided, at the beginning of this century, near Villa Azara, on a stream called Pirá-pytá. They disclaimed any connection with the *Caingang*, though Ramon Lista (1883) seems to have included them among the latter. (On the *Guaraní*-speaking *Guayaná*, see Vogt, 1904, pp. 216–218.)

North of these *Guaraní*-speaking *Guayaná*, on both sides of the Paraná River, lived a *Caingang* subtribe called *Ingain* (*Tain*) or *Ivotirocaý*, after the stream (a western tributary of the Paraná River) on which they had their headquarters. Their bands were scattered from the stream of Ivotirocaý to the vicinity of La Guayrá falls. Their name, *Tain*, suggests close affinities or identity with the *Taven*, who lived in the same region between the Paraná, the Piquirý, and the Itatú Rivers. These *Ingain* or *Taven* are the Indians whom Lista (1883) and Martinez (1904) describe as *Guayaná*. (On the *Guayaná* question, see Ihering, 1904 a, pp. 23–44; Sampaio, 1897; Martinez, 1904; Vogt, 1904, pp. 352–376.)

At the beginning of the century, *Caingang* groups could be found in the vast territory of the State of Paraná between the Iguassú and the Paranapanema Rivers, but in recent times they had no settlements near either river, but were fairly numerous along the Tibagý and Piquirý Rivers. The *Caingang* who lived between the Rio das Cinzas and the Tibagý River called themselves *Nyacfateitei;* they were separated by the Tibagý River from closely related Indians, who were their bitter enemies.

The names Votóro, Kamé, and Cayurukré, given to *Caingang* groups of Guarapuava and Palmas, are simply appelations of moiety or class subdivisions and not, as it has been long believed, of independent bands

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or subtribes. The *Dorin*, who lived on the river of the same name, and the *Taven* (see above), whose habitat was bounded by the Paraná, the Piquirý, and the Itatú Rivers, were true *Caingang* subgroups different from the subtribe of the Guarapuava region.

The first settlers of the Campos of Guarapuava found these plains in 1810 entirely occupied by *Caingang*. These Indians were placed in aldeas under the care of Father das Chagas Lima, who wrote the first eye-witness account of them. In order to prevent constant clashes between the *Caingang* and the first colonists, the Brazilian Government made various attempts to settle them in aldeamentos. In 1855–56, the settlements of São Pedro de Alcántara, San Jeronymo, and Jatahý were founded for them on the Tibagý River. However, many *Caingang* groups remained independent in the forests between the Piquirý, upper Ivahý, and the Iguassú Rivers.

A census of the *Caingang* of the Guarapuava region taken in 1827 by Father das Chagas Lima (1842, p. 62) gave: Kamé, 152; Votóro, 120; *Dorin*, 400; *Shocren*, 60; and *Taven*, 240. In 1905, Koenigswald (1908 a, p. 47) estimated the *Caingang* of the State of Paraná at about 2,000.

Coroado.—From the 18th century to the present day, the *Caingang* of São Paulo, Paraná, and Rio Grande do Sul have frequently been designated as *Coronado* or *Coroado* (The Crowned Ones) because of their typical Franciscan-like tonsure, a hairdress which they have abandoned only in recent years. This unfortunate term is responsible for the confusion between the *Caingang-Coroado* and the *Purí-Coroado*, who seem linguistically unrelated.

Coronado, Gualacho, and Caagua.—Lozano (1873, 1:69) applies the name "*Coronados*" to the Indians of the open plains or Campos de los Camperos, del Guarayru, del Cayyu, de los Cabelludos, and de los Coronados between the Huibay (Ivahí) and Iguassú Rivers. These *Coronado*, who were certainly *Caingang*, were the same as the *Gualacho* (*Gualachí*), *Chiquí*,[3] and *Cabelludo*, who lived in the same region. As a matter of fact, Lozano himself considers these names to be synonyms of *Guañaná* (i. e., *Guayaná*). In the Cartas Anuas of 1628 (Cartas Anuas, 1927–29, 20:344), the *Gualacho* who did not speak *Guaraní* lived 4 days' travel from the mission of San Pablo, that is to say, in the basin of the Tibagý River in the very heart of the *Caingang* region. Likewise, the *Caagua* (*Caaigua*, "Forest Dwellers") of the Jesuits who roved between the Paraná and Uruguay Rivers, near Acaray in the region of La Guaira, were undoubtedly representatives of the *Caingang* subfamily. Jesuit maps indicate other *Caagua* in the

[3] According to Xarque (1900, 2:62), the *Chiquí* lived between the Iguassú and Itatí (Ieatu) Rivers.

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101 619 region of Tapé (State of Rio Grande do Sul), an area where *Caingang* groups lived until the 19th century.[2]

Tupí.—The Indians whom Azara (1809, 2:70–75) calls *Tupy*, and who formed an enclave within the *Guaraní* region, were also the ancestors of the modern *Caingang* of the upper Uruguay River. Their territory corresponded to the forested land east of the Uruguay River between the Jesuit missions of San Xavier and San Ángel and between San Xavier and lat. 27°23′ S. Jesuit sources assign to them the region extending between the headwaters of the Piratini (near San Miguel) and the Iguassú and Jacuhy (Igay) Rivers. There is not a detail in the short description of their culture given by Azara which does not fit modern *Caingang*: agriculture, tonsure, fiber cloth, shell necklaces, bow, etc. Moreover, modern *Guaraní* still apply the name *Tupí* to the *Caingang* of San Pedro in the Argentine Territory of Misiones (Ambrosetti, 1895, p. 305).

Botocudo.—The *Aweikoma-Caingang* groups of the State of Santa Catarina, have adopted the use of the labret and are, therefore, often called *Botocudo*, a name which erroneously suggests a connection with the northern *Botocudo* of the State of Espírito Santo.

Bugre.—The name *Bugre* applied by the colonists to the *Caingang* had a pejorative meaning. It is a Portuguese word of the same root as the French "bougre." The *Guaraní* also called the *Caingang* *Caauba*, and *Caahans* (Serrano, 1939, p. 25).

PRESENT SITUATION OF THE CAINGANG GROUPS

Caingang of the State of São Paulo.—At the beginning of the present century there were five groups of wild *Caingang*, known as *Coroado*, between the Peixe, and the Aguapehy (Feio) Rivers. Formerly there were also *Caingang* groups on the lower Tieté River. They resisted the advance of the Whites and continually assaulted the workers building the railroad from São Paulo to Corumbá. In 1910, thanks to the efforts of General Rondon and of the Serviço de Protecção aos Indios, peace was established and many *Caingang* settled around the two government posts created for them near the Aguapehy (Feio) River. Horta Barboza (1913, p. 24), who was one of the inspectors of the Indian Service, estimated the number of *Caingang* in that region at 500. The *Caingang* of São Paulo are also known as *Nyaofateltei* (*Nyakfã-d-ag-téie*, "Those with the long frontal hair").

Caingang of the State of Paraná.—The *Caingang* who are now established around Palmas in the State of Paraná come from the region between the Iguassú and Uruguay Rivers. In 1933, they lived in two villages near Palmas: Toldo las Lontras, on the river of the

[2] Serrano (1941) extends the southern limit of the *Coagua* to the Santa Lucia River in Corrientes.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

same name, and Toldo de Chapecó, in the region of Xanxeré. According to Baldus (1935), the population of the first village was 108, that of the second was somewhat higher but no exact figure is given. In earlier sources, the *Caingang* of the region of Palmas are often designated as Kamé after one of their moiety subdivisions.

Caingang of Santa Catarina (*Shokleng*, *Socré*, *Botocudo*, *Aweikoma*).—The nomadic or half-nomadic *Caingang* who ranged in the State of Santa Catarina from the Timbo River to the forests of the Serra do Mar and from the Rio Negro to the Uruguay River are better known as *Bugre*, a derogatory term given to them by their enemies the White settlers, or as *Shokleng*, or *Botocudo* of Santa Catarina because of their wooden labrets. Nimuendajú calls them *Aweikoma*, a word of their language meaning Indians. Though they differ culturally from the Paraná *Caingang* (Baldus, 1937 c), there is little doubt that they belong to the same linguistic family, even if their dialect is not easily understood by the *Caingang* of Palmas.

During the whole 19th century, the *Aweikoma-Caigang* of Santa Catarina have stubbornly opposed the encroachments of the Brazilian and German settlers. They were constantly pursued by professional Indian hunters, the famous "bugreiros," until the Serviço de Protecção aos Indios intervened on behalf of the remnants of the tribe. Most of them were settled in the Reservation Duque de Caixas (Municipality of Dalbergia), near the junction of the Plate River with the Rio Itajahi do Norte. In 1930, the reservation consisted of 106 persons. Another small group of *Caingang* was reported in 1935 at São Jão, south of Porto da União.

Caingang of Rio Grande do Sul.—The *Caingang* who ranged north of the Uruguay River from the mouth of the Pepiri-guassú River to that of the Rio das Canoas and those who lived between the Rio das Canoas and the Rio Pelotas were distinct from the *Aweikoma*, though the demarcation between *Caingang-Coroado* and "*Botocudo*" cannot be exactly ascertained. The *Caingang* of the northern bank of the Uruguay River were the same as, or closely related to, the groups who had their villages between the Serra Geral, the upper Uruguay River, and the Sete Missões.

In 1850 Jesuit missionaries founded three settlements for the *Caingang* of the upper Uruguay: Nonohay, Campo do Meio, and Guarita. The Indians of Nonohay numbered about 400; those of Campo do Meio, 90. The Jesuit missions were short-lived; Nonohay, however, was restored in 1872 with 300 *Caingang*, who at the end of the century were almost entirely absorbed into the local rural population. According to Von Ihering (1895, p. 40), six "aldeamentos" of *Caingang* existed in 1864 in the State of Rio Grande do Sul, with a total population of about 2,000. In 1880, their number was already greatly reduced. In the same period "wild" *Caingang* were reported

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between the Taquarí and Cahy Rivers. Today their settlements lie between Inhacorá (Nucorá) (long. 54°15′ W.) and Lagoa Vermelha (long. 51°30′ W.).

The Caingang of Misiones, Argentina.—At the end of the 19th century about 60 *Caingang* lived in the Argentine Territory of Misiones on the eastern slopes of the Sierra Central, 3 miles (5 km.) from the town of San Pedro, near the Yabotí River. According to Ambrosetti (1895, p. 307), these Indians, who were known in the region as *Tupí*, had come from Palmas or Rio Grande by crossing the upper Uruguay River. A few years later (1902), some of them returned to Brazil.

Literature on the Caingang.—Few data on the *Caingang* can be gleaned from the Colonial literature. Though the *Caingang* are often mentioned in the Jesuit texts on the Paraguayan missions, Lozano (1873–74, 1:418–427) and Azara (1904, pp. 402–407) are the only authors who give short, but fairly accurate, descriptions of these Indians. The accounts of Father Luiz de Cemitille and of Telemaco Morocines Borba were for many years our best sources. Later, L. B. Horta Barboza (1913) published very exact observations on their customs, which were supplemented by Manizer (1930). Ambrosetti (1895) has written an interesting article on the *Caingang* of San Pedro, in Misiones. The social organization and funerary rites of the *Caingang* were the subject of a special monograph by Baldus (1937 c). Henry (1941) studied the decadent remnants of the *Aweikoma* group and described their culture in psychological terms. Their language is known mainly through an excellent dictionary by Father Mansueto Barcatta de Valfloriana (1918, 1920) and a linguistic analysis by Jules Henry (1935). Ploetz and Métraux (1930) have attempted to bring together most of the data about the *Caingang* contained in the literature up to 1928.

CULTURE

SUBSISTENCE ACTIVITIES

Farming.—The only *Caingang* who subsisted entirely by hunting and collecting were those of the State of Santa Catarina, the so-called *Botocudo or Aweikoma*. These Indians, however, remembered a time when they, like all other *Caingang* groups, practiced agriculture.

The ancient *Guayaná*, ancestors of the modern *Caingang*, are described as relatively sedentary agriculturists, though our sources stress the importance of hunting in their economy. This was also true for the *Caingang* at the end of the 19th century. All their groups raised maize (red, white, and violet varieties), pumpkins, and beans (a white variety), but perhaps depended less than their *Guaraní* neighbors on these crops. Like many Indians who had become acquainted with farming in recent times through the intermediary of

3:Henry E-5 (1932-1934)1935 SM3 Caingang SM3
Awelkoma

121 The data for this paper were obtained during my stay among the Kaingang Indians of Santa Catarina, Brazil, from December 1932 until January 1934. Although the object of the investigation was primarily ethnological enough data were obtained for an outline of the language. The language [124] was studied principally in order that I might learn to speak it — which I did — and the great bulk of my ethnological work was done in the native language. Nevertheless, since the language was utterly strange to me and there was no source from which I might learn it[2], except from the Indians, I found it necessary to make a certain amount of systematic analysis.

101 There are several Indian tribes in southern Brazil that are called Kaingang: one in São Paulo, another in Paraná, and still others in Santa Catarina. Those that I studied are in

[122] [1] The field work was made possible by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to the Columbia University Department of Anthropology.

[2] I am indebted to Eduardo de Lima e Silva Hoerhan of the Serviço de Protecção aos Indios for assistance in the early days of the study.

[3] Formerly part of the Municipality of Blumenau.

[197] [4] Ehrenreich, *Archiv für Anthropologie*, NS. III, 1905, pp. 52, 53; Festschrift für Adolf

[p. 172 (B)]

3:Henry E-5 (1932-1934)19355M3 Caingang SM3
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101 the latter state, in the Municipality of Dalbergia[3], at the Post of the Serviço de Protecção aos Indios, "Duque de Caxias".

197 The Kaingang have been grouped in the Ges-Tapuya linguistic family with the Botocudo of the Rio Doce in the state of Minas Geraes[4]. I find, on comparing the available data that there is no justification for such grouping. It is desireable, therefore, to consider the Kaingang dialects alone until more material is forthcoming.

CONSONANTS.

194 The most striking single feature of the basic consonantic scheme is the large number of nasals: 9 out of 18 of the consonants are nasals or are accompanied by nasal voicing. These last are the *mb*, *nd* and *ŋg* in the plosive series.

Bastian. Also, following Chamberlain's map as best we can by latitude and longitude (AA. NS. V. 15; 1913, pp. 236—247) we see that he extends his Tapuyan group into Paraná and São Paulo without including Santa Catarina. If he includes the Kaingang speaking tribes of Paraná and São Paulo in his Tapuyan family he must extend its limits into Santa Catarina.

[p. 172 (c)]

Memoir on the Botocudo of Paraná and Santa Catarina, Organized by the Indian Protection Service Under the Direction of Dr. José Maria de Paula

101 The Botocudo of Santa Catarina are descendants of the primitive aborigines who were formerly scattered all over the interior of southern Brazil--the Tapuya, members of the great Aimore nation. According to this view, which seems to us the most appropriate, the Botocudo now remaining in the camps of the Plate River are the last survivors of that large and warlike nation.

648 [31] This tribe used to roam the vast area bounded by the Iguaçu and Uruguay rivers and the ocean, waging a colossal struggle against the civilized populations who were clearing their forests and exterminating their major source of food--their game.

The first verified notices of Indian attack date from the year 1830.

In order to protect the colonists in those areas most severely threatened by the Indians, a troop of so-called pedestres [foot soldiers] was created in 1836. Their function was to set the aborigines to flight and to pursue them; but this did not put an end to the raids.

In his speech of 1856, the president of the province, Dr. João José Coutinho, suggests that the only truly effective measure would be to force these "murderers and sons of barbarians" to leave the forest and settle in locations from which they could not escape.

Translator's Note

104 The spelling of Portuguese words and geographical names has been changed in accordance with the 1943 orthography reform. All Indian words have been left as in the original owing to their doubtful phonetic rendition.

It may be stated that (´) marks stress, (^) indicates a close vowel sound, and x stands for English sh.

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Notes on the Spelling[1] of Kaingáng Words

● 104 THE SPELLING OF KAINGÁNG PROPER NAMES is a rough approximation of the true phonetic values. Other Kaingáng words have been more accurately rendered by the following system:

i as in English *feet*.
ĭ as in Russian *Bbl*. A sound midway between the vowel in English *feet* and the vowel in English *do*.
e as in German *fehle*. Approximately as the vowel in English *rain*.
ẽ as in a Londoner's pronunciation of *third*.
ê as in English *fed*.
a as in English *father*.
â as in English *hat*.
o as in German *wohl;* French *eau*.
ô as in English *awe*.
u as in English *do*.
û approximately as in English *sure*.
w an *m* that is pronounced with the upper teeth touching the lower lip. In technical parlance a labio-dental *m*.

All other consonants have the same values as in English. The sign ˛ under a vowel as in ǫ represents nasalization as in French *on*. The acute accent indicates word accent. In some cases it has been impossible to indicate accents because of printing difficulties. The large majority of two syllable words, however, accent the last syllable. Three syllable words are more erratic.

[1] A precise phonetic scheme is given in "A Kaingáng Text." See fn. 2, p. xiv.

[p. xx is blank]

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

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Glossary

angdjĭdn	The festa of the rattles that is held when the surviving spouse returns from his (or her) widower's (or widow's) isolation.
chôi chí (*chôi*, to grow; *chi*, old)	Grown old; mature. Said of men above thirty-five or forty.
e	I or my. The first person singular pronoun, *êng*, I or my, becomes *e* before *k*, *t*, *ch*, and *p*.
ĕhĕdn	A funeral song to drive off the ghost-soul.
eklą́ (*e*, my; *klą*, offspring)	My offspring in the relationship sense. Used by a parent for his own child, and also applied to all the younger members of his own extended family by an older man.
êng	I or my.
êngdjí	My child. For complete explanation see kinship terms, Appendix II.
ênglânglé (*êng*, my; *lânglé*, two)	My co-spouse.
ka lę́lé nya (*ka*, in; *lę́lé*, to live; *nya*, continuative)	To live in; to love. The expression denoting the affective relationship between members of the same extended family.
kĕlą́	Young man; males from ten to thirty-five or forty.
klą	Offspring in the relationship sense.
kĕmê	A cake made from the mealy interior of the trunk of a palm. Anciently made from pounded corn.
kóiká	People in the relationship sense; relative.
kóika hĕ (*kóiká*, people or relative; *hĕ*, whole, entire, good)	Real people; individuals having the same body paint design. For complete explanation see Appendix II.
kóinggĕgn	Man.
kóklá	Ceremonial father. Often used as a courtesy term. The man who treats an infant's umbilical cord ceremonially and who pierces a boy's lip or a girl's thigh.

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jôfkhôndjûdu	A stick ornamented with feathers and used as a dance ornament.
kôpîgu	To divine with charcoal.
Kuckâgu	A supernatural monster.
kumbêdu	To divine from insects.
kupîng	The ghost-soul.
lângli	Two; co-spouse.
lu	A dance ornament with a basketlike top.
lų	Doom.
mang	A special possessive form for animals that are owned.
mbêdu	Husband. For more complete definition see kinship terms, Appendix II.
mbî	Ceremonial mother. The woman who treats one's umbilical cord ceremonially and who assists at the piercing of the lip of a boy and the thigh of a girl.
nê	To marry; to sit.
nêklį	The *nêklį* is the drinking name.
nungnyêu	Brother, sister, or cousin. For complete definition see kinship terms, Appendix II.
ndegu	To refuse.
nggigu	A fern with a thorny, woody stem. Used for fermenting beer and in death rituals.
nggîyêdu	The supernatural. All supernatural beings are *nggîyêdu*.
nyį	Mother. For complete definition see kinship terms, Appendix II.
nyungnyêu	First person singular of *nungnyêu*.
nyungnyįli	Child. A term used only in keening chants. It has about the same feeling as the term *yi*.
plų	Wife. For complete explanation see kinship terms, Appendix II.
sai	A fruit.
sî	Woman.
sî tagu (*sî*, woman; *tagu*, fat, new, desirable)	A young woman who has not borne more than one or two children.
thangglîgu	Dirty; taboo.
thêyé	A projectile shot by a supernatural being. It makes people sick and may be extracted by a shaman.
thô	Bitter. Said of beer that has reached the degree of fermentation proper for drinking.
thôgu	Enemy.
thôpgyu	A widowed person during the period of his (or her) isolation and the feats given on his (or her) return.
tutôlo	A herb used as a remedy.
tyôlo nya sîi (*tyôlo*, tapir; *nya*, food; *sîi*, raw)	Tapir's raw food. A herb used frequently as a medicine.
wai	Supernaturally dangerous. Said particularly of corpses that will not burn.
wyâ	Divining by belching.
Vîin	A supernatural monster.
wuindji	To flirt; to have an affair with.

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waikeyú	Aggressive; quarrelsome; enterprising; brave.
waikó	To have sexual intercourse.
waikómáng	The widow's (or widower's) period of isolation.
wangdjó	The succulent top of the tapir's neck. The mythological name of the Kaingáng. A supernatural monster.
yi	Child in the kinship sense. For complete definition see kinship terms, Appendix II.
Yóin	A supernatural monster.
yáktē	Women having the same body-paint design as a man. For complete explanation see Appendix II.
yákthf	Guilt; fault; custom.
Yunggi	A supernatural monster.
yúgu	Father; any man much older than the speaker. Often used as a courtesy term. For complete explanation see kinship terms, Appendix II,

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[p 212 is blank]

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648 [31] This tribe used to roam the vast area bounded by the Iguaçu and Uruguay rivers and the ocean, waging a colossal struggle against the civilized populations who were clearing their forests and exterminating their major source of food--their game.

The first verified notices of Indian attack date from the year 1830.

In order to protect the colonists in those areas most severely threatened by the Indians, a troop of so-called pedestres [foot soldiers] was created in 1838. Their function was to set the aborigines to flight and to pursue them; but this did not put an end to the raids.

In his speech of 1856, the president of the province, Dr. João José Coutinho, suggests that the only truly effective measure would be to force these "murderers and sons of barbarians" to leave the forest and settle in locations from which they could not escape.

Translator's Note

104 The spelling of Portuguese words and geographical names has been changed in accordance with the 1943 orthography reform. All Indian words have been left as in the original owing to their doubtful phonetic rendition.

It may be stated that (´) marks stress, (^) indicates a close vowel sound, and x stands for English sh.

1: Metraux, Alfred. The Caingang. Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin, No. 143, Vol. 1, pp. 445-475. Washington: Smithsonian Institution, 1946.

HRAF Copy

[This article is drawn almost exclusively from published sources, although it is probable that Metraux had some original material available. The source covers tribal divisions and distribution, religion, economic life, social organization, and the life cycle. It should be noted that while the author includes information on several different groups of the Caingang, this file is concerned only with the distinctive Awaikoma and Botocudo of Santa Catarina State. The references on p. 475 refer to the bibliography of the entire volume. This bibliography has not been processed. --Analyst]

Field date: No date
Analyst: James R. Leary

Evaluation: Ethnologist-4
Processed in 1959

2: Henry, Jules. Jungle People. Locust Valley, New York: J. J. Augustin, 1941.

Yale: C71c 787

Pp. xx, 215; 4 appendices; 8 plates.

[Henry, a social anthropologist, spent slightly over a year among the Aweikoma-Caingang of Santa Catarina, and wrote this account of them almost entirely from his own field data. Data are included on the food quest, the kinship system, material culture, the life cycle, folklore and religion, and the daily routine. In addition, there are sections dealing with the disruptive forces in Caingang society (centering on feuds) and the integrative forces (centering on the extended family). Much of the book tends to be more in narrative style than the usual ethnography, and it is not always clear whether the conclusions refer to Caingang culture of the past or to the present decadent reservation-dwelling group. --Analyst]

Field date: 1932-1934
Analyst: James R. Leary

Evaluation: Social Anthropologist-5
Processed in 1958

3: Henry, Jules. A Kaingang Text. International Journal of American Linguistics, Vol. 8, pp. 172-218. New York: Linguistic Society of America, 1935.

Yale: Fzal /In8 v.8-9

[This article is essentially a study of the Caingang (Aweikoma of Santa Catarina) language. A section is devoted to the phonology of the language, and a native text is given. In the subsequent analysis of the text, Caingang grammar is discussed, and numerous illustrative examples are given. -- Analyst]

Field date: 1932-1934
Analyst: James Leary

Evaluation: Ethnologist - 5
Processed in 1958

4: Paula, José Maria de. Memoria sobre os botocudos do Paraná e Santa Catharina organisada pelo servico de protecção aos selvicolas sob a inspecção do Dr. José Maria de Paula [Memoir on the Botocudo of Paraná and Santa Catarina, Organized by the Indian Protection Service under the direction of Dr. José Maria de Paula]. Annaes do XX Congresso Internacional de Americanistas, Vol. 1, pp. 117-137. Rio de Janeiro, 1924.

Yale: C2. 054. 20/1. [HRAF MS: pp. 1-26]

Translated from the Portuguese for the Human Relations Area Files by Ariane Brunel.

[This contribution to the relatively scarce data on the Caingang was made by the director of the Indian Protection Service in the state of Paraná. This work was one of the basic sources of information for 1: Metraux. The article treats the history of contacts and government policy toward the Caingang and gives a general summary of the culture. Two word lists gathered in separate communities are appended. --Analyst]

Field date: ca. 1914-1920
Analyst: George R. Bedell

Evaluation: Government Administrator-5
Processed in 1959

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

bird hoarded water. Traditions of internecine feuds, however, loom most prominently in their lore (Henry, 1941, pp. 124–152; 1935, pp. 177 f., 211).

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Adam, 1902; Ambrosetti, 1894 b, 1895; Azara, 1809, 1904; Baldus, 1935, 1937 c; Barcatta de Valfloriana, 1918, 1920; Borba, 1882, 1904, 1908; Cartas Anuas, 1927–29; Chagas Lima, 1842; Debret, 1940; Díaz de Guzmán, 1914; Ewerton Quadros, 1892; Freitas, 1910; Gensch, 1908; Henry, 1935, 1936, 1941; Hensel, 1869; Horta Barbosa, 1913; Ihering, 1895, 1904 a, 1904 b, 1907 a, 1907 b; Isikowitz, 1935; Koenigswald, 1908 a, 1908 b; Leão, 1913; Lista, 1883; Lozano, 1873–74; Machado de Oliveira, 1846; Manizer, 1930, 1934; Martinez, 1904; Martius, 1867; Meyer, 1896; Nimuendajú, 1914; Paula, 1924; Paula Souza, 1918; Ploetz and Métraux, 1930, Saint-Hilaire, 1830–51; Sampaio, 1897; Santin, 1906; Serrano, 1936, 1939, 1941; Siemiradzki, 1896 b; Soares de Souza, 1851; Staden, 1925; Taunay, 1913, 1918; Teschauer, 1914, 1918, 1929; Vogt, 1904; Xarque, 1900.

113

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

177 Until 1914 the Kaingáng robbed and killed the Brazilian colonists, but now they live in peace. Under government instruction they have learned to till the soil. Both men and women have adopted the clothes of the whites and the men have cut their hair and discarded their typically male ornament, the lip plug. The young men use fire arms exclusively; one man about sixty uses only bow and arrow; the other men over forty alternate between bow and arrow and gun. Nowadays the Kaingáng attempt houses after the fashion of the poor white farmers of the region—mud walls, thatched roofs and dirt floors—but the Kaingáng often do not get beyond the roof, and even that leaks. Changes are also noticeable in ritual and social life. Some rituals have dropped out and the bloody feuds between the extended families are no longer carried on. Although polygyny is still practised polyandry has been given up.

In spite of change, however, many of the old ways of life are still followed and fundamental attitudes remain the same. The culture is far from dead. Because of their ferocity only the bugreiros—men hired by the colonists to kill the Indians—ever dared approach the Kaingáng before pacification. Since that time the government has steadily resisted all attempts to establish missions among them. Although there is a Catholic church about [797] five miles away from the reservation its effect on the Kaingáng has been practically nil.

123 I lived on the reservation from December 1932 to January 1934 and my house was in the center of the Kaingáng village.

Although the Kaingáng are now small farmers they still spend about half their time hunting. They are great week-enders. Every Friday some of them plunge into the jungle and turn up on Monday with a few quarters of tapir, deer or wild pig, or some birds. From time to time I joined them on these trips but with the exception of a five week expedition I made with them into the jungle my work was largely limited to wandering about the village, in and out of houses, sitting by fires and talking, working with paid informants, and, of course, treating their ailments.

● 114 Frae Mansueto Barcatta de Val Floriana has published a grammar[6] of the language of the Kaingáng of São Paulo but no systematic study of the language of any of the Kaingáng speaking tribes of Santa Catarina had appeared in print prior to my "A Kaingáng Text."[7]

191 Although today Kaingáng males between 20 and 30 years of age know some Portuguese there was only one whose Portuguese was good enough

[6] "Ensaio de Grammatica Kainjgang," *Revista do Museu Paulista*, Volume X, São Paulo, 1918. Frae Mansueto's grammar suffers from an attempt to impose Indo-European grammatical categories on the Kaingáng language. His "Diccionarios Kainjgang-Portuguez e Portuguez-Kainjgang," *Revista do Museu Paulista*, Volume XII, São Paulo, 1920, is excellent.

[7] *International Journal of American Linguistics*, Volume VIII, 1935, pp. 172-218.

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JULIAN H. STEWARD, *Editor*

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THE MARGINAL TRIBES

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[Title Page]

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THE CAINGANG

By Alfred Métraux

TRIBAL DIVISIONS AND HISTORY

101 131 The name *Caingang* (map 1, *No. 10*) was introduced in 1882 by Telemaco Morocines Borba to designate the non-*Guaraní* Indians of the States of São Paulo, Paraná, Santa Catarina, and Rio Grande do Sul, who previously were known as *Guayaná*, *Coroado*, *Bugre*, *Shokleng*, *Tupí*, *Botocudo*, etc., but who are all linguistically and culturally related to one another and form the southern branch of the *Ge* family (long. 50° W. between lat. 20° to 30° S.).

101 619 **Guayaná.**—These Indians appear for the first time in the literature under the name of *Guayaná* (*Goyaná*, *Goaiazás*, *Guayná*, *Wayannas*, etc.). Staden (1925, part 2, chap. 3) mentions them in the Capitania of São Vicente. Early documents assign to them the plains of Piratininga and the region where São Paulo was founded. According to Soares de Souza (1851, pp. 99–100) they were the masters of the entire coast of the present State of São Paulo, from Angra dos Reis to Cananéia. Actually, they shared the seashore with the *Guaraní*-speaking *Tupinikin*. The Portuguese chronicler describes them as noncannibalistic people with softer dispositions than the *Tupinamba*, living in the open country, and shunning the forest where they were worsted by their *Tupinamba* neighbors. Tebyreçá, who played such an important part in the early history of São Paulo, was a *Guayaná* chief. The settlement of Pinheiros, near old São Paulo, was formed by Indians of that tribe. Since the toponymy of this region is *Guaraní*, some authors consider the *Guayaná* a *Tupí-Guaraní* tribe. Though it is possible that the *Guayaná* of Piratininga spoke *Tupí*, there is little doubt that the majority of *Guayaná* belonged to a different family and were the ancestors of the modern *Caingang*. In the last century the name *Guayaná* was still applied in the State of São Paulo to a group of 200 *Caingang* who were settled in 1843 near Itapeva (Saint-Hilaire, 1830–51, 2:439–461; Machado de Oliveira, 1846, pp. 248–254).

The chronicler Rui Díaz de Guzmán (1914, p. 14) speaks of *Guayaná*, *Pattes* (*Basas?*), *Chouas*, and *Chouacas*, who spoke related languages and had their habitat on the Piquirý River and on the Rio Negro.[1]

[1] Xarque (1909, 4:284) states that the "Guañana" were situated on the Piquirý River, near the missions of San Pedro, São Paulo, and Concepción.

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101 619 Lozano (1873–74, 1:422) calls *Guañana*, *Guayaná*, or *Gualacho* the non-*Guaraní* "who lived on the Iguassú River and extended to the Atlantic." His description of the culture of the *Guayaná* of the Iguassú River leaves little doubt that these *Guayaná* were the modern *Caingang*, the more so that the only word of their language which he mentions is a *Caingang* word (soul, "acupli"; modern, "vaicupli").

Azara (1904, pp. 404–407) divides the *Guayaná* into two unrelated groups. The first ranged west of the Uruguay River from the region of La Guayrá to an undetermined boundary in the north. These *Guayaná*, who did not speak *Guaraní*, practiced bloodletting, used long bows, and raised some crops, were certainly identical to the *Caingang* who now occupy the same territory and who share the very culture traits enumerated by Azara.

The other *Guayaná* Indians described by Azara spoke *Guaraní* and lived on the right side of the Paraná River from the Caraguarapé River to the Monday River and on the left side from Corpus to the Iguassú River. The descendants of these *Guaraní*-speaking *Guayaná* resided, at the beginning of this century, near Villa Azara, on a stream called Pirá-pytá. They disclaimed any connection with the *Caingang*, though Ramon Lista (1883) seems to have included them among the latter. (On the *Guaraní*-speaking *Guayaná*, see Vogt, 1904, pp. 216–218.)

North of these *Guaraní*-speaking *Guayaná*, on both sides of the Paraná River, lived a *Caingang* subtribe called *Ingain* (*Tain*) or *Ivotirocaý*, after the stream (a western tributary of the Paraná River) on which they had their headquarters. Their bands were scattered from the stream of Ivotirocaý to the vicinity of La Guayrá falls. Their name, *Tain*, suggests close affinities or identity with the *Taven*, who lived in the same region between the Paraná, the Piquirý, and the Itatú Rivers. These *Ingain* or *Taven* are the Indians whom Lista (1883) and Martinez (1904) describe as *Guayaná*. (On the *Guayaná* question, see Ihering, 1904 a, pp. 23–44; Sampaio, 1897; Martinez, 1904; Vogt, 1904, pp. 352–376.)

At the beginning of the century, *Caingang* groups could be found in the vast territory of the State of Paraná between the Iguassú and the Paranapanema Rivers, but in recent times they had no settlements near either river, but were fairly numerous along the Tibagý and Piquirý Rivers. The *Caingang* who lived between the Rio das Cinzas and the Tibagý River called themselves *Nyacfateitei;* they were separated by the Tibagý River from closely related Indians, who were their bitter enemies.

The names Votóro, Kamé, and Cayurukré, given to *Caingang* groups of Guarapuava and Palmas, are simply appelations of moiety or class subdivisions and not, as it has been long believed, of independent bands

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or subtribes. The *Dorin*, who lived on the river of the same name, and the *Taven* (see above), whose habitat was bounded by the Paraná, the Piquirý, and the Itatú Rivers, were true *Caingang* subgroups different from the subtribe of the Guarapuava region.

The first settlers of the Campos of Guarapuava found these plains in 1810 entirely occupied by *Caingang*. These Indians were placed in aldeas under the care of Father das Chagas Lima, who wrote the first eye-witness account of them. In order to prevent constant clashes between the *Caingang* and the first colonists, the Brazilian Government made various attempts to settle them in aldeamentos. In 1855–56, the settlements of São Pedro de Alcántara, San Jeronymo, and Jatahý were founded for them on the Tibagý River. However, many *Caingang* groups remained independent in the forests between the Piquirý, upper Ivahý, and the Iguassú Rivers.

A census of the *Caingang* of the Guarapuava region taken in 1827 by Father das Chagas Lima (1842, p. 62) gave: Kamé, 152; Votóro, 120; *Dorin*, 400; *Shocren*, 60; and *Taven*, 240. In 1905, Koenigswald (1908 a, p. 47) estimated the *Caingang* of the State of Paraná at about 2,000.

Coroado.—From the 18th century to the present day, the *Caingang* of São Paulo, Paraná, and Rio Grande do Sul have frequently been designated as *Coronado* or *Coroado* (The Crowned Ones) because of their typical Franciscan-like tonsure, a hairdress which they have abandoned only in recent years. This unfortunate term is responsible for the confusion between the *Caingang-Coroado* and the *Purí-Coroado*, who seem linguistically unrelated.

Coronado, Gualacho, and Caagua.—Lozano (1873, 1:69) applies the name "*Coronados*" to the Indians of the open plains or Campos de los Camperos, del Guarayru, del Cayyu, de los Cabelludos, and de los Coronados between the Huibay (Ivahí) and Iguassú Rivers. These *Coronado*, who were certainly *Caingang*, were the same as the *Gualacho* (*Gualachí*), *Chiqui*,[2] and *Cabelludo*, who lived in the same region. As a matter of fact, Lozano himself considers these names to be synonyms of *Guañaná* (i. e., *Guayaná*). In the Cartas Anuas of 1628 (Cartas Anuas, 1927–29, 20:344), the *Gualacho* who did not speak *Guaraní* lived 4 days' travel from the mission of San Pablo, that is to say, in the basin of the Tibagý River in the very heart of the *Caingang* region. Likewise, the *Caagua* (*Caaigua*, "Forest Dwellers") of the Jesuits who roved between the Paraná and Uruguay Rivers, near Acaray in the region of La Guaira, were undoubtedly representatives of the *Caingang* subfamily. Jesuit maps indicate other *Caagua* in the

[2] According to Xarque (1900, 2:62), the *Chiqui* lived between the Iguassú and Itatí (Ieatu) Rivers.

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101 619 region of Tapé (State of Rio Grande do Sul), an area where *Caingang* groups lived until the 19th century.[3]

Tupí.—The Indians whom Azara (1809, 2:70–75) calls *Tupy*, and who formed an enclave within the *Guaraní* region, were also the ancestors of the modern *Caingang* of the upper Uruguay River. Their territory corresponded to the forested land east of the Uruguay River between the Jesuit missions of San Xavier and San Ángel and between San Xavier and lat. 27°23′ S. Jesuit sources assign to them the region extending between the headwaters of the Piratini (near San Miguel) and the Iguassú and Jacuhy (Igay) Rivers. There is not a detail in the short description of their culture given by Azara which does not fit modern *Caingang*: agriculture, tonsure, fiber cloth, shell necklaces, bow, etc. Moreover, modern *Guaraní* still apply the name *Tupí* to the *Caingang* of San Pedro in the Argentine Territory of Misiones (Ambrosetti, 1895, p. 305).

Botocudo.—The *Aweikoma-Caingang* groups of the State of Santa Catarina, have adopted the use of the labret and are, therefore, often called *Botocudo*, a name which erroneously suggests a connection with the northern *Botocudo* of the State of Espírito Santo.

Bugre.—The name *Bugre* applied by the colonists to the *Caingang* had a pejorative meaning. It is a Portuguese word of the same root as the French "bougre." The *Guaraní* also called the *Caingang* *Caauba*, and *Caahans* (Serrano, 1939, p. 25).

PRESENT SITUATION OF THE CAINGANG GROUPS

Caingang of the State of São Paulo.—At the beginning of the present century there were five groups of wild *Caingang*, known as *Coroado*, between the Peixe, and the Aguapehy (Feio) Rivers. Formerly there were also *Caingang* groups on the lower Tieté River. They resisted the advance of the Whites and continually assaulted the workers building the railroad from São Paulo to Corumbá. In 1910, thanks to the efforts of General Rondon and of the Serviço de Protecção aos Indios, peace was established and many *Caingang* settled around the two government posts created for them near the Aguapehy (Feio) River. Horta Barboza (1913, p. 24), who was one of the inspectors of the Indian Service, estimated the number of *Caingang* in that region at 500. The *Caingang* of São Paulo are also known as *Nyaofateltei* (*Nyakfã-d-ag-téie*, "Those with the long frontal hair").

Caingang of the State of Paraná.—The *Caingang* who are now established around Palmas in the State of Paraná come from the region between the Iguassú and Uruguay Rivers. In 1933, they lived in two villages near Palmas: Toldo las Lontras, on the river of the

[3] Serrano (1941) extends the southern limit of the Coaguas to the Santa Lucia River in Corrientes.

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same name, and Toldo de Chapecó, in the region of Xanxerê. According to Baldus (1935), the population of the first village was 108, that of the second was somewhat higher but no exact figure is given. In earlier sources, the *Caingang* of the region of Palmas are often designated as Kamé after one of their moiety subdivisions. 101 619

Caingang of Santa Catarina (*Shokleng*, *Socré*, *Botocudo*, *Aweikoma*).—The nomadic or half-nomadic *Caingang* who ranged in the State of Santa Catarina from the Timbo River to the forests of the Serra do Mar and from the Rio Negro to the Uruguay River are better known as *Bugre*, a derogatory term given to them by their enemies the White settlers, or as *Shokleng*, or *Botocudo* of Santa Catarina because of their wooden labrets. Nimuendajú calls them *Aweikoma*, a word of their language meaning Indians. Though they differ culturally from the Paraná *Caingang* (Baldus, 1937 c), there is little doubt that they belong to the same linguistic family, even if their dialect is not easily understood by the *Caingang* of Palmas.

During the whole 19th century, the *Aweikoma-Caigang* of Santa Catarina have stubbornly opposed the encroachments of the Brazilian and German settlers. They were constantly pursued by professional Indian hunters, the famous "bugreiros," until the Serviço de Protecção aos Indios intervened on behalf of the remnants of the tribe. Most of them were settled in the Reservation Duque de Caixas (Municipality of Dalbergia), near the junction of the Plate River with the Rio Itajahi do Norte. In 1930, the reservation consisted of 106 persons. Another small group of *Caingang* was reported in 1935 at São Jão, south of Porto da União.

Caingang of Rio Grande do Sul.—The *Caingang* who ranged north of the Uruguay River from the mouth of the Pepiri-guassú River to that of the Rio das Canoas and those who lived between the Rio das Canoas and the Rio Pelotas were distinct from the *Aweikoma*, though the demarcation between *Caingang-Coroado* and "*Botocudo*" cannot be exactly ascertained. The *Caingang* of the northern bank of the Uruguay River were the same as, or closely related to, the groups who had their villages between the Serra Geral, the upper Uruguay River, and the Sete Missões.

In 1850 Jesuit missionaries founded three settlements for the *Caingang* of the upper Uruguay: Nonohay, Campo do Meio, and Guarita. The Indians of Nonohay numbered about 400; those of Campo do Meio, 90. The Jesuit missions were short-lived; Nonohay, however, was restored in 1872 with 300 *Caingang*, who at the end of the century were almost entirely absorbed into the local rural population. According to Von Ihering (1895, p. 40), six "aldeamentos" of *Caingang* existed in 1864 in the State of Rio Grande do Sul, with a total population of about 2,000. In 1880, their number was already greatly reduced. In the same period "wild" *Caingang* were reported

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between the Taquarí and Cahy Rivers. Today their settlements lie between Inhacorá (Nucorá) (long. 54°15′ W.) and Lagoa Vermelha (long. 51°30′ W.).

The Caingang of Misiones, Argentina.—At the end of the 19th century about 60 *Caingang* lived in the Argentine Territory of Misiones on the eastern slopes of the Sierra Central, 3 miles (5 km.) from the town of San Pedro, near the Yabotí River. According to Ambrosetti (1895, p. 307), these Indians, who were known in the region as *Tupí*, had come from Palmas or Rio Grande by crossing the upper Uruguay River. A few years later (1902), some of them returned to Brazil.

Literature on the Caingang.—Few data on the *Caingang* can be gleaned from the Colonial literature. Though the *Caingang* are often mentioned in the Jesuit texts on the Paraguayan missions, Lozano (1873–74, 1:418–427) and Azara (1904, pp. 402–407) are the only authors who give short, but fairly accurate, descriptions of these Indians. The accounts of Father Luiz de Cemitille and of Telemaco Morocines Borba were for many years our best sources. Later, L. B. Horta Barboza (1913) published very exact observations on their customs, which were supplemented by Manizer (1930). Ambrosetti (1895) has written an interesting article on the *Caingang* of San Pedro, in Misiones. The social organization and funerary rites of the *Caingang* were the subject of a special monograph by Baldus (1937 c). Henry (1941) studied the decadent remnants of the *Aweikoma* group and described their culture in psychological terms. Their language is known mainly through an excellent dictionary by Father Mansueto Barcatta de Valfloriana (1918, 1920) and a linguistic analysis by Jules Henry (1935). Ploetz and Métraux (1930) have attempted to bring together most of the data about the *Caingang* contained in the literature up to 1928.

CULTURE

SUBSISTENCE ACTIVITIES

Farming.—The only *Caingang* who subsisted entirely by hunting and collecting were those of the State of Santa Catarina, the so-called *Botocudo or Aweikoma*. These Indians, however, remembered a time when they, like all other *Caingang* groups, practiced agriculture.

The ancient *Guayaná*, ancestors of the modern *Caingang*, are described as relatively sedentary agriculturists, though our sources stress the importance of hunting in their economy. This was also true for the *Caingang* at the end of the 19th century. All their groups raised maize (red, white, and violet varieties), pumpkins, and beans (a white variety), but perhaps depended less than their *Guaraní* neighbors on these crops. Like many Indians who had become acquainted with farming in recent times through the intermediary of

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some other tribe, the ancient *Caingang* were improvident and consumed their crops as they matured, storing none for the lean months ahead. On the other hand, Horta Barboza (1913, p. 34) states that maize was as important to them as "wheat for the Europeans." The *Caingang* of the region of San Pedro (Misiones), observed by Ambrosetti (1895, p. 337), opened their clearings in tracts covered with bamboo or sparse bush. They broke the small trees with cudgels or by hand. When the dead trees were dry, they burned them and waited until the beginning of the rainy season for sowing. Women planted crops with digging sticks; they also harvested the crops and carried them home. Men do all the farming in the reservation of Palmas.

In modern groups the tiller of a field is recognized as its exclusive owner; if he dies before harvest, the seedlings are destroyed.

Collecting.—When the *Caingang* were still living in their aboriginal condition, pine nuts of *Araucaria angustifolia*, a tree which has a distribution coinciding more or less with that of the tribe, was fundamental to the native diet. From April to June the Indians gathered in the forests to climb the trees and knock down the ripened fruits, which the women helped to pick up. The climbing technique—also used in getting honey or in robbing birds' nests—was to pass one noose around the feet, another around the tree and the climber's back, and alternately move the two bands up the trunk. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* used only a noose of bamboo strips.

The *Caingang* also collected wild tubers (*Dioscorea* sp.) and a great many wild fruits, such as jaboticaba (*Myrciaria* sp.), pitanga (Myrtaceae sp.), articú (*Annona montana*), pineapples, papaya (*Carica papaya*), caraguatá (*Bromelia* sp.), etc. The starchy pith of the pindo palm (*Cocos romanzoffiana*) was formerly an important food item, but today has been supplanted by manioc flour.

Honey and the larvae of bees and especially the larvae of the tambú beetle, which abound in decayed palm and bamboo trunks, are prized delicacies. It is also reported in some sources that the ancient *Caingang* did not despise snakes or lizards.

Hunting.—The *Caingang* spend a large portion of their time hunting alone or in small parties. The dog, treated by some groups as an indispensable auxiliary, is a recent acquisition. Some *Caingang* groups lacked it as late as 1912. To develop the smelling powers of their dogs, the Indians expose them to the smoke of the burnt skin of the game which they are to stalk. They never give them the bones of game animals to gnaw, taking great precaution lest the game be offended.

An entire band participates in a peccary hunt. Old and young, preceded by dogs, endeavor to drive the animals toward hunters, who shoot them with arrows. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* follow droves

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224 of wild pigs for several days, killing all those which come within their reach.

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* concentrate on hunting tapirs, which seem to be abundant in their territory. They track them with dogs or follow the deep "runs" opened by the tapirs in the bush and pursue their prey until it is forced into a stream, where they can kill it with ease. Similarly, they drive deer into streams, where they shoot or club them.

To capture birds, hunters conceal themselves in a shelter built on a tree where the birds roost, and snare them with a noose at the end of a long pole. To catch parrots, they use a tame parrot as a decoy; for pigeons, they put corn out as bait (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 31).

The spring-pole traps were constructed like those of the *Caingué* or of the Chaco Indians. They consisted of a flexible sapling and a noose placed near a bait (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 30).

224 262 783 **Hunting ritual.**—As a rule a hunter never ate the meat of the game he had slain but gave it to some companion. He could not eat the flesh of a tapir he had killed before he had performed a rite in which he consumed premasticated tapir flesh and the charcoal of the burned tapir's windpipe wrapped in grass (Henry, 1941, p. 86). When the *Aweikoma-Caingang* killed a tapir they stewed "tapir grass" on it and placated its soul with friendly words lest it prevent other tapirs from being caught. Monkeys were also asked to come and share the food of the hunter. *Caingang* of São Paulo considered the jaguar and deer meat taboo (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 32); others refrain on some occasions from eating paca, capybara, and armadillo flesh.

226 **Fishing.**—The *Caingang*, although fond of fish, are very poor fishermen. They shoot fish with bows and arrows, impale them with two-pronged spears, or catch them by hand in the falls when shoals of fish ascend the river to spawn. They also capture them by hand in small lagoons formed by floods, which they drain (Horta Barbosa, 1913, pp. 32–33). The *Caingang* of Misiones blocked small streams with V-shaped stone dams. Against the openings they built a platform on which they placed a large mat folded and tied up at one end like a huge bag.

221 **Seasonal rhythm.**—After planting their fields, the *Caingang* of Misiones went fishing along the small tributaries of the Paraná River. Later they moved to the Sierra Central to collect pine nuts, and afterward returned to their fields for the harvest. During their wanderings they hunted and gathered fruits and larvae in the forest.

252 **Food preparation.**—The women do most of the cooking, though men generally prepare the game they kill. The *Caingang* generally roast the unskinned animal in ashes, on a spit, or on a rectangular babracot. The earth oven serves for baking large slices of meat,

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for example, tapir. A large pit is dug in the ground and lined with stones. A fire is built within the hole until the stones are glowing. The ashes and embers are then removed, the stones are covered with leaves, and the meat, carefully wrapped, is placed inside and buried under a thick layer of soil. Twelve hours later the meat is taken out, perfectly cooked. Fish are broiled on a babracot, then stored on an indoor platform. 252

Women pound maize with heavy wooden pestles in cylindrical wooden mortars, which are sometimes large enough to accommodate three workers at a time and too heavy to be moved (fig. 58, *d*). They also have smaller mortars with which they use stone pestles. Maize flour is prepared as mush or is kneaded into dough and baked in ashes. Maize kernels are often soaked in water to the point of rotting, mashed, kneaded into loaves with saliva added, and roasted in ashes.

The pith of pindo palms is crushed in a mortar, sifted, and roasted in a pan, just as with manioc flour.

Soup is made from husked, chewed, soaked, and pounded pine nuts. They are also roasted in the shell on the embers; pine-nut dough may also be kneaded into small loaves and baked in the ashes. Piñons are preserved in tightly closed baskets soaked in water for a month and a half. In the past salt was unknown; tart malagüeta berries (*Capsicum frutescens*) were used instead. [251] [263]

To stir the fire or lift food to and from it, the *Caingang* use a curved withe (Manizer, 1930, pp. 772, 774; Henry, 1941, pl. 2, *f*).

HOUSES

Lozano (1873, 1:424) describes the *Caingang* or *Guayaná* hut as follows: 342

> They stick in the ground a long forked pole against which they lean crosswise four other poles. In this way they make four divisions covered with palm leaves. In each division lives a family with the children. Each compartment communicates with the other by small doors. In each community there are five or six such huts placed at convenient distance from each other so that everyone can hunt and fish.

This type of house has entirely disappeared among modern *Caingang*, but a few years ago the *Aweikoma* remembered it as the house of the open savannas and were able to reconstruct one (Henry, 1941, p. 166).

The more recent *Caingang* dwelling was a lean-to (fig. 56), which often was made into a gable-roofed hut when two structures of this type were joined. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* live either in an arched lean-to which is open on three sides or in a hut composed of two such units, the arches being made to descend to the ground at both ends (Henry, 1941,

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342 pp. 164–166). Such dwellings are thatched with palm fronds or comparable materials (fig. 57). Most *Caingang* groups live in houses identical to those of the *Caingué*. When on a journey the *Caingang* sleep

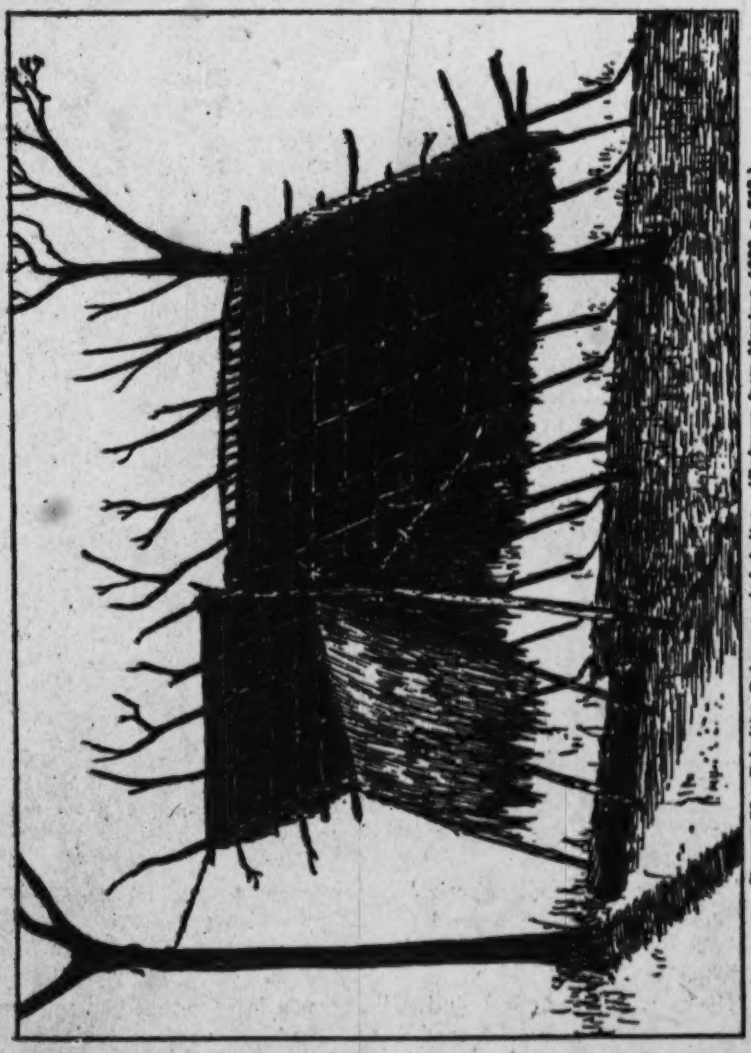

FIGURE 58.—Primitive Caingang wind shelter. (Redrawn from Manizer, 1930, p. 768.)

in flimsy shelters or rest in a sort of nest which they build in the top of a tree (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 35).

513 Hammocks of cotton are a recent *Caingang* acquisition. The ancient *Guayaná* slept, according to Portuguese chroniclers, on branches

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PLATE IV.—Modern Caingang house. (Redrawn from Koenigswald, 1905 b, fig. 2.)

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513 or skins. Their descendants, the *Caingang*, rest on large strips of bark or thick layers of palm fronds, but many groups have adopted platform beds.

DRESS AND ORNAMENTS

291 **Clothing.**—The wild *Caingang* go naked except for a belt—generally a skein of brilliant brown threads of the bark of the young *Philodendron* root or of palm twisted into a cord—and a square cloak (kurú) reserved for cold weather (fig. 58, *a*, *b*). This garment is passed under the right arm and fastened on the left shoulder so as to leave both arms free. Women wear a short skirt made of caraguatá fibers, secured around the waist by a wide belt of bark dyed a brilliant black. Both sexes wrap strips or strings of peccary hair or of bark around their ankles. Some *Caingang* tie up the foreskin of the penis and tuck it under their belts. On solemn occasions, *Caingang* women who were in contact with the *Guaraní* missions wore a narrow sleeveless shirt (tipoy) made of caraguatá fibers. Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 31) reproduces a feather apron which he describes as a women's garment. *Caingang* women are also said to have used a bark band passed between the legs and fastened to the belt.

301 **Ornaments.**—Some *Aweikoma-Caingang* of the State of Santa Catarina and of Rio Grande do Sul wear long rosin labrets like those of their *Guaraní* neighbors. Others have wooden lip sticks (generally made of pine knot) 2 inches (¾ cm.) long "in the shape of a nail." This usage is responsible for the name *Botocudo* given to the *Caingang* in these States.

301 292 237 Feather ornaments were common among the *Caingang*, but except for the small "visors" of short toucan feathers worn around the forehead, they are rarely described in our sources. Debret (1941, pls, 11 and 12) has endeavored to represent a "Coroado" (*Caingang*) chief displaying all his ornaments. The chief wears a fan-shaped feather headdress attached to his nape. Long feather tassels are tied to his upper arm and under his knees. The *Caingang* of the State of Paraná don, on festive occasions, a feather cape, that covers them from head to foot (Koenigswald, 1908 b, p. 27). If this ornament actually was used by these Indians, it may well represent a survival of the feather cloaks of the ancient *Guaraní*.

301 [231] During dances, men and women often strew down over their heads. Necklaces of seeds, animal teeth, bird bones, claws, and hoofs were generally slung around the shoulders; those composed entirely of monkey teeth were especially valued. The *Caingang* of Guarapuava and of Misiones had necklaces of small shell disks (*Orthalicus phogera*). Some *Caingang* wore necklaces which weighed nearly 6 pounds!

302 Until recently, the *Caingang* wore a circular tonsure on top of the head; the fashion disappeared among adults after their contact with

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the Whites, but was retained for small children. In recent times the Santa Catarina *Aweikoma-Caingang* of both sexes shaved the hair over the forehead and on top of the head (Paula Souza, 1924, p. 122). 302

The *Caingang* abhor body hair and always remove it. Combs consist of small wooden splinters passed through a slit in a piece of reed.

The *Caingang* seem to have used charcoal more than urucú for body painting. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* certain body paints belong to exogamic groups of people. The main motifs are dots, vertical lines, circles, and horizontal bars with vertical lines. The *Caingang* observed by Manizer (1930, p. 771) painted themselves only for funeral ceremonies. They regarded the black stripes on their chest as a protection against the ghosts. The pigment was charcoal mixed with honey and water or with the sticky sap of a creeper. 302 386 531 [764] [789]

TRANSPORTATION

River navigation never was so important to the *Caingang* as to their *Tupí-Guaraní* neighbors. To cross a river, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* fell a tree on each side of the river and connect the intervening space with a tree trunk braced with poles fixed in the river bed. 491

Caingang women carry babies on their backs, often in a net, by means of bark tumplines. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* these straps are 4 inches (10 cm.) wide, woven of embira fibers. Knapsacks are suspended by a tumpline. 854 482

MANUFACTURES

Netting.—According to Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 49), the Paraná *Caingang* made net bags of caraguatá fibers. 286

Basketry.—*Caingang* carrying baskets have a hexagonal weave, and, like those of the *Tupí*, are elongated and rectangular knapsacks open on top and on the outer side, so that only the bottom and sides support the burden. Basketry containers woven from thin strips of split bamboo, frequently have stepped designs produced by alternating black and natural color strands (fig. 58, *c*). Some baskets, like those of the *Guayaná*, are made in two parts that telescope into each other. 285 415

The *Aweikoma* have three main types of baskets: large baskets for transportation of goods; small, impervious water or honey containers of Taquara mansa strips coated with wax; and small receptacles, similarly waterproofed, used as cups and dishes.

Spinning.—*Caingang* textiles are made with the fibers of the ortiga brava, probably a Bromelia. Women seize the leaves with leather-covered hands, cut them at the base, and remove all the thorns, then macerate the leaves in water, dry, and, finally, crush them. The fibers are then rolled into threads with the palm of the hand against the 283

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283 thigh. The threads, wound in a ball, are soaked in water mixed with ashes, then boiled, and again carefully washed; sometimes they are left in running water, so that they become white and flexible. Occa-
[386] sionally, part of the thread is dyed with catigua bark.

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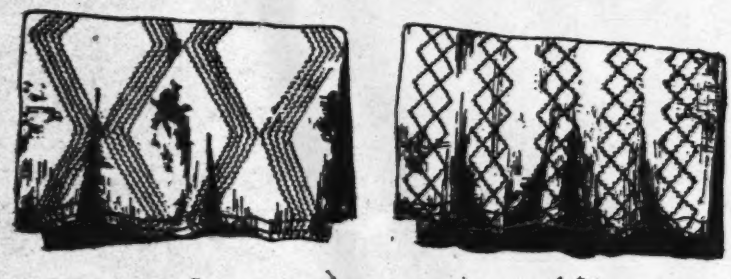

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FIGURE 58.—*Caingang* manufactures. *a*, *b*, Kurus or nettle-fiber cloaks (redrawn from Koenigswald, 1906 *b*, figs. 15–16); *c*, twilled basket (redrawn from Koenigswald, 1906 *b*, fig. 20); *d*, wooden mortar in which three pestles are used at the same time (redrawn from Manizer, 1930); *e*, *f*, pottery jars (redrawn from Manizer, 1930).

286 **Weaving.**—Fabrics are woven by hand, sometimes on a simple loom, and always display a stepped, dark design which crosses the surface diagonally (fig. 58, *a*, *b*).

323 **Ceramics.**—For pottery, the *Caingang* of Misiones use a blackish earth from nearby cliffs. For tempering material, they bake lumps of

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

clay, then crush and sift them. The composition of the clay used by other groups is unknown. The potter first models the base of the pot by hand, then builds up the walls by adding successive coils, smoothing the sides with her fingers or with pieces of wood or shell, a corn cob, a stone, or a metal spoon. To keep the clay soft, she sprinkles it with water or saliva. The following day the pot is again smoothed, then left to dry in the shade and later in the sun. When thoroughly dry, the pot is covered with branches and fired in the open until red. Later, water mixed with ground maize is sprinkled on the pot "in order that it may be unbreakable." Cracks are filled with wax while the pot is still hot. The firing, however, is always imperfect; sherds of the heaviest *Caingang* pots reveal a thick layer of unfired clay in the middle. The presence of a foreigner during firing endangers the process, and may cause the pot to crack beyond repair.

The *Caingang* of Misiones make their pots characteristically black by exposing them to smoke in a basket before they are fired.

Caingang ware has a conical base so that it can be set into the sand (fig. 58, *e*, *f*). The *Caingang-Coroado* make large beer jars, strikingly like *Guaraní* jugs and funeral urns, with a conical body surmounted by a narrow edge. Besides large pots, the *Caingang* also manufacture flat roasting pans and conical drinking cups with thin walls.

Fire.—The *Caingang* fire drill consists of a stick of hard wood inserted into an arrow shaft and twirled between the palms of the hand. The hearth is a piece of soft wood. Dry palm shoots serve as tinder. According to a single authority, the *Caingang* also produce fire by sawing one piece of wood with another, a procedure observed by Rengger among the *Cainguá*, but otherwise not reported for South America. The fire is activated with a fan. To avoid having to make fire, the natives carry a glowing brand in a pot or in a section of bamboo coated with clay.

Weapons: *Bows and arrows.*—Bows are made of páo d'arco (*Tabebuia impetiginosa*) or of black ipé (*Tabebuia chrysantha*). Before the *Caingang* acquired iron, they wrought the bow stave into shape by rubbing it with sandstone and flint flakes, and smoothed it with the rough leaves of umbauba (*Cecropia* sp.). Finally, the stave was warmed against a fire and smeared with grease. At each end a plaited bulge or, rarely, two right-angled notches prevented the caraguatá or embira string from slipping. The stave was wrapped with strips of cipo embé (*Philodendron imbe*) (fig. 59, *g*), which at both ends formed a bulge to prevent the string from slipping. Some *Caingang* bows were 9 feet long, but they generally averaged from 7 to 8 feet.

The arrow shaft, according to the locality, is made of taquara da frecha (*Gynerium sagittatum*), or of palo alecrim, a white wood that

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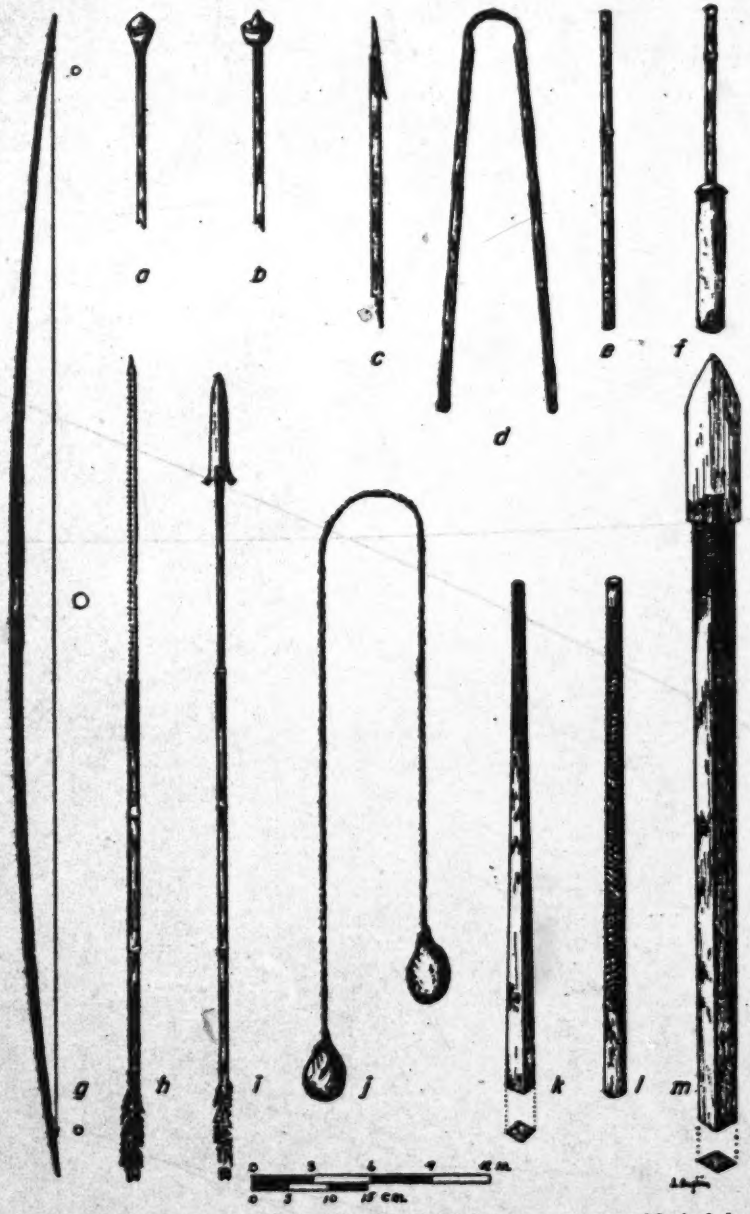

FIGURE 59.—*Caingang* weapons and artifacts. *a*, *b*, Bird arrows; *c*, arrow with single-barb bone point; *d*, fire tongs; *e*, flute; *f*, trumpet; *g*, bow; *h*, arrow with barbed wooden point; *i*, arrow with iron point; *j*, bolas; *k*, wooden club; *l*, wooden club covered with basketry; *m*, spear with iron point. (Redrawn from Kozmigwald, 1908 *a*, figs. *a*–*b*; 1908 *b*, figs. 4–20.)

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turns very light when dry. To straighten a reed, they lash it against a horizontal piece of wood, fastening a weight at one end. Arrowheads are wide taquara splinters, barbed rods (fig. 59, *h*), wooden rods tipped with a sharp point of monkey or deer bones (fig. 59, *c*), and massive, blunt wooden knobs used for birds (fig. 59, *a*, *b*). Some bird arrows are also tipped with four slightly diverging sticks or thorns. In recent years, the hunting and war arrows of the Santa Catarina *Aweikoma-Caingang* have been tipped with duck-bill iron heads (fig. 59, *i*). Feathering is of the arched type (eastern Brazilian). Hunters always carry a ready supply of bone heads, shafts, and feathers to replace lost arrows.

Spears are common among the *Caingang*, who tipped them with iron blades obtained from the Whites (fig. 59, *m*). The *Aweikoma* were extremely skillful in handling these weapons, which they decorated with fire-engraved designs and with basketry coverings.

The clubs of the Paraná *Caingang* are short cylindrical cudgels covered with basketry (fig. 59, *l*); those of the so-called *Botocudo* are more or less tapering, with the cross section often prismatic, thus presenting sharp cutting edges (fig. 59, *k*). They are decorated with fire engravings and with a basketry sheath. The cudgels of the São Paulo *Caingang* have a bulging head and are from 5 to 6 feet long.

Countless stone rings have been found on archeological sites of the State of Rio Grande do Sul. In the 17th century, some tribes of the upper Paraguay River used clubs with stone heads (itaiza), but there is no evidence that these Indians were *Caingang;* it is more likely that they were *Guaraní.*

To frustrate attack or pursuit by an enemy, the *Caingang* strewed the paths leading to their camps with caltrops made of sharp bone splinters bound in a bundle with cotton thread and wax. They also dug pitfalls in the bottom of which they placed sharp spears.

SOCIAL ORGANIZATION

Moieties.—The *Caingang* of Palmas have two exogamous, patrilineal moieties, each split into two groups. Baldus (1935, pp. 44–47) does not give the names of the moieties, merely stating that they were called by the word for both "friend" and "two," and that fellow members considered one another cousins. On the other hand, he lists the four subgroups according to their prestige as follows: Votóro, Kadnyerú (Kañerú), Aniky, and Kamé. The reason for this preferential ranking could not be ascertained. Every individual is born into a moiety, but is assigned to one of the subgroups at a mortuary feast by a man or a woman of his own moiety.

Among the *Caingang* of Palmas, the father decided, when he painted a son or a daughter for the first time, to which of the two

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616 groups of his moiety he would forever belong (Baldus, 1937 c). The alleged purpose of this assignment was to equalize the groups numerically, so that they could be paired for dancing; but, as each group danced separately, the explanation is probably a rationalization. In fact, the two divisions are not even approximately equal. Members of each group could be recognized by their facial painting. The Kadnyerú display round patterns, the Kamé stripes. (See Horta Barboza, 1913, p. 39.)

Nimuendajú's (1914, pp. 373–375) earlier report concerning the *Caingang* between the Tieté and Ijuhí Rivers, speaks of two moieties associated with the ancestral twins Kañerú and Kamé. The former was of fiery and resolute, but volatile, temperament, and of light, slim build. Kamé, on the other hand, was mentally and physically slow, but persistent. Each moity included three (formerly four) classes: Paí, Votóro, Pénye.

All natural phenomena are divided between these two moieties; the sun is Kamé, the moon, Kañerú. In general, slender and spotted objects belong to the Kañerú, clumsy and striped ones to the Kamé. Their use in ritual is confined to the appropriate group.

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* lack moieties, but have five groups with distinctive sets of personal names and body-paint designs. Though recent genealogical inquiry failed to establish either strict inheritance of group membership or exogamy, the natives insisted that individuals bearing the same designs should not marry, so that a former patrilineal clan system is indicated (Henry, 1941, pp. 59, 88, 175 f.).

Marriage groups.—Concerning marriage rules between sub-
582 groups, Horta Barboza (1913, p. 26) gives the following information:

> Marriages obey complicated rules depending on the groups [moieties] and subgroups into which the *Kaingang* families are divided. The most important of these groups are the Camens and Canherucrens; marriages can take place only between the men of one group and the women of the other. However, it must not be thought that it is licit for a Camen to marry any Canherucren for, in order to make things more complicated, there is a division into subgroups, fairly numerous. Individuals of a certain Kamé subgroup can only marry a woman of a certain Canherucren [Kadnyerú] subgroup, save for a few exceptions which confuse a question which otherwise should be so simple.

601 **Kinship terms.**—The relationship system is based on relative age. A man calls his father, his grandfather, and the men of their generations by the same term, and his mother and grandmother by another term. He uses a single name for all male and female blood relatives, excepting real parents and grandparents and grandparents' siblings and own children. One word (child) serves for all people much younger than ego and for the children of all people with whom he has sexual relations. There is a word for husband and another for wife. A single word applies to all relatives-in-law (Henry, 1941, pp. 177–178).

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POLITICAL ORGANIZATION

Chiefs wield little authority. They work in their fields and hunt like the rank and file of the group. Their position is conspicuous only when the community organizes a big feast, which is always given in the chief's name. Chiefs also are the leaders of any collective undertaking. They maintain their hold on their people by distributing gifts and looking after their well-being (Koenigswald, 1908 b, p. 47). A chief who is overbearing or miserly is abandoned by his followers. The son of a chief succeeds to his father if he is acceptable to the group (Horta Barboza, 1913, p. 25). 622

LIFE CYCLE

Birth and childhood.—Formerly, a pregnant *Caingang* woman did not consort with her husband, and both observed food taboos. Women gave birth in the forest, sheltered from the supposedly malefi- 843 cent moonbeans.[4] A few days after delivery the mother and child were 844 [852] fumigated, a rite accompanied by a drinking bout.

Nowadays, a *Caingang* woman bears her child wherever she happens to be, knowing how to take care of herself even if she is alone. Usually, she is delivered squatting while a midwife embraces her from behind, raising her now and then until travail is over. The navel cord is cut with a fingernail and tied with a caraguatá string.

Among the *Aweikoma*, the placenta and umbelical cord, wrapped in medicinal herbs, are placed in a basket and sunk in the stream. The mother winds a long cord around the ankles of the baby and removes it 15 days later during a feast given by the father to a group of relatives. The umbilical cord is disposed of by the mother's brother or his wife or by the mother's sister, who later become ceremonial parents. 846

In other *Caingang* groups, the mother pulls open the infant's eyelids immediately after birth "in order that he might see," breathes into his eyes and ears, and presses his temples and head from front to back. The father does not pay much attention to the baby until it is old enough to speak: Then he gives it 5 to 10 names. In the [553] south, the names were bestowed without any rite after the above-mentioned ceremony.

The *Caingang* show the greatest tenderness to their children, seldom punishing them or using harsh words. 854

According to Horta Barboza (1913, p. 27), when a boy reaches the age of 7, his mother rubs his body with the leaves of a certain tree and pours water over his head to make him courageous and diligent. 852 553

[4] It is reported that they gave birth unassisted in a special cabin (Serrano, 1939, p. 26).

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553 The child then receives a new name. Later, he may adopt names
852 that refer to notable incidents of his life.

852 In the Santa Catarina group, the perforation of the boys' lower lip
304 at the age of 2 or 3 is marked by great celebrations. Women, holding gourd rattles, dance with warriors, who beat the ground with their spears. The children are intoxicated with beer, and shaken until half unconscious, when their ceremonial fathers pierce their lips with a sharp stick (Henry, 1941, pp. 195–197).

582 **Marriage.**—According to Baldus' census (1937 c, p. 43), men are generally older than their wives, in some cases as much as 15 to 20 years; among 37 percent of the couples there was a difference of 10 years.

A man marries when 18 to 20 years of age. If his bride is not yet of age, he stays with her parents, waiting for the first signs of puberty. In case of child betrothal, the lad's parents have to provide for the girl's subsistence.

595 Polygyny is mentioned by all the early sources, but details vary. Some authors declare that it was an old man's privilege, others that it was restricted to the chiefs, good hunters, or famous warriors. There are also indications of sororal polygyny and of marriage simultaneously to a woman and her daughter (Teschauer, 1929, p. 350). In *Tupí-Guaraní* fashion, a girl often married her mother's brother.

[184] The *Caingang* of Palmas are, and claim always to have been monogamous.

Manizer (1930) states that though a man may not marry his cousin—he does not specify which—he usually takes her as a concubine until her own marriage. If pregnancy occurs meanwhile, the girl, as a rule, commits abortion. It often happened that a man grew fonder of his cousin than of his legal wife, and that he sometimes
[578] resolutely opposed her marriage. The continuation of such relationship was bitterly resented by the legitimate wife.

For the *Aweikoma*, Henry infers that 60 percent of all marriages are monogamous, a fair proportion of the remainder being polyandrous.

585 A marriage ceremony witnessed by Manizer (1930, p. 776) took place during a drinking bout. Some old men seized the bridegroom and bride and pushed them toward each other in spite of the woman's resistance. Then they dragged them into the bridegroom's hut and left them there under a blanket. The following day the woman ran away, but was brought back by force.

591 Matrilocal residence, formerly the *Caingang* rule, is still frequent, though many couples set up their own households. Baldus (1937 c, p. 43) heard "that only lazy men lived in their father-in-law's house and that, should the father-in-law die, the husband would have to 'govern' his mother-in-law."

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Funerary rites.—Death may result from the abduction of the soul by some spirit or by the ghost of a relative. 761

> The ghost-soul loves and pities the living whom it has deserted, but the latter fear and abhor the ghost-soul. [Henry, 1941, p. 67.]

Not long ago the *Aweikoma-Caingang* cremated the dead and later collected and buried the bones, along with part of the deceased's property. After a cremation, they extinguished their fires and drilled fire anew. The soul of the deceased loomed as a peril especially to the surviving spouse, who went into retreat, abstained from eating meat, and underwent lustration. To terminate mourning, the mourner's hair and fingernails were clipped, pounded up, and thrown into the water. Then followed a beer festival, accompanied by dances and songs, during which the widow drank beer from a bamboo tube. Keening was not confined to the period of death, but occurred throughout the following year whenever relatives recalled their bereavement. 764 765

The *Caingang* now inter their dead with knees drawn up. Chants are sung around the body during and after its transportation to the grave. One cemetery had two central tumuli, 10 to 20 feet by 18 to 25 feet (3 to 6 m. by 5.5 to 7.5 m.) surrounded by vertically walled ditches. The same tumuli have been reported for the 18th-century *Guayaná*, ancestors of the *Caingang*[8] (fig. 60). The corpse, with funeral deposit, is put in a deep chamber, roofed with palm fronds and earth. The villagers at once desert the settlement and hastily construct new dwellings in the woods. For 3 days they eat only palm shoots (palmitos) and maize boiled by throwing heated potsherds in the water. They destroy part of the deceased's property and impose a strict taboo on his name. 764 768

The grave is periodically visited to renew the mound and to hold a memorial service with lamentations, dancing, chanting, and drinking. For several years, at dawn and dusk the relatives of a dead person utter funeral laments. 765

In days of old if a person died far away from his village, his companions interred his body on the spot but kept his head in a pot. On returning home they celebrated a funeral ceremony and buried the head in the communal cemetery (Horta Barboza, 1913, pp. 29–30). 766

Life after death.—Before the burial, the shaman, as he rattles his gourd by the corpse, warns the soul about the lurking dangers in the other world. He tells it that it will arrive at two paths, one leading to the cobweb of a gigantic spider and the other to a trap which will 775 764

[8] See Lozano (1873–74, 1: 423): "forman un género de cementerio, que conservan muy limpio; y en él abren sus sepulturas, y en enterrando á alguno, ponen sobre cada una un montón de tierra en figura piramidal, en cuyo remate sientan un medio calabazo, y al pié conservan de continuo un fuego lento que van a cebar todos los dias con leña muy tenue, sus mas cercanos parientes. El calabazo, dicen, es para que no falte al difunto con que beber, si le afligiere la sed; y el fuego para que ahuyente las moscas." On the funerary mounds, see also Serrano (1939, pp. 15–16).

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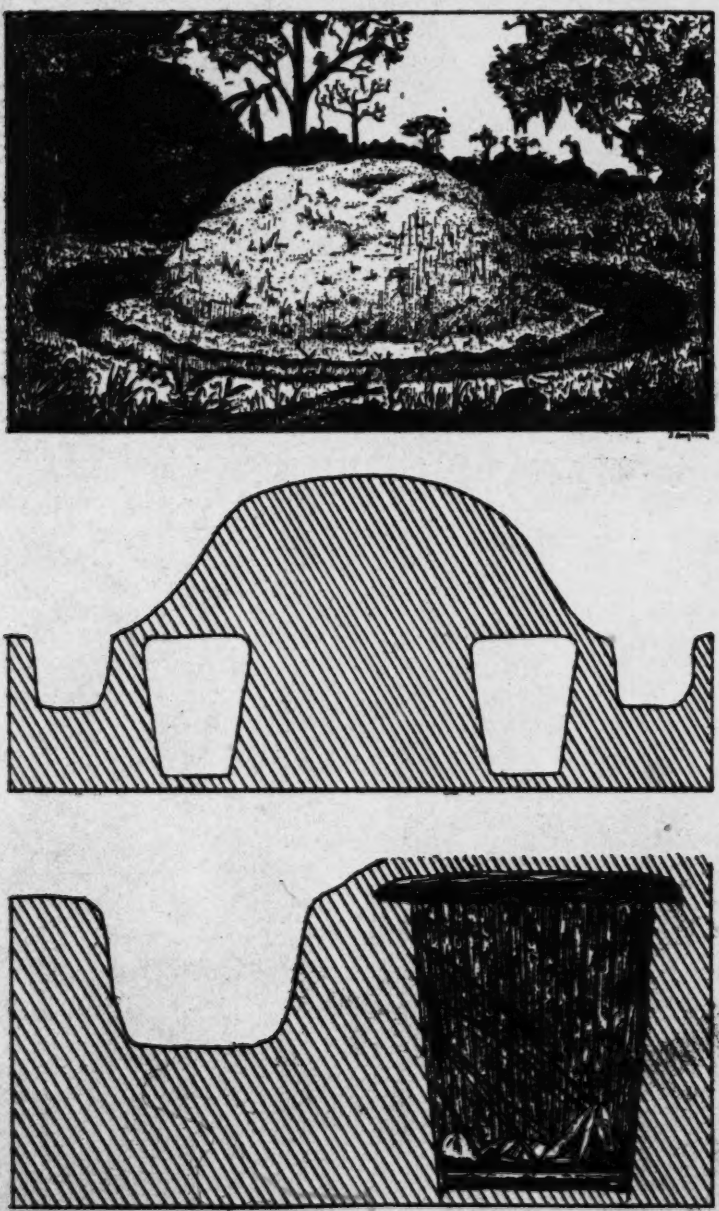

FIGURE 60.—*Caingang* burial mound. *Top:* View of mound shortly after completion. *Center:* Cross section of mound showing location of burial chambers. *Bottom:* Cross section of burial chamber in mound with body and accompanying grave artifacts. (Redrawn from Manizer, 1930, p. 767.)

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precipitate it into a boiling pot. He also describes the slippery path 764
from which it may fall into a swamp, where a huge crab awaits it 775
(Nimuendajú, 1914, p. 372).

But at last the soul arrives at an underworld in the west, where it is day during our night, and where the forests teem with tapirs, deer, and other game. The souls of the aged become young again and live for the span of a human life. After a second death, the soul turns into a small insect, generally a mosquito or an ant, whose death ends everything; for this reason the *Caingang* never kill these insects (Baldus, 1937 c, p. 49).

WARFARE

A man who has been offended by some member of the community 578
stands in front of his hut and in a loud voice enumerates all his griev- 627
ances, sometimes bursting into a chant. He ends with threats against his enemy who, in the meantime, behaves in the same manner on the other side of the camp. After reciprocal abuses that often last a whole night, the challenger, followed by a group of supporters, advances toward the offender, who is immediately assisted by his own partisans. Both factions, armed with wooden clubs, fight a pitched battle, but are careful not to kill anybody. The sham battles of the *Caingang* have been described by many observers and may well be formalized brawls which have been interpreted as sportive games.

Feuds between *Caingang* groups may develop into regular warfare. 628
When one group engages another, the members of the Kadnyerú moity 726
subdivision always form the first line. The Kamé constitute the second [616]
line and enter the fight as a reserve to take the place of the exhausted Kadnyerú. Battles between related groups are always preceded by exchanges of insults and by other demonstrations of anger. Although [411]
no weapons but cudgels are used, blows are so lustily administered that many are seriously wounded or killed.

Wars against foreign tribes or the Whites were less strictly pat- 726
terned. The *Caingang*, like all Indians, relied mainly on surprise 648
attacks carried on at dawn. After a general discharge of arrows, the warriors, armed with their clubs, rushed against the enemy (Horta Barboza, 1913, p. 42).

Women and children were generally spared and were adopted by 727
the victorious group. They cut off the heads of slain enemies but did not keep them as trophies.

ETIQUETTE

When a *Caingang* visits another village, he hides in the vicinity until 574
able to announce his presence to some relative. The host receives him 576
with his face covered with a cloth and does not look at his guest until

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574 food is served. If the visitor mentions the death of some relative, the
576 women start to wail (Ambrosetti, 1895, p. 321).

ESTHETIC AND RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES

534 **Musical instruments.**—Most information on *Caingang* musical instruments comes from Manizer (1934). The trumpets (fig. 59, *f*) have a bell made of a thick section of bamboo and the blow hole on the side, a rare feature in South America. The bell of some trumpets is made of the involucres of the coqueiro or gerivá palm (*Cocos botryophora*) (Teschauer, 1929, p. 348; Debret, 1940, pl. 11).

The clarinets are of the idioglotal type, that is, the tongue is split from the reed mouthpiece. The bell is either a gourd or a cowhorn. The *Caingang* also have an instrument which Izikowitz (1935, p. 254) calls "slit-valve." According to Manizer (1934, p. 312), it consists of a reed tube, closed at one end and crushed at the middle so that it bursts into longitudinal slits.

In playing this instrument, an air current blown through the open end passes out through the slits thereby causing these to vibrate and produce a tone.

Similar instruments were used by the *Bororo* and the *Paressí-Cabishí*.

The *Caingang* are among the few South American Indians who play the nose flute. This flute, about 3 feet (1 m.) long, has two stops at the distal end and one at the proximal end; the blow hole is in the septum of the reed, which has been left in place (fig. 59, *e*). Another flute, reproduced by Izikowitz (1935, p. 299, figs. *a*, *g*) has the same number of stops but is blown sidewise (transverse flute). It is possible that the latter type is also blown with the nose. The specimen is decorated with a basketry cover.

The *Caingang* also play the notched flute (quena) with four stops. They do not seem to have known the panpipes, though Izikowitz (1935, p. 408) attributes it to them on very flimsy evidence. This instrument does not occur in the whole area, and its presence among the *Caingang* would constitute an inexplicable anomaly.

The rhythms of dances and songs are beaten with the gourd rattle and the stamping tube. The handle of the rattle is often trimmed with bark strips and feather tufts; the gourd itself is covered with engraved designs.

593 **Songs.**—The words of songs, generally improvised, refer to events taking place around the singers or allude to past wars, hunting, and other economic activities. Sometimes a singer enumerates his grievances against a fellow tribesman, an action regarded as a challenge. The chants of the *Aweikoma-Caingang* are a succession of meaningless syllables often sung on one note. These Indians seldom sing in unison.

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Dances.—The members of a *Caingang* subgroup dance together. The dancers, about 3 feet (1 m.) apart, form two concentric circles around a line of fires, the men inside and the women outside. A singer in the center first shakes his rattle and, placing each foot alternately before and behind, dances sideways. At this signal, the other performers shake their rattles, and both circles begin to turn in one direction, following the rhythm of the song and rattle. Men without rattles strike the ground with stamping tubes. Behind them, women lift their forearms and move their empty hands slightly to each side in a kind of "blessing" gesture. When the leader is back to the starting point, he stops, and the others wait quietly until he is rested or is replaced by another leader.

Toys and games.—*Caingang* children are very skillful at filliping sticks, maize kernels, and small arrows resting on the bent arm. Maize shuttlecocks are batted with the palm of the hand. Children spin tops made of a clay whorl or a lump of wax on a stick.

The favorite *Caingang* adult sport is a mock battle between members of two communities, who hurl small clubs or, at night, firebrands at each other. Although these weapons may wound or even kill, casualties are not resented and do not call for blood revenge. This sport is played on open ground where heaps of clubs have previously been deposited. Women, protecting themselves with bark shields, run among the players to pick up and hand the clubs to their men. The *Aweikoma* throw stones wrapped in small fiber bags, which are parried with short clubs. The *Caingang* are also fond of wrestling.

Narcotics.—A great many stone pipes have been found in the *Caingang* area—a puzzling fact since smoking has not been observed among these Indians.

Drinking and intoxicants.—The *Caingang* prepare intoxicants from maize, sweet potatoes, pine nuts, honey, and the fruit of several species of palm, especially buriti (*Mauritia vinifera*) and jussara (*Euterpe* sp.). Maize is slightly roasted over ashes, ground, and boiled in large pots for about a night. The next day part of the mass is chewed, then boiled again with the remainder. Shortly before the feast, the liquid is transferred to a huge trough made of a tree trunk and half buried in the ground. The liquor is heated by a fire built around the trough or by red-hot stones or potsherds which are thrown into it. During 2 or 3 days of fermentation, men dance around the beer, singing, shaking their rattles, and beating the ground with the stamping tubes.[6] The beer is often mixed with honey.

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* start to prepare their mead a month before its consumption. A mixture of honey and water, to which they add

[6] Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 43) distinguishes three kinds of beer: Guye-fi, made of naturally fermented maize meal; quequi (Kiki), prepared with maize and honey; and guyebuyri, made of chewed maize.

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273 the juice of a fern to "make the beer red," is fermented in wooden troughs from 5 to 6 feet (1.5 to 1.8 m.) long made of tree stumps hollowed out by burning and chopping, then closed at both ends with wax. To accelerate fermentation, the beverage is heated every 3d day with red-hot stones and then covered with pieces of bark.

COMMUNICATION

202 The *Caingang* leave messages in symbolic code for those who will follow the same path. A stick with honey indicates where a bees nest has been found; dolls and sticks represent a feast to which some group is being invited; an inclined stick shows the time of day at which some event took place; feathers scattered on the ground tell of a successful hunting party, etc. (Manizer, 1930, p. 790). Lozano (1873, 1:425) stated that to declare war, the *Guayaná* (i. e., the *Caingang*) stuck an arrow into a tree near a path followed by their enemies. [574] A circle of maize cobs on the ground or hanging from a tree was an invitation to a drinking bout.

RELIGION

771 **Religious beliefs.**—The *Aweikoma* conceive the world to be strongly animistic, peopled with ghosts (kuplêng) and spirits (nggĩ-776 yúdn) of all sorts who dwell in trees, rocks, mountains, stars, winds, and in large and small animals. To meet a spirit is, as a rule, an ominous event. But spirits may be friendly and appear to a man to offer their aid. Those who are assisted in hunting by a guardian spirit share with it the game which they have killed. A man may even adopt a spirit child and place it in his wife's womb.

825 *Aweikoma-Caingang* share the widespread belief that all animals have "masters," that is to say, spirits that control and protect them. Such spirits are willing to give up some of their kin to satisfy men's needs, but are angered if people destroy them wantonly or if hunters refuse an animal "offered" to them.

756 **Shamanism.**—The *Caingang* shaman consults spirits at night, puffing his pipe until he is surrounded by a cloud of smoke. The spirits talk to him in long whistles and tell him where to find a favorable hunting ground or abundant honey. They may also reveal the outcome of an undertaking involving the band.

755 Shamans are also doctors, but this role is less conspicuous among 757 the *Caingang* than elsewhere and is even absent among the *Caingang* of Palmas and of São Paulo. Among the decadent *Aweikoma-Caingang*, observed by Henry (1941, p. 76), shamans only treated members of their immediate family and did not receive a fee for their cures. The shaman knows many magic remedies, generally herbs, the virtues

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of which have been revealed to him by some spirit. A certain grass, said to be the favorite food of tapirs, is endowed with great medicinal virtues. It is used not only to cure but also to prevent sickness (Henry, 1941, p. 88). Massages play a great part in therapeutics. Sometimes these are so violent that the practitioner steps on the patient's stomach. The skin is frequently rubbed with pulverized barks or plants before the treatment. Burning herbs are used therapeutically, particularly for wounds. A patient bitten by a snake is laid upon a slanting platform over a fire and given warm water to drink to make him vomit. Maniser (1930, p. 784) was impressed by the number of people whose heads, arms, or legs were swathed in *Philodendron* for therapeutic purposes. To lessen fatigue on a long walk, the Indians bandage their legs up to the hip with tight braids. (On *Caingang* medicine, see Paula Souza, 1918, pp. 750–753.)

Bloodletting, which is practiced with a flint flake or a piece of glass, is a common cure for many ailments. Like many Indians, the *Caingang* treat fever with cold baths. Breathing on the affected spot is a common means of assisting a suffering person. Wounds are sprinkled with pulverized jaborandy powder.

When illness is caused by the loss of the soul, the patient may recover if appropriate words are spoken to induce the soul to return. It is often promised food. If the shaman's diagnosis reveals that the disease has been brought about by invisible missiles shot by a spirit, the cure consists of extracting them with the mouth. This procedure, however, was observed only among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* of Santa Catarina.

Magic practices.—To drive clouds away, old women blow against the right hand and then wave it toward the clouds, spreading the fingers as if to disseminate their breath. When the *Aweikoma-Caingang* desire rain, they put their mouths to the water and blow. They take some in their hands and cry, as they throw it upward, "Look here! Do like this." (Henry, 1941, p. 94.) Ashes thrown into a river are expected to stop its rise.

Divining.—According to Lozano (1873, 1:427), *Guayaná* shamans drank maté in order to consult spirits. Answering questions put to them by their clients, the shamans always said, "The grass [maté] told me this or that." Among modern *Aweikoma*, a man may be requested to drink maté and to belch while he is asked questions. A strong belch is interpreted as "No" and a weak one as "Yes" (Henry, 1941, p. 88).

In order to know which animals will be killed and where they will be found, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* set fire to a heap of pine-wood charcoal. The size of the spark corresponds to an animal species and the place where it twinkles indicates where the game will be slain.

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787 The *Caingang* of São Paulo believe that old women have the power of foretelling the future in dreams which they induce by taking the pulverized leaves of an unknown plant.

769 Cult of the dead.—This cult is "the foundation and strongest expression of the spiritual culture of the *Kaingang*" (Baldus, 1935, p. 52), as the whole community takes part in the ceremonies, and children are at this time assigned by their fathers or others to moiety subgroups.

The aim of veingréinyã, the main ritual, is to break the bonds uniting the living with the ghosts, who are driven to their last abode, where they remain harmless. It takes place when the maize is green and pine nuts are ripe, that is, sometime between the middle of April and June. It is organized by mourners for a parent, a sister, or a son, but never for a wife or a daughter; according to Manizer, the initiative is taken by a distant relative.

The green bough placed above the tomb announces the coming performance; the news of which is carried to nearby settlements by messengers appointed by the "master of the dance." One of the heralds blows a horn; another informs the gathered listeners of the date.

In the meantime, the organizer piles up wood and gathers honey and maize, kept in pots in a special place, for liquor. For 3 days before the festival, men dance around these containers, crying and singing funeral songs. The fermented beverages, poured into large troughs dug out of bottle-tree trunks, are heated by throwing red-hot potsherds into them. During the night before the feast, the organizer and his assistant go to the cemetery to cover the grave with earth.

In the morning, the trough is dragged to the plaza and food heaped around it. Men sing and beat the ground with a stamping tube.

On the day before veingréinyã, the visitors, blowing horns and bamboo flutes, arrive and are met by their hosts and treated to beer. The following afternoon, the members of the moiety subgroups, adorned with their distinctive facial paintings, are led separately to the cemetery by relatives of the deceased. At the head of each moiety are a singer and three dancers, as well as the close relatives. On the way, the singer with his subgroups stops by every tree at which the corpse bearers have rested en route and sings a song of meaningless syllables, shaking his rattle and kicking his feet back and forth. After this musical interlude, they resume marching, but the other moiety has to go through the same ceremony. When the first moiety reaches the cemetery, the same dance is performed over the grave, the singer standing over the head of the deceased. The remainder of the crowd remains outside the cemetery. Then the other moiety dances over the grave. When the ghost is thought to have been expelled, everyone shouts for joy and runs in all directions.

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The moieties join, and the mixed sounds of "flutes and laughter and cries were heard all over the place." The singers and dancers receive liquor until completely drunk. Later the moieties dance in a double circle around bonfires lit on the plaza; finally, everyone drinks to his heart's content. 769

A few variant details are given by Manizer (1930, p. 787). The relatives of the dead, who remained in their huts with the head covered with blankets, are forced to drink beer until they lose consciousness. Those who have gone to the cemetery paint black strokes over their bodies. Soon after, many pairs of participants, standing face to face, cry out in turn, "xogn, xogn," while the spectators sing lugubrious melodies. Then everyone dances counter-clockwise around the fire, keeping time with his bamboo tube.

MYTHOLOGY

The mythology of the *Caingang* is known mainly through a few myths collected by Borba (1904) and summarized here: 773

Origin of agriculture.—The Indians suffered scarcity of food. A chief told them to cultivate a piece of land by fastening a creeper around his neck and trailing him on the ground. They did so, and 3 months later his penis produced maize, his testicles beans, and his head gourds.

Origin of fire.—Tejetó transformed himself into a white urraca (bird) and let himself be carried by a brook flowing by the house of the Master-of-fire, whose daughter picked up the bird and dried him by the fire. Tejetó stole an ember and was pursued, but hid in the crevice of a cliff. To strike him, the Master-of-fire thrust the end of his bow into the crevice. Tejetó made his nose bleed and smeared the bow with the blood. The Master-of-fire, convinced that he had killed the thief, went away. Tejetó kindled the dry branch of a palm. Since then men have had fire.

The deluge.—There was in olden times a great deluge. From the waters there emerged only the summit of the mountain Crinjijinbé, toward which the Kayurukré and the Kamé swam, with firebrands in their mouths. The Kayurukré and the Kamé were drowned, and their souls went to live in the center of the mountain. The *Caingang* and some *Curuton* or *Aré* arrived at the summit of Crinjijinbé. They remained there several days crouched in the branches of a tree or reposing on the ground.

The saracurás (a kind of bird) came with baskets full of dirt and began to fill the sea. They were aided in their work by the ducks.

The *Caingang* who were on the ground could leave, but those who had climbed into the trees were turned into monkeys, and the *Curuton* were changed into owls.

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773 The *Caingang* established themselves in the vicinity of the Serra of Crinjijinbé. The Kayurukré and the Kamé left the mountain, the former by a smooth and level path, and the latter by a rugged trail, whence the small feet of the Kayurukré and large ones of the Kamé. Where the Kayurukré had been, a river gushed through the pass, but the place from which the Kamé emerged remained just as it was. That is why they continue to go to ask water of the Kayurukré.

The *Caingang* ordered the *Curuton* to seek the baskets they had left at the foot of the mountain; the latter did not want to go back. Ever since then, they have lived separated from the *Caingang*, who considered them fugitive slaves.

The creations of Kamé and Kayurukré.—Two brothers, Kamé and Kayurukré, after having left the mountain, created jaguars from ashes and coals; then the antas or tapirs from ashes only. The tapir, who had a small ear, heard that he was ordered to eat herbs and branches, when the Creators had told him to subsist on meat.

Kayurukré also made the great anteater, which he did not have time to finish, whence his toothless jaw and his tongue, which is only a little stick that Kayurukré in his haste put in his mouth.

Kayurukré made the useful animals, among them the bee; Kamé, the harmful creatures (pumas, serpents, wasps, etc.).

The brothers resolved to kill the jaguars. They made them get on a tree trunk thrown into a stream. Kamé was to push the trunk and make it drift away. Some jaguars clung to the bank and Kamé, frightened by their roaring, did not dare to push them into the water. It is on account of his faintheartedness that jaguars still exist.

The people of Kayurukré and those of Kamé intermarried. As the men were more numerous than the women, they allied themselves also with the *Caingang*. From that time on Kayurukré, Kamé, and *Caingang* considered themselves kinsmen and friends.

In olden times, the *Caingang* did not chant or dance. One day Kayurukré, going to hunt, saw some branches dancing at the foot of a tree. One branch was crowned with a gourd, which tinkled and marked the rhythm of a melody chanted by an invisible being.

Kayrukré's companions took the branches (stamping tubes), while he took the gourd (rattle). They danced with these instruments.

A few days later, Kayurukré met the great anteater, who stood erect on his paws and began to chant. His song was identical with the one that Kayurukré had heard the day he saw the sticks dancing. Thus he learned that the mysterious chanter was the great anteater. The anteater demanded of him his sticks and then danced. He predicted that his wife would bear him a boy.

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* of Santa Catarina tell only confused origin myths, but have stories of animals, among them how Humming-

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bird hoarded water. Traditions of internecine feuds, however, loom most prominently in their lore (Henry, 1941, pp. 124–152; 1935, pp. 177 f., 211). 773

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Jungle People

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A KAINGÁNG TRIBE OF THE HIGHLANDS OF BRAZIL

by

JULES HENRY

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JUNGLE PEOPLE

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To

EDUARDO AND DONA FRANCISCA DE LIMA E SILVA HOERHAN

in grateful and affectionate remembrance

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Foreword

OF ALL THE PRIMITIVE TRIBES OF THE WORLD, we know least about those of South America. It was a continent with the greatest possible diversity of culture—from the high civilization of the Andes with its great political and military kingdoms to the shy hunters and food gatherers of the simplest cultures who had no permanent dwellings, no agriculture, no boats. Old chronicles tell us much about the higher cultures, not only about the kingdom of the Incas, but about the Araucanians of Chile and the Tupinambá of Brazil. But there are only fragmentary and horrified notes on the simplest tribes of the widely scattered Gê peoples, and for very good reason. These people were not only shy, they were desperate and cruel; they not only fled from the Whites into the often impenetrable hinterland, but they killed the invading stranger.

Yet from the point of view of history the simplest peoples of South America are all-important. Many of them have taken over agriculture and social complexities from other cultures, but the so-called Botocudo of Santa Catarina, Brazil—the Kaingáng as they are more properly called by Dr. Henry in this book—were not settled in villages with permanent homes around a central dancing-green; they had no gardens to supplement their food gathering and hunting of the tapir. A reservation had been set up for some years before Dr. Henry's stay among them, but it was no highly regimented affair like United States reservations, and the agency had been chiefly effective in putting a stop to bloodshed both within the tribe and in encounters with Brazilians. The Kaingáng still took every possible opportunity to absent themselves from their little settlement to hunt the tapir, the deer and the peccary. In order to communicate with them it was necessary to speak their language.

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Dr. Henry went to Brazil to study the culture of these people who, in a continent occupied over wide areas by tribes whose life was ordered on the basis of much more complex inventions, followed a type of life we often call that of simple savages. The Kaingáng turned out to fit the popular picture of savages in more ways than this. They were savages as Hobbes had pictured them, as he thought they must have been before the organization of the State had brought order among mankind. Even within the little tribe, kin by blood and by marriage, speaking the same dialect, the Kaingáng dealt violent death to one another and kept the memory green, in endless tales identifying every death wound given, down many generations. Little related bands constantly accepted invitations to fiestas when they knew the issue was to be merciless massacre. No man laid aside his deadly weapons. At a sudden signal the hosts fell upon the guests and it was a fight to the death. Outside the small bands—extended families, as Dr. Henry calls them—there were no bonds in Kaingáng society strong enough to prevent this tribal suicide.

It is hard to find another example among primitive tribes of this unstoppable blood feud of the Kaingáng. In other tribes, either blood or intermarriage or reciprocal advantage links people in alliances within which life is safe; there is some way of terminating feud—either a peace chief or a council of elders who intervene to "bury the blood", or a payment which may be made to the bereaved families, or a lex talionis which decrees that scores are evened. None of these provisions existed among the Kaingáng. Yet there was a group which kept the peace and within which not even adultery and incessant quarrels over women issued in bloodshed—the group that "travelled" together, the little party that hunted honey and birds and tapir in the jungle and lay around in each others' arms when the day's work was over. It was only bodily contact that the Kaingáng trusted —not a common language, not blood ties nor compacts among intermarrying families nor common tribal interests. And bodily contact could not guarantee peace in the tribe when the co-travellers were such a tiny fraction of those tribesmen to whom each man owed services. No man could fulfill all the duties expected of him. In half a dozen bands there were fathers-in-law of his, or brothers-in-law or cousins who expected him to help them in the tapir hunt and the honey gathering; when he "travelled" with some other relative, they regarded him as defaulting. Of course, he thought, they were angry; they were ready to kill him. His only recourse was to strike first.

The picture of the Kaingáng is a picture of social tragedy. Within the little band of co-travellers they were gay and self-indulgent and settled their quarrels without violence. But the little band was not co-extensive with their world, and in that outer world they could only kill, and kill

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those with whom they had social and economic bonds. To the outside observer it is clear that they were cutting their own throats, that no victory could be a real victory. But the Man from Mars would carry back just as devastating a report from the World Wars of the twentieth century on the planet Earth.

The Kaingáng are a fable for our times. They are not, however, as Hobbes thought, an example of Natural Man—man as he must inevitably be without a police force. In their suicidal aggressions they stand almost alone among primitive tribes, and are as truly the victims of an inadequate social order with inadequate sanctions for decent human life as are the victims of World Wars of today. They that slay by the sword shall die by the sword, but what is still more important in the history of any civilization, as the generations pass, the arts of life will be doomed, and brutal and asocial behavior will increase. The civilization will dig its own grave.

Dr. Henry has added to our understanding of society by his picture of a culture which was dying by its own hand. His painstaking investigation puts us in his debt.

RUTH BENEDICT

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Preface

131 TRIBES SPEAKING KAINGÁNG DIALECTS inhabit the highlands of southeastern South America from the state of São Paulo, Brazil to Argentina. Although no thorough study has previously been made of any of these tribes enough has appeared in print[1] to indicate that they differ in language and culture. The group I studied[2] is localized on the government reservation of Duque de Caxias in the municipality of Dalbergia in the state of Santa Catarina, Brazil. It is one extended family.[3] A handful of fellow tribesmen, probably another extended family, is living on a reservation at Palmas[4] in the state of Santa Catarina, and as late as 1934 a small group of Kaingáng, thought to be tribesmen of those at Duque de Caxias, was reported to be wandering wild and causing damage in the southern part of the state.

177 [73] [61] Since 1914 when the Kaingáng were pacified and localized at Duque de Caxias epidemics have reduced their number from between three and four hundred to 106,[5] and a number of changes have come over their culture.

[1] A summary of data on the Kaingáng tribes is given in "La civilisation materielle et la vie sociale et religieuse des Ze du Brésil meridional et oriental," by Dr. Hermann Ploetz and Dr. A. Metraux, *Revista del Instituto de Etnologia de la Universidad de Tucuman* (Argentina), Tucuman 1930. Volume 1, Entrega 2a, pp. 107-238.

[2] They have also been called Botocudo. This is unfortunate for it confuses this Kaingáng speaking tribe with the linguistically unrelated Botocudo of Minas Geraes, Brazil. Dr. Jose Maria de Paula has published a vocabulary and some remarks on the Kaingáng of Duque de Caxias in "Memoria Sobre os Botocudos do Paraná e Santa Catarina . . ." in *Congresso Internacional de Americanistes*, Rio de Janeiro, 1922. 20 Session, Volume 1; pp. 117-137.

[3] This term is explained in the body of the book.

[4] Herbert Baldus has a vocabulary and some remarks on these Indians in *Anthropos*, Volume 30, 1, 2. January-April 1935, p. 191.

[5] 40 children (19 males, 21 females); 9 males and 15 females over thirty; 27 males and 15 females over fifty.

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177 Until 1914 the Kaingáng robbed and killed the Brazilian colonists, but now they live in peace. Under government instruction they have learned to till the soil. Both men and women have adopted the clothes of the whites and the men have cut their hair and discarded their typically male ornament, the lip plug. The young men use fire arms exclusively; one man about sixty uses only bow and arrow; the other men over forty alternate between bow and arrow and gun. Nowadays the Kaingáng attempt houses after the fashion of the poor white farmers of the region—mud walls, thatched roofs and dirt floors—but the Kaingáng often do not get beyond the roof, and even that leaks. Changes are also noticeable in ritual and social life. Some rituals have dropped out and the bloody feuds between the extended families are no longer carried on. Although polygyny is still practised polyandry has been given up.

In spite of change, however, many of the old ways of life are still followed and fundamental attitudes remain the same. The culture is far from dead. Because of their ferocity only the bugreiros—men hired by the colonists to kill the Indians—ever dared approach the Kaingáng before pacification. Since that time the government has steadily resisted all attempts to establish missions among them. Although there is a Catholic church about [197] five miles away from the reservation its effect on the Kaingáng has been practically nil.

123 I lived on the reservation from December 1932 to January 1934 and my house was in the center of the Kaingáng village.

Although the Kaingáng are now small farmers they still spend about half their time hunting. They are great week-enders. Every Friday some of them plunge into the jungle and turn up on Monday with a few quarters of tapir, deer or wild pig, or some birds. From time to time I joined them on these trips but with the exception of a five week expedition I made with them into the jungle my work was largely limited to wandering about the village, in and out of houses, sitting by fires and talking, working with paid informants, and, of course, treating their ailments.

114 Frae Mansueto Barcatta de Val Floriana has published a grammar[6] of the language of the Kaingáng of São Paulo but no systematic study of the language of any of the Kaingáng speaking tribes of Santa Catarina had appeared in print prior to my "A Kaingáng Text."[7]

191 Although today Kaingáng males between 20 and 30 years of age know some Portuguese there was only one whose Portuguese was good enough

[6] "Esseio de Grammatica Kaingang," *Revista do Museu Paulista*, Volume X, São Paulo, 1918. Frae Mansueto's grammar suffers from an attempt to impose Indo-European grammatical categories on the Kaingáng language. His "Dicionario Kaingang-Portuguez e Portuguez-Kaingang," *Revista do Museu Paulista*, Volume XII, São Paulo, 1920, is excellent.

[7] *International Journal of American Linguistics*, Volume VIII, 1935, pp. 172-218.

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for linguistic purposes. None of the women speak Portuguese. Most of the ethnological data was obtained in the native language, which I learned to speak.[a]

Whatever merits this book may have are due primarily to the training I received from my teachers Franz Boas and Ruth Benedict. The specific suggestions they have made regarding Kaingáng culture have often provided far-reaching insights into its nature. Dr. Margaret Mead's lectures on field methods and her criticism of my manuscript have been of great help in the formulation of my ideas about Kaingáng culture. To Mr. Hans J. Uldall, ace of phoneticians, go my thanks for the excellent preparation that helped make it possible for me to master quickly the peculiarities of the Kaingáng language. The criticisms of my wife, Zunia Henry, have been most valuable.

The field work that supplied the basis for this book was made possible through an appropriation of the Department of Anthropology of Columbia University.

My gratitude is due to my two dear friends, Eduardo de Lima e Silva Hoerhan, and his wife, Dona Francisca whose kindness and solicitude made it possible to carry on under strange and difficult circumstances.

Brazilian officials, particularly Dr. Dulphe Pinheiro Machado, Minister of Labor, Dr. Bezerra Cavalcanti, now deceased, of the Indian Service, and Dr. Roquette-Pinto and Dona Heloise Torres of the National Museum, have also been immeasurably helpful and kind to me.

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[a] See Appendix IV.

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Notes on the Spelling[1] of Kaingáng Words

1044 THE SPELLING OF KAINGÁNG PROPER NAMES is a rough approximation of the true phonetic values. Other Kaingáng words have been more accurately rendered by the following system:

i as in English *feet*.
ĭ as in Russian *Bbl*. A sound midway between the vowel in English *feet* and the vowel in English *do*.
e as in German *fehle*. Approximately as the vowel in English *rain*.
ẽ as in a Londoner's pronunciation of *third*.
ê as in English *fed*.
a as in English *father*.
â as in English *hat*.
o as in German *wohl;* French *eau*.
ô as in English *awe*.
u as in English *do*.
û approximately as in English *sure*.
w an *m* that is pronounced with the upper teeth touching the lower lip. In technical parlance a labio-dental *m*.

All other consonants have the same values as in English. The sign ˛ under a vowel as in o represents nasalization as in French *on*. The acute accent indicates word accent. In some cases it has been impossible to indicate accents because of printing difficulties. The large majority of two syllable words, however, accent the last syllable. Three syllable words are more erratic.

[1] A precise phonetic scheme is given in "A Kaingáng Text." See fn. 2, p. xiv.

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Jungle People

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I

The Forest and Its People

174 The Kaingáng were forest nomads. For perhaps three hundred years that was the only life they knew, and they resented it. The forest was not their original home, for they were driven into it from their farms on the savannahs to the west by their enemies. They speak with nostalgia of the time long ago when they lived in little fenced villages and planted corn, beans and pumpkins. Before the pacification they had no villages and instead of dividing their time between cultivating their crops and hunting in the forest as they used to do, they wandered forever in the forest and planted no crops at all.

137 The forests of Santa Catarina are vast and mighty; they are rich and well watered, tall and gloomy. Saplings and trees six feet in diameter crowd close upon one another. Bushes cluster about the trees, and the whole is woven into one solid mass by the vines that hang from trees, twine about bushes, and creep along the ground. The forest everywhere grows right down to the edges of the rivers and looms on both sides like the walls of a great corridor, silent and lovely, impenetrable except with knife or club. Flocks of geese, taboo to the Indians, for those landlocked creatures may not touch these timid and agile waterfowl, skim above the surface of the rivers, and wherever a lichen-covered cliff rises from the river's edge it throws their calls echoing back and forth across the water.

133 I used to joke with the Brazilians telling them that their beautiful state
132 of Santa Catarina was not a land but a solution, for it is indeed a country of ten thousand water courses. Innumerable little streams undermine the earth, and during the rainy season in August and September, when it sometimes rains for a month without cease, when day after day thunder rolls about the mountain tops and the wind blows and the forest rocks until you

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imagine it is going to crash solidly on your head, these subterranean streams cast great sections of the earth into the rivers. Then streams that were sluggish and clear become turgid and rushing. Rivers that moved slowly and whose bottoms you could easily see through their few feet of clear water rise almost four feet overnight, and their purling shallows become dangerous rapids, pouring tons of muddy red water down toward the sea. Then all day long the shouts of the Indians—"Storm, go away, I am afraid of you; so stop!"—go up among the camps, rising faintly above the roar of the river, the rush of the rain, and the ceaseless rumble of the thunder.

Water is everywhere in Santa Catarina, and it literally grows on trees, or at least in bamboo, the hollow stems of which are filled with it. You cannot walk far without coming across at least a brook, and the Indians use the streams as short cuts, sometimes walking in the water for half a mile. In nine days a pair of rubber-soled tennis shoes rotted off my feet; by the end of my five-weeks' hunting trip the seams of my waterproof leather boots had rotted. Yet in this land where a hundred thousand terraces bear witness to ages of slow erosion and the winding streams interlace like silver bands, the Kaingáng are without boats or rafts. They have every other technique for crossing a stream that ingenuity and resourcefulness might suggest: they knock down a tree on one side of a stream so that it will fall on the other and form a bridge, and they also build crude bridges. Men who have supernatural power obtained from some water animal may even brave a turbulent stream to carry a line across so that other people may pull themselves across on it. But before they came to Duque de Caxias the Kaingáng knew nothing of navigation, and the one instance in folklore of an attempt at it ended in a fiasco. Of course the Kaingáng were land nomads. It would have been too much work to build a canoe or even a raft just to cross a stream and it was much easier for them to wait until the river went down; for the Kaingáng never felt a pressing need to be anywhere at any particular time. They might just as well have been on one side of the river as on the other.

To know how to walk in the bed of a stream, stepping unerringly from stone to slippery stone, is really a blessing, for a smarting body appreciates the respite from thorns, and the coldness of the water is soothing to one's battered and aching shins. The forest is no place for a pleasant stroll. The gait of the forest rover is unmistakable, for he never just steps; he *places his feet*. Where a thorn may prick, a vine slash, a fallen log batter; where the earth may crumble underfoot or a snake strike from the concealment of a pile of leaves or a low bush overhanging the trail, every move must be a maneuver. When an Indian is scratched or bruised, he stops and removes the cause so that those who follow will not suffer as he did. He gropes for the thorn until he finds it and then carries it far away to dispose

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of it, or he carefully chops out the root or log until the path is clear; he never leaves a rough edge.

The forest has certain little peculiarities whose marks the Indians recognize when they see one of their number come back from the hunt with a bloody eye or a mass of little cuts on his legs. There is a kind of bamboo that the Indians call *kpekfilo* which hangs like a vine from trees and whose mark on the human body is so specific that the Indians can always tell when one of them has fallen foul of it. *Kpekfilo* has a surface like sandpaper and a long thorn that curves slightly upward like a tiny scimitar. If you escape the thorn the surface may rasp across your face and leave a stinging welt. There is also a tall strong grass that grows in the open places the Indians love so well and that cuts like a knife. No one dares just walk through it; the feet must swing out like scythes to beat it down.

The Indians are acutely aware of their mountain forests as something with which they have to struggle and which is full of pain for them. The forest is a mass of vines and thorns that cut and trip; it is alive with insects that suck and torment; and they make no bones about saying so. They divide the forest into "clean places," those in which there are no vines, thorns, or bamboo,—they also call them "pretty places"—and "dirty places," where the tangle is so thick that it obscures the light of day.

In the winter these mountain forests are cold and nights are gray with the mist that rises from the watercourses. The temperature often drops below freezing at night, and not even the thickest clothing will keep out the cold and damp. Yet for generations the only clothing the Indians had was a knee-length netlike robe of plant fiber, worn about the waist by the women, and a closely woven shirt of the same material, reaching to the hips, worn by the men in the winter. When they began to raid the Brazilians they stole vests and blankets and it was common to see an Indian naked except for a little belt around his waist to tie up his penis—and a vest. The vest kept the torso warm while it allowed freedom of motion to the arms. The Kaingáng never do anything more with an animal skin than make soup of it, and before they had blankets and vests they simply spread a few fern fronds on the ground at night and lay down on them to sleep, pulling a net-like robe over themselves if they were so fortunate as to possess one.

On winter nights they are miserable and often get up to warm themselves by the fire. One morning in May as I warmed my aching joints by the fire and watched my breath spiral upward, Chukembégn said to me: "Last night I slept all over the place. It was so cold nobody slept." Sometimes they fall asleep sitting by the fire, their arms on their drawn-up knees, their heads sunk forward. The scarcity of blankets brings the young men together in the sleeping parties they love, when a half dozen of them,

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63 wrapped in each other's arms, lie under a couple of blankets. Children
374 sleep almost anywhere that they can crawl under a blanket, and any solitary sleeper welcomes warm flesh that will help to shelter him against the cold. If children were not welcome sleeping companions it would go hard with them in families where scarcity of blankets would leave them absolutely unprotected.

261 The Kaingáng are hungry in winter and early spring. Then the tracks of animals are hard to interpret and the tapir can run far and fast, for it is no longer burdened with its young and the forest is cool. To the Kaingáng the tapir is not only the most important food, it is the very symbol of food. When they have no tapir meat there is very little meat of any kind, for the tapir is most plentiful when the wild fruits and nuts are ripe, and when these are gone the monkeys and birds, the rodents and pigs, the deer and the tapir that have fed on them for months, grow scarce or vanish altogether. Many primitive people who are faced with this seasonal scarcity have developed some technique of preservation, but not so the Kaingáng.
[257] They preserve only pine nuts and have nothing to support them in these times of hunger.

132 Summer, with its warmth, its dryness, and its plenty, brings comfort at last to these people who sew no skins and make no warm clothes against the winter, who have no knowledge of boats or rafts to carry them across the rivers that lie everywhere around them, and who, in a hungry land, preserve no food and make no traps. If necessity were the mother of invention the Kaingáng would have all these things, which would make their life easier. If people systematically adapted themselves to their environment the Kaingáng would not only be dogged and skillful hunters, but they would have the traps and the fishing techniques which they completely lack. The men would not only be untiring, uncomplaining providers, but they would have discovered how to preserve the food they obtain with so much effort, so that in the lean days of winter they would not grow weak and retch and vomit with hunger.

142 The Kaingáng are powerful and of tough physique.[1] The arms and legs
[14] of the full-grown men are thick and muscular, and the women, although shorter and less conspicuously muscular, are strong enough to carry heavy loads. Their hair is straight and black, their dark-brown eyes wide and level, their noses high-bridged and coarse, their lips thick. Their skin color ranges from a deep brown to a golden tan. Sometimes a sick person who has lain a long time by the fire, away from the sun, may be practically white. The men, who are about as tall as the average white European, are graceful in spite of their massiveness. It is a pleasure to see them walk—the tangled forest has never let them learn to run—with their high springing

[1] They have very bad teeth.

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step, or balance themselves incredibly on a narrow tree six feet above a stream while hundred-and-fifty-pound loads hang from their heads.

All their lives these people pitted their strength, intelligence, and persistence against the forest, against their ancient enemies the Kangdjá, against the Brazilians, whom they hated and feared, and even against some of their own relatives, of whom they lived in constant terror—eager to avenge murders and sleepless for fear of reprisals. The characteristics of the typical Kaingáng male, tough, resourceful within the limits of his intelligence and experience, dogged and hard to kill, were summed up in one-legged Thuyídn, who died some years ago. In the words of a Kaingáng: "He was not old. In spite of the fact that he had only one leg he used to knock down pine nuts. He would make a loop and climb up.[2] He chopped out honey and killed tapirs. He would run after the dogs. He leaned on a stick in front of him. He had abscesses on the buttocks, back, and hands—he was sick, but he went with them. He was hard to kill. The Brazilians stabbed him in the back and it came out in front. It pierced his lung. Another pierced him below the ribs. He had been shot twice. Once he was cut in the head. He fought. He had seized a knife by the blade and lost two fingers."

There can be no doubt that the Kaingáng bred individuals fit for survival. Certainly men like Thuyídn were born to survive. But for a society to perpetuate itself it must also be able to cope with internal conflicts that might destroy it, and this, Kaingáng society was not able to do. Composed as it was of hundreds of Thuyídns it was nevertheless unable to stay the destruction that certainly would have overtaken it had not the Kaingáng at last established friendly relations with the Brazilians.[3]

As the pattern of Kaingáng culture unfolds in the pages that follow we shall see how this group, excellently suited in their physical and psychological endowments to cope with the rigors of their natural environment, were yet unable to withstand the internal forces that were disrupting their society, and, having no culturally standardized devices to deal with them, were committing social suicide.

[2] Full-grown Araucaria pine trees have no limbs within thirty feet of the ground.

[3] In September 1914 the Serviço de Proteção aos Indios accomplished the pacification of the ferocious Kaingáng through the heroism of Eduardo de Lima e Silva Hoerhan.

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II

Nomadic Life

484 512 THE KAINGÁNG USED TO WANDER about in the forest in small bands searching for food. Even now when they go hunting they rarely stay even a week in one place. They fall asleep without plans for the morrow, and they awaken in the morning without any idea of what they are to do. A few words over the morning fire may decide them to move on, and in ten minutes their possessions will be packed into baskets. The father strides off carrying his weapons in his hands: the indispensable axe and a gun or a massive seven-foot bow and a dozen arrows, while the mother comes plodding behind with the basket full of household possessions and the remaining food, if they are lucky enough to have any, the baby perched atop the load and the brother or sister holding on to her left hand, the right bearing a smoking firebrand for use at the next camp.

342 The Kaingáng hate to build the frail little shelters they call houses, and they never do so until the rain is on them. I always had to argue with the Indians to help put up my tent. When the clouds piled up in the sky, the air grew sultry, and the sun changed from yellow to dull red, I would say to Chukembégn, "It looks like rain." With a deprecatory glance at the sky he would reply: "No, it's not going to rain—not today. Tomorrow maybe, but today, no." "But look at those clouds." "That's nothing; it will pass." "Yes, the way it passed yesterday. Let's get the tent up, Chukembégn." At last the tent would be put up, sometimes as the first drops fell or in a pouring rain. It was not laziness that made them so slow to put up my tent, for they too could always take advantage of it; but housebuilding is simply an annoyance, and they never raise a shelter even for themselves unless they are forced to. It rains several times a day at the new moon in fall and winter, but though they know this perfectly well, they will not build a

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342 house if the sky is clear when they make camp. In the night, when the rain finally does come, they either lie asleep where they are, start up and hurriedly throw together a house from whatever material happens to be lying about, or wander sleepily into the ethnologists tent, where they crowd together sleeping almost on top of one another. If the ethnologist descends from his hammock on such a night he steps on someone's face or kicks an infant in the ribs.

These houses that the Kaingáng are so loath to build are made by tying arched boughs to a high transverse that is supported by two uprights sunk in the ground. Horizontal boughs are laid and tied across the arched ones, and the whole is covered with leaves to within about two feet of the ground. The result is a long shelter open completely on three sides and partly open on the fourth, with a curved roof that forms the rear wall. A man and his wife can put one up in half an hour. When there are many people the house may be doubled so that instead of the arch being like this:

it looks like this:

If people arrive unexpectedly the house can be extended indefinitely by the addition of transverse beams.

[354] 513 On the edge of the long side of the house long logs are laid for the fires; and the Indians sleep in a row with their feet to the fire. Since these houses are not partitioned into family rooms the opportunity for anyone to gratify his curiosity is limited only by the height of the flames and by his good manners. At night when the men have come in and the flames are leaping, the pots bubbling, and the meat roasting, the houses fill with blinding smoke. After supper the fires die down, and it is pitch-dark beyond the faint red glow of the coals. A few hours later it is impossible to see what is going on, and even the Indians cannot tell which dark bulk is Vomblé and which his wife, Kulá. Although everyone is careful to provide a place for himself when camp is made, there is no certainty that he will actually sleep there, for the Kaingáng are nomadic even in their sleep. Although Véye may eat with his wife he may get up to wander over to Chukembégn's fire for a few nuts and to Waipó's for a bit of fruit, and if sleep overtakes him at Waipó's he will sleep there. Perhaps later in the night when the chill and stiffness have crept into his bones he will get up and wander sleepily over

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to his wife, kicking Klendó in the ear and overturning Amendó's pot in his semi-somnambulism. All of this makes ethnology terribly difficult, for it is hard to be sure that the dark mass you had decided was Yakwá an hour ago isn't Vomblé or just the shadow of the house post now. 513

Kaingáng camp sites are any shape at all. Level ground is rare and what there is is so irregular that the Indians have to distribute themselves about it in the most economical way possible. But they will never sleep on any kind of slope, and if a particular patch of level ground is just a little too small for a family they may build it up by throwing some dirt on a foundation of leaves. When a woman sits down, lays her firebrand on the ground, piles wood on it, and begins to nurse her baby, it is pretty certain that camp will be made right there. No woman sits down without deliberation, for where she sits she stays, and where she stays she and her husband will sleep. Nothing can dislodge her, and no one will dare to suggest that she move over. It is a matter of complete indifference to her that the spot she has picked out may be such that a large family will have to break up in order to conform to her choice. 361 562

After she has nursed her baby, eaten a few nuts, and perhaps put the pot on to boil she gets up and cleans the ground, pushing the surface litter back for a pillow, chopping out the protruding roots, scraping and leveling until it is "clean." Then off she goes for ferns to cover the site, sometimes walking half a mile to get the exact kind she wants. When this is all done the camp looks inviting, but next day, after fifty bare feet have walked, run, fought, or toddled over it and the soup has been spilled, it is untidy and dirty. By the end of a week, if they should stay so long, dirt has piled up around the camp—nut shells, pieces of animal hides, fruit skins, bones, palm-shoot shells, wasp's nests from which the larvae have been taken and eaten, basket splints, and human and animal offal—and the place has a repellent odor. 364

The Kaingáng are awake an hour before dawn. The young men lie huddled together under their blankets, sometimes five or six of them in a row, chattering and laughing, while the married men shout across from their beds with their wives and someone perhaps lies singing quietly to himself. At last a fire is stirred and a woman or a child goes for water. By dawn the pots are on the fire, and the campers are beginning to shake the stiffness out of their bodies. Perhaps some young woman still lies lazily nursing her child while her young husband sits on her feet to keep them warm. Men begin to take down their bows and bend them against their legs, and arms like wrestlers' swell and bend as the bows are drawn. A famished dog yelps as its owner beats it for stealing food; a woman growls at her child in mild, helpless anger as it defecates in camp. The men circulate around while the women sit quietly nursing their children or eating. 512

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5/2 At last a word or a half-suggested idea decides the plan of the hunt, and they are ready to go. They are on their feet or sitting down with their weapons between their legs, stuffing the last bits of food into their mouths, for they will not eat again until long after sundown unless they are lucky enough to find a beehive. Finally, with a last hurried mouthful and a shout to his hollow-bellied dog, the hunter disappears in the forest.

5/2 224 The early sun slants through the trees. The ground is damp; the undergrowth is wet with dew, and the air is chilly. The Indian is strung to the highest pitch, for he must make of his mind a sensitive instrument responsive to the slightest influence around him: to the trembling of a leaf that may reveal a bird, to the faint marks on the trunks of trees that tell where honey is, or to the confused sounds of animal calls that betray the tapir or the monkey. Most birds are just black spots among the foliage for their lovely plumage is their protective coloring, and to the unpracticed eye they are lost among the leaves. A tiny, wax-covered hole—the entrance to a hive—the faint scratches of the claws of a honey-eating animal or his burrow at the base of a tree, or the pecking of the woodpecker, reveal where there is honey. The hunter must be on the alert for all these things, and he must look carefully underfoot for the tracks of animals for on these more than on anything else his life depends. This complete absorption in forest sounds and signals makes conversation almost impossible, and if the hunter talks at all it is in whispers and only about matters immediately at hand. Even if he has to shout a message to some companion it is in a Kaingáng whisper, a high tone of low intensity that floats through the forest like the most delicate topmost notes of a well-trained tenor.

As he plods uphill and down, uphill and down, almost always on a slope, rarely on level ground, the sun mounts higher, sharpening the shadows, intensifying the green. Suddenly there is a rush of wings as some *ururús* fly to another perch. The hunter watches their short, low flight until they stop twenty feet away from their previous resting-place. Then he sets down his iron arrows and barbed ones and selects a couple with nothing but wooden knobs on the end. Now he steps forward carefully, parting the thick foliage as he slips through, although he need not be so careful, for the *ururú* is a stupid bird. Now he stops and lays an arrow across his bow as he prepares to draw. The trees, the bushes, and the vines are thick around him, and a tangle of vines and bushes half hides the birds. With a branch jabbing him in the ribs and another tickling his ear he twists his body awkwardly as he bends his bow, pulling the string with his right hand and pushing the bow away from him with his left. The shoulders and the muscles of the back and chest are called into play when a Kaingáng bends his bow. His whole torso and his two arms suddenly expand like a spring as he draws the string back almost to his ear.

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512 When one of those great bows that the Kaingáng also use for clubs is
224 bent, the strain is so great that a man's whole body tends to quake and shiver. The handling of a Kaingáng bow in the thick foliage where the ground is slippery underfoot and a dozen twigs and branches get in the way, where the light is dim and a mass of vines and leaves half obscure the target, calls for perfect coordination and the control of every muscle. The largest game bird, the jacutinga, appears generally as a black spot high up among the trembling leaves, and the branch on which it stands is almost always between the bird and the hunter. As it fills its maw with berries it turns nervously from side to side—it is a fluctuating spot in uncertain and gloomy surroundings. No wonder that our friend misses his *ururús*, and that the Indians often miss. With a grunt of disgust he goes on, down the hill and across a brook, up the other slope, and then down through a mass of bamboo to a stream. He stands in the water up to his knees, undecided for a moment which way to go. Then he wanders along the stream, stepping with automatic and perfect balance from stone to stone until he finds a place to climb out. His powerful toes hook into the tough damp clay at the water's edge, and he lifts his two hundred pounds by his toes, as self-assured as a ballet dancer, on to the high bank. Now from far up on the side of the hill comes a macaco's whistle, faint and clear, and the hunter beats his way toward it, imitating almost perfectly the monkey's high and
[825] penetrating whistle. I never learned to distinguish the macaco's whistle from the Indian's imitation.

As he nears the top of the hill, his breath whistling between his teeth, the monkeys are visible—little black bundles high up in a tree. "The sun is slanting," as he says, for it is growing late, and we have been out all day without a thing to eat. He climbs up past the tree so that he can shoot downhill. The first barbed wooden arrow hisses vainly through the leaves, to land somewhere far off down the hill. A second arrow pierces a monkey and knocks it from its tree. A third and fourth follow the first. The fifth sends the second monkey hurtling, and he falls dead in a tangle of brambles. Five arrows for two monkeys. The heads of the two arrows that found their marks are torn loose from the shaft and will have to be rebound. The three others are lost in the pathless tangle but it is too late to look for them. Next day he returns to search, following his own tracks back through the undergrowth that almost conceals them. The bush is so heavy that he cannot raise his arms or legs until he frees them from the vines that hold them like a net. Round and round he goes, looking about and up in the trees, for perhaps one of his arrows fell among the branches. After each circuit of the area he returns to the tree where the monkeys were and makes note of
[825] the trajectories of his arrows, pointing his arm along them. At last he finds two, but where is the third? After almost three hours of constant searching

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he sees it high in another tree, and up he goes to get it, for if he left it there it would weep and weep until, perhaps, its soul would come and kill him.

All through the morning he climbs the hills. Ticks come upon him in clods like brown mud and he scrapes them off with a knife, but the ones he misses deploy over him until he itches all over from their bites. Early in the afternoon he finds a little hive, and the cool sweet honey quenches his thirst and takes the edge off his hunger. Soon he comes on another, but "dangerous" stinging bees live there; and since he will not stop to make a fire drill and build a fire to smoke them out, he must leave it and return tomorrow or send someone after it. Now the sky clouds over, and it begins to rain. He stands shivering under a fern for a while, but hunger drives him out again. As the afternoon drags on his mood grows blacker and blacker as he searches the ground restlessly for a tapir's track. Nothing less than a tapir will satisfy him. But where are they? Didn't Chukembégn see tracks here yesterday when he was hunting jacutingas? But wait! What's this? Certainly a tapir has been nibbling the shoots of this bush, and there is its track. It seems fresh, too, for it is damp, and the soil appears newly scraped by the tapir's hoof. But in the rain all tracks are damp, and he is not sure that the tapir didn't nibble that bush yesterday. As he goes farther along, however, he comes upon the fresh spoor and then on the place where the tapir moved about, eating red berries that had fallen from a tree.

Now there is no doubt that the track is fresh. Tense and serious, he puts down his axe and arrows, of which he selects two with short shafts and heavy iron heads that look like table knives, round at the point but sharpened to a razor edge. As he moves along following the tapir's track he mimics its curious shrieking whistle. The trail leads through a bamboo network where rotten twigs lie thick upon the ground and the bamboo grows so high and dense that the light is dim; some of the bamboos have toppled over and dried where they have fallen. Hundreds of them lie criss-cross in every direction so that the hunter has to pick his way, twisting and turning his heavy bow so that it will not clatter and jar. He makes noise—no one could avoid it in such a jungle. But the tapir too is noisy, and there is no mistaking when its big, heavy body comes plunging awkwardly through the brush. At last the hunter draws up on the animal that has stopped to wait for him, deceived by his call; but the forest is so thick that he must get close for a shot, and indeed, the heads of his arrows are so heavy that they cannot travel far with great accuracy. But when it does leap from the bow the arrow drives through the tough hide of the tapir right to its vitals. What supreme pleasure that gives to the Indian! What pride is in that smiling brown face!

512 Back in camp the hunter does not walk around and talk unless he has come back empty-handed, for then he feels he has to say something to ex-

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plain how it was that he didn't kill. He walks about, telling loudly how he climbed this hill and descended that, how the thorns scratched him and how he saw no tracks. But the successful hunter sits down with the casual remark that "A tapir has been killed," and after a while, or next day, if it is late, the women go and bring it in. Before he sleeps he must mend his broken arrows, and late at night the yellow light of the dry bamboo illumines his puckered face still bent over them, while his wife sleeps with her baby against her breast. The Kaingáng do not sleep much. Even if there is no work to keep them up—no baskets for the men to weave, no arrows for them to mend—they are forever getting up to eat or to warm themselves by the fire. Before the reservation days they were a hunted people, harassed by another tribe, by the Brazilians, and by one another so that wakefulness became highly valued among them. 512

When the men are in camp they circulate noisily, but the women sit where they are, mingling their high-pitched voices with those of the men, taking an equal part in the conversation if it concerns anything they have any interest in. It is when the men are gone that the women come together for their own particular kind of intimate gossip: love affairs and projected separations; this one's change of heart and that one's scandalous behavior. They sit in a little group making dresses for themselves or sewing for their husbands or brothers, stopping every half hour or so to suckle their babies, who are given the breast whenever they cry, to scold a child who has defecated in a plate, to snatch another from the fire or to rub passionately a little head that has been bruised in falling. A man in the camp is an added spice to a spicy situation, and if a sprained limb or infected foot keeps him at home he becomes the focus for feminine jokes that run eternally in the same channel. 512 462 [521]

When the young women go out to pick up the fallen fruit or to gather the yellow *tai* fruit that grows in the center of a large spiked plant, they leave their babies with their old mothers or with other women to be suckled and cared for. Sometimes, if they have children who are a little grown, they may take them with them, but the Kaingáng do not feel that a woman should be accompanied by a little child so that its presence may prevent a swift and surreptitious sex encounter. They are generally free to pursue their love affairs secretly in the bush while their husbands are away, and if they cannot do that they spend their time talking about other people's affairs. [854] [837]

There is really very little for the women to do nowadays. Aside from their specifically feminine functions Kaingáng society could exist just as well without them. They "make the bed" and get the firewood, but their husbands help them build the house. The men hunt and also bring in most of the wild honey, for they range the farthest. It is they who climb the trees

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512 462 to chop out the hives that are far above the ground, and it is they who ascend the lofty pines to knock down the all-important nuts. The women stay below to gather up the nuts which their husbands have knocked down; yet very often two men cooperate in the enterprise. The women used to take ages to make robes and shirts and carrying-bands for their babies, but ever since the men began to raid the whites, blankets have largely replaced robes, fiber shirts have given way to vests, and the heavy iron Brazilian pot has become the "real" pot, while the ancient badly made clay one which the women made has become "my no-good pot" and completely disappeared. But there is no substitute for the strong, well-made baskets that the men make with such care. The men are even as good at spinning cord as the women are. The women cook, but Kaingáng cooking is simple and any child could do it. Besides, it is no disgrace for a man to cook or do anything a woman does, and a man often cooks his own supper if he is alone. Even the carrying of burdens is shared by the hard-working men, and I have seen them carrying their babies when the trail was long and burdens heavy.

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III

Sexual Relations and Marriage

EVEN KAINGÁNG BABIES LEARN that the terms connected with sex have an aura of laughter and spice. *Waikó*, to copulate; *waindjũ*, to have an affair; *mbâdn*, lover or husband; *plų*, wife or sweetheart; *énglânglé*, my co-spouse, are some of the terms which, brought into a conversation, occasion any amount of smirking, tittering and laughing. The sexuality of little boys is stimulated by their mothers by manipulation of the genitals before they can walk. Although little children of two and three are told jocularly to copulate with one another, their attention is directed toward adults. A boy of three has already learnt to say, in answer to the question, "With whom do you copulate," "With Waikome," who may be his grandfather's sister. Babies are jokingly told to copulate with people anywhere from ten to twenty times their age, and a man sixty-five years old will call a toddler of three "my co-husband." Children of all ages are pressed into service to remove ticks, and it is not at all uncommon to see a little girl of five or six hovering over a supine man picking the ticks off his genitals.

A child soon learns to repeat the jokes that go around the campfire and to shout gleefully, "You copulate with your first cousin!" A boy of nine is jokingly taunted with masturbation, told that he has deflowered his fifteen-year-old cousin, or accused of wanting to copulate with a dog. As two dogs copulate the entire camp roars with laughter and a little girl of six cries delightedly, "They are copulating!" The children may see the boisterous open foreplay of the adults and glimpse the sexual act in the dim light of the early morning.

Yet with all of this I never saw or heard of intercourse among children. Jokes about the love affairs of children among themselves are never made by the adults nor by the children. The children receive so much satisfaction

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from adults it is hard to see why they should bother with one another.[1] They are at the beck and call of anyone who wants a warm little body to caress. As Monyá, age two, wobbles by on fat uncertain legs Kanyahé calls to him. He slowly overcomes the momentum of his walk, turns about, smiles and wobbles obediently over to Kanyahé. Children lie like cats absorbing the delicious stroking of adults. The little children receive an enormous amount of adult attention and one never sees them caress one another or lie down together. It is impossible to keep track of children around the campfire. By choice and from necessity they literally sleep all over the place. They like to cuddle next to an uncle, aunt or step-mother. In the winter when there may be only one blanket to shelter a family, the little ones are driven to crawling under the cover of someone else who welcomes the additional warmth of the little bundle. This wandering around often culminates in the sexual experience to which the grown-ups are eager to introduce the child, and he is generally enjoyed first by a person much older than he. Some married men have nicknames that bear a humorous reference to their experience in trying to deflower young girls. Yakwá was called, "You pierced your mother" because he had deflowered a young girl who had the same name as his mother. Kovi received a nickname because his first cousin clawed his penis when he tried to deflower her. The growing child's sexual experience is primarily humorous, often illicit, administered by adults, and apt to be violent in the case of girls.

When the children grow up to be young men and women a strange dichotomy of behavior is noticeable, which is all the more striking because the Kaingáng lay no emphasis on such differences. Kaingáng young men love to sleep together. At night they call to one another, "Come and lie down here with me, with *me!*" Then there is a shifting and squirming so that Nggugn or Waipó or Kanyahé can lie down where he is bidden. In camp one sees young men caressing. Married and unmarried young men lie cheek by jowl, arms around one another, legs slung across bodies, for all the world like lovers in our own society. Sometimes they lie caressing that way in little knots of three or four. Women never do these things. I have never seen any signs of complete homosexual relations among the men or women. I have sat night after night talking to knots of young men, and I have seen them caressing one another in an absolutely open fashion in the broad light of day. But I never saw them make an overt sexual gesture. In other cultures and even in our own one may see young men continually

[1] This whole situation contrasts strikingly with what I observed among the Pilagá Indians (MSS in preparation). There the children receive slight attention from the adults. Sexual intercourse begins at about 5 years and most of the sexual play of the children is perfectly open. Everyone talks and jokes about the sexual affairs of the children.

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reaching for each other's genitals, but the Kaingáng, although they stand around holding their own penises, do not hold other men's.

In the whole mass of Kaingáng folklore there is one hundred-word story of a homosexual relationship between two men and another that tells of a male supernatural that was killed by a man because it sodomized him by trickery. I never heard a remark that alluded in any way to homosexuality. The men like to congregate together, and when the women are in camp they leave them and sit around in groups, weaving baskets or just talking. Sometimes a woman may join them because her husband is there, but even when the men are away the women rarely come together as the men do. They just visit. Like the indiscriminate playing of the children, these caressings, sleeping parties, and gossipings do not follow relationship lines. Whatever may be the specific obligations of cousins or brothers-in-law, they are completely lost sight of in these ephemeral, wholly casual masculine contacts. The basis for man's loyalty to man has roots in the many warm bodily contacts between them. The violent, annihilating conflicts among men in Kaingáng society were all among those who had never shared the languid exchange of caresses on a hot afternoon under the green arched shelter of a house nor lain together night after night under a blanket against the cold. The very transient, unfixated nature of these contacts leaves no grounds for jealousy. The relationships built on these hours of lying together with anyone at all bear fruit in the softening of conflicts that are so characteristic of the Kaingáng. Indeed, there is a patterned friendship between men that has woven this contact into its very warp and woof, and that is the friendship of hunting companions. Men who have hunted together day after day, raided the Brazilians together, slept together beside the same fire, under the same blanket, wrapped in each other's arms, hold this relationship above their kinship with their brothers. The consequences for the general integration of Kaingáng society are immeasurable.

The elaborate laws of sexual avoidance that chart the behavior of men and women in many primitive societies, dividing the entire community into the touchables and the untouchables, are undreamt of among the Kaingáng. Little boys and girls play together in rough and tumble. Brothers and sisters, brothers- and sisters-in-law and cousins, sleep next to one another, cross legs, or embrace one another. The corollaries to this are the marriages and love affairs among almost all classes of relatives. Only marriages between parents and children and between full brothers and sisters are avoided. Marriages between half brothers and sisters are rare.

A complete lack of emphasis on temperamental differences between the sexes permits to boys and girls, men and women, the same jocular and often violent sexual aggressiveness. The term for intercourse may have

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562 either a masculine or a feminine object. The vulgar English terms can take
822 only feminine objects, and thus reveal in the very grammatical form of our vulgarisms the feeling that the male is the active and aggressive partner. But among the Kaingáng if Chukembégn picks up his hundred and fifty pound wife by the ears and thumps her down with tears of pain starting from her eyes, she may get up immediately and pound him as the tears trickle down her laughing face, and he roars with delight. Sexual approaches range all the way from the unobtrusive contact of bare legs beside the evening fires to open, ribald, and aggressive onslaughts by both men and women.

[149] Although I never put it to the test, I have a strong feeling that the widowed Kundídn, like many of her sex, was stronger than I. Her amorous pinches, punches, and pushes were a trial to me. Kundídn's aggressiveness stopped only at direct snatches at the sexual organs.

Anggló, who was having a passionate affair with Kanyahé, was not averse to pressing another suit on the side. While she did not square off in the boxerlike manner of Kundídn, she was aggressive enough in her own mild way. She did not pinch so hard nor call so loud, but if there were no one around, her quiet "I should like to talk to you and see the inside of your house" would set me thinking how I could best avoid her without hurting her feelings. But I might have spared myself worry on that score, for in this society, which lays no stress on man's aggressiveness as against woman's passivity, a woman who makes advances feels no vindictive anger at a repulse. In our society a woman who temporarily steps out of her culturally decreed role of the attacked to become the attacker feels shame that quickly becomes resentment against the desired object if she is rebuffed. The shame that she feels at reversing her part in the drama of the sexes is forgotten if she obtains her desire and turns to anger if she does not. But the Kaingáng women are able to make the same jocular approaches day after day without a change of attitude.

837 When a husband goes away his wife becomes fair game for anyone who is interested, and she is generally willing prey for the enterprising hunter. I must often have served all unwittingly as a chaperon to some man's wife while he was away hunting, but although my naive presence may have seriously handicaped the pair I was left to chaperon, it did not always inhibit them entirely. One day while Chukembégn, his wife Chantágn,
[145] Kanggólin, and I were on a hillside feasting on wasp's larvae, the bark of the dogs in pursuit of a tapir came faintly from the distance. Chukembégn seized his gun and was away in a flash, leaving his wife, Kanggólin, and me alone. When he had gone Kanggólin began to boast of his love affairs and to remark how curious it was that he never married. On the way back to camp he kept singing all the way, stopping every once in a while to say:

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"Chantágn, listen to this. Chantágn, listen to this." Singing is a favorite 837
way of showing off among the Kaingáng, as among ourselves. Sometime later after Chukembégn had had a fight with his wife he complained bitterly that Kanggúin had said to her: "'if you were my wife I would not treat you that way.' Whenever anyone has a fight with his wife Kanggúin always talks that way to her. He wants a wife, but no one will live with him!"

Nanmblá has two wives. Although his wives compete for him they are 595
not totally at a loss if they have to sleep without him. When I was at his brother-in-law's house one day while he was away, Nanmblá's wife Wainlúin was there watching with amused appreciation while Padnmbá cast a knife at a log. Nothing passed between them but their boisterous laughter, but when Padnmbá at last went away Wainlúin leaned against the housepost and gazed after him. When he had gone fifty paces down the path he turned around, flashed a smile, and disappeared down the slope. I never heard what happened between Wainlúin and Padnmbá after that, but I did hear of a quarrel that Nanmblá had with both his wives because they had relations with other men. One day I saw Vomblé caressing his son's mother-in-law. Another time Chukembégn told me that he and a few others were on the side of a hill when a little way's off they saw Padnmbá making love to Waikuklé's wife in the bushes. Soon she got up and ran off but Chukembégn and his companions called out laughingly "You don't have to run; we saw you." A complete account of all the sexual intrigues would fill a long but rather repetitious chapter.

The amorous history of every young man or woman is one of the favorite 839
themes of conversation among the young people. "First Koktá had an 521
affair with Yonggó, then with Kanggúin and then with me. Then she went around with Kanyahé but he left her and took up with Yu'ó." "I went around for a while with Koktá. . . ." "Oh, no you didn't. She used to go around with Kundágn but now she's going to change to Kanyahé." They enumerate, expand, correct without end and with unflagging interest.

I never heard them discuss these affairs in front of the principals' spouses, but Amendó's presence did not prevent them from joking about her unmarried daughter's relations with Padnmbá and Ndíli. "Layongnó [her daughter] is lying with Ndíli. She has gone off with her lover Ndíli to get nuts." Amendó sat listening and laughing while she nursed her little bastard of five months.

The Kaingáng preoccupation with sex expresses itself also in the belief 834
that death is often caused by intercourse with a supernatural monster or 261
with a ghost. Both men and women may wake up in the morning sick and bleeding or insane because they have spent the night with the supernatural, who has lured or forced them into intercourse. Unlike their neighbors in

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[171] 22 Unlike their neighbors in JUNGLE PEOPLE

831 Paraná the Kaingáng have no love magic. They are, in general, a very practical and aggressive people and not given to the use of charms. They view all people but little children as spontaneously, vigorously and indiscriminately sexual, and act accordingly.

The young man who, urged at last by his desire for a woman to cook and keep house for him, and the young woman who, impelled by her wish to have someone who will constantly care for her, at last settle down with a spouse, have this background of philandering, jesting and frequently adulterous sexual experience that will color married life into old age. Kaingáng men and women are not advised by their parents to be [864] faithful to one another. The only case I heard of is that of Amendó who was one of the wives of Wanyekí. When she and her sisters married him her mother said to her: "Live with him. If they leave him, you remain with him." And she always did.[2]

581 In our society the traditional, the ideal stabilizer of marriage is love—an 586 exclusive sex interest in one person. The Kaingáng have no tradition, no background for the development of such an interest. Marriage in other [583] primitive societies is sometimes stabilized by a large payment for the bride, but in Kaingáng society there is no such payment. If a woman leaves her husband she can always find a relative who will take care of her. Her brother or her cousin or her sister will always take her in, and although she lacks the full security that marriage gave her she need not starve, for there are any number of men who will accept her as an added responsibility without complaint, even boasting a little that they took care of her and that she called them *yúgn*.[3] Besides having this dependable bulwark to her security a woman's own aggressiveness makes it far easier for her to get another husband than for a woman in a similar position in our society. When a woman is left without a husband the liaisons which she has established surreptitiously serve her in good stead, for then one of her lovers may become her new husband.[4]

586 Chukembégn had been having some trouble with his wife, Chantágn. When he left her for a few days to go hunting he told his hunting companions that he was going to leave his wife. News got back to the post before he returned. One day Chantágn, who had previously amused herself by casual approaches to me, called me. I came out of my house and sat down where anyone who happened to be around could see us. "What do

[2] See p. [illegible]. These people have been long dead.

[3] See Appendix II, p. 177. Such a woman can partially earn her keep by gathering fruit and wood, helping with the cooking and the children, and clearing the ground for camp sites. If she has lovers they will contribute to the family larder.

[4] Sometimes, though rarely, former husbands may become lovers, but this does not occur where the woman herself has rejected them as husbands.

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you want?" said I. "Chukembógn is going to leave me." "Oh, no, he isn't." "Yes, he is. He said so up the river and they are talking about it." "But he is not going to leave you." "How do you know?" "He told me." "What did he tell you?" "He told me that he loves you." I used the strongest term that the language has to offer, a term that I heard used only in folktales. "But he *is* going to leave me. Julio, if he leaves me, will you marry me?" "No," said I; "I never marry anyone." And there the matter rested.[8]

A man separated from his wife may live with someone else and share his fire. At the worst he can cook his own meals and spread his own bed, for no shame attaches to a man who does a woman's work. But after a woman has borne three children a marriage does not break up. The woman needs the man to take care of her children, and Kaingáng men are fond fathers. There is no end to the fondling and delousing a child gets from its father and other men. He makes toys for it and takes it hunting for company. Nowadays they are as much interested in having their little girls decked out in brand new calico dresses as American mothers are in getting their children permanent waves. Even in death parents do not relinquish their children, for, they say, a child who dies before the age of about twelve returns to its mother's womb and is reborn. The corpse of a grown-up is placed on the funeral pyre, pounded on the chest and told to go away, and summarily burnt. But, I was told, a little child is placed in a grave, covered with wholesome herbs and begged to return. Its mother puts a little honey and meat aside for it, puts her baby's carrying-band on her head and walks about crying, "Come here, come here! Come and eat the meat and honey I have put aside for you. If you stay in some other camp one will be angry with you! Come back! Come back!"

Except for the somewhat aberrant Chukembógn there is not a single case of a marriage dissolved after three children had been born. Chukembógn was a child of about nine when the Kaingáng settled on the reservation, and he grew up in close contact with the agent. He married Tendó but left her after she had borne him three children. His present wife, Chantágn, "led him away by the hand." Now he rarely goes near Tendó, but she is still regarded as his wife. Two years after leaving her he still buys cloth for her to make dresses for herself and her children. Yet idle tongues will wag, and one day when Chukembógn, Klendó, and I were hunting together, Chukembógn burst out: "It is not true that I ignore her. I got medicine and bought a chicken for her when she was ill!" Klendó observed mildly that he had never said that Chukembógn had not taken care of her. Then Chukembógn, turning to me, blurted in Portuguese: "This man has

[8] I mention this, and other cases in which I myself have been one of the actors, not because they are the only instances of the kind that I have, but because they are usually the most complete.

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been saying that I have not been taking care of that woman, but I have!" Tendó had not married again and the community refused to admit that Chukembégn's obligations to her were ended.

Indeed I have no way of telling what would happen if a woman in such a position remarried, for Kaingáng society has no other such case to offer in more than a hundred and fifty years of its history.[6] Unless a woman is separated from her husband under the conditions of vendetta, a couple with several children stays together till death. Although the case of Chukembégn and Tendó is isolated it emphasizes the Kaingáng attitude toward marriages of long standing that have produced several children. The breaking up of Tendó's household left the society confused as to just how it should treat Chukembégn for there were no parallel instances. So they simply continued to insist that he owed some kind of support to Tendó, even though he planted his field with Chantágn, seldom went to visit Tendó, and that only when absolutely necessary, and maintained the most tenuous relations with her family.

But separations before many children are born are legion. Young people frequently pass through one or two marriages before they finally settle down. The relationship between the sexes is informal, and there is no marriage ceremony. In its early stages the only thing that distinguishes a marriage from a protracted affair is the announcement by the principals that they are married. There is no term for marriage. The Kaingáng use the term *nĕ*, to sit, to express the husband-wife relationship. "He sat with her" means "he married her." Sometimes people do not know whether a couple who have separated have ever been "married." Even before marriage a man and woman may go hunting together, and unless her family takes it upon itself to "send her to him" or the man and woman themselves decide to set up a household, the relationship between the two remains unchanged. The man may even hunt with his sweetheart's relatives and contribute to the household's food supply without yet having the status of a husband. When one of the woman's brothers or sisters or parents see that she is pregnant they may "send her to" her most constant lover, but no stigma attaches to an extramarital birth. Mothers are just as passionately attached to their illegitimate[7] children as they are to their legitimate and all the children have equal chances in life. Illegitimacy, so often the pivotal point of some of the most dramatic episodes in our own and in primitive societies, is completely lacking in drama among the Kaingáng.

Though the Kaingáng know that unfaithfulness and brittleness are inevitable conditions of marriage among them, its implied permanence and

[6] My genealogies go back about two hundred years and include five hundred individuals of all ages. The fact that a woman has one or two children is no obstacle to her remarriage.

[7] I use this term simply to indicate children born out of wedlock.

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the actual security it affords make them seek it eagerly, and in spite of the lightness with which they seem to take it no marriage can be broken without some kind of mild stir and an early effort on the part of the principals to form another alliance, while their relatives try to patch up the old one. When Chantágn only felt that she *might* lose her husband she was already at my door asking whether I would be her next. However, unstable it may be, particularly in the beginning, marriage nevertheless is one of the ideal pillars of security on which the Kaingáng personality seeks ever to support itself. They have built their society on warm personal attachments, and anyone without such attachments makes them uneasy and perplexed. No one is spoken of more sadly than a mature person who is alone. "For a long time," said Vomblé sadly, "my father wandered around all over without a wife. At last when his brother died he married his wives." The women who did not try to interest me in themselves or in their children besought me to marry someone else—anyone—and one day even Yokó, a matron who was generally too shy to speak much to me, quizzed me uncomprehendingly on my bachelorhood and advised me to marry—not so that I could have someone to cook for me and mend my clothes, but just in order to be married. "Why? Why?" she kept repeating, "why do you live thus without a wife? Get a wife." "Whom shall I marry?" said I. "Marry anybody. Why go around unmarried?" Even the children found it hard to believe that I was single and they used to question me interminably: "Have you a wife in your country?" "Have you a sweetheart in your country?" "Will you marry her when you go back?" "Do you intend to marry?"

Once a couple are married they do not drop the liaisons formed before marriage. Their long training in philandering and the absence of an ideal of faithfulness have not suited them to the stability that marriage implies. Furthermore the absence of binding legal forms or big property stakes, as well as the knowledge that a meal can always be found at one's father's or brother's fire, that one's mother or sister-in-law is ready to cook the food and spread the bed, makes marriage brittle and its rupture not sharply felt. Yet, in an utterly contradictory manner, the Kaingáng believe that a man and woman, once they are "sitting together," belong to each other, and they use the same word to designate this possession as they use for the exclusive possession of material objects. This theoretical possessiveness comes into constant conflict with the actual sharing in which the young people have taken part all their lives. The young man who for years before his marriage has dallied with the wife of anyone from his father to his second cousin, who has day in and day out enjoyed adultery with an equally delighted adulteress, decides suddenly, once he is married, that his possession should be exclusive. "I left my wife," Yuvén said to me, "because she took Kanyahé and Kundágn as lovers. She sleeps with everyone. All the women

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837 are that way. When their husbands go away they sleep with others. That is
581 why I want to marry a Brazilian woman."

837 The conflict between the sharing that is experienced and absolutely exclusive possession, which is simply and unqualifiedly theory, is far more fundamental in Kaingáng society than it is in our own. Adultery in Kaingáng society is not a circumstance of some marriages but a condition of practically all. Yet, although husband and wife live in constant suspicion of each other's loyalty, it rarely becomes desperate. Husbands do not as a rule follow their wives about, nor wives their husbands, although if there are good grounds for suspicion a husband may beat his wife or a wife her husband. He often leaves her for days at a time even when he knows that there are enterprising men still in camp and no one to chaperon her. This attitude really saves the culture from becoming a nightmare. In a society in which everyone believes that everybody else is engaged in seducing his neighbor's wife, suspicion backed by intense jealousy would drive people to desperation. But when Waipó leaves his wife to go across the river to make manioc all she has to say to him is a laughing, "You're going over there where everyone is living in very close quarters," and with a rough caress he is gone. One evening when Chukembégn and I were coming from the manioc mill I said to him, "Now that you've left your wife alone she may sleep with someone else." "I don't care; let her," said he. There is something more than mere bravado in this statement. It expresses the typical determination not to see what is not forced on one.

582 Since hunting is the most vital occupation, it might be supposed that a good hunter would be the most desirable husband. It might be felt also that since the Kaingáng used to be perpetually at war with the Brazilians, with the Kangdjá, and with their vendetta enemies, they would place a high premium on ferocity, daring, bravery, enterprise, and intelligence and that these traits would influence a woman in the choice of a husband. Nevertheless a number of attitudes combined to render all these qualities almost completely inoperative.

224 Although hunting is the very basis of their economy the Kaingáng,
654 curiously enough, do not recognize differences in hunting skill. If a man returns empty-handed from the hunt he and his wife may share their relatives' food without shame. In all the time I was among the Kaingáng I never heard an unsuccessful hunter spoken of with scorn nor saw one overcome with shame, and although she may scold him roundly, no wife ever leaves her husband for coming home without meat.

827 Just as they assume that all men are practically equals in hunting skill
167 the Kaingáng assume that all men are brave. Special emphasis is laid on this trait, therefore, only in exceptional cases. This holds also for intelligence, for the Kaingáng have a strong tendency to think of wisdom

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and courage together. Today no one among them could be classed as outstanding in accordance with the fundamental feelings of Kaingáng society as it existed twenty years ago, for localization on the reservation, with its automatic suppression of feuds and raids on the Brazilians, has almost eliminated the necessity for making important decisions that call for the exercise of judgment and aggressiveness and has made considerations of ferocity and daring irrelevant. For an example of a really vital personality in Kaingáng society we must turn to the culture of twenty years ago when attacks on Brazilian settlements and pack trains raised daring and enterprise to the first importance and when dangers of surprise or the planning of a vendetta massacre enhanced the value of shrewdness, aggressiveness, ferocity, and wakefulness. Vomblé's father Kuthúgn, whom the Brazilians called Thunder Storm because he had a voice like thunder, was a dominating figure. Even the Indian agent spoke of him with profound respect, singling him out above all the others. When Vomblé sings his praises we can understand that it is not merely glorification of his own father. In one of his long feud stories Vomblé has Yatí, an old woman, say to an arrogant young man: "You think that you are men. If Kuthúgn heard what you were saying about him he would be angry. He is *waikayú*,[1] and therefore my in-laws listen to his counsel and go with him. That is why my in-laws give their women to him." Even the young man's brother reproved him for his arrogance, saying: "When I was young I used to go about with Kuthúgn and I have seen how wonderfully agile and vigorous he is. And he is exactly that way now. His relatives tell how he kills Brazilians. See his property beside him!" Kuthúgn's property was not a measure of his importance as a wealthy man but a sign that he had made many raids on the Brazilians. The equation of *waikayú* and wisdom is borne out by other remarks of Vomblé about his father: "He was a thinker. He always spoke to people when there was anger. He was like a captain. If the people did not do the right thing he always spoke to them. Therefore he killed many Brazilians."

This, then, was the ideal man: swift as lightning in the handling of his weapons and the shifting of his massive body, enterprising and daring in raids, shrewd in judgment—*waikayú*. Kuthúgn was all of fifty years old when Yatí made this judgment of him. The great warriors among the Kaingáng were not the young men but the middle-aged—the men between fifty and sixty. The *kátá*, the young men between fifteen and thirty-five could marry and have children, they could go on raids, and they might kill,

[1] The literal meaning of *waikayú* is "self-love." Any daring, ferocious, quarrelsome, enduring person is *waikayú*. These characteristics are directly related to a Kaingáng's opinion of himself and the good impression which he has tried to make on others, and which he dares not jeopardize.

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but they were never the equals in accomplishment of the men of middle age and over. So positive judgments were not made of young men. They were just *kĕlé*, who had yet to make many attacks on the Brazilians and who had yet to bathe their spoon-shaped lance blades in the blood of a vendetta enemy. We can understand now why a man's *waikeyá* did not influence a young woman in the choice of a husband, for all men were assumed to be *waikeyá* and only the warriors of middle age or over could be adjudged as outstanding.

If the absence of emphasis on hunting skill, the knowledge that relatives will always feed them, and the lack of expectation of great deeds from *kĕlé* effectually muffled all estimates of young men, the concentration of vital effort in the hands of males and the scarcity of women with a number of brothers eliminated the necessity for judging of *tĕtégu*,* young women. After all, what could they do? What techniques did they have that men had not? Only the increasingly unimportant techniques of textile weaving and pottery. The most important occupations, hunting and basketry, were masculine. As for brothers-in-law, they were good to have, and polygyny that did not provide them was to be avoided, but the small and scattered populations made it impossible to demand brothers-in-law as one of the conditions of marriage. Marriage among the young people was and still is, therefore, largely a matter of chance. It is the crystallizing-out of informal sexual relations, which may be due solely to their own initiative, when the couple feel that their needs will be satisfied by the relationship or when they may be instigated by some one of their relatives who sees that they are lovers and decides that they ought to live together.

If human beings followed our ideas of consistency the ethnologist's task of investigation and understanding would be simple. If the Kaingáng were eager to marry off the daughters for whom they have such a difficult time in providing, it would be perfectly understandable. But the Kaingáng see parents as so attached to their daughters, so full of misgivings at the fate that might await them at the hands of their husbands, that they sometimes have fits of anger when they are approached by a go-between. They are sometimes pictured as clinging to a daughter so strongly that they must be asked to "let her alone." Not the parents, but some other member of the family, a brother or an uncle, is often the one who is concerned because a son or daughter is without a spouse. With certain reservations, the following conversation is typical of a dozen others that I recorded.

When Tondúin became interested in marrying off his cousin's son Vomblé, he went to the latter's father and said, "I am going to ask Kemblén

* *tĕ*, woman. *tégu*, fat (noun or adjective), said of animals; hence desirable; also, new or fresh, said of tracks or weapons.

593 for one of his children." Kemblén was Tondúin's younger brother. "For
584 whom are you going to ask him for one?" "For [your son] Vomblé. He is full-grown, but he has no wife. I have been waiting for someone or other to send a daughter to him, but they never do; so I am going to send one of Kemblén's daughters to him." Then Vomblé's father said, "What shall I do? He is full-grown; yet no one sends a child to him. If you tell Kemblén he may be angry. But tell him." When Tondúin told Kemblén he sat in silence and at last said: "I shall never send her to some *kẽñá* who will beat her when I am dead and gone. Send her to some one of your affinal relatives who treats you well. Then he will give you food and ignore me, eating it alone. He will not give any to me." "That is what he said," remarked Vomblé, as he told it to me; "he was a fool." But in the teeth of Kemblén's anger his brother sent Kulá to Vomblé, and he married her. If a young couple do not decide to take matters into their own hands they may continue as lovers indefinitely. At last someone may take enough interest in their affairs to assume the task of go-between. Then in the face of opposition they cheerfully settle down—at least for a while—and continue their relations with the various parties as if the waters had never been troubled.

584 The culture has so little immediate stake in marriage that it exercises itself very little about it. There are no dramatic stories of girls who were betrothed to boys they did not like, of sudden passion interrupting a prearranged marriage, of flight by night and lonely wandering in the forest away from enraged parents or from potential in-laws who felt themselves cheated of the prize for which they had already paid dearly. There are no ramifying laws of incest for the violation of which the culture might administer a swift and violent punishment. The assumed personal equality of all young people, the dead level of economic conditions, the lack of accumulated property, and the fact that there are no class lines make all planning for a first marriage unnecessary. The relatives of the young man do not have to save up over a long period of time to pay for the bride, nor do they have to sit awake at night for fear that she might be suddenly raped, toppling at one blow the complicated structure of preparation and throwing the community into an uproar. Kaingáng marriage, except when it becomes the temporary concern of some go-between, is the immediate affair only of the principals. And even the go-between has no stake in the marriage. It is true that he (or she) automatically becomes the in-law of the young man, but this is not particularly important in a society of myriad relationships; and if the young man refuses the young woman who is "sent" to him the matter is forgotten.

595 Polygyny comes about in Kaingáng society in the same informal, almost accidental manner as monogamic unions. In Kaingáng ideology one of the

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primary causes of polygyny is that "There are no other men." Like Wanyekí,[10] the first husband of Amendó, a man may acquire two or more wives because there "are no other men around." But although this was true in the case of Wanyekí who lived far away from other people, it is necessary to remember that it is easier to give this as a blanket explanation than to bother about the numerous causes of a man's taking two or more wives. Among the young men on the reservation today there are several young bachelors; Nanmblá, however, has two wives.

Kuthúgn, old Thunder Storm, on the other hand, went around without a wife for years until his older brother died, leaving two wives, and Kuthúgn married them. But the Kaingáng do not impose or bestow on men the duty or the privilege of marrying their dead brothers' wives, nor do they compel widows to marry their brothers-in-law. Since the Kaingáng have no lien on spouses, since spouses are not conceived of as belonging to one group that has bought them or whose entire pattern of affinal exchanges is based on their permanent attachment to it, and since, furthermore, no group has given a man or woman in marriage in exchange for one received from a different group, there is no mechanism to compel a widow or widower to accept any particular new spouse. The ideology of mourning and the isolation of the widowed shows a complete lack of interest in these things.

A widowed person is dangerous, for the ghost of the departed clings to its last earthly vestiges in the hair of the surviving spouse that touched its own while living and under the nails where the dirt from food cooked or killed for the one now dead still lies. It follows its spouse about wherever it goes, for it is loath to give up its earthly attachments. It is a menace not only to the surviving spouse but to the whole community, for no one knows whom it may select as desirable to keep it company in the land of souls. So the widowed must be got out of camp for two weeks or two months, until the attachment of the ghost is enfeebled. Then, at the end of this time of fasting from the foods that he killed for his wife or that she cooked for her husband, the spouse is brought back with hair and nails cut off and is thus freed from the dirt that was so close a link to the ghost. Before the Kaingáng came to the reservation the return of the surviving spouse was the occasion for an elaborate ritual. With head covered with feathers as a disguise to fool the ghost, with wholesome herbs strewn in the path, to the noise of frantic singing and rattling to frighten the ghost away the widowed person came back and soon began his sex life anew. When the ghost of her husband had been frightened away contact with the woman was safe, for Kaingáng ghosts do not suffer from sexual jealousy after the first few weeks but oscillate eerily between the land of the dead and the dwellings of the living, harassed by a loneliness that urges them from time to time to

[10] He and Amendó died in about 1905.

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snatch away some human being to bear them company. If the ghost longs to renew intercourse and return at night for this purpose, it is the old spouse who suffers, never the new partner. No woman remains a widow because men are afraid to marry her. The Kaingáng are forever daring the supernatural anyway.

The children belong to their parents, if one can speak of "belonging" in a society in which children are not valued as property. What we so strongly idealize the Kaingáng actually feel, for to them children are like highly charged emotional batteries. They are valued for their potentialities as emotionally satisfying living things, like most other pets.[11] There is no idea expressed that when they grow up they will feed and protect their parents,[12] for in nomadic days the latter knew only too well the whims that urged and the necessities that compelled their children to wander away from them. They themselves had felt the desire to go north or west or east to see the country or to attack the Brazilians, and they too had left their own parents to follow the camps of their wives' relatives. But when children are left fatherless it often devolves upon the father's family to take care of them, for they feel that responsibility, and it is in this way that it comes about that a widow often marries someone of her husband's kin. She goes where her children are, and it is there, in the midst of her husband's close kin, that she begins her sex life anew and often finds her new husband.

It is a similar factor of residence that brings it about that in the majority of cases the co-spouses in a polygynous or polyandrous marriage are either siblings or first cousins. For in the closer relationship that springs up among the members of the families related by marriage the most obvious choice is a person whom one sees all the time and with whom, therefore, one delights to have an affair. Since this choice rests almost wholly with the widow and since it is conditioned by a large number of accidental factors, principally what men are available at the moment, her new husband is as likely to be older than her dead husband as younger. Even when he is past middle age a man is still a vigorous hunter, and even if he is an old man, he can depend on someone to help toward the support of his household. His wife may philander as she will, but she is still his wife, and if he catches or suspects her he may beat her or even put a club through her chest.

If we were to believe Yatí as quoted by Thunder Storm's son, we could say that Thunder Storm acquired his third wife because he was an outstanding figure. But I am inclined to doubt this. His third wife was

[11] The Kaingáng, like many South American peoples, keep pet monkeys, pigs, quail and hawks. Only the latter are used—for their feathers. Dogs are not pets; emotionally they belong rather in the category of unrelated human beings.

[12] It is true, nevertheless, that the parents could generally depend to some extent on their children's help, particularly before marriage.

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Angneló, the sister of Kangndádn. Kangndádn had married Thunder Storm's sister and the two men had become almost inseparable. Though they are dead their relationship is perpetuated today in the relationship of their sons. But it was only after Kangndádn had married Thunder Storm's sister that Thunder Storm married Angneló. It is not at all rare among the Kaingáng that when a man marries another man's sister, her brother marries her husband's sister. The constant companionship of the two men, thrown together by the first marriage, brings this about in an informal way. Chukembégn, who deserted his wife Tendó and three children, was "led away" from her by his brother-in-law's sister, a young woman whom he saw day after day in his sister's house.

There is still another way in which polygyny may come about and that is if a wife calls another woman to "work with her." The husband, ostensibly, has no hand in the matter at all. The woman who does this gains a helper and companion, one who will nurse her children when she is away, who will accompany her on fruit-gathering expeditions, who will relieve her of the heavy loads of meat she has to transport and who will care for her when she is ill. At the same time, however, she assumes in herself an ability to share which experience may prove to be non-existent. But the Kaingáng tell me, the first wife may become so jealous of the second that her continual anger at last drives the second wife out, even after she has borne as many as two children. First wives never leave in such a situation. Thus it comes about that a second wife in a polygynous marriage shifts about a good deal. If she is heckled by the first wife she begins to look more seriously on her lovers, and when she slips out of one marriage she slips as easily into another.

Polygyny is not always an entirely pleasant experience for a man, for although it is good to have a second wife during the several months after childbirth when intercourse with the mother is stopped, and two wives lighten each other's and their husband's burdens and bring in more food, a man must put up with their quarreling between themselves and the insults of either one who feels herself slighted.

Every marriage system is organized around some system of ideas no matter how unformulated they may be. Our own culture continually balances the ideal of love against the desire for property. The ideas that serve as the basis for the contraction of marriage carry within them the criteria by which all individuals are judged. We value people insofar as they are lovable or rich and powerful. Our ideas of what we consider a desirable sex companion are pretty clearly formulated and furnish the subject of many a conversation. But the Kaingáng are not educated to an ideal of love, and they have not formulated success in life in terms of wealth or prestige. Even raiding the Brazilians has given them little property, and

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the little they have they do not keep for themselves, but distribute among 581
their relatives. My greatest trouble with them was that they could never 556
understand "what you want with all that stuff" that I kept for trading, nor with the wood I accumulated against the rainy season. And they have carried the same attitudes into their marital relations.

Several wives are not a mark of prestige but the result of special events. 595
Love as the nucleus of sexual relations implies loyalty in our culture, for 581
loyalty is an essential part of love. Even where marriage lacks the essence 181
but preserves the ideal it may still have a certain amount of loyalty left in it if other factors such as security and power make loyalty expedient, and early education has conditioned spouses to be loyal when they do not love. But the Kaingáng have never been educated to sexual loyalty, their *ethos* is not built on the twin columns of wealth and power, and no one starves among them as long as there is an ungnawed piece of tapir hide or a pine nut in camp. So in their informal, almost casual marriages they are not loyal to one another in the special sexual way in which we think of marriage loyalty—as an exclusive sex interest in one person. And because they are not fixated in their sexual interests and because there are no social forms and few economic considerations to stabilize marriage, it is extremely brittle until several children are born. Even then the stability that marriage achieves does not fix sexual interest.

The Kaingáng are a people with no sense of social form. As an artist 181
with a fine feeling for form will communicate that sensitivity, that sense 595
and realization of an "inner harmony," as one artist put it to me, to everything he does, a people with a feeling for or an interest in social form will do most of the things that are important to them in a highly stylized way.[12] If they are particularly interested in following lines of kinship or some other rules of organization almost everything will be done in accordance with their feelings of fitness as determined by these rules, and not a hunting party or a husking bee will be undertaken without its having been planned along the lines of this organization. If their interest runs to dancing and ceremonious display instead, they will manage to bring in dancing and ceremony on every occasion. But the Kaingáng have no interest in social forms of any kind. They have no pattern that will exclude one kind of relationship while permitting another. So their sexual relations show the same formlessness, excluding only parents and blood siblings and admitting every kind of marriage known to anthropology. The Kaingáng are not only monogamous and polygynous; but they were polyandrous too and they also established what I shall call "joint marriages" in which several men lived together with several women in mutual cohabitation. These last two types will be discussed in the following chapter.

[12] This refers, of course, to societies which are more highly structuralized.

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IV

Polyandry and Joint Marriages

The Kaingáng are ridden by hunger and swayed by the strength of their libidinal ties, and they have in some degree overcome the one by building on the other. Food and sex have become so closely interwoven in the Kaingáng mind that they even use the same term for eating as they do for coitus. In human relationships the overt, articulate emphasis is always upon food, and the strongest bond that one man can have with another is that he suffered hunger with him. When the soul of the deceased is sped on its way the dead man's relative, tormented by the fear that he might be taken along by the ghost, shouts as he pounds the dead body on the chest: "Leave me and go! You and I suffered great hunger together; so leave me and go!" Now, since men are the principal sources of food supply, talk of marriage centers primarily on their value as providers for the girls and their parents and brothers and sisters. When a man speaks of his marriage he does not discuss the qualities of his wife nor the material advantage to him of the alliance, but of feeding his wife and her relatives. "First I married Kulú," said Vomblé. "Then I left her and married Kulá. My father's brother sent her to me. At the same time Wanenggló sent his sister Waikíli to me, but I sent her to my brother Ndíli. When she left him he married Kulú. I lived only with Kulá. I went hunting with Waikíli but sent her to Ndíli. Two women have many children, and my wives had no families that were capable of giving me food. Yet I had to feed my children. I was hungry. My father [Thunder Storm] had three wives, but they had brothers who could give him food. I have to give things to Kulá's brothers and sisters, but they could give nothing because they were so small. Waikíli had only one brother."

Through her marriage Kulá's family gained Vomblé as an ally in the

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837 36 Through her marriage Kuvé's family gained Vomblé as an ally in the
524 quest for food. Even before marriage a girl's sexual interests are beneficial
[143] to her family, for her lovers come with presents of food, and they are welcome at her parents' fireside. The food a lover brings is not payment for favors he has received but a gift in expectation of favors still to come. Even after her marriage a woman's amorous intrigues are of considerable advantage to those around her—even to her own husband, for every time she attracts a man she has added a hunter to the band. Wherever his mistress is, there the lover stays, and unless her husband gets wind of the affair and flies into a rage the lover may very likely follow the camp almost indefinitely. His presence is welcome, of course, for another gun or bow and another knife and axe mean so much more meat and honey. Thus even adultery plays a constructive role in Kaingáng society, for it keeps within the band men who might otherwise go elsewhere in search of satisfaction, and it often culminated in polyandrous marriage, which has been one of the strongest integrating forces in Kaingáng society.

595 The story is told of Kuvén who was the lover of both Kanggá and her
582 mother. Now as Kanggá's father grew old and it became difficult for him to get meat, he felt more and more the necessity of having someone to help him hunt for his large family. As long as Kuvén remained he could depend on him, but when it seemed that the young man was becoming interested in Yemái, a woman who was no relative of his and whom, therefore, Kuvén might follow far away to her relatives, Kanggá's father said to his wife and daughter: "Call Kuvén; if he marries Yemái he will leave me and go away. Let him get food for your children when I die. If he marries another woman he will throw your children away." So Kanggá's mother called Kuvén and said to her daughter: "Marry him. I am going to live with you and him." So Kuvén married both mother and daughter, and when Kanggá's father died Kuvén took care of the latter's children.

621 The Kaingáng have no system of clans or moieties[1] to impose social obli-
671 gations on them. Their kinship system is not the crystallization of inescap-
[61] able obligations that is found in many other primitive societies but principally a device for grouping people in large age classes. Their mode of life also made the maintenance of complex systems of obligations and loyalties extremely difficult, for they wandered from place to place in little groups of two to twenty adults. Even the biological family had little permanence as a cooperating unit, for children wandered away from their parents when
594 they grew up and brothers separated to go with their in-laws or to travel with childhood playmates and hunting companions in search of adventure. Under the influence of the conflicting obligations of blood and marriage the composition of the small group of adults was forever changing. The dependence of the men on one another, and even their fundamental reali-

[1] See Appendix II, p. 175.

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zation of this dependence, is not enough to stabilize any relationship among them even today, for there are any number of men with whom an individual may join forces, and if he hunts with his father today he may go away with his wife's father tomorrow and with his sister's husband the day after. Nothing compels him to fix his allegiance.

Nevertheless the Kaingáng had achieved a certain degree of social cohesion, and one of the ways in which they managed it was by building permanent cooperating units around their sex interests. It is in this way that social integration, although explicitly expressed in terms of the economically important men, often actually revolved about the women. As in the case of Kanggá and her mother, the women often became the nuclei of polyandrous and also of joint marriages, which often changed their male composition frequently. Thus by her mere existence the woman held together a complex household, which disintegrated when she died. A general lack of formal rules for marriage permitted the easy building up of large *ménages* by gradual additions of men and women. A household might begin with either a monogamous or a polygynous marriage; as time passed another man might be added to the household and become the co-husband; perhaps another wife was added and then another man. Through the years the family would expand and contract or simply change as the wives or husbands died or were killed off in feuds or the raids of the bugreiros.

The Indians told me of the marriages of Wanyekí.[2] Together with his wife Tendó, his sister and his hunting companion Chu, he wandered about, far away from other members of the tribe. This was nothing unusual for the Kaingáng, who sometimes did not see one another for years. When Chu's wife died Wanyekí's wife cooked and made a sleeping-place for him, simply, as the Kaingáng put it, "because he had no wife," and he became her co-husband. So Chu was saved for Wanyekí and his little isolated band and did not wander away in search of another wife. But as time passed Tendó, the wife, died, and Wanyekí and Chu were left alone. Until his nieces, his sister's daughters, grew to adolescence, Wanyekí had no wife. Then one day his sister said to him: "Wanyekí, live with them. There are no other women. They are in the same position as you—there are no men. So go around with them. There is no one else for you to marry. So marry them." Chu had died in the meanwhile, so Wanyekí, who already had had two wives married these three girls, who were much younger than he. This kind of relationship is not difficult for a Kaingáng girl, for far from wishing to retain her hold on the recreations of her childhood she looks forward to the sexual experiences that she has been urged to seek ever since she was a baby in arms.

Wanyekí lived alone with his three wives, his sister's daughters, until

[2] See footnote p. 30.

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they each bore him a child. Then he joined forces with two men whom he had left long ago, and he once more became monogamous, for two of his wives left him to live with these men. Wanyekí did not object. Even though his wives took their sons with them the children remained attached to their father and were frequently in his camp. If Wanyekí had objected there would have been two courses open to him. He could have beaten his wives, in which case they would have left him anyway, or he could have quarreled with the men. In the latter case he would have lost the companionship of the angry men, who would certainly have left him. Actually Wanyekí lived for many years on friendly terms with them, and they continued to make love to his remaining wife Amendó even though they now had wives of their own.

Soon after this Wanyekí was joined by two other men, who became the co-husbands of Amendó, and when Wanyekí's son Véye by his first and now long-dead wife grew to manhood he too shared his father's wife. So father and son, instead of glowering at each other across the fire out of their jealous desire for the same woman, cohabited with her in peace, strengthening the precarious bonds of Kaingáng society. The solution would not be the same in every case, for in another such household Kangndódn beat his son and drove him out for daring to copulate with his second wife. But Wanyekí and Véye shot game for each other and for their robust wife while she bore her four husbands nine lusty children and one weakling who died.

Judging from her numerous love affairs it could never be said that Amendó was unable to cope with the sexual demands of her husbands, but, as the Kaingáng put it, she had a great deal of work to do cooking and fetching water for four hungry men and her children; so she called Nggevén, one of her husbands' nieces, to be her co-wife. Amendó had nothing to fear from the younger woman, for they had four husbands to share between them and Amendó was active in seeking enjoyment outside the bonds of matrimony. So without jealousy or disruption Nggevén moved into this household. She did not have the ignominious position[8] of the second wife that is so common in primitive societies, nor did Amendó ever attempt to drive her out. This closely-knit cooperating unit held together through the years until Nggevén had borne the four husbands ten children. Then Wanyekí and one of his co-husbands died. But although two of the oldest members of the household were dead, although Wanyekí, the husband of Amendó's youth, was dead, the remaining husbands stayed by her and hunted for her. But soon only Véye was left, for the Brazilians killed

[8] The position of the first wife is superior to that of the second only in one respect: in a case of jealous conflict the first wife never leaves.

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Amendó and the other husbands and Nggevén married her young son-in-law and went away.

In relationships like these the violent hostility between an aging father and his son, both striving for the same woman, is resolved through the son's marriage to his step-mother. This has happened over and over again in Kaingáng society, and it is one of the few instances in which a people have been able to settle this ancient conflict peaceably. Instead of being violently possessive like the typical male in our society and like not a few in his own, Wanyekí was willing to share his wives. First he relinquished two of them and then he permitted his son and other men to come and share his remaining wife. This brought peace and security not only to him but also to the men who escaped conflict through his behavior, to the innumerable sympathizers who would have taken sides in the concomitant quarreling, and to the women who escaped the beatings that an angry husband might have given them. Wanyekí possessed a foresight that Yuvén[4] lacked. Yuvén, young, jealous and possessive, drove out his two co-husbands, but as he grew older and his family multiplied he was compelled to accept Kuvén as the husband of both his wife and daughter, for only in that way did he feel that his wife and children would be adequately cared for.

Yakwí is another violent possessive man who got into difficulties because he was unwilling to share his wife. Although he is about sixty years old he is as vigorous as any young man. His powerful muscles bulge beneath his skin and he is tireless in the hunt. No one is faster than he at clearing land for planting. For a nomad, unaccustomed to the ways of white civilization, he is an unusually energetic farmer. His violent rages were a trial to me. His wife was not at all like him. She was given to thieving, it is true, but my battles with her were always more or less genial. She was a persistent but gentle thief. She must have been about fifty years old, wonderfully well preserved, and her skin was a beautiful golden tan. There was no doubt that Anggló wanted a kind of love-making that her husband could not give her. So she turned to her son-in-law Kanyahé. Years before she and Yakwí had had a daughter, an only child, who had married Kanyahé but died a few years before I came to the reservation. Kanyahé was about thirty years old. He too was powerfully built, and for energy in the hunt he could match Yakwí. He kept a large household supplied with meat when no one else had any. His sexuality was aggressive and open, and he carried on his affairs almost under the noses of the husbands.

His affair with Anggló made the older man desperate. When Anggló came home he fought with her, not daring to mention the subject of the

[4] Kanggé's father. See p. 36.

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1937 quarrel, but always pretending to rage about some irrelevant matter. One night there was a terrific uproar in their house. Both Yakwí and Anggló were yelling at the tops of their voices. But never a word about the real subject of the quarrel. Instead Yakwí was berating her for working somewhere else instead of helping him. Anggló in a towering rage struck her husband. There was no limit to her daring. Once she slept in the forest two nights with Kanyahé and came back early in the morning and lay down among the Indians who were making manioc at their mill. The Indians told me that when her husband saw her he kicked her twice in the belly. But, Anggló said to her cousin: "He may kill me, but I will not leave Kanyahé. I don't want Yakwí. I want something new." Anggló's passion for Kanyahé was a fine show that nearly everyone enjoyed.

Under the influence of her love affair Anggló's desire for a child became heightened to a passionate intensity. First she asked her cousin Koktí to ask me for something to "make her blood come out." Once before Koktí's husband had come to me for medicine, because his wife had a "pain in the belly." I had given him a phial of castor oil. It turned out, however, that the pain was a menstrual cramp, and the dose of castor oil precipitated the flow. Since the Kaingáng think that "women menstruate in order to have children" an association between castor oil and childbearing was easily made. I explained to Koktí that she was mistaken in thinking that castor oil had anything to do with menstruation and she at last gave up trying to persuade me to give her some for Anggló. But Anggló was not satisfied, and several days later when there was no one around she came up to me shyly and begged me for "medicine to make my blood come out. My blood is all choked up inside of me." Of course I could do nothing for her. As we stood there arguing her sister's husband walked by unconcernedly. Next day he said to me, "I know what she asked you for, she asked you for a medicine to make her have children. She asked me too, but I wouldn't give it to her because she won't sleep with her husband and he won't let anyone else do it; so she can't have intercourse anyway."

There was no limit to the enjoyment that the people derived from this struggle between three human beings, which might have been so easily settled if Yakwí and Kanyahé had become co-husbands of Anggló. Once when most of us were up the river at a weeding bee on Yuplú's farm a group of people around me began to talk about how Yakwí pursued his wife. Yakwí was not far off; so they talked quietly, without a change of expression or a smile that would have indicated the spicy nature of the conversation. A few days before, in the dead of night, Yakwí, who had come looking for his wife, had come where many Indians were gathered to help the agent weed his corn. He had wandered around among the sleepers like some wild animal, and some of them even thought he was one.

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Later in the day Kanyahé took it into his head to make fun of me. 937
"You're always walking around making love," he shouted. "No I'm not," I yelled back. We had a large audience. "You make love everywhere," Kanyahé bellowed; "everybody sees you!" "You lie, you're the one who makes love." "You bet I do," he roared. This was my cue to see how far he was willing to walk on thin ice, and I retaliated: "No one has to see you. It is the talk of everyone, how much you walk about taking women." This was too much even for Kanyahé. He dropped the subject immediately without another word and turned to weeding. Through it all Yakwí stood, his powerful hands on the handle of his scythe, a broad smile on his face, completely enjoying the show.

This affair throws into bold relief the fate that awaits the principals in a conflict whose solution is prevented by a possessive husband. The jealous husband pursues his wife to the point where his behavior causes much smiling behind polite hands. His endless quarrels with her culminate in blows and often in dissolution of the marriage. Yakwí's threat to kill Kanyahé would never have been carried out because murder in Kaingáng [634]
society must have a background of vendetta,[8] but it illustrates well the complete break between the two men.

Another drama enacted by a mother and a son-in-law, illustrates the 595
ever-ripening character of this relationship. Just as they have resolved the 606
struggle between a man and his son for the same woman through the son's marriage to his stepmother, the Kaingáng have arrested the conflict between a woman and her daughter for the same man by the man's marrying his mother-in-law too.[9] Instead of surrounding the mother-in-law with disrupting taboos that send the son-in-law flying when he hears her coming or keeping him cooling his heels outside as long as his mother-in-law, whose face he may not see, is in the house, the Kaingáng have developed the relationship between a man and his mother-in-law to the point where he sometimes marries her and becomes the second father of her children. Such was the relationship between Kuvén and Kanngí's mother and between the captive Nyepí and his mother-in-law, Kuichó. Yakwí has no one to take care of him if his wife Anggló chooses to remain at the post while he goes hunting with me and the Indians. But if his widowed mother-in-law, whose household he never left as long as she was alive, went along, his food was cooked when he came back after a long day's range in the forest just as if she had been his wife and there were always fresh fern leaves for him to stretch his body on. At night he slept beside the old woman or at her feet across the campfire. When he moved camp it was she who carried his few belongings, and when she needed a basket it was

[8] See pp. 52, 60.
[9] I have no instances of a man's marrying his daughter-in-law.

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who made it for her. When her family gathered around her it was she who gave him food. An Indian told me that when the old woman died[7] he did not say to her, as the Kaingáng usually say to the dead, "Leave me and go away," so that her soul would not take him along, but instead: "Do not leave me. When I am sick I shall ask your protection."

The relationship between co-husbands in polyandrous and joint marriage was one of the strongest in the society. Children might leave their parents, brothers might separate to follow their affinal relatives, brothers-in-law and parents and their sons-in-law might rarely see one another or might interrupt long-standing relationships casually, but co-husbands who had grown to maturity did not part. The strongest loyalties in such marriages were not between the husbands and their wife or wives but among the men. However strongly the men and women may be linked together in a common household the charm of casual intrigues is too great for them to forego. Although Amendó had four husbands she still had time for swift rendezvous in the forest, and many children called Wanyekí and his co-husbands *yágo*[8] "because he had intercourse with their mother."

The motive that lead a man to accept a co-husband was always the same, his own and his family's security. The more independent and the more possessive avoided it as long as they could. Many could avoid it all their lives, but others, driven by old age and the lack of young sons to take care of them or forced by a crippling injury, at last accepted co-husbands. And it was generally only because there were no marriageable women around that a man consented to become a co-husband. Young co-husbands separated as soon as a likely young woman appeared on the scene and that was why polyandry among young men was so unstable. Older men preferred the comfortable security of joint households, so that even if they encountered a marriageable woman they preferred to absorb her into a joint household rather than venture the precarious independence of a separate *ménage*. When one of my informants, Klendó, was a young man he asked his half-brother to come and live with him and his wife, but after a while the half-brother, having acquired a wife of his own, established his own household. The young men shifted around, but when they had matured in polyandry and had learned the value of such a relationship they did not change. A nice realization of their mutual dependence prompted father and son to live peacefully together with the same wife, and impelled a man to share his wife with his brother or even with a distant relative. Father-in-law and son-in-law also became co-husbands, forming a firm cooperating unit which guaranteed food to the older man and his wife and children and which gave the younger man an additional claim on his wife's relatives.

[7] She died during the grippe epidemic in 1933.

[8] The term a person uses for his father and all men very much older than he.

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Their rigorous environment and lack of a close social structure that would automatically provide the aging hunter with helpers or the widow who has children with a husband make the problem of food supply terribly pressing for these people. It was for this reason that Ketédn made my next-door neighbor, Kuthúgn, a member of his household when the latter was still a boy. "When I am dead," said Ketédn, "you will take care of my wife and children." Events showed that Ketédn had acted with foresight—perhaps because of his supernatural power—for he was killed by the Brazilians, and now Kuthúgn was living next door to me with Ketédn's wife who was so much older than he. 545

A widow who is no longer young has a hard time of it with her small children. Dependent on relatives, she wanders from household to household. At night she sleeps alone with her little child. There is no one to take care of her. Her brother or cousin or brother-in-law give her food when they have it. They share what they have as a matter of course, but when there is little food their children come first and the widow may get only short rations. Kundídn is such a widow. One day she eats at her cousin's house, the next at her brother's, the next at the house of another cousin. When she is sick her cousin Anggló sometimes comes to sit beside her, but if Anggló is away at some secret rendezvous with her lover, or off hunting with her brother, Kundídn often lies alone and miserable. None of the young men would marry a woman of forty with a goiter. But when she is well Kundídn is vigorous and aggressive. She works longer days in the fields than the younger women, she goes out frequently to look for honey, she is an aggressive and determined suitor and she had almost chopped off Véye's leg when the latter deliberately drowned her brother. Whenever I had to pass her house I made a wide circle because I knew that Kundídn would attempt to seduce me in her violent and jocular manner if she caught sight of me. At last she offered me her wild, thin little daughter, Tombá, aged about eleven. "Take her and bring her up," she said. "When she is grown, marry her, and she will keep house for you." 768

These forms of marriage and the custom of occasional adoption with an eye to the consummation of a future sex relationship are only crystallizations from an almost amorphous social life. Nevertheless, however imperfectly defined, informal, and even casual their sexual arrangements may be, the Kaingáng have made them the center of some kind of relationship that has a permanent value for this society. The casual relationships among young people in our own society that are the outgrowth of passion often serve no other function than to satisfy an overwhelming desire for sexual experience and companionship. Once the couple has drifted apart they have no claims on each other. They are strangers and can never depend on one another for anything. But among the Kaingáng, who literally have 571 [597]

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[facing p. 44]

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59 their backs to the wall of existence, who have been hunted by the Brazilians and their enemies, the Kangdjá for two hundred years or more, and who have been torn asunder by bloody vendettas, ties created by passion are never really broken. A boy's sweetheart is *plu* and a girl's is *mbádn*. These are terms that they never fully relinquish, and the sense of status implied by these expressions is never quite lost. Although the terms as they are used between sweethearts have not the same significance as between husband and wife, they do indicate that there is an attachment which cannot be entirely broken and which may even be recognized by a woman's children after she has at last married someone else. When Nenggachá[9] was about to be killed by Kenggó, Anggló, the latter's wife dashed between her husband and his victim and grasped the lance that would have killed Nenggachá. He was her mother's lover, the Kaingáng say, and therefore she protected him from her husband.

60 The feeling that once a man and a woman have been lovers there has been established a relationship which, however tenuous its bonds and obligations may be, never fully loses its significance, is expressed in the Kaingáng use of terms of relationship. In line with their almost complete lack of feeling for social structure, the Kaingáng entertain contradictory ideas about their relationship terms. They have theories about these terms which they never put into practice in anything like a consistent way. Yet some of these unpracticed theories demonstrate a feeling about relationships that has an actual though subtle significance. The Kaingáng feel that the term *yágn* which means "father," but in a broader sense, "any man much older than I," denotes also a paternal relationship. The fact that they use it for men who have been their mothers' lovers is important once we have come to understand the attitude of the Kaingáng toward their love affairs. The man who has been their mother's lover is in some way associated with their father, and they owe him a certain allegiance that will become active in situations of conflict.

The Kaingáng are such enterprising lovers that one would imagine that a woman would call many of the men around her *mbádn* and that a man would refer to most of the women as *plu*. And this is true within certain limits. In making a detailed analysis for the ethnologist an informant carefully distinguishes between the women with whom he has had an affair and those with whom he has not. The number of the latter in a man's own age-group is small and might be even smaller if he were more careful to include not only those women with whom he has been on constantly friendly terms but also those with whom he has had little contact in the last few years. In generalized thinking, however, a woman speaks of all the men of her group[10] as *mbádn* and a man calls all the women *plu*. Thus the

[9] See p. 118. All these people are dead now.

[10] Her own extended family. See p. 50 for exact definition of this term.

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terms *ekhé*, "my offspring," and *tag yé*, "my child," which every man or woman applies to individuals who are very much younger than he, come to have a significance that is intimately related to the entire sexual life of the Kaingáng. A mature man who has lead the normal philandering life of the average Kaingáng suspects that not a few of the children who have other putative fathers are really his. At any rate, since he had intercourse with their mothers he bears to them such relationship as springs from all such contacts. Just as their mothers are forever his *pág* these children are his *khá*. The fact that whole groups[11] of a hundred or more people are referred to as the *khá* of so-and-so, a very old man, reflects not only the adult Kaingáng practice of calling all very young people *khá* but also the deep-rooted feeling of having an actual role in their procreation.

"Klendó's daughter, Patbó, is my child," said Vomblé. "How do you know," said I, "since Klendó also lay with her mother?" "Well, when two men lie with a woman they just call her child their child." But not only do men feel that their mistress's children are their children, but people whose mothers have had intercourse with the same man, whether as lover or husband, regard one another as siblings. The result of this socio-sexual outlook is to draw ever more closely together this small, closely inbred group of people. To the clearly defined and explicitly expressed ties of blood, which already connect them intimately, are added the subtler ties of sex, which, however unimportant they may seem at the moment, nevertheless endure in some measure and are capable of playing their part in life's crises. When Véye was sick with the grippe it was not his wife or his wife's sister's husband or some other relative who came to me to get medicine and food for him, but Kulá, his lover, a strong, aggressive woman a good fifteen years older than he and the wife of my best informant. When he at last died she mourned the longest—even longer than his wife.

The Kaingáng present, therefore, the picture of a society whose very structurelessness permitted the building of stable cooperating units around sex interests. Intrigues that frequently might have been the cause of trouble were often stabilized into lasting polyandrous and joint households, and even when they were not, they nevertheless established ties that were never completely dissolved. But although polyandrous and joint marriages were most valuable to their principals, most Kaingáng men and women are possessive enough to want to keep their spouses to themselves, with the result that 60 percent of the marriages are monogamous.[12] Usually when a man marries he looks forward to gaining as allies in the struggle for food

[11] These are the extended families. See p. 50.

[12] An analysis of 308 marriages taken from genealogies that represent about 300 years of Kaingáng history past and present, yields the following percentages: 60 percent monogamous, 38 percent polygynous, 1.4 percent polyandrous and 8 percent joint.

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571 at least some of his wife's brothers or male cousins. In a group of a few hundred individuals that has had little contact with the outside world for hundreds of years, however, everyone must be related to everyone else in a variety of ways, and no one has any choice but to marry among the people he sees every day and who are his first or second cousins. The moment he marries, a Kaingáng is supposed to shift his attention from various loyalties which he has developed around the bonds of common residence or descent to a specialized loyalty to some of his wife's kin. But Kaingáng society is so closely inbred that this shift often cannot really mean very much. One of my informants had married his mother's half-sister, with the result that he came to view all of his mother's brothers as his in-laws and owed them his special allegiance. This did not involve any particular adjustment for him, for he had always wandered around with them anyway. It would be utterly impossible for anyone in such a society to keep tab on all his theoretical loyalties. The Kaingáng have set up for themselves an ideal pattern of affinal relations through which not even the most intellectual Kaingáng can possibly pick his way to clarity.

Far from being embarrassed by this system which says that a man must be solicitous of every one of his wife's relatives down to her second cousins, who may be legion, the Kaingáng go through life supremely indifferent to it. When the ethnologist comes along with his passion for clarity he discovers that Klendó has completely ignored the relatives of his second wife, while Vomblé never hunted for his wives' sisters and brothers at all but devoted himself completely to the husbands of his sisters and cousins. Every once in a while the body of impracticable theory is invoked to excuse a murder that had been years in the planning, or to rail at an affinal relative from whom less has been received than was expected, but on the whole the Kaingáng are quite willing to allow one another to choose what in-laws they shall associate with. Then these become a man's only affinal relatives, and he is unable to see that anyone else is, no matter how much the ethnologist, with his theoretical interest in social structure, may insist that the logic of the theory has been violated. With indignation in his voice my best informant denied that his wife's brothers and sisters were his in-laws. What, call those people in-laws, who never gave him anything? He should say not. At first they were too young to give him anything, and even now that they were grown up they ignored him.

Whoever lived alone with his wife or wives, that is to say more than three-quarters of the adult males, was really without any man on whom he could absolutely depend to keep him from starvation at all times. His own chosen in-laws with whom he went around day after day might leave him at any moment because they felt that they ought to give some attention to some other of their in-laws for whom they had shot nothing in a long time

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or who had invited them to go on a marauding expedition against the Brazilians. His own brothers had similar obligations. The entire adult male population was torn by half a dozen crosscurrents of loyalties that pulled them from one end of the forest to the other. From year to year, throughout their lives, the Kaingáng wandered about, looking for one another, until a man's life became a record of partings, searchings, and encounters. Through all this parents were separated from children, brothers were parted, relatives by marriage drifted apart for years, only to join forces again and continue a severed relationship. Husbands were even parted from their wives, and only matured co-husbands were inseparable.

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V

Disruptive Forces in Kaingáng Society

182 571 THE VERY FORMLESSNESS OF KAINGÁNG society makes us wonder what gave it coherence. There were no territorial boundaries to limit the range of the hunter, there was no chief or government to impose its will on the people, there were no binding marriage forms and incest restrictions were minimal. Marriage was brittle, and even the polyandrous and joint households, by far the most stable units in the society, included only 20 percent of the married population. Men were torn between the ties of blood and the ties of marriage; they spent their years fluctuating between groups of both kinds and haunted by a sense of insecurity.

619 182 571 578 The mechanism of kinship did not enforce cooperation among specific individuals, and there was no large unit of specific outline that might accomplish coordination of effort in some other way. The cooperation among in-laws might be broken almost without reproach, and the ties that bound children to their parents or to one another yielded to the strain of affinal relationships or to stronger bonds that grew up between men and their hunting companions. Yet, with all this, Kaingáng society could have held together, however haphazardly its bonds are slung, for the Kaingáng have a strong sense of being one people against other people. After all, they are all related to one another by blood, and they are all "*our* people" or "*our* living things" to one another, as opposed to all other "living things" that have no possessive pronoun to bring them within the group. They felt the need for renewing ever and again their informal contacts, and whoever let the years pass as he lived in isolation wandering thoughtlessly in a distant part of the forest risked a quarrel when he met again the people he had neglected. The very lack of fixity of relationships and the multitude of ways of forming them left the Kaingáng with no device for controlling a

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conflict. Once a feud arose there was nothing, neither dominating ties of blood nor the voice of chieftainship or government, to stop or limit it. Where the demands of kin by marriage conflicted with the claims of blood and where the call of a hunting companion whose bed one had shared clamored above the voices of blood and affinity the individual was pulled in a dozen directions, by a dozen magnets. Feuds spread, cleaving the society asunder like a deadly axe, blighting its life like the plague. Thus it came about that the very forces of integration carried the seeds of disruption within them. A man's link with his wife's people pulled him from his siblings; his bond with his sister's husband tore him from his wife's people; and his relationships with his hunting companions drew him from all.

The Kaingáng are divided into extended families ranging in numbers from 50 to 300 individuals. These families are made up of the descendants of two or more men who have intermarried and whose children have intermarried. Thus each family is closely inbred, and almost every member can trace his genealogy[1] to one of the two or more male ancestors. These ancestral males are real personalities, and the data on them is usually rather full, but there is always a point beyond which memory cannot go, and it is impossible to learn anything about any of their parents or siblings. Marriages with other extended families occurred, but marriages within the families far outnumber marriages between the families. This endogamy was brought about not by a specific taboo on marrying outside but by the hostility between the families which made them distrust one another and which kept them apart. When members of different families did marry it almost always caused a split in the ranks of one or both of the intermarrying groups. In such a case brother might be aligned against brother to the death. Those who shifted from one family to another either through marriage or through having been captured as youngsters were looked on as blood relatives of their new associates and hence as enemies to their former friends and were given no quarter in case of attack by members of the family to which they once belonged.

The Kaingáng call members of their own extended family "my own people," and the warm personal relationships that have been described in the preceding chapters exist only among one's "own people." For hundreds of years there have been several Kaingáng extended families and they have lived in a state of perpetual feud with one another. Whole lineages have been destroyed, and others, overcome by panic, have wandered away into the endless forests, never to be heard of again. Sometimes two extended families have come together and have been able to live in peace, but gen-

[1] The Kaingáng are extremely interested in their own genealogies, and they know who their father's father's father's son's wife's sister's daughter's husband is down to the last detail of all his names, what he died of, and how many children he had.

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erally whoever went contrary to the behavior of the rest of his "own people" 582
and threw in his lot with "another group of people" was lost, for he had 596
joined forces with those whose hate and fear were directed against the ones 571
with whom he had ties. He became a wanderer divorced from his own blood, sleepless at night for fear that they might come to kill him, anxious in the day lest his new companions slay him. If he survived, his children bore the weight of his deed, for they might never return to their father's people. They were *kóinggēgn utpé*, "different men," to them, even though they were first cousins by blood. They had never shared their women or caressed their men. They were shut out of the circle of warm arms and bodies that mean security to the Kaingáng, and they were killed on sight or hunted down like wild animals. In Kaingáng terminology "a different group of our people" is a synonym for *thúgn*, enemy. The hated Brazilians and "our different people" are both *thúgn*, enemies, "something no good," and severed from the ties of blood in behavior if not in fact.

The Feuds

Today Kaingáng memory does not go further back than the murder of 628
Nduichá with anything like exactness. But it transports us to this death more than a century ago with a precision that is almost mathematical. The complicated genealogies of the people whose descendants are alive today check rigorously. When the Kaingáng discuss such killings as Nduichá's they seem to be fitting together the parts of a machine the intricate workings of which they know precisely. Their absorbed interest in the history of their own destruction has impressed on their minds with flawless clarity the multitudinous cross-workings of the feuds. They remember not only the genealogy of everyone but even details of weather, conversation, and facial expression and the precise spot in which an arrow or a lance struck.

In order to understand the feud conditions under which Nduichá was murdered we must take advantage of these memories and try to picture the composition of Kaingáng society at the time. When our story opens three groups of people are living together: the children of Mumbégn,[2] the children of Kanggúin, and the children of Vomblé. Mumbégn had three wives who bore him many children, but for the present our story is concerned only with three of his offspring: Kumbló, and his sister, and their half-brother, Wanyekí,[3] the son of Mumbégn by another wife. Mumbégn himself had died, and one of his wives, the mother of Kumbló, had married Kovi, "a different man," one for whom memory provides no blood tie. For

[2] His real name was Kovén, but I have called him Mumbégn in order not to confuse him with his son Kovén, who was killed later. These three men are the ancestors of the extended family with which I lived.

[3] See pp. 57-58.

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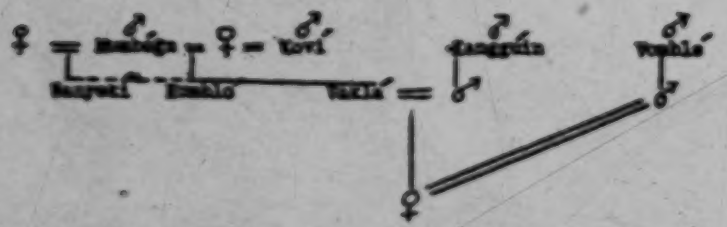
For many years Vomblé, Kanggúin, and Mumbégn had lived harmoniously together. Together they had exterminated another group of "different men," and far from wanting to shed each other's blood, they had saved each other from destruction. One of Kanggúin's sons had married a daughter of Mumbégn, and their daughter in turn had married a son of Vomblé, so that the ties of companionship were strengthened by the bonds

GENEALOGY I



of marriage. But the marriage of Mumbégn's widow to Kovĺ (the "different man") was destined to split this compact group, for true to the character of "different men," which Kaingáng history has repeated time out of mind, Kovĺ slew Nduichá, a hunting companion of his new wife's people.

No Indian knows how Kovĺ came to kill Nduichá, but many think they know. They say that because Nduichá lay with one of Kovĺ's wives and ridiculed him, Kovĺ slew him with an axe as Nduichá bent over to cut him a piece of meat from a tapir that he had killed. But if the Kaingáng killed one another for adultery they would all have been dead long ago, for their life is the very essence of adultery. The children of Vomblé and their hunting companions have intrigued with each other's wives and husbands for two hundred years with never a murder among them. It is true that the Kaingáng often told me that murders occurred because one man lay with the wife of another, but whenever I was able to trace them back I always found that each was just one in a long series of vendetta murders whose origins are forgotten. And here exact genealogical records help us to bridge the gap between two episodes of the same history where Kaingáng memory begins to falter, for years before this murder Vomblé, Kanggúin and Kuvén, the hunting companions of Nduichá, had joined in the midnight slaughter of Kovĺ's brothers-in-law, and their deaths were still unavenged. Thus the murder of Nduichá, although perhaps provoked by his relationship with Kovĺ's wife, would never have occurred had not Nduichá and Kovĺ been destined to be enemies because of a pre-existing feud.

But having killed Nduichá, Kovĺ had started himself and his group on a path of blood from which they could never turn. With the bitter logic that has characterized Kaingáng murderers as far as the living can re-

* Dotted line indicates step-sibling relationship.

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member, they reasoned that unless they killed all of Nduichá's group his relatives and hunting companions would kill them. With a single murder the murderer enters a locked system. He must kill and kill again, he must plan whole massacres lest a single survivor remain to avenge his kin. Kaingáng murderers are like the characters of a Greek tragedy in the grip of a natural law whose processes once started can never be stayed. So when Kovĺ killed Nduichá he at once plotted the murder of all of Nduichá's relatives and hunting companions. But although he and his accomplice succeeded in killing and wounding several, among them Kumbló's own brother-in-law, they themselves soon became the hunted. All of the adult males of Nduichá's group, an entire well-knit family, banded together and tracked them through the forest day after day until they scattered in panic, throwing away their possessions to lighten their flight.

Perhaps the most tragic figure in this drama was Kumbló, for he was related by marriage and association to both camps. To make things worse a half-brother, Wanyekĺ, had been the hunting companion of the murdered men, and Kumbló never dared to face him again. But he could never rest with the murderers with whom he had thrown in his lot, for how did he know that they did not suspect him?

These seeds of disruption bore their inevitable fruit, and Kovĺ himself was slain by Kumbló's brother Kuvén. They say that Kumbló, Kuvén, and their hunting companion "found out" that Kovĺ wanted to kill them; but in an atmosphere of distrust and terror, where people do not sleep at night and an almost paranoid fear oppresses the mind, it is not necessary to "find out" anything. When fear swells beyond control, and they can stand it no longer, the Kaingáng strike and they often "find out" afterward. With characteristic cunning they plotted the death of Kovĺ, for centuries of feud have made the Kaingáng masters of deadly shrewdness. Kumbló took Kovĺ's bow from him, saying, "Kuvén asked me to get your bow, for his is broken." So the foolish Kovĺ handed over his bow, leaving himself incapable of fighting at a distance. At night they slept near Kovĺ and early in the morning they attacked, killing him, their stepfather, and wounding Patklí, their own brother-in-law.[4] Quaintly contradictory to my informant's

GENEALOGY II

[4] See Genealogy II.

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628 "they found out" is his remark, "He [Kovĺ] killed Nduichá and they had not avenged him; so they killed Kovĺ"! They wanted to avenge Nduichá, and "they found out" that Kovĺ wanted to kill them. Thus where murder is planned, murder is suspected, and whoever wants to kill his neighbor fears that his neighbor wants to kill him too. When Yakwá says to me, "My cousin wants to kill me," I know that he wants to kill his cousin, who slaughtered his pigs for rooting up his corn; and when he says, "Eduardo [the Agent] is angry with me," I realize that he is angry with the Agent for not having given him a shirt. Yakwá's state of mind is a pale reflection of the Kaingáng habit of projecting their own hate and fear into the minds of those whom they themselves hate and fear. Yet one cannot always be sure that it is just a projection, for in these feuds currents of danger may radiate from any number of points of conflict, and there is often good and sufficient cause for any fear. If Kumbló and Kovĺ feared each other there were grounds for it in Kumbló's association with the dead and wounded men.

With Kovĺ dead, Patklé was in a position analogous to Kumbló's: he had married Kumbló's sister, and one of his own sisters had married Kovĺ. Besides this, Patklé himself had been wounded. When he met Kovĺ's murderers again he was in a quandary, for although they had killed his brother-in-law they were also his brothers-in-law. But if Patklé was confused, Kovĺ's brother Wainló saw his duty clearly; and he said to Patklé: "Call Kuvén and live with him. I am going away. A long time from now I shall return and kill him."

Now Kuvén had intrigued with Patklé's wife, but Patklé had never tried to put a stop to it. Better to have him intriguing with his wife than wandering around in the forest unwatched. So when Kuvén went away one day Patklé sent his wife after him, saying: "Follow your *mbédo* and then come back to me. He wants to kill me, and probably that is why he is going away." So she went after Kuvén and brought him back.

629 This is the darker picture of woman's role in Kaingáng culture, for if she 562 is the nucleus of compact cells of economic security she is also bait for the murderer's trap. The role of the women in the feuds is generally passive. They follow their men wherever they go unless they are captured, and even then they sometimes manage to escape; only rarely do they use their better judgment to prevent murder, or intervene to save their mother's lover. Actively and aggressively sexual though they are and holding, by virtue of this, really a key position in Kaingáng life, they seem nevertheless to have been generally content not to take anything like a vital part in the determination of action. Perhaps these women feared lest were they to intervene to halt a murder, their husbands should turn against them, knowing all too well that the men they sought to protect were their partners in adultery.

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So Patklé's wife brought Kuvén back, and one day as he wandered about 628
in the forest he was killed by Wainló, who had secretly returned and was lying in wait for him. With the murder of his brother, Kumbló became even more frightened and enraged. He blamed his own sister for luring Kuvén and him to their death. But Wainló too was miserable, for he was utterly alone. He stole back to live with Patklé but never dared sleep at the same fire with him for fear that Kumbló would come and kill him. He would sleep in some hidden place and his wife would come to him in secret at night. At last in desperation he went away, leaving his wife and children with Patklé and saying, "If Kumbló does not kill you but comes to live with you, let him bring them [the children] up." This brings to a close the first episode in the story of the killing of Nduichá. His murderers fled, but they came to distrust one another, with the inevitable result at last of more murders and disruption. Throughout the years the companions of Nduichá were content to let his murderers escape, but at last they hunted them down and killed four women and captured two, one of whom they had wounded. They also captured six boys, three of them sons of Kumbló.

Since Kaingáng economy is built primarily on the occupations of men, a 648
large cooperating male population is a necessary condition of its survival. 726
If the male population is scattered and reduced by feuds, the economic support is destroyed, and if the women are killed the loss of men cannot be compensated. Had the Brazilians known how efficiently the Kaingáng were destroying themselves, they might never have bothered to hire bands of murderers but could have depended on the Kaingáng to do away with themselves. The Brazilians killed many women and children, the death rate that they inflicted on women being about twice that of the men; but since the intratribal Kaingáng feuds also reduced the men, the women were dying off only about 25 percent faster. The population was scattered in two different ways by internal conflict: first through the escape of murderers and second through the sudden flight of whole families terrified by murders. But it was not only internal conflict that scattered the Kaingáng but also aggression from without, for their usual way of protecting themselves was to scatter in all directions when there was danger of attack. They ran away from their ancient enemies the Kanglijá, from the Brazilians, and from each other. Whenever they attacked the Brazilians and feared pursuit they scattered. When the Kanglijá hunted them they scattered, and they themselves say that the reason that they now live so widely separated is "because Kovi killed Nduichá." The Kaingáng have no idea of coming together and forming a solid unit against an outside aggressor. For them there was safety only in wakefulness and flight. Whoever pursues them constantly has them at his mercy, for they become panic-stricken and never turn to face their pursuers until they are brought to bay like hunted animals.

The killing of the women and children by Nduichá's avengers brought 621

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(627 an inevitable retaliation in the slaughter of men, women, and children by Kumbló's family. They stole upon a camp late at night, intending to kill the sleepers with clubs, but suddenly they remembered that the captured children were among them and that in the darkness they might be killed. So they waited until someone rose and stepped out of a house. When his cries aroused the camp the attacking party pursued each individual, killing them, men, women and children, like cornered rats. Those who escaped wandered about, sick and half starved, until they at last met with other members of their family. Since Kumbló's half-brother Wanyekí[8] had by this time become firmly bound to the children of Vomblé and Kanggúin, it did not seem strange to them that they should ask him to go in pursuit of his brother and kill him. Because of some trifling quarrel, however, Wanyekí never undertook the massacre, and before long he died. When his sons grew to manhood their relationship with their father's brother's family had become so obscured that they regarded them as "different people." Kumbló and his children were, to them, simply the murderers of members of their family, and they nursed a desire to kill them all until at last they pursued and slaughtered them. Kumbló and a few of his group escaped, but soon afterward the Brazilians killed Kumbló and the rest of his family, so that their extermination was complete.

Before this happened Patklé's entire line was annihilated, and the story of this massacre, which took place about 1885, is full of refinements of treachery and dissimulation. As the years passed the grandsons of Vomblé, Kanggúin and Mumbégn grew to manhood. There had been a series of intermarriages between the children of Patklé and the grandchildren of his ancient enemy Vomblé, who was now long dead. But Patklé never trusted his in-laws and was forever wandering away and returning. At last Kanyalé,[9] a son of Vomblé, who still remembered the murder of Nduichá, the wounding of his own father, and the whole series of murders and counter murders that had followed them, resolved to kill Patklé and his line. The fact that two of Patklé's daughters were his wives did not deter him. The killing was to be done in traditional Kaingáng style: they were to be invited to a festa, made to drink, and then slaughtered. Although the Kaingáng associate festas with quarreling and murder they never refused an invitation to one even though they knew their lives were in danger. One might imagine that at a festa where large sections of the tribe come together to enjoy themselves the bonds of kinship would be renewed and strengthened and old attachments of man for man would draw new warmth from the general good feeling.

Although this was true of some Kaingáng festas they were as often the

[8] See Genealogy I.

[9] Died of old age shortly before the Kaingáng came to the reservation.

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scene of violent quarreling and disruption as they were of friendliness and solidarity. The men and women got drunk, and the men boasted to their children of their invulnerability and their deeds of blood. The men "told their *wuikeyd*," walking about, shaking their clubs or lances, slashing at the air, crying out the deeds they had done and the murders they would yet commit. As the beer and excitement mounted to their heads they turned on their neighbors and quarreled with them because they suspected them of adultery with their wives or because they themselves had had affairs with their neighbors' wives and themselves felt suspected and hated. Courage, daring, suspicion and ferocity were screwed to the sticking-point, and even among friends the atmosphere might become so charged with conflict that half the men would engage in brawls. Kaingáng folklore abounds in tales of fiesta massacres, and the expression, "Let us make beer for him," has such a sinister connotation that it needs no explanation.

Kanyahé decided to "make beer for Patklé" and his family and sent one of his nephews to invite them. Kanyahé and his group were afraid of Patklé, for his history gave them no reason to trust him. The statement of one of Patklé's daughters made after the death of her father and brothers, that her father wanted to kill Kanyahé's group, showed that Kanyahé had good grounds for fear. With the background of mutual distrust of the characters in this drama, we are in a position to understand their hypocritical behavior.

Kuthógn [Thunder Storm] came to invite the group of Patklé, and when Yuplú, Patklé's son, saw him, he said, "Who is it?"

K. "It is I!"

Y. "Have you still the name I once knew you by?"

K. "Yes."

Y. "Is it really, then, the truth?"

K. "Yes, it is I."

Then Yuplú caressed Kuthógn—the very token by which the Kaingáng understand security.

Y. "I have been thinking about you. Whenever someone died I thought of you. Did you think about seeing me, too?"

K. "Yes. I do just that. I have remembered you. I had almost forgotten you, and now, at last, I see you."

Then Yuplú called his wife and told her to give meat to Kuthógn, a second token of security.

Y. "Kuthógn, eat this and then talk with me."

When Kuthógn had eaten, proving by his acceptance of the food that there was no evil in his mind, Yuplú spoke to him again. "Kuthógn, where is your dog?" Kuthógn had had a dog that was a fine tapir hunter, and he and Yuplú had hunted together with it.

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K. "My dog died recently. It got sick and died."

Y. "What a pity! That big dog that used to be so good for tapirs! That big dog that I used to hunt with; that big dog that I have been thinking about, is dead!"

This "friendly" conversation continued with first one and then another of Patklé's sons joining in to tell how much they wished to see various members of Kanyahé's family. For days they hunted and talked together until Kuthúgn returned and another messenger went out from Kanyahé's camp to continue the friendly overtures. At last part of Patklé's family arrived at the festa. But since only some came, the rest remaining away in fear, they were permitted to dance and drink until nightfall, and nothing happened; for their hosts wanted to wait until they had them all in the trap. In some way Yuplú had found out that the women were saying that he intended to kill Kanyahé's group, and in the evening, when he was resting after his day of dancing, he addressed the enemy group, saying: "My *pky* [the women of his enemies] are lying, and when you hear their lie you will kill me. I saw you and came to look for you, but when the women lie you will kill me." Yet he slept where he was and left the following day, but before he went Kuthúgn said, "I am going to make beer and invite you again."

At last the entire group of Patklé arrived and joined in the festa. Each of the people of Kanyahé placed himself next to an individual of the other band, and as they drank they watched one another in mutual suspicion. Waimbégn[7] said to Kiyitá[8]: "Do not look at me while you sing. I am going to sing with you. Do not look at my eyes!" Kiyitá became enraged and said: "I go around with men, and when I hold a festa with them I do not look at them. It seems to me that you were going to talk to me and that you called my name, but you said that I see your eyes!" At last when Patklé and his sons were drunk the group of Kanyahé turned on them as they danced and drank and killed Patklé and four of his sons and wounded a fifth. When the wounded man recovered and ran away with another who had been spared, most of the women and all of the children escaped with them. They were not heard of again until they were localized on a reservation in Palmas in 1915. Not long after this those who massacred Patklé and his sons completed their task of avenging the murders of Nduichá and his companion by slaughtering the children of Kumblé.

The history of this feud may be summed up in the following way:

First. Peaceful living together of the sons of Mumbégn, the sons of Vomblé, and the sons of Kanggfin.

Second. Murder of Nduichá by Kovi, "a different man," wounding of

[7] Patklé's son.
[8] Kanyahé's group.

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Vomblé, killing of his wife, wounding of Kanggún and killing of his son, followed by the flight of some of the sons of Mumbégn together with their relatives by marriage and their hunting companions.

Third. Suspicion, followed by murder, breaks out among the murderers of Nduichá *et al.*

Fourth. Final disruption of the forces of the murderers (i.e. separation of Kumbló and Patklé).

Fifth. Slaughter of the women of Kumbló's group by Nduichá's group.

Sixth. Slaughter of men, women, and children of Nduichá's group by Kumbló's group.

Seventh. Massacre of Patklé and his sons by their relatives by marriage.

Eighth. Massacre of Kumbló and his sons by the children of Kumbló's half-brother Wanyeká.

It is easy to see from this summary what the history of the Kaingáng vendettas has been: murder, followed by flight of the killers; then conflict within the ranks of the murderers themselves, with ensuing murder and splitting of the group. The murderers are hunted down by the relatives and companions of the dead men and women until not one is left. No society can stand such conflict, and the history of the Kaingáng shows clearly that they have been diminishing in numbers. Even they themselves are perfectly aware of the fact that their population has dwindled and that they have been split up into smaller and smaller groups because of the feuds.

Many societies must have gone to pieces and disappeared under the influence of disruptive forces within. In the course of the development of social forms those that fostered severe conflicts must ultimately have destroyed the societies in which they developed. The result would obviously be the gradual weeding out of such societies, and we would have left only such as could maintain themselves by satisfactorily reconciling the disintegrating forces within them. But from time to time in some societies situations develop that are incapable of adjustment, and that of the Kaingáng is one of these. In its odious social theories and a curious system of body paints Kaingáng society shows traces of what may once have been a more complex social system. Their history goes back to a time when they lived in villages and cultivated the soil, but even then there were feuds. It is impossible to tell at present whether the development of the feuds brought about the destruction of a more complex social life or whether the contradictory social theories that we hear of today were ever more than notions picked up from contact with other cultures and never fully understood. But even in those very early times the Kaingáng were busily killing their affinal relatives and raiding the villages of "other" groups of their "own people."

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[facing p. 60]

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Analysis

623 The most striking single feature of Kaingáng disintegration is the contrast between the warm, highly affective relationships within the "families" and the uninhibited ferocity of the behavior of the members toward all outsiders. Within their own circle of relatives and companions the Kaingáng will endure a high degree of personal discomfort to avoid a quarrel, but toward "other" groups of their "own people" their overwhelming desire is to shed blood. The result of the nervous insistence on the preservation of internal peace is that serious quarrels scarcely arise, and when they do they are swiftly forgotten or their effects muted. In quarrels over adultery within the extended family the entire brunt of the squabble is usually shifted on to the shoulders of the defaulting spouse, with the result that amity among the men—the very cornerstone of Kaingáng society—is preserved. But adultery by "other men" was fuel to the smoldering flames of long-cherished hate and always precipitated murder. The sexual aggressiveness of man against man never finds full expression within the family, spending itself, at the most, in secret intrigues and surreptitious "home-breaking." But with "other men" it broke out into the frank "taking away" of their women—the deliberate asking for wives who were never refused.

The taking away of wives was a kind of dangerous play indulged in by groups of "other men" when they met. The deadly consequences of such open preempting of sexual rights were known, but they never acted as deterrents. The taking away of women created an atmosphere of fearfulness that formed a perfect medium for the development of states of mind leading to murder. When the children of Wanenggló met with the children of Yokógn the children of Wanenggló took away their wives; but when they had "led them away," the children of Wanenggló feared that their victims wished to kill them to regain their wives and to wipe out the shame of the experience. The children of Yokógn really were secretly enraged and eager to kill their wives' new husbands. The two families dwelt in fear of each other, and it soon became a question only of who would be clever enough to strike the first blow. It turned out that Yokógn was the clever and in a single night he destroyed Wanenggló and all his children. But nothing like this ever happens within the extended family, where peaceful relations have been the rule for generations.

[illegible] 624 Another aspect of this same insistence on preserving peace within the family at any cost is the reluctance to look for trouble. The Kaingáng are utterly unwilling to face a situation pregnant with conflict unless it is thrust under their noses. That is why husbands do not follow their wives around but are content to leave them in camp alone for weeks while they go hunting, and that is why when things are stolen no one prowls around

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to find who took them. Unless he is confronted with his stolen property a Kaingáng is content to murmur in secret rather than precipitate a quarrel by accusing the thief and demanding the return of the property. The same attitude leads them to make concessions rather than to back their demands with vigorous self-assertion. An aggressive individual can usually obtain his ends simply by asserting his wishes with vigor and insistence—provided he is driven to that extreme. But generally people get what they want if they ask for it, and it is only the aggressive people who ask. The rest take what they get and complain in secret if they are dissatisfied. The Kaingáng avoid any internal quarrel and run with headlong fury into an external one. They are by no means a passive, acquiescent people, but they cannot oppose self-assertion within the extended family.

One day while Chukembégn was out hunting, a few families arrived in camp, and one of them moved into Chukembégn's camp. He and his wife took this eviction without comment and simply moved into my tent. "Why do you let him put you out?" said I. "It's your camp, isn't it?" "Ah," he replied, "if I put him out there would be the deuce of a quarrel." If two self-assertive people happen to desire the same thing the Kaingáng are utterly confused, for generally that kind of situation does not arise. Before I went hunting up the river my cook asked me to get him a deer skin. As we drew near our destination a deer suddenly slipped into the river with that wild and quiet grace that is their special gift. All the Indians were caught unprepared, and before they could fire I slipped a cartridge into my rifle and shot the deer, breaking its leg. The swift current swept it downstream, and it was picked up by Ndíli and killed. In the old days the Kaingáng never used skins for anything, but now that they can sell them to the Brazilians for a few cents the Indians are eager to have them. The old pattern of gain through self-assertion still holds, and the person who gets the skin is the one who asks for it. The practice among the white Brazilians is to give the skin to the owner of the dogs that brought the animal to bay, but the Kaingáng rarely follow the Brazilians in this. Now both Ndíli and I wanted the skin, and Ndíli was a violent and aggressive person. In the past I had always given away the skins of the animals my dogs had flushed, but here was one skin I wanted. At last Chukembégn came over to me and said, "Why don't you give him that skin? He wants it." I refused to surrender. Had I not already given deer skins to Ndíli? Why shouldn't he give me this one? At last he yielded me the skin, only to steal it later.

The most striking feature of the dispute was Chukembégn's failure to understand why I should cling to the skin in the face of the obvious fact that Ndíli wanted it so badly. Another time I wanted to give the skin of a deer my dogs had flushed to the cripple they called Dung, for I felt that

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since he had clubbed the deer he should have the skin. But when I went to hand it to him, Ndíli said, "I want the skin," to which Dung replied, "He wants it; so give it to him." The willingness to yield to aggressiveness, coupled with the indifference to trouble unless it faces one squarely, operates to reduce enormously the number and severity of conflicts within the extended family.

The obsessive interest of the Kaingáng in destruction and murder was all externalized against the "other people," and it was this ability to externalize their obsession that was in part responsible for whatever coherence and security the families preserved. The overpowering urge toward destruction that manifests itself still in the wanton gashing of trees and the killing of the tiniest bird that happens to perch on a limb where stick or stone may reach it is never directed inward against the family but always outward. The function of the feuds, therefore, was twofold, for they served both to gratify the need to destroy and to direct it away from the extended family; and this duality contributed to their perpetuation.

The overwhelming bulk of Kaingáng folklore is murder stories—murder committed in every imaginable way and on all relatives except sons. Stories begin with murders committed for no reason and rehearse over and over again the whole wearisome theme of treachery and retaliation. The interest in the feuds has suffocated any other mythological theme, and instead of the elaborate variations on widespread mythological elements that are so common among many primitive peoples we find that when these elements actually do appear in Kaingáng folklore they are bare, fossilized, neglected plots which the literary imagination has never developed. The one elaborate art form that the Kaingáng have, their folklore, is overwhelmingly concerned with their own destruction.

Perhaps the best proof of the obsessive nature of this trait lies in a split within an extended family which occurred after the Kaingáng were localized on the reservation and which culminated in the murder of Thechá. For years the Kaingáng had committed no murder. Their vendetta enemies had been killed or driven far away, and now the group that had lived in harmony for generations was isolated from the dangers of attack and settled peacefully on the reservation. But Thechá took to saying that he wasn't afraid of anyone, and he was angry at everyone; so "since he was angry with them they became angry with him." They decided to kill him, and one of the plotters was his own first cousin, his father's sister's son, Kovĺ. Now Thechá was a most unusual Kaingáng, for he could not swim. That simplified matters, and one day when he was crossing the river with a number of people—"nine people and five women," as one informant put it—"the canoe tipped over." Nobody tipped it, for such baldness of statement would offend Kaingáng good taste, but "the canoe tipped over" and

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Thechá went to the bottom. "He stayed there six days and when they 152
brought him up he was dead!" Thechá paid the penalty for being too *waikayú*, but it must be borne in mind that this is the first time in two hundred years that such a murder has occurred within the extended family on any grounds whatever.

It was this same obsession with murder that led Yakwá to say to me one night, "Koví wants to kill me," because he wanted to kill Koví. The Kaingáng have a long tradition of slaughter, and twenty years have passed since they murdered their last Brazilian. When they can they vent their urge to destruction on dogs and on trees, but they occasionally need a human object. The last one was Thechá—the next may be Koví.

[p. 64 is blank]

VI

The Supernatural

Death

When Waikomé's baby fell ill, she sat all day gazing at it in desperation. "Will you give me some medicine for it?" said Ndíli, its father, to me. "What is the matter with it?" I asked. "I don't know; it's just hot, hot," he replied, and his face and voice were utterly despairing. "If I don't know what's the matter with it, I can't give you anything," I said, and Ndíli walked away. When I returned to camp, Waikomé was keening. Tears streamed down her face, and her voice rose in a loud rhythmic wail as she spoke of her dead relatives. "I long to see my father who always gave me food. I have been forgetting my mother. Will I see her again?" These formulae are recited on every occasion of mourning, and it does not matter who the dead or dying person is. As the baby grew worse and seemed to lapse into a coma, Waikomé completely lost control of herself. Her face became terribly distorted with fear and grief, and she tried to make the poor little thing on her lap suckle. She rubbed her hand over its face and attempted to pry the rigid jaws apart with her finger so that she could pour her milk between the lips. Again and again she tried to force this symbol of life into the child's mouth, but in vain. The more susceptible women around her keened too, and finally Ndíli began to weep and to keen loudly. As Ndíli's emotion became more intense he turned in anger on the people sitting around in sympathetic silence: "Why did you and Julio bring me here into the forest? If we had stayed at the post my baby would never have fallen ill!"

No one uttered a word in reply. They were utterly helpless. Waikomé, beside herself, could think of nothing to offer her baby but her breast, with which she had nourished three other children and which to her was a source of life and healing. Ndíli handed her some "medicine," a pounded

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Ndíli handed her some medicine, a pounded
herb mixed with water, and she tried to force that between the child's lips;
but it only trickled down its chin. Some of the women sought to help her
by heating their hands over the fire and laying them on the baby.

When it seemed that the child must surely die, Waipó left camp to call
the others of our hunting party, for when the ghost-souls are about they
may take away the living; and the Kaingáng feel the need for each other's
protection and "live piled up."

When I climbed into my hammock that night, there had been a lull in
the weeping, but I was awakened several hours before dawn by the frantic
keening of Waikomé. One by one, others joined her, and I knew then that
the baby was dead. As I watched, the emotion gradually grew more in-
tense; and some went to join the group mourning around the child. There
was no play-acting here, no singling out of those whom relationship obliged
to weep from those who could just look on. Those who were not affected
kept aloof and performed their daily tasks, but those who felt an identifica-
tion with the bereaved parents mourned with them. Ndíli's second cousin
sat with his arm around him and wept, but Ndíli's brother seemed entirely
untouched and soon went off to get honey. At last, late in the morning, the
parents took up their little bundle and went away, and the sound of their
keening came back to us through the forest.

That day no one went hunting even though there was no meat in camp.
Toward noon Waipó said to me, his voice intense with fear: "You'd better
pack your things, because we're going away from here right away. We
thought we would stay and kill another tapir, but the baby died; and now
we have to move." Who knows what might have happened if they had
remained? The ghost-soul of the baby might have taken someone along
with it or the ghost-soul which had killed it might kill again. It really does
the Kaingáng no good to flee from the ghost-soul, for although it has a
tendency to lurk about the place where the bones of its dead body are
buried, it also is nomadic like the Kaingáng and may dog their footsteps
wherever they go.

If we think of death among ourselves and the demonstrations that
accompany it among the less inhibited members of our own society; if we
disregard for a moment the wild surroundings, the rhythmic keening, the
fear of the ghost-soul, and even, perhaps, the useless medicine that was
forced between the choking child's lips (although, Heaven knows, that too
might be easily duplicated in our society), we cannot but see a striking
resemblance between the grief of Waikomé and Ndíli and the members of
their group and similar displays in our own society. Among ourselves,
anger is generally thrust into the background and often disappears entirely
when grief is sincere, but among the Kaingáng it pervades the entire scene
and manifests itself in an irritability that may easily become anger. It is

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difficult to talk to many of the Kaingáng on these occasions because they 763
are so easily enraged, and the ethnologist had best hold his tongue and try 152
to appear as small as possible. In death the Kaingáng feel a threat to their security. As they put it, "We are afraid of the ghost-souls; so we come together and live piled up." As in the feuds, no one knows when the deaths will cease. The presence of death lays bare the very fiber of the Kaingáng personality, for it is in terms of this emotional amalgam in which anger and fear are indistinguishably fused that we must understand all of their behavior in times of stress.

In 1918 when the first wave of the grippe struck the Kaingáng, killing 731
them in such numbers that their bodies lay about unburied until the dogs 152
ate them, Thunder Storm rose up in his rage and fear and beat the air and trees with a club. "When disease came," said his son to me, "my father beat the trees because he was afraid of the supernatural beings (*nggiyúdn*). He said, 'If I see you, I'll kill you. You are *waikayú*[1] and kill us all the time. So if I see you come to me, I'll kill you! The Brazilians kill my relatives; so out of revenge I destroy them when I see them! When I see them, I kill them, and I'll do the same to you—when I see you, I'll kill you!' He spoke thus as he beat the trees." Nothing could express this side of the Kaingáng character and world-view better. Here is condensed the Kaingáng frantic fear and anger at the forces of death, the equation of the supernatural with any other enemy, and the identification of the situation created by death with the vendetta tradition and revenge.

The Kaingáng not only fight with death; they also fly from it. That is 768
why Waipó told me that we must move on when Ndíli's baby died, and that is why old Kakthí moved out of her house when the grippe descended again in 1933. "Why has she left her house?" said I to her son-in-law. "She is afraid of our sickness. She said, 'If I stay there, I'll get sick'; so she went away. She is in the forest to get away from it. She went to another place so our sickness would not see her." Poor Kakthí fled in vain, for she soon fell ill and died. "Her [dead] husband called her, and that is why she died. Our ghost-souls led her off, and that is why she died. Her husband's ghost-soul led her away, and that is why she died. She lay there telling about it, and then she died. The supernatural beings and her husband's soul led her away. He [her husband] led her away so that he might go with her."

The ghost-soul loves and pities the living whom it has deserted, but the 768
latter fear and abhor the ghost-soul. The ghost-soul longs for those it has 795
left behind, but they remain cold to its longing. "One pities one's children and therefore goes with them [i.e. takes them] when one dies. One loves [literally, lives in] one's children, and dies and goes with one's children, and one [i.e. the child] dies." The dead pity those they have left alone with

[1] Vicious, aggressive.

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no one to care for them. They have left behind parts of themselves, for their children are those "in whom they live." But to the pity, love, and longing of the ghost-soul, the children return a cry of "Mother, leave me and go!" as she lies on the funeral pyre. The Kaingáng oscillate between a feeling of attachment for the dead and a desire never to see them again. Over and over again, their keening formulae repeat, "I desire to see my people," but the fear of seeing them is so great that some deny that they ever even dream of the dead. "I do not wish to get sick; that is why I never see my dead relatives," said Klendó.

The longing of the ghost-soul and its promise of good hunting is no more of an inducement to the Kaingáng to forsake this world than the glories of Paradise are to us. "A year[3] after my father died," said Vomblé, "I saw his soul. My brother was about to die, and probably my father came to call him. My father was about to talk to me. He said, 'I come to call you.' 'I don't want to go with you. My children are not here.' [Kulí, his wife, was away with her father.] 'But come with me to see my place. Leave your children and come with me.' 'No! Go! I won't go with you. Your ghost-soul went. I am not a ghost-soul. When you died, your ghost-soul went away and your children suffered. So I won't leave my children. If I die, all my children will go with me. But you left your children and things and went. I'll go to see your place and then come back, but I won't go with you. You live in a bad land. Your soul eats slugs that live in dead wood. My land is good. Women and game are plentiful. I will die when I am old. As I am now, I will not die. When I am old and weak, I will die.' When the others heard me talking, they shook me and told me why I was talking." This story expresses other things besides Vomblé's desire to live and his resentment against his father's ghost-soul. While Vomblé does not wish to be his father's companion in the other world, he declares that when he himself dies, he will take his children with him so that they will not suffer through his absence. The feeling of resentment at having been deserted by the dead runs through these accounts of experiences with the ghost-soul and integrates with the Kaingáng attitude toward social obligations.

There is another way in which Kaingáng life expresses itself in the emotional and imaginative streams that are loosed at death. The dead pass out of the embraces of the living, they are shut out of their lives in precisely the same way as members of other extended families; and they constantly threaten them with death. Their status is veritably that of "different things." When a man's ghost-soul came to call his sister, saying, "I have come to call you and your husband," she became angry with him and replied, "No! You are a different thing, and yet you come to me. They

[3] Literally—"one period of no pine nuts."

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killed you. When they killed you, I wandered around suffering, but you 768
come to call me!" When the ghost-soul at last went away, she was "all 775
green. She stood there without saying anything. He [her husband] said to her, 'Why are you green?' But she said nothing. She sat down holding on to a post. Then he asked if she was sick—if she had a pain in the belly. But she did not talk. Wanenggló [her husband] asked her whether she had seen a ghost-soul. Probably she saw a ghost-soul. But she did not say anything." Like vendetta enemies, the ghost-souls are "other things"—it is the only category the Kaingáng have for those who dwell outside the limits of the extended families—and for people in this category they know only one emotion, fear-anger.

When the Kaingáng are drunk, their malevolent and fearsome impulses 152
rise to the surface, and the memory of death plays its part in this. Festa 579
time, when the beer troughs are brimming with the steaming, sourish, honey beer, is a special occasion for remembering the dead. It is also the occasion when recollections of adultery unpunished or of slights unrequited surge into consciousness. While some dance, sing, or brawl, others sit around the edge of the dance circle with their heads in their hands and tears streaming down their faces, and their sobs and high rhythmic keening mingle with the noise of quarreling and disordered singing. When they have done with their hour or so of weeping, they rise and fill their baskets or gourds with beer and join in the festa. No recollection of the dead can occur without unleashing fear, and fear cannot be liberated without the eruption of anger, so the memory of the dead only adds to the disruptive forces that are set in motion by the beer. The more one knows about the Kaingáng, the more one is struck by the extent to which the very roots of their being have been undermined and torn by impulses to violence. This is all the more amazing when we remember what affectionate people they seem to be—how much they love to multiply a hundredfold all kinds of personal attachments. Nevertheless, when drunkenness uncovers the Kaingáng personality, it does not bubble over in rivulets of tenderness, but pours out in torrents of violence. The only outlet is murder, and that is why festas, if not actually the scene of murders, used to be almost always the forerunners of raids on the Brazilians or on vendetta enemies. The Kaingáng themselves understand, in a way, what the festa meant to them, for they say, "We had festas in order to go to attack the Brazilians." Of course not every festa is characterized by violence, but many are.[3]

[3] Although the Kaingáng held an old-time beer festa at my request the aboriginal beer troughs have been superseded by jugs of sugar cane whiskey, and the tumultuous singing by the music of an accordion played by a white man. These changes, however, have not curbed the essential temper of the Indians, and fights still occur at festas. [534] [273] [177]

The Supernatural Monsters

976 Of all the supernatural beings, Yóin is the most terrific. His head, which is very large at the top and crowned with a mop of hair which some say is red and others think is woolly like a Negro's, has a groove down the middle. That is why little Thegnambégn, who had an almost imperceptible depression in the middle of his head, was jokingly called Yóin. Yóin's eyes are white and are provided with red lids. His head is always shaking. He has great jaws, and his neck is thick and long. His body is broad and thick, and his belly flashes like a giant firefly as he flies through the sky at night. His buttocks are very narrow and widely separated, and his penis is long and his testicles large. When he walks on the ground he is like a man, but in the air his arms are pressed to his sides and his legs are tight together. He roams about, devouring men, women, and children, and his hands and mouth are red with the blood he has rubbed on them. He carries a little knife with him, and when he seizes a victim, he thrusts his bloody hand up through the anus, cuts out the heart and intestines, and devours them. "Yóin kills people because he is a different thing and never calls men 'my people'."

Then there is "Kuchágn which never dies. It kills people by crushing them, and its mouth is red with the blood of the people it eats. Its arms and ears are like those of a man, but it has a beard like a tiger. Its hard bristles stand out all over it in isolated clumps, and it walks on all fours and makes a noise like a pig. They think it is a pig and they go to look for it, but they never see it. One never sees its body."

"Kanggúin saw Kuchágn leaning on a rock. It said to him, 'Why have you come here?' 'I came to look for howler monkeys.' Then he lost consciousness. When he regained consciousness, Kuchágn was there. When Kanggúin saw it, he went away. His sister was coming along in the meanwhile shouting for directions, but he did not answer. Then at last Kanggúin cried to her. So she came to him. He was yellow. Then she said, 'Brother, why are you yellow?' 'I am sick. I have a pain in the abdomen, I am sick.' Blood came out of the corners of his mouth, and he said, 'I am sick; so do not feed me.' Late at night, Kuchágn came to Kanggúin and seized him. It sat on him. Then Kanggúin sat up and threw it on his father, and Kuchágn seized the father. When the father felt sick, he threw it on Kanggúin again. Kanggúin became all black. He was rotten from the chest down. His father was rotten and full of blood. Kanggúin stood up and cried, *'Hii!'* He burst open next day. He was so rotten he was full of holes, but he was alive. His sister asked him, and he said: 'There is a different thing that stands on all fours. Its hair is scattered over its body in clumps. Its mouth is red. I saw it and I am dying. A different thing has killed us.'"

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Wangdjó is also a monster. Some say it is like a tapir, some that it is like a horse; still others think that its nose, eyes, hair, arms, legs, and buttocks are like those of an Indian. "There is no meat on it," and "its backbone sticks up." Its belly flashes as it flies through the trees, and smoke, ashes, and flame pour from its mouth and nostrils.

Like Kuchágn, Yunggí is piglike, and it kills people by shooting them.

Vêin was another supernatural. He was good-looking. He looked just like a man; he was smooth and had no body hair at all. He walked on the earth like a human being and never flew through the air. He had red eyelids and an enormous penis, and his testicles were as large as those of a horse. His sexual desire kept pace with his corporeal endowments, for he wished to copulate with women constantly. In folklore he suffers death twice: once when he sodomizes Padumbá, who kills him for it by throwing bees' sugar into his mouth, and on another occasion when, after eating several communities of people,[4] he is killed by a shaman.

This pantheon is rather a nightmare, but the Kaingáng are not so consistent in their thinking as they are in their dreaming. They call all supernatural beings, whether good or bad, *ngpiyáda* and confuse the malevolent with the benign, with the result that occasionally Yóin and Vêin appear in benevolent roles. For a long time, for example, Yóin was a man's hunting companion and used to tell him where to find tapirs, and once Yóin told another man where he could find howler monkeys. But advantageous contacts with Yóin and Vêin are rare, they are predominantly frightful characters to the Kaingáng.

As malevolent personalities Yóin and Vêin are apt to be confused, at least in name, with any evil-working supernatural. "One night," said Klendó, "I died. A tapir that was an *ngpiyáda* that was a woman came and led me off and I went around with her. Then I came back and recovered. Next day they asked me about it, and I became well. Yóin did this to me. She wanted me to copulate with her, but I would not. I was young and that is why she wanted to take me away."

Spirits of the Natural World

The ghost-soul is called *kuplêng*,[5] but together with the monsters and the spirits of the natural world, it is also called *ngpiyáda*. The spirits of the natural world dwell everywhere—in trees, under the water, in rocks, and in cliffs. They inhabit the sun and the moon and the stars, and animate the wind and the storm. There are the spirits of the tapir, the deer, the squirrel, the snake, and all other animals and insects. These spirits may appear to humans in their natural form or in the shape of human beings.

[4] This act is attributed by some to Yóin.

[5] Plural, *ngpuplêng*.

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A monkey may address a man from a treetop, or "the tapir that is a supernatural being that is a man" [or woman] may suddenly appear to a hunter. Water's Talking, the *nggiyúdn* of the waters, is an alligatorlike monster whose principal occupation is to seduce women when they come to fetch water. Spirits may confer supernatural powers, but encounters with them are just as often disastrous as they are beneficial. "A man sees an animal in the forest, and it says to him, 'Why do you come? You frightened me.' 'I come hunting.' 'You will not see any animals. Go away! Go back!' Then he goes away, and when he returns to camp, he tells the people and dies." Characteristically enough, when a Kaingáng meets the supernatural, the attitude is one of mutual distrust; the Indian fears the spirit, and the spirit fears him. Sometimes the spirit invites the Indian to visit his house, but the Indian is usually afraid for his life and goes away.

Snake said to Kemblén,[6] "Come and look at my house." So he went there and saw the tremendous number of offspring the snake had. They were like human children. "My children are here," said the snake; "take one of them." But Kemblén was frightened and said nothing. "Do not tell about having seen me," admonished Snake. But Kemblén told of his experience, and Snake became angry and bit him. That is how Kemblén lost his hand. "If he had not told, he would not have been bitten." The spirits tolerate a refusal to visit them or even to adopt one of their children, but they cannot endure anyone's telling about having seen them. Whoever reveals his experience with a spirit dies or falls sick, and if he has already received power from that spirit he loses it. But sometimes encounters with spirits are useful.

My informant Vomblé, for example, met Bee, who appeared to him in the form of a man. "He said to me: 'Live with me in my house. If you live with me, you will not be hungry. In my house it is warm even when it is cold. I am going to place some food aside for you.' I asked him, 'Where is your house?' and he said, 'It is here.' His honey was in the hollow of a tree. It was the door of his house. But I became afraid that I would be killed; so I said, 'I am going away. Later I will come back to you.' And I went away. But Bee said to me, 'When you go, you may be hungry;' so he showed me where there were honey and jacutingas, saying: 'Shoot some. Then go beyond and you will see howler monkeys on a pine tree. Shoot them all. Some may go away.' So next day I looked at the hive and told Angnelo[7] to cut it out. 'That is what Bee showed me,' said I. She chopped the tree down. It was a big hive, but I did not eat any of the honey because I was afraid since I had seen a *nggiyúdn*. I also shot the jacutingas. I saw another hive. I met my father, and when I was walking along with

[6] See p. 77.

[7] His step-mother. Deceased.

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him, he asked me whether I had seen any honey. 'Yes,' said I, 'it is the one that Bee told about; so I came this way to look and saw it. I also shot the jacutingas he told me about.' My father chopped out the hive—there was a great deal of honey in it, but I ate none of it. I told him about the howler monkeys, and next day we went to look for them. After that I saw no more of Bee."

Since Vomblé told about his meeting with Bee he never saw the spirit again. It is not characteristic for people having these experiences to abstain from the fruits of their good fortune, and as far as I have been able to discover, this abstinence on the part of Vomblé was a matter of personal choice. Vomblé is not a shaman, and the economic benefits he received from the supernatural were only temporary. Yet one visitation yielded him something of permanent value, for it rendered him immune to all sickness. Once he was so sick that he became unconscious. While he lay there, he saw Moon. "He came down. He was like a cord—white. He came down with his wife, Star. Moon had a potsherd and there was medicine in it. He said to me, 'What is killing you?' 'I have a head- and chest-ache. My body is sick and I cannot stand.' Moon kneaded me and felt of me. He poured medicine over my body and head, and I recovered. I fell asleep. Moon was a little man. Now I am never sick."[8]

One of the ways in which mortals may establish permanent and friendly relations with the spirits is to adopt one of their children. One of Amendó's children [the Amendó of many husbands] was a bee child. She took one of the spirit's children and placed it in her womb, and ever after that she was able to find beehives easily. Another story tells how a man adopted a child of the monkey spirit. It looked like a human being and remained devoted to him like his own child. It deflected the arrows of his enemies, and when they tried to knock trees down on top of his house to crush him, it caused the trees to fall on the attackers. Sometimes men take the children of spirits and put them into their wives' wombs, from which they later emerge in the form of human children. Even if a spirit is adopted in its animal form and even if it never confers power of any kind, it is loved like a pet, and its death is avenged like the death of a human being. A highly affective relationship with the supernatural is the only kind of friendly relationship that is intelligible to the Kaingáng. Another kind of friendly tie with a spirit is phrased in terms of the hunting-companion relationship. Having a guardian spirit involves "going around with it" and "living with" it, just as one does with a hunting companion or in one's extended family. When the Kaingáng describe a shaman's relation to his guardian spirit or spirits, they say that "he saw it *all the time*."

[8] Vomblé is one of the most eminent of the Kaingáng and was one of the few who did not fall ill during the influenza epidemic in 1933.

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774 The characteristic North American guardian spirit experience in which
776 an individual sees his benefactor once only and receives a token from him is unknown to the Kaingáng, to whom the only earnest of security is continuous, unbroken contact. All lasting relations with the spirits are expressed systematically in the habitual mode—"all the time." The Kaingáng do not say that the spirit did so and so. They say it "would [i.e. regularly] do so and so." So Ketédn,[9] who could walk dry through a downpour, "used to see *nggiyúdn*. He saw Yóin and used to go out with him and shoot tapirs. Yóin would say: '*Yúgn*, there is a tapir,' and Ketédn would shoot it." Although "living with" the spirits does not involve intermarriage and sharing of wives, as it may on the human level, it does imply the sharing of food. A quarter must be left for the spirit that has shown one where to
[782] kill a tapir, and honey must be shared with one's supernatural benefactor. Kakthí[10] "saw Snake, who told her to get honey, and she always shared it with him." Such a division of food is not conceived as a sacrifice or as a payment for goods received but simply as the same kind of sharing that exists between hunting companions or among members of the same extended family.

Shamanism[11] *and Curing*

776 A guardian spirit came to one through an accidental encounter or through being "pointed out" by a shaman, i.e. one who already "had been seeing it" for a long time. The preliminary mortification of the flesh—the fasting and self-torture—that are found over wide areas in North America where the vision is known was foreign to the Kaingáng. Nor did the Kaingáng prescribe any training for those who were to receive guardian spirits. The spectacular visions that are features of the guardian-spirit quest in North America were unknown. Kaingáng visions of spirits of the natural world were very simple: "One day Ketédn bent down to drink from a pool. When he looked up over his shoulder, he saw Toad, who said to him, '*Yúgn*, why do you come?' 'I am looking for tapir.' 'You will not see tapir, you will see *tateti*.'[12] Then Ketédn shot *tateti*." Many visions were of this simple character. Some were invitations, like Vomblé's vision of Bee, who invited him to come to his house. Occasionally someone lost consciousness through fear of the spirit and was told where to find animals while lying senseless, but there was rarely any visual or auditory elaboration of detail. The very appearance of the spirits remained vague, for they were described simply as looking like human beings or like the animals they represented. Encounters with the ghost-soul or dreams of supernatural

[9] See p. 43.

[10] See fn. p. 67.

[11] There are no Kaingáng shamans today; the few there were have died.

[12] An animal resembling a pig that lives in burrows on hillsides. It is about two feet long and somewhat less in height.

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monsters at night have more definite content. This is consonant with the 776
fact that the Kaingáng have devoted much more interest and imagination
to the elaboration of the fearful aspects of their supernatural world than to
the benign.

With Kenéñn's simple vision of Toad compare the following horrible
dream that Vomblé had of the *aggiyáda* before Véye died: "I was the first
one to see that the *aggiyáda* ate Véye. I saw the *aggiyáda* come with Véye.
I saw that they were going to kill him, and I said to them, 'Why do you
want to kill Véye?' But they said nothing. Then they said, 'He is a pig.'
'It is Véye [said Vomblé]; I used to go around with him.' They took hoes
and led Véye off. I said, 'Leave him alone.' But they killed Véye with hoes.
'Why did you kill him?' 'It is a pig.' 'It is a human being, and it is taboo
for you to eat it.' They seized his feet and tore him apart. I protested him.
I thought I was dreaming. They put salt on him and ate him. When they
ate him, it was taboo. I almost vomited. 'Come and eat [they said], it is
like tapir's marrow.' But it was capavary.[15] Then I vomited and sat up. I
ate dirt and almost vomited. Next day I told Véye, 'They roasted your ribs
with salt,' but Véye said I was lying. Three days later he died."

Horror and the impulses to murder and cannibalism which the Kain- 776
gáng constantly and compulsively express are much more congenial to 756
their imagination than the warm relationships with beneficent spirits of the 224
natural world. It is true that guardian spirits are often mentioned in Kain- [539]
gáng folklore, but most frequently simply as incidents in a murder tale.
Stories whose central theme is a relationship with a guardian spirit are
extremely rare. Being "shown" a spirit was as simple an experience as see-
ing it oneself. One day while an Indian was out with someone who had
been seeing a spirit, the shaman would say to him casually, "Go over there
and shoot those howler monkeys," and always after that the Indian would
see supernatural Howler Monkey and find howler monkeys very easily.
Such an experience might be accompanied by darkness and wind, but gen-
erally it was not.

"Yo[illegible]n was a shaman. He saw Fish and Wasp. He went hunting, and
when he came back, he said to his wife: 'Let us go to the fish I[saw. I'm
going to get some for them [the children].' So his wife emptied a basket
and carried it along with her. When they reached the spot, the water was
shallow and there were some [fish] in it. Then he said to her, 'Come over
here and have a look.' When she approached, she saw its men[16] in there.
She stood there looking, and at last, he [her husband] asked, 'Did you see?'
'Yes,' she replied. 'Let us go now to the other fish that one eats all the time.
They are good. Catch some of them.' So she took her basket and entered
[the stream]. The shallow water came toward her in waves. She put her

[15] An amphibious rodent (*Hydrochoerus capybara*) two feet long and twenty inches high.
[16] Fish in anthropomorphic form.

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basket in the water for the fish, and they came along and plumped into it. He showed her so that he and she might both see it all the time." The essential features of this very mild incident are the simple nature of the instruction and the division of the fish species into supernatural untouchables and natural touchables. This was characteristic of every animal category—some of it was recognizable by the shaman as supernatural, and the rest was natural and might be killed and eaten. When we remember that the spirit a person sees constantly is his close friend and companion, we can readily understand this cautious examination of the scene by the shaman and his painstaking selection of the animals to be killed and those to be left alone. Some of them are children of his friend, and the rest are simply animals which the spirit gives to him for food.

Spirits control their species and keep them in inclosures from which they let them out from time to time. When they are angered, either because too many have been killed or because some have not been killed, they close them up again and animals become scarce. Failure to bring down an animal is an unfortunate occurrence which annoys the spirit, but refusal to take a tapir or deer or any other animal which the *ngpiyáda* offers is tantamount to refusing food from a human benefactor and can have but one outcome, death. Whoever turns away from quarry pointed out by a spirit is bound to fall ill and die.

The more we examine the ways in which the Kaingáng maintained the bonds that united them with supernatural benefactors, the more we discover that they duplicated in any number of details the complex of relationships and feelings through which security was maintained in their own society. One more point may be added. Over and over again, malevolent supernaturals are referred to by the sinister term of "different thing," but guardian spirits were never called by this term; for "different things" are dangerous things, and guardian spirits were friendly and helpful.

Like most primitive peoples, the Kaingáng obtain from spirits some powers to cure disease, but this side of Kaingáng supernaturalism was very slightly developed. In many cultures in which religious values rate high, the powers to cure and kill supernaturally bring great rewards. But the Kaingáng never killed supernaturally; the most they did in this direction was to throw people into a deep sleep so that they could murder them with lance or club. They did cure through the agency of the supernatural, but the shaman received no pay for his efforts, and his practice was generally limited to his own immediate family. The ministerings of the shaman were viewed as attentions naturally received from a close relative. No shaman ever extended the benefits of his practice outside his own extended family. Kaingáng culture did not define achievement in supernatural terms—shamanistic powers of any kind were not even something to boast about or to plume oneself on. The most that a very powerful shaman got from his

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fellows was a certain awe while he was alive and dread when he was dead. 756
Almost anywhere in North America, the ethnologist may obtain for the asking stories of shamans with great powers to cure, even where he does not learn the esoteric lore accompanying them. Among the Kaingáng such stories do not exist at all. After diligent questioning, one does find out that Chu used to cure people, and that once Kemblén treated Klendó and he recovered; but supernatural healing was not a theme that the culture elaborated. [531]

Kemblén was one of those rare individuals about whom supernatural influences seemed to cluster like lines of force about a magnet. He had lost an arm because of his refusal of power from Snake, who therefore bit him in anger. As he grew older he gradually accumulated the powers of Quatí, Monkey, Wind, and Fish, and in the end this was his undoing, for Quatí was out of sorts with him one day for some unknown reason, and he fell sick and died. Before he died, he showed two of his daughters, Anggló and Chantágn, his supernatural remedies. One day, after I had been among the Kaingáng for many months, Chantágn came to me, trembling with anxiety, and announced that for a price she would tell me about her father's medicine. There was no doubt about Chantágn's sincerity, and she was in real fear that her father might become aware of the fact that she was revealing his medicines and kill her. Although I ordinarily left windows open on the rare occasions when women were in my house, Chantágn's fear was so obvious and painful that I carefully closed all the doors and windows so that *nggiyúdn* could neither see nor hear what was going on, and prepared myself for a revelation.

At last, still trembling, Chantágn took out a little package wrapped in paper, unfolded it, and disclosed two plants, telling as she did so that one was to cure sickness in children and one was for sore eyes and that they should be pounded up and mixed with water. That was all—she asked her price and was prepared to leave. What a cold bath this experience was to me! For months I had been burrowing in search of just this kind of information with little success, and when at last Chantágn came to me straight from the source of power, I felt that surely now I should discover the real content of Kaingáng religion. I did, but it was little different from what I had known before. Naturally I questioned her. From her breathless replies in which one word stumbled on the heels of the next, I learned that Kemblén had received the medicines from Monkey when he was a *kēlų*:[18] "'Give it to your children,' said Monkey. 'Apply it to their sides. Let them lie on their backs on a robe.' He said to Howler Monkey: 'Give it to me. When I see that they are sick I shall get it for them.' Then Howler Monkey cleared the ground and showed it to him." To Chantágn the whole potency of the curing was in the herbs she sold me.

[18] Any male between the ages of thirty-five or forty is a *kēlų*.

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In all friendly relations a Kaingáng insists on superlatively developed emotional rapport and strong identification. A shaman's bond with the supernatural world was spun from the same emotional stuff as his tie with his fellow men, for he lived with the spirits, shared their food and his own, and adopted their children. Everything a shaman had from the supernatural he had by virtue of a strong and enduring emotional relationship with some supernatural being. After death he retained his connection with his guardian spirit, and even today the Kaingáng address their supplications directly to him, for he has real control over whatever forces the spirit directs. "Kukéye saw Howler Monkey. He died, and now whenever the others kill Howler Monkeys, they cry: *'Yágn*, Kukéye, it is I. Protect me!'"

When shamans performed acts which had been made possible by virtue of their connections with the supernatural, their associations with the spirit were made manifest. Since it was forbidden shamans to announce in so many words their actual relations with the spirit, they did it by means of stereotyped formulae which were direct enough but did not take the form of actual stories of their experiences. Instead of saying, "I have seen the spirit of Howler Monkey," the shaman asked a question which might best be translated, "Am I not probably the useful howler monkey?" And then he uttered its cry. This announcement was an affirmation or momentary actualization of his bond with the spirit. It was the shaman's deep emotional roots in the supernatural that made it possible for him to cure his patient, who was always a member of his own extended family and usually a very close relative. Thus, literally, deep spoke to deep, and through their intense and highly charged rapport, cure was effected.

Chu was once married to Thalú, but she "threw him away" and married another. One day her son Kukéye was bitten by a snake. He lost consciousness and sang in his delirium. "When his relatives heard this, they wept. Thalú blew on him. She rushed around him and sang:

éng mbē thi tộ
éng mbē thi tộ
lô mbē ki nyang djô to nụ
éng ngglá ya tha tôgn mé nụ ngglá mu ve
my dance place usual that about I dance
éng ngglá kụ echộ kótēi ko ha wú éng nyatka
my dance and I fruit eat it my mouth
vēlē ve[10]
fall (plural)

[10] Elements not accompanied by interlinear translations are either meaningless syllables to carry the melody or untranslatable grammatical particles.

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Then she went *hâ hâ hâ hâ*—she was imitating the macuca. She was saying in the song that the macuca was eating something. The food of the macuca is in its throat. That is what she meant by *nyatka vêlê*." A free translation of the little song is: "I dance in my customary dance place, and as I dance, the fruit tumbles into my mouth." The symbolism of the song and cry is transparent to the Kaingáng. "Probably," said my informant, "she is telling in her song about having seen macuca dancing. Probably she used to dance with them." 756

When Thalú had finished, she called to her former husband Chu: "'Come and look him over.' He came over and looked at Kukéye, who was lying on a robe. He rubbed his hands over him and then blew on him. Then he uttered the cry of the howler monkey, *nggâ nggâ nggâ nggâ*. He spat all over Kukéye." He prophesied that the patient would live, saying, "I have seen that my offspring will eat pine pollen." Now was the time for Chu to announce his bond with the supernatural, and he cried, "Am I the voice of the useful *cipo* [vine]!" meaning by that that he "was" the howler monkey that sits upon the cipo. "He was saying that he was a supernatural being. Then he stopped and said to his relatives, 'Wash him with some other remedy.' So they washed him with *tutolo*. Kukéye went '*Ho*' and vomited blood. He opened his eyes. Chu had thrown all the poison out of him."

English is poor in words indicating existence. In English we may say, "It is a tapir," and to us this simple statement will seem clear and definitive. But to a Kaingáng Indian the statement, "It is a tapir," would seem extraordinarily vague. He would want to know whether the tapir was standing up or lying down, whether it was walking around or standing still. In the Kaingáng language there are words meaning "to be" that convey in addition some such concepts as these. There is still another that implies probability and blurs the edges of existential categories. All of these can have but one translation in English—"to be." When Chu says, "Am I the voice of the useful cipo?" he frames his utterance in the category last mentioned and in this way does nothing more than indicate his bond with the howler monkey.[17] The expression itself is really untranslatable; but its general feeling is one of indefinite assertion. It by no means implies that Chu is a howler monkey. 756 196

A striking example of the close bond between a shaman and the phenomenon from whose spirit he once obtained supernatural powers was provided me one winter's day during a storm. Kemblén, who numbered wind among his many guardian spirits, has been dead a number of years, but still his *kupléng*[18] is powerful and may influence the natural world to the injury 756

[17] Because the howler monkey holds on to the vine and makes a noise.

[18] Ghost-soul.

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of men. One day Klendó, a man about sixty-five, and I were sitting together in my little house discussing the *kuplíng*. Gradually clouds gathered in the west. The wind began to mount, and at last with a rush the storm swept up the valley. As the wind increased in violence the look of anxiety intensified on Klendó's face. He gazed with frightened eyes through the window before us, and his mind wandered as he watched in fascination the rivulets of water trickling under the frame. At last the catch on the window that faced the wind snapped, and with a burst of thunder and lightning and a swirl of wind and rain, the window was flung open, drenching the house in an instant and sending my papers flying. Klendó was seized with acute terror, and jumping up with more animation than he had shown in weeks, he dashed to the door, opened it a crack, and bellowed: "My *kókli*.[19] I am afraid of you; so stop! My *kókli*, you are angry with me; so you have made the storm!" Thus he shouted to his *kókli*, his second father, a man with whom he had had a most friendly relationship while he was alive.

"Why was he angry with you?" I asked. "I don't know," he replied, with that petulance that is so characteristic of the Kaingáng when they are frightened. But in the afternoon he had an explanation, for he had stopped to gossip and had learned that Kemblén's grandson had had a quarrel with Yukwáya that very day. Kemblén, "therefore, became angry with her [Yukwáya] and made it dark. Kemblén knew that Yukwáya was angry, and therefore it became dark."

In characteristic Kaingáng fashion, people fall sick and die either because they are attacked by some *nggiyádn* who wishes them ill or because they are seduced or "led off" by one who wants them for company. Thus the causes of illness and death are oriented toward both extremes of the Kaingáng world-view. In any event, the ultimate cause of death is complete soul-loss. Seduction is accomplished either through invitations to visit a "good country," i.e. where the hunting is good and the honey plentiful, or through sexual stimulation. When Vomblé's father tried to lure him away, it was through promises of plenty, but Klendó almost died because a female *nggiyádn* wanted him for a sex companion.

The defenses against soul-loss are very simple. The victim may simply say, "Let's go back," to those who wish to take him away, or he may renounce his connection with the *nggiyádn* if it happens to be an unconsummated sexual one. If it is consummated he is lost and soon dies. First he may go mad like Paklé, who copulated with a female *nggiyádn*, or he may rot inside, like Kulá. Whoever has intercourse with the supernatural will not burn easily on the funeral pyre, and he is an evil omen to his relatives. "One night," said Vomblé, "Kulá called out to her brother: 'Waipó,

[19] Ceremonial father.

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lift me up.' When he heard this, he woke up and took hold of her, lifted, 761
and set her down. Then she said to him, 'It seems to me that you copulated 776
with me,' but he replied: 'No! Probably *nggīyúdn* copulated with you.'
She lay there awhile and at last died. When she was burnt, she exploded.
She was *vai* [an evil omen] to them. She lay on her back with her feet in
the air. She also said her husband [Véye] copulated with her; that is why
she died. Probably the *nggīyúdn* looked like Véye. Her blood came out of
her vagina."

Another way of bringing back the errant *kuplêng* is through calling it,
but it does not always return. "I saw Nggemú's *kuplêng*," said Vomblé,
"before the Brazilians killed her. I got up at night when the moon was
high. Nggemú was sleeping a little to the side. Her *kuplêng* sat up. I
thought it was she herself. It went out into the darkness. I thought she had
gone to urinate, and I waited for her to return. I was awake, and I looked
for her. I called out, 'Are you there?' 'Yes. When he [her infant] cried, I
sat up.' 'I thought you went that way, and I waited for you.' 'I didn't go;
I just sat up.' 'You went that way; I heard your noise.' Then Kuthúgn [her
husband] rose and called Nggemú['s *kuplêng*]: 'Come here, Nggemú,
come here! Come to the meat you put aside!' He was calling her *kuplêng*,
but it probably did not come back, for nine days later the Brazilians killed
her." It is interesting that mortals often use the same inducement to lure
back the wandering *kuplêng* as the *nggīyúdn* do to draw it away; namely,
food. Through the promise of plenty the *kuplêng* of a man is lured away
by the supernaturals; through food the soul of a dead child is induced to
return to its mother's womb, and it was through food that the *kuplêng* of
Nggemú was tempted to return to Kuthúgn.

Behind the *kuplêng's* wish to snatch away its living relatives is its strong
attachment for them, but in the case of the ghost-soul of a dead enemy the
motivating force is revenge. When relatives lead off the unwilling *kuplêng*
it is so that it may be cherished, but enemies seize the soul to punish the
body. So, also, when supernatural beings other than ghost-souls take away
kuplêng, it is for similar reasons. Thus the Kaingáng imagination follows
out its pattern consistently both with *kuplêng* and with all other *nggīyúdn*.

Kuplêng may seduce, "lead off," or capture the souls of mortals, but de- 755
vouring and shooting are the privilege of other *nggīyúdn*. For devouring 776
there is no remedy—once a person is eaten, he is consumed and that is all,
but for shooting there is a cure, and that is extraction of the missile, a red-
dish, wormlike object. Anyone may summon back a wandering soul or
even cure sickness with an infusion of herbs or of bark scrapings, but only a
shaman who has seen supernatural Pain can extract *thêyê*, the missiles
which are shot into people by the monster Yunggí or by Pain.

"Tendó was a shaman. She took out men's *thêyê*. Her sister Kukú had a 756

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rash that was so red, it seemed as if she had been burnt. She wept all night. Next day Tendó went to Kukú's mother and said, 'Why did she cry all night?' 'She cried all night because of her *théyé*.' Tendó looked at her feet. Then she fetched some water, put medicine in it, heated it, and washed Kukú's feet and rubbed them. She made her *théyé* come out by kneading it. She looked and put her mouth to it and bit out the thing. Kukú's mother did not watch, for she was making a shirt. Tendó bit out the thing—she bit out many, and said: '*Nyp*,[20] look here! This is what did it.' The *théyé* were red and she put them in the water. The *théyé* were red. Then she squeezed medicine over her and tied up the place."

In all *théyé* extractions there was always the use of warm water, the universal panacea, with or without a medicine, the kneading to the surface of the *théyé*, and finally extraction, not by sucking, but by seizing with the teeth and pulling—"biting," as the Kaingáng put it.

In our culture oral functions are often associated with ideas of destruction. Consider, for example, our vocabulary of oral destruction: "devour the enemy," "the jaws of death," "swallowed up in the sea," "biting humor," "eaten with rust," "gnawing hunger." Among the Kaingáng, however, oral destruction is relegated almost entirely to the realm of fantasy. The only beings that can actually destroy with the mouth are cannibalistic supernaturals and occasional masculine human characters in folklore. The situation in which oral functions are used for non-nutritional purposes on the human level is essentially a cherishing one—healing the sick. In curing, the Kaingáng spit, blow, and bite. A mother whose sick child refuses remedy or is too weak to nurse takes the medicine or food into her mouth and forces it between the child's lips. Women who esteem their husbands greatly chew their food for them. Although the cherishing motif predominates in oral behavior, there are two situations in which suggestions of oral annihilation appear. One is in the use of two curses[21] that are accompanied by spitting; the other is in the use of the term *nyat ka klédn*, mouth inside escape to escape out of the mouth, which is employed at times to mean escape from a tiger or from a human enemy, i.e. from a "different thing." It is striking that the Kaingáng rarely use the curses—I do not know of a single instance in which they actually were used, and I regard them not as weapons actually employed, but as techniques known to exist.

The kneading that precedes the extraction of the *théyé* is a special case

[20] Mother, or woman much older than the speaker.

[21] "So that they may go and die in one night they spit after them and say, 'When you go slip on this!' To lie there and die—that is a curse. They spit after him (and say), 'When you go may you do the same as *kéinggládn* (a tree) and rot!' This *kéinggládn* rots and falls at the slightest frost. They spit after him and he dies shortly."

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of the Kaingáng faith in the efficacy of "the laying on of hands." We already know what the multiplication of caresses means to the Kaingáng in the way of security, and the gentle application of warm infusions of herbs or bark to all parts of the body of a sick person is not different in kind from the reciprocal stroking of two young men lying in affectionate embrace. Still another way of curing the sick is to heat one's hands near the fire and lay them gently on the body of the patient. This high valuation of cutaneous contact is one aspect of the Kaingáng special interest in sensation.

But the Kaingáng do not only cure from without, they also cure from within; and to that end they administer a variety of herb and bark infusions in warm water. These are rubbed all over the surface of the body, for the Kaingáng cannot conceive of treating the inside of the body without also treating the outside.[23] Anyone at all may perform this tender and solicitous task, and it is no rarity to see a Kaingáng step aside from the trail to cut a few plants for someone else or to see him come back from the hunt with a handful of herbs for medicine. A number of these herbs are used as panaceas—they are applied with equal faith to relieve a headache or a pain in the chest or to heal a cut.[24]

Of all the herbs and barks that the Kaingáng use to treat the sick, one alone is based on something more than this kind of selection. The use of *kydlo nya sẽi*, "tapir's raw food," rests on a strong sense of its vital power. Tapir's raw food grows everywhere in the Kaingáng country. It is the favorite eating of the tapir and enjoys a wider use as a remedy among the Kaingáng than any other plant in their medicinal catalogue. But this herb is used not only to cure sickness but also to prevent evil. It is spread over the body of a dead tapir to please its *kuplény* so that it will not take all the rest of its brethren with it and leave mankind to starve, and in the same way it is placed all around the body of a dead infant to induce its *kuplény* to return to its mother. When a widow's hair and nails are cut, they are mixed with tapir's raw food before they are thrown into the water, so that they will not rot; and when she returns to camp after her isolation, tapir's raw food is strewn in her path to drive off the *kuplény* of her husband. So,

[23] Nowadays they do swallow the white man's remedies without rubbing them over their bodies.

[24] Their use is based not on exact knowledge of their efficacy in specific cases but on the simple faith that they are beneficial. The employment of herbs in this naive uncritical manner must lie at the roots of some of the great medicinal discoveries of primitive peoples, like quinine. Just as the Kaingáng scrape the bark of a number of trees and use them indiscriminately to relieve a variety of ills, the Indians of the interior of South America may have used the bark of the quina tree for a number of ailments until they observed that one disease in particular, malaria, yielded to it, whereas others did not. This marked the real discovery of quinine, one of the American Indian's great contributions to the relief of human suffering.

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too, when a new-born child's ceremonial mother and father place its umbilical cord and placenta in the water, they wrap them in tapir's raw food. Throughout life's crises, wherever the threat of death is great or where the greatest stakes lie, tapir's raw food appears as a symbol to help the Kaingáng over difficult transitions.

When we review the techniques which the Kaingáng employ to cure their sick, one in particular seems in perfect harmony with what we know of the Kaingáng personality and world-view—that is the laying on of hands which accompanies every curing, no matter what additional therapeusis is utilized. This is at once a way of reassuring the sick by reawakening in them deep-rooted intuitions of security and a device for bringing the "physician" into rapport with his patient. Even herb infusions are not so constantly resorted to as the laying on of hands. The ceremony used by Thalú to cure her son is of a type well known throughout the primitive world and particularly in the Americas. The most remarkable thing about it, however, is that there should be only one such story from the Kaingáng and that it is so well known and so outstanding that it is told almost like a folktale. There has been nothing like it for a hundred years. *Théyé* extractions also have been disappearing, for the last that the Kaingáng remember occurred fifty years ago. The disappearance of curings by singing and by extraction of *théyé* are examples of the gradual simplification of the culture, which has been going on for centuries and of which we have abundant evidence from social organization and folklore.

The techniques of biting, spitting, blowing, and singing were obtained from the *nggiyúdn*, but the laying on of hands anyone could practice. The application of warm infusions and warm hands has nothing to do with the supernatural, except in so far as everything in the Kaingáng world is supposed to have come from the supernatural. The history of Kaingáng society has been one of long-continued disruption and of gradual reduction in the circle of security. Thus, as the human world grew more and more hostile, the supernatural, which was already alive with monsters and charged with death, began to lose the modicum of beneficence that it had had and the Kaingáng came to rely more on things they received directly from those they had known since childhood. It is significant in this connection that the last *théyé* extraction was done just about the time of the last extermination of an extended family. The Kaingáng have not become sceptical of the supernatural, but have come to rely little on its goodness.

Hunting Practices[24]

Since the Kaingáng have placed their faith largely in the efficacy of personal contact with the supernatural and the element of rapport is rarely

[24] All that is said here regarding tapir applies equally to deer.

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missing in their dealings with it, the personal speech to the animal's *kuplêng* is almost always a feature of hunting rites, whatever other acts may be included in them. When a tapir has been killed and eaten, its windpipe (called "the tapir's heart-tube") is wrapped in vine and tapir's raw food; and before it is burnt, a short speech is addressed to the tapir's *kuplêng* in order that succeeding tapirs may stand still and allow themselves to be shot: "Look at your fine heart-bundle. I want to do the same to you—so stand looking at me!" The Kaingáng feel that when they are addressing one dead animal, they are addressing the species; for the *kuplêng* of the tapir will influence its brethren if it has been properly treated. The whole effort of the Kaingáng is directed toward pleasing the wild animals so that they will come and be killed. This technique parallels, on the one hand, that by which dead babies are induced to return to their mothers' wombs and, on the other, the treachery through which vendetta enemies are lured to their death.

There is a striking parallelism between the way in which dead children are caused to return to their parents and the way in which tapirs are prevailed on to come to the hunters. When a tapir is killed, it is set up crouching on its legs, and tapir's raw food is pounded and squeezed over its body and head, while the hunter says to it: "Look here at the nice remedy I am giving you. When I see you, stand looking at me and when I go *hũ* [i.e. utter the tapir's cry] for you, listen and repeat it." When a child under twelve dies, it is placed in a grave in a sitting position (knees tucked up under chin, like a tapir's forepaws), and the very leaves and vines that are used for the tapir's "heart-tube bundle" are placed around it and an infusion of them rubbed over the child's body. "The *kuplêng* likes this and will come to the mother." In tempting the child's *kuplêng*, an offer of food is made much the same as to the temporarily wandering soul of an adult and to the *kuplêng* of dead howler monkeys. When a howler monkey has been killed, the hunter picks it up by the scruff of the neck and says in a conversational tone, directly into its face: "When the things I have planted, ripen, come and eat them. When the fruit is ripe on the trees, tell it to the howler monkeys and to the jacutingas and come with them to eat it. The fruit of the tree is good, and when you come I'll eat with you. Feel the warmth of my fire and defend me—defend me and my children." "I said this," Klendó told me, "so that it would protect me from the *nggĩyúdn*. When it becomes warm in my fire, it will like it and protect me." The offer of food and the promise of sharing it are amicable demonstrations similar to those which lured the ill-fated Patklé and his family to their doom.

Dogs are treated in an animistic fashion to ensure success in hunting. An infusion is made of the plants that are used for the tapir's heart-tube bundle, and this is rubbed on the dog's legs and poured into its mouth. "I

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have treated you for the tapir," they say to the dog. "When you see one, pursue it until, when you have exhausted it, you bring it to bay. I'll follow your trail all over, and when I see that you have brought it to bay, I'll kill it." The poor dog is not offered part of the kill as a lure, for the Kaingáng rarely think of feeding dogs at all, certainly not with a piece of the precious tapir. All other animals are induced to yield to the Kaingáng through pleasant treatment or through the offer of food, but not dogs. The Kaingáng feel that dogs should run long distances through scratching, slashing, buffeting jungle day after day without reward.

Even in making an arrow "sick" the Kaingáng are animistic. Sometimes an iron arrow head is placed in the tapir's heart-tube bundle with the words: "My arrow, be sick. I am treating you so that you will be sick." An arrow thus treated will kill even though the wound be superficial. The technique of making something sick does not extend beyond this—the Kaingáng have never developed techniques of sorcery. They feel that arrows have *kuplêng;* not only do arrows weep and die if they are deserted or thrown away in the forest, but arrows can see when a man is threatened with death, and they will fall from their places in the house above him at night to warn him of his danger. "The arrows are with one all the time and can see what is going to happen."

One bit of hunting ritual has no reference to hunting efficiency. That is the ritualistic little meal the grown hunter eats with his closest relatives when he has at last reached the point where without fear of death from supernatural causes he may eat the tapir he has killed. Up to this point the *kẽlú* the fledgling male, must never eat of the tapir he has brought down himself, although he may share the kill of other men. When he becomes mature, "grown for a long time"—an extremely variable age—he eats a ritualistic dish of tapir meat, which someone who loves him has first thoroughly masticated and mixed with the charcoal of the tapir's heart-bundle. The preparation of this dish is essentially a service of love of one close blood relative to another. It comes at the time when the grown man is most likely to separate himself from the group with which he has spent years, and it marks the point at which he is no longer dependent on it for his food but may now launch out for himself. Previously, not being able to eat the meat of the tapir he had killed, he was dependent on others; no matter how great his prowess, he had to remain in the group or run the risk of starvation. This attitude is directed to the tapir alone; it does not apply even to the deer which is the next largest food animal. Other animals, particularly birds, are eaten in this ritualistic manner, but such meals come at any time at all and are repeated frequently throughout life. They are essentially techniques of imitative magic which are meant to increase the

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hunter's skill. A branch from a very thorny bush is burnt and the charcoal mixed with the meat of the animal and eaten "so the hunter's arrows will cut and tear like the thorn."

The bee, since it is a thing that lives and moves, is included in the animistic conceptualization of the world. When the Kaingáng chop out a hive, they say: "Bee, produce! I chopped you out to make beer of you! Yukúi's wife died, and I am making beer of you so that I can cut his hair." Or if they find that the larvae have eaten all the honey, they take the larvae and cry: "Bee, produce! It is I! I am alive! You ate up your honey and that is why you did not produce." And they throw a stick into the hive. After they have taken the honey they rub the sugar over the outside of the tree to show how high up the new hive should extend, and as they do so they exclaim, "Bee, make your honey go up along this way and leave off here" (at the limit of the sugar). The Yukúi mentioned in the formula is an imaginary person whom they use as an excuse for taking the honey. The implication is that since the post-mourning ceremony is extremely important, Bee certainly would not begrudge honey taken under pressure of such a necessity. When a Kaingáng cries, "It is I," he implies that the bee knows him, for such a statement can be intelligible only when the speaker is known.

Behind the requests, commands, and adjurations of the hunting and honey-seeking formulae of the Kaingáng lies not a faith in the magical power of words, but a deep conviction that people will do whatever they are asked and that any reason is sufficient in this society where reasons are unimportant and needs are everything. Whoever asks the Kaingáng to work for him must understand that they are motivated not only by hope of gain but particularly by their fear of refusing. Whoever stands his ground and asserts his rights can move mountains.[25]

Divining

There is scarcely a phenomenon in nature which has not at some time an immediate bearing on the small and insecure cosmos of the Kaingáng. But the feeling that things outside of a man's own body have direct reference to it is reduceable to a conception that most such things have a *destructive* reference. On the human level, the Kaingáng partially overcome this threat by extending their bodies through physical and emotional diffusion—the symbol of security is *ka lélé nyá*, to live in someone else. But everything outside of this social personality, that is to say, members of other extended families, is destructive. In the realm of the supernatural the

[25] This compulsive obedience is at the bottom of the feud victims' attendance at festas which they know are held solely to entrap them.

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771 Kaingáng have attempted the same extension of their positive emotional
787 relationships, but with little success. The supernatural, to them, is an embodiment of terrors; for it is burdened with portents of death, and no matter what benefits the Kaingáng derive from the supernatural, death always dominates their outlook. In *vayú*, divining by belching, the great preoccupation is escape from death; *kumbẽdn*, divining by insects in the ashes of the dead, is completely devoted to omens of death; *kóplẽgn*, divining with charcoal, is concerned with the location of animals that may be hunted and killed, or with the impending death of human beings, and the meteorological omens of rain, darkness, tempest, and flood are all portents of death.

727 The oral functions of biting, spitting, and blowing form part of supernatural curing techniques, but belching has been elevated to prophetic dignity. Through *vayú*, divining by belching, the Kaingáng obtain many important insights. Any adult who feels that he can divine by belching may take this function on himself, and he or she may be sought out and asked to drink an infusion of *matte*[26] so that his belches may give some information about the chances of death from the enemy, the hunting prospects in a given direction, or the whereabouts of a lost dog. The oracular belch always comes in answer to a request that is usually put to the practitioner in a form like this: "Belch to see whether, if I go to look for my wife and child, the enemy will see me." Then the practitioner drinks the infusion, and if he belches strongly it means "No"; and if weakly, "Yes."

787 *Kumbẽdn*, divining by insects, is connected with the exogamous system
302 which the Kaingáng say they possessed far back in ancient times. Accord-
619 ing to this tradition the Kaingáng were divided into five groups, with each
174 of which was associated a set of personal names and a design with which its members used to paint their bodies.[27] The Kaingáng still use these designs, but their only functions for two hundred years or more have been to protect the wearers against *kuplẽng* and supposedly to provide a point of reference for this system of divining by insects. To each group belong certain insects, the presence of which in funeral ashes betokened the impending death of a member of the group. A certain fly and a little butterfly called *toto*, for example, indicated the future death of those who use the dot pattern; and other insects, among them all the different varieties of bees, a wasp, and insects that the Indians call *ûpá* and *thathakumbẽdn* foretold the death of someone who bore the line pattern.

787 In spite of the precise way in which the Kaingáng formulate it, they

[26] This is the familiar *yerba maté* or *matte* that grows wild in southeastern South America, particularly in Brazil, Argentina, and Paraguay.

[27] See Appendix II for full explanation of this scheme.

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were so incapable of adhering to any such formal scheme that in actual practise this system of *kumbēdn* was almost completely superseded by other interpretations. The insects that were named as having oracular significance for each group were rarely mentioned in practice, and interest was directed toward different insects and ones that had no personal reference. When a funeral pyre was extinguished the Kaingáng came to look at the ashes, and they could tell by the position and condition of an insect how, when, and where one of their number would die. "The *kumbēdn* of one who will die far away is on the edge of the ashes. The head points outward. A death near by is shown by the insect's head pointing inward from the periphery. . . . *Pônkóklá* points in the direction in which the man will be bitten by a snake. *It does not tell the name. Ndâdnwaichudndúdn*[28] is lying in the mouth of the *pônkóklá*. It showed the biting of Nyepá. 'A big snake will bite Nyepá,' said Konggó. Nyepá's *kumbēdn* was large. It was lying on the periphery of the place where Vádn was burnt. *They make vayú on these occasions, naming the people, until a big belch comes and tells who it will be.* If one is to be killed with a club by another group of our own people the *kumbēdn* will be intact. The *kumbēdn* of those who are to be killed by Brazilians will have shattered legs, or their heads will be cut off. . . . Another will have cut wings. If someone is to fall the *kónggó* [insect] will be crushed in little pieces. When Patá died the bee showed rumpled and with twisted wings. This shows that the person is going to die while entire [i.e. of sickness]."

Some of the associations in this abbreviated account of *kumbēdn* are clear; others are unknown to me. The significance of the shattered appearance of the *kumbēdn* of the victims of Brazilians and the intact condition of those killed by Indians was rooted in the belief that Brazilians always cut their victims into little pieces while the victims of the Kaingáng were always left whole. The origin of the belief that a crushed insect indicated a fall from a tree is self-evident, while the belief that *pônkóklá* foreshadows snake-bite was based on some association of this insect with the snake (*pôn*, snake; *kókla*, ceremonial father; hence, the snake's ceremonial father). The association of bees with the line-pattern group arises from a mythological connection between the line people and bees. Bees are the *mang*[29] of the line people, just as the tapir is the *mang* of the dot people.

Kumbēdn was sometimes used in association with *vavēgn*, a kind of war ritual intended to make the enemy sleep deeply. Before attacking, the Kaingáng "clean the ground and cut a stick. They take off the bark and scrape the stick. They sink the post and stamp their feet as they hold on

[28] An insect.
[29] Owned animals.

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to it. Then the Brazilians sleep. This is done with the *poimbēngnggēlē* [tree]. As its fruit fall with the wind, so will men sleep. They sing thus when they make *vavēgn:*

mēng nē hoi ke nyang ve
tiger is
mēng nē klēgn mbēgn yō va tōgn mē ē ya yukdi[30] *kų*
tiger is animal large trail thereabouts its teeth
hui ke nyang vē
mēng nē hui ke nyang vē mēng nē hui ke nyang vē
tiger is

[This song means that] the tiger waits for the tapir [large animal] on its trail and that they [the Indians] are going to do the same thing. *Yukdi* means that the tiger seizes animals with its teeth."

There is another song:

nggaivá chu yii chu ka epiit kái tōgn mē ke nyang mu va
a rat

which means that "*nggaivá*[31] is little, but it seizes birds, and therefore they want to do the same as it does. All the men go and make *vavēgn*. Then they walk a little way and come back and go to sleep. The next day early the shaman goes and sees the *kumbēdn* [and says], 'That one will be killed.' His *kumbēdn* is in his footprints.[32] *Kólǫ*[33] or *patá*[33] lie dead in the footprint in imitation of death. It is his imitation."

Kóplēgn, divining with charcoal, is done in pitch darkness, and while anyone can do it, it requires rapport with the deer spirit. A pyramidal wick-like heap about a half inch high and six inches long is made of the charcoal of pine, cuqueiro, or canela wood, and as it is ignited they cry: "Deer, make *kóplēgn* with me!" In the darkness they watch the red starlike sparks appear and disappear as the glow travels along the wick very much as a cigarette burns, except that in *kóplēgn* there is no steady uniform glow but a constant twinkling as the burning proceeds. Then they can tell by the size of the spark and its location what animal will be killed and where it

[30] This is a word which I never came across elsewhere. In no Kaingáng song is the meaning clear from the context, because great liberties are taken with syntax. Very often when interpretations are given, the informants prefix their interpretations with "probably." Some of these are clearly fanciful.

[31] In this song we are faced with a problem similar to that in the first. There is much less evidence for the derivation of any meaning from the verse. The only words that mean anything are *nggaivá* and *tōgn mé*, which means thereabouts.

[32] On the trail.

[33] Insects.

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will be encountered. Big sparks mean tapirs, smaller ones indicate deer, and so on down through monkeys and birds. If the sparks appear on the left side of the heap, the animals will be killed on the left side of the river; if they twinkle on the right side, the animal will fall on the right side of the river; and if the spark appears near the watcher, the animal will be killed near at hand. *Kóplẽgn* never fails, because so many sparks appear that they cover every eventuality, and the Indians remember the details of the divination for a long time.

When an animal is killed weeks after the ethnologist hovered breathlessly over the beautiful little heap of glowing charcoal, he will hear an Indian say: "Ah! This is the jacutinga I saw in the *kóplẽgn*." The impending death of human beings can be seen in the *kóplẽgn* also, but no one can see his own death.

Totemism

In the religion of the Kaingáng, totemism, i.e. a close religious association between an individual (or a group) and some natural phenomenon, is simply a special emphasis in the general pattern of close associations between mankind and natural phenomena. The tiger and the tapir, the Kaingáng say, are Wanyekí's[84] *mang* because he made them in the very beginning when the first people emerged out of the shoreless sea in the east and over the "hard" mountains to the west. Some of these conceptions that link men with animals and plants appear in one of the confused origin myths of the Kaingáng, but it is impossible to establish clear connections between what is said in these obviously fossilized myths and what one hears from informants. The pine tree is believed to be the exclusive property of the circle people, but from the myth that refers to the origin of an (unnamed) animal from the bark of the young pine it is impossible to determine why the pine tree might not just as well be the property of the dot or disk people. The mark system has been confused for the past two hundred years. The association between Klendó (i.e. the line people) and the bee is explained as follows: "When Wanyekí came out first they found Klendó eating honey and therefore said it was Klendó's. A man saw Bee. Supernatural Bee has a name like man. Padnmbá [one of the line people] saw it and learnt the names. Then he said that the names were Klendó, Vomblé, Nyatkaé, Kanyahé, Waipó, Lugnmú, Vukthá, Pepó. *Nggïyúdn* said: 'Our names are thus. Let Klendó come with his offspring. His offspring are no more in the bad land.' When the bees heard this they migrated."

[84] Wanyekí is a male personal name and is used as a generic reference to all the dot people. Of course, in addition to Wanyekí there are many other names, both male and female, that belong to the dot people.

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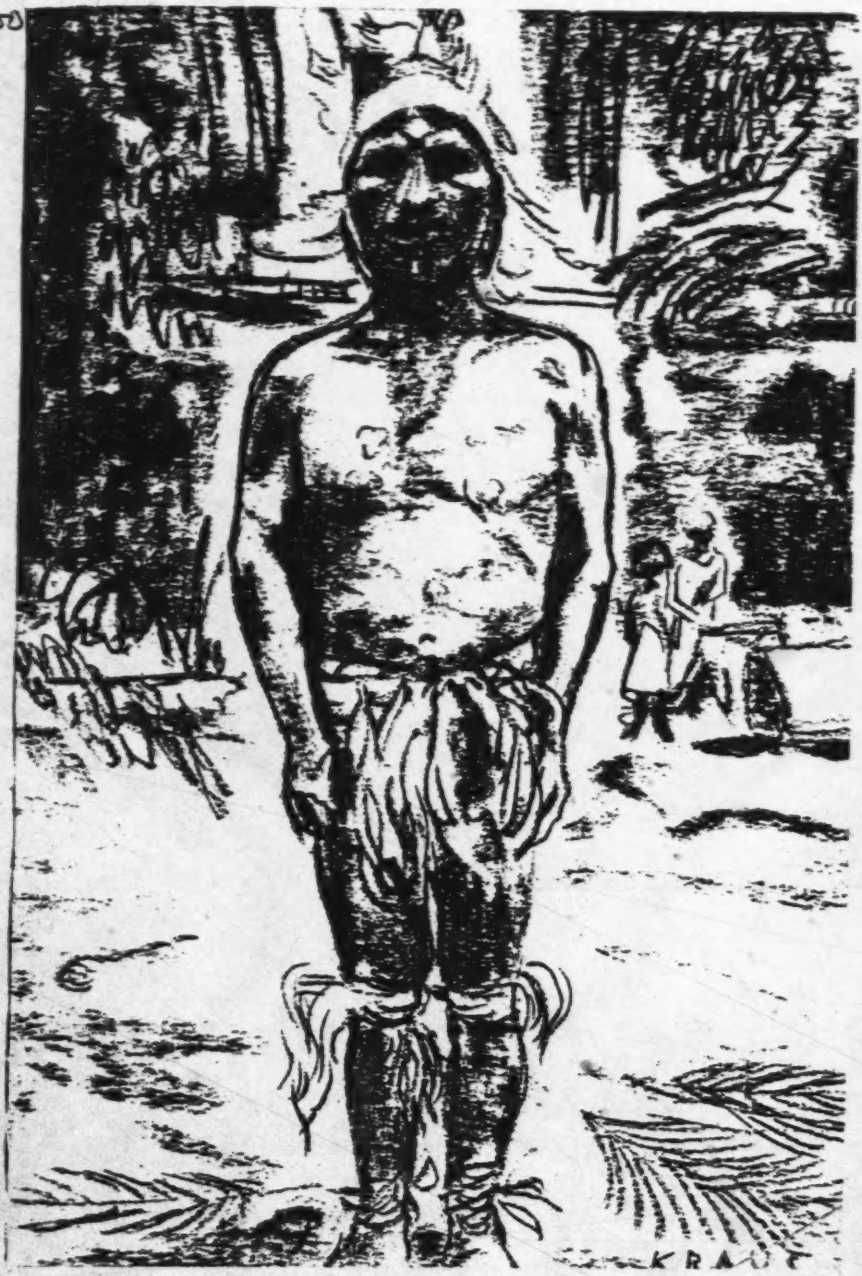

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761 Far from permitting them control over species of plants and animals, the pessimistic totemism of the Kaingáng simply adds one more gloomy trait to the prevailingly somber character of their supernaturalism. Their totems are solely omens of death, for "When the Klendó are about to die there is no honey—there are only bees. When the Wanyekí are about to die the tapirs are very thin, because they are Wanyekí's *mang*. The pine tree belongs to Thethé [the circle people], and when they are about to die there are no pine cones. When they die they burn them in a dry pine tree. Before Chulí fell there were no pine cones—and then he fell. They burnt him in a dry pine tree. Before the Brazilians killed Kuikégn, the pines were the same way."

262 Like most peoples the world over, the Kaingáng reject certain things as foods while they accept others. But their preferences have little to do with their totemic ideas. There is a story in an origin myth of one of the line people who swam about in the water so much that he became a capavary, so that now the line people do not eat capavary; if they were to do so it would be like eating their own people. But almost no one at all eats capavary, nor do they eat armadillo or paca, that delicious fat little rodent that eludes the hunter like a streak of light. Some people abstain from tiger, but others eat its heart to make them valiant like the tiger, which roams and fights alone. None of these taboos are observed by everyone. Some animals from which the Kaingáng abstain were practically impossible for them to kill under the conditions of their old life, in which they had no traps or boats. The capavary is taken by trapping, the paca by trapping or by pursuit in a boat from which the hunter may kill it with a trident in the shallow water where it has hidden. The swift-flying and hypersensitive wild ducks are extremely hard to approach, and the meat of anteater and certain water birds has a very bad flavor. There seems to be less reason for abstaining from the toad, the armadillo, and the tiger. The Kaingáng say that they do not eat the tiger because its fat is white (not yellow like other animals') and that they abstain from armadillo because its bones break so easily that they are afraid their own will break.

All of these things that the Kaingáng do not eat are called *thangglīgn*, which is the term they use for anything dirty. People who eat things that are *thangglīgn* will lose their teeth, break their bones, or grow old prematurely.

Omens

787 The prevailing reason for the interest of the Kaingáng in omens is death. "I saw that before Padnmbá died it rained very heavily first," said Chukembégn. "Then the river rose after his death. The bees did not make honey—they just lived in the trees." All of this was because Padnmbá was

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one of the line people, and since the line people came out of the shoreless sea, rain and swollen rivers are auguries of death for them. But when dot people die the rivers dry up, because they came over the "hard" mountain. "Before Wanyekí died, the river dried up until you could hardly pass with a canoe. Then when he died it rose a great deal [fifty feet]. It flooded José's mill and carried off the corn."

If a man's arrows fall on him at night he says, "I am going to die, that is why my arrows fell on me." There is a way of seeking omens by shooting arrows into the night: "At night a man calls out, 'Come here!' The men come to him. Late at night they take their arrows and shoot out into the darkness and talk after their arrows—'Shall I grow old?' They will die if the arrow goes far and sticks in a tree. If it falls on the ground they will grow old. When my father's went only a short distance they joked: 'That one cannot see at night and lands in a tree.' His mother said he was about to die; therefore it happened. I myself did this when I was *kẽlú*—I shot far and it fell in the earth."

Rain and drought are omens of death, but a particularly evil omen is the sun shower. Even when omens have some other significance than the foretelling of death, the latter may be included in the portents. "They put their bows and arrows on top of posts and give them to the moon, saying: 'Moon, I give you my bow! Shoot an animal on my bow!' Next day when they come to them, cobwebs are all over them and fireflies are caught in them. This shows that they will kill tapir, for firefly is the tapir's *kumbẽdn*." But they can also tell by this technique when a man is about to die, because then there is no cobweb on his bow. Sometimes they would put their pots in a clear place and leave them there all night. Next day, "if there are cobwebs on them, the owner of the favored pot will kill a tapir and cook. If a person is about to die, it will rain on the pot."

There is, however, one way of taking omens that is not used to foretell deaths. It is by snatching meat from a pot. "Before they go hunting they cook a little deer, *tateti*, pig, tapir, monkey; the arm of a howler monkey, the wing of a jacutinga, or a hawk. They clear the ground and put these in pots. The men are all together, and they rush to them and thrust their hands into the pots. They can tell by what they take out what they will kill. One who will shoot nothing gets nothing." Sometimes, on the other hand, when they were about to attack the Brazilians, "they would cut up cloth into pieces and put them in a pot. They would then rush to the pot and snatch them out. They mixed earth and wax with the cloth. Getting earth showed that they would kill Brazilians; getting cloth showed that they would get Brazilian clothing. They would also put axes and knives in the pots and pieces of wood with which they indicated pots. One who would get nothing from the Brazilians would get nothing in the rush."

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Control of the Elements

789 When the thunder rumbles distantly the Kaingáng growls back at it in annoyance. His face contracts in a scowl, and he looks up and expresses his anger by the same kind of growl with which he greets any animal that happens to disturb him. When the storm swells in intensity, when the thunder crashes, the wind roars, and the trees rock, he shouts in fear, "Storm, go away! I am afraid of you; so go away!" Or: "Storm, go away from me! You are killing me and my children!" Once a mild rain storm threatened to spoil the hunting for us, and as I lay by the campfire I called to one of the Indians, "Tell it that you have come hunting with your relative." So he obediently called out, "Storm, go away; I have come hunting with my relative!" Another cry is, "Storm, go where you were having intercourse with Chulúin," and at this reference to his traditional amour, Storm becomes ashamed and goes away. Thus, in the attempt to control the elements, the Kaingáng try to stimulate in them the emotions that are crucial in human society.

It is in weather control that the Kaingáng techniques of imitative magic are most highly developed, but even here the technique is rarely free from animism. Sometimes when there is a tempest they burn tapir's hair and throw the ashes up in the air with the cry: "Go away! Blow with my animal overhead!" "Probably," said Vomblé, "supernatural fire fights with Storm, and it goes elsewhere. Then the wind stops. The wind smells the ashes of the hair and goes away." When Kopaké heard the thunder, he would warm his hands in the fire and wave them, and as he blew he would say: "You! Drift away that way and do not notice me! Go somewhere else!" Vomblé describes this technique as peculiar to his brother. The blowing and the heating of the hands are reminiscent of Kaingáng curing practices. When the rivers rise the Indians may fill a basket with ashes and throw them into the water: "When the water smells it, it will disappear." One technique of weather control is free of animistic notions: when it rains incessantly and the rivers rise high above their beds, the Indians boil rain water until it all evaporates.

When the Kaingáng want rain they put their mouths to the water and blow. They take some in their hands and cry as they throw it upward, "Look here! Do like this!" "When the rain hears this, it comes down."

The sun and moon are also susceptible to purely emotional influences, for once when there was an eclipse of the moon the Kaingáng cried, "'Moon, show me your big heart! Moon, do not die. I see you about to die: stop! Moon, be courageous!' and when the moon heard this, it appeared again." The sun also takes heart at this strong appeal to its courage, for once when there was an eclipse, they called to it: "My relative, show me

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your big heart! Be strong!" and when "the sun heard this, it appeared." If it has been raining a long time, the Kaingáng call to the sun: "Sun, appear; Sun appear; Sun appear; Sun appear."

Summary and Conclusions

As far back as they can remember, the Kaingáng have been a dying people. Hunted by foreign enemies and torn by conflict from within, they lived in the shadow of death, sleeping fitfully beside their campfires, awakening to peer with frightened eyes into the solid darkness around them. Nor did their imaginations conceive a happier life: their afterworld is a somber reproduction of this one. There the people still hunt vendetta enemies, there the honey tastes like water, and there there is no meat to eat but the grubs in rotten wood. Kaingáng folklore is a monotonous repetition of compulsive murder, revenge, and annihilation; they do not tell more than three or four humorous stories altogether—wherever one turns, there is the same gruesome emphasis. The Kaingáng even like the long tales of fights with the Kangdjá in which they were regularly worsted. In our survey of their religion we saw how preoccupied the Kaingáng are with death—not with the hereafter, but with the simple fact of death itself and its effects on the living. It is a striking fact that their most elaborate ritual complex has as its sole object the protection of the living against the dead.[35] It is true that a fair number of the Kaingáng secure guardian spirits, but the emphasis in their supernaturalism is not on the beneficence of the supernaturals but on their vindictiveness if thwarted and on the danger inherent in any contact with them. We have seen how threats from the supernatural stimulate the doubly toned emotion of anger-fear[36] and how this response finds expression in flights from the supernatural and in attacks on it. This flight-fight pattern is but a reflection of the behavior of the Kaingáng Indian in any similar situation on the human level. His reaction to a threat, even though the threat be nothing more than an outburst of violent language always takes the form of attack or flight.

Thus Kaingáng religion is not the expression of an "inner need" in the sense of an attempt of the organism to achieve stability. It is a naïve and pitiful projection of the Kaingáng social outlook and emotions on the supernatural, and it is far more a threat than a buttress to their security. What we see most clearly in Kaingáng supernaturalism is their feeling about their environment—the fundamental distinction between a person's own body (which becomes generalized into the extended family) and all other bodies, which are "different." One's own body provides one with

[35] See p. 181 and Appendix III.

[36] This argument is developed in detail in the author's "The Linguistic Expression of Emotion," *American Anthropologist*, NS, v. 38: 250-256.

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77/ security—it is one's only source. Whatever is outside is potentially destructive to one's body and must be brought close to it; nevertheless, since it is always outside, it remains forever an unknown quantity and a perpetual threat. The history of the reduction in number of the healing techniques among the Kaingáng as reflected in the disappearance of singing and *thêyé* extraction has involved not only a gradual sloughing off of procedures that were dependent on some supernatural being for their effectiveness but also the dropping of treatments not directly applied to the body of the patient or not designed to stimulate his own resources.[87]

The peculiar psycho-physical orientation of the Kaingáng is his own creation, but the type of supernaturalism, animism, through which it finds expression is something which he shares with most of his Indian brethren scattered over the American continents. Everywhere in the New World the fundamental religious outlook is animistic, and the fact that the Kaingáng share this is an accident of their location on the South American continent. What the Kaingáng have done is to utilize this material to give form to their profoundest feelings.

[87] By a treatment not directly applied to the patient's body is meant singing; by treatments not designed to stimulate the patient's own resources are meant extraction of *thêyé* and singing.

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VII

The Processes of Internal Order

THE EXTENDED FAMILY is the unit of security—outside all is uncertain and deadly. It is this dichotomy that underlies the movements of food and property and the handling of conflicts in Kaingáng society. In all these situations it is not so much that one individual acts over against another as that the entire group cooperates in an effort to keep intact the last shred of security that remains to them in a hostile universe.

Hunting and the Distribution of Food

The Kaingáng inhabit an enormous territory. Through this land they scatter in small groups in search of food, for there is not enough game concentrated in any one area to support a large population. The small hunting bands are made up of men who are related as brothers, as fathers and children, and as in-laws. This is the standard composition of the bands from the Kaingáng point of view. Sometimes men are associated who are first cousins or who have inherited hunting relationships from their fathers. The inheritance of paternal loyalties is very important in Kaingáng society. If two men have been close associates for years, their sons will be close companions by the pure accident of their fathers' association. To the Kaingáng such a relationship has a special warmth because it is a reminder of their parents.

Thus the hunting band, however ephemeral its composition, is made up of individuals who are closely related by consanguinal, affinal, and sentimental ties; and as long as the nightmare of vendetta has never raised barriers between them, the members of the group live without serious conflicts. Their life is not idyllic by any means—they have their quarrels, and sometimes they separate, but there is never any bloodshed. Stability is

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maintained by yielding to the aggressor, by grumbling under one's breath, and, at last, by going away—that is the end of all tension.

When a hunter kills an animal he rarely keeps it—even though he has no meat himself, he gives it away to a member of the band. He knows, of course, that he will get a piece of it, but if it is a bird and the recipient's family is large, it may be a very little piece. Under such a system of distribution it would be impossible for anyone to hoard meat even if the Kaingáng knew how to preserve it. It is also of little importance who the best hunter is, for all live by his prowess—his kills are the property of all. Not he, but the man to whom he gives his kill, receives the lion's share—the head of the tapir with its succulent neck. Whoever cuts the tapir takes as large a piece as he wishes, and no one murmurs—within his hearing.

One day, when I understood, at last, that the Kaingáng felt this way about butchering, I saw Vomblé, who had received a delicious young tapir from his brother-in-law, carry off half of it. I was somewhat puzzled because, since I was keeping a minute check on the distribution of pieces of the kill, I thought that Vomblé might divide it somewhere else and I might miss some information. As he stalked off down the river with the head and front legs of the animal on his shoulder, I asked him, "Who's going to get that?" "This is mine," said Vomblé. "All of it?" I asked in amazement. "Well," said he, slightly embarrassed, "I may give some to someone else." He did give a leg to his sister-in-law, but that was all.

Once the butcher has taken the head and whatever other choice morsels he may select, he will cut out large pieces for his in-laws, his brothers and sisters, and his hunting companions—and give the rest to whoever asks for it. Or he may simply let the women carry it back to camp, where it will be divided by someone else. Sometimes the butcher is influenced by the amount of meat he knows to be in the hands of other people. If they have plenty he may give them none at all even though they are close relatives.

Sometimes meat is even appropriated by people who had no hand in its killing, but it is impossible to call this thieving, for thieving can occur only where there are clearly conceived ideas of property rights which are buttressed by strongly felt sanctions. But in Kaingáng culture the whole concept of property is most closely tied up with this desire to keep peace among relatives. One day Waipó and I shot a tapir, but since it was growing late we took only a little of the meat in the expectation of getting the rest the following day; but when we arrived at the scene of the kill the following morning we found that other people had come from an encampment near us and had already got the meat cut up. They had taken it into their heads to divide the animal among themselves, and no one opposed them. Of course, they had not bothered about me any more than they had bothered about anyone else in my camp. I suggested that I should like to have a leg,

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and when I pointed to one the woman to whom it had been apportioned abandoned it without a murmur. If it had been Ndíli he might never have done so. When I got back to camp Chukembégn growled over what had happened to the meat: "We did all the work and they took the meat. The women are always that way. Kundídn probably took the penis and testicles —those who have no husbands always do that. Tomorrow we'll kill some animals just for ourselves." This was the last I heard of that tapir. There is really no great reason why the Kaingáng should quarrel over meat. Whoever gets none today will surely get some tomorrow, and in times of hunger the meat is divided among the whole group. Of course at these times the same emphasis prevails; close relatives are always thought of first, and the others get what is left over or nothing at all. When they are hungry, close relatives simply come and sit down where there is food, and he who has a quarter of tapir today may have none tomorrow, for his relatives may have eaten it all.

Students of primitive law frequently ask, "What happens if two men chase the same animal or if one man wounds it and another kills it?" Under certain conditions these are situations of potential conflict. For Kaingáng society the answer is that it depends on who the men are and even more on the native conception of the individual's role. Answers to questions of this kind can be given only in terms of the totality of native feeling and hunting technique. In Kaingáng society the individual is physically[1] part of a much larger group; he is trained to the suppression of counter-assertiveness, and his desire is to maintain peace almost at any price. He almost always hunts with a group of close kin, and the animal he kills is rarely his. If it is a tapir it is never his unless he lives alone. Thus, the interest in who killed the animal could be expressed only in terms of evaluation of the hunter. But skill in hunting is not stressed by the Kaingáng and plays no role in their judgments of individuals.

The basic tapir-hunting technique of the Kaingáng is stalking. One man tracks the animal without dogs and utters its cry until the deceived animal stops long enough to be shot. Under such conditions in the Brazilian jungle it is rare for two hunters to cross each other's trails during the day because they plan their hunts in different directions. I was able to find only one story of a dispute that arose over the crossed trails of two hunters. Characteristically enough, it goes back about a hundred and fifty years. One day Kongglúin wounded a tapir but lost its trail. Natkaé found it, however, and pursued the tapir until it fell into a stream, where he shot it again and killed it. When Kongglúin noticed his mistake he retraced his steps, and finding the tapir's track again, he followed it to where Natkaé had finally

[1] The strong sense of being one flesh and blood that the members of each extended family have justifies the use of this term. See Chapter IV, pp. 44-45.

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224 killed the animal. "Come here," said Natkaé, "and cut it up." "Then Kongglúin said, 'As I came along after the tapir your trail crossed its track.' 'No, it didn't. I shot it over that way and pursued it. Probably the one you shot crossed this one's trail and went on.' Kongglúin's arrow was inside the tapir, and he was about to take out the guts, but Natkaé anticipated him, and feeling the arrow, he swept all the internal organs into the water. But Kongglúin was watching and said, 'What was it that fell into the water?' He came and pushed aside the intides and saw the arrow. As he took it he said: 'Look here! Here is my arrowhead!' To which Natkaé replied: 'Where then is the one [animal] I shot? Make a trail that way. I'm going to look for the one I shot.' He lied, saying that the one he had shot had gone in a different direction and that he had erred and followed the one Kongglúin had shot. As Natkaé went away he said, 'It escaped!' He broke his arrow and rubbed tapir dung and the blood from his own scratches on it. When Kongglúin arrived in camp he said, 'Did you see the trail of the one you shot?' 'Yes. I pursued it but it escaped.' 'Well, what happened?' 'I followed it and it went downstream and my arrow fell out. Here is the arrow I shot it with.' He had rubbed the arrow with the dung a tapir leaves in its trail. Next day Natkaé went out again. The others had gone to the tapir shot by Kongglúin. They heard Natkaé shouting [in the distance], but he was lying. He reached them, carrying a broken arrow. 'I shot another tapir,' but he had rubbed his blood over it. That is the way he lied."

As an exposition of the point that to whoever shoots the animal first goes the *credit* for having killed it this little story is excellent, but it stands alone. Natkaé's interest in the tapir was not in the possession of it, for he had already given it to Kongglúin before his deceit was discovered. What Natkaé wished was to be acknowledged the killer. His shame arose not out of his not having been the true killer but out of the discovery of his deceit.

The distribution of tapir may stand as a pattern for the distribution of all game. In the pig-surround[2] no hunter eats the animal he has killed, for he must distribute his catch to other people. Even if he has killed only one pig he gives it away and gets back another one exactly like it. Once an individual has received a piece of meat it is his with all the rights of possession we associate with *mine* and *thine*. No one but his spouse and relatives by marriage may take it without his permission, and he may do with it what he pleases. The meat a person has is his but his relatives may take it whenever they wish; other relatives must be fed when they are hungry; he must give to anyone who asks him, and he must always have regard to the demands of hospitality and courtesy. While his meat is roasting slowly over the coals anyone may nibble at it who wants to; whoever feels hungry

[2] See Appendix I.

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in the middle of the night and finds himself without food may, if he is brazen enough, get up, and while the owner is asleep, eat the leg of his howler monkey or the rib of his tapir. He must keep his tongue between his teeth, for to refuse food is the most frightful sin the Kaingáng can imagine. *Ndegn*, to refuse, has such an aura of destructive affect about it that every time I heard it it chilled my blood. To hear *ndegn* applied to food is to expect murder around the corner. In times of plenty it does not matter how much meat a man has; in times of hunger food passes through his fingers like water. Still, with all this each of the Kaingáng likes to take the biggest piece even when game is scarce. For one or two days the bellies of his children will be full, but soon the meat is all gone.

This possessive feeling about food applies with somewhat greater intensity to pine nuts. These are often gathered by a man and his wife. He climbs the tree and jumps around on the boughs until he dislodges the great five-pound cones; and then he descends and helps his wife gather them up and break them open to extract the nuts. They fill their yard-deep baskets, and what they cannot use immediately they bury in stream beds to preserve them. The theft of a full unburied basket is rare—I know of only one case—but the theft of nuts from the preservation beds is quite common. The nonchalance of the Kaingáng about these thefts is perplexing to the ethnologist steeped in the traditions of western culture and trained to expect conflicts after theft. Nevertheless I never knew the theft of a basket of nuts to create more than a one-day grumble. Indians would protest to me about property people had stolen, and they would tell me in no uncertain language what they thought of such people, but they never did anything about it. It is not possible to formulate precisely the movements of food in Kaingáng society. When one has said that the primary emphasis is on giving to affinal relatives, to parents and siblings, to hunting companions, and to the friends whom one has inherited from one's father, everything has been said that can be about the structuralization of food distribution.

Kaingáng property arrangements are not a matter of checks and balances which ensure that for every piece of meat which A gives to B he may expect a piece in return. It is impossible to make them understand any theory of exchange other than that of outright purchase which they have learnt from the whites. I tried in vain to make them understand that when I lent them a scythe to clear their fields they should give me a little corn when it became green. Their understanding of reciprocity is in terms of lifelong symbiosis, not in terms of balanced exchanges. No accounts are kept, but in the back of his mind each man knows who has been systematically helpful to him and who not. Many of the conflicts within the extended families arise out of some failure to live up to the ideal of constant

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452 helpfulness and support, and it is at this point that one of the greatest weaknesses of Kaingáng social structure becomes evident.

462 All of a person's brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, and first and second cousins are his *nungnyén*, and when a man marries, all of his wife's *nungnyén* become his in-laws. It is obvious that the number of any one person's in-laws will be enormous, especially when we consider the fact that he has in-laws not only through his wife but also through his own brothers and sisters and cousins and uncles and aunts. When we remember in addition how closely inbred Kaingáng extended families are it is at once evident that almost all the extended families may be in-laws to any one person. Since it is impossible to give attention to such an enormous number each man selects only a few. Owing to the fact that the lines of his selection are not defined for him, the group with which he throws in his lot is determined only by his own choice, and the character of the group of affinal relatives acknowledged by every individual is different. One man may associate principally with his wife's uncles and brothers, while another may ignore them almost entirely in favor of his sisters' husbands. There is no mechanism to fix and stabilize any kind of relationship. The consequent slighting or exclusion of some relatives and the general fluidity of the social scheme produce undercurrents of resentment that are ultimately drained off substitutively by the feuds.

596 Within the extended family feelings of rejection may be strong but they never break out into bloodshed. Although Vomblé did not see his brother-in-law Tokfle for a long time, all that passed between them when they met was words. "Tokfle used to shoot animals for me," said Vomblé, "but before he died he went away, so that I did not see him. [When I met him again I said to him,] 'I raided the Brazilians, but you went far away and I did not see you after that. I thought that when I went to attack the Brazilians you would follow me, but you did not. I was the companion of your [adoptive] father until he died; then I became angry with you. When your real father was killed[3] you were small, and he [the adoptive father] brought you up. At last you grew to manhood, but you went away and you did not see him die. Therefore I was angry with you. I thought to myself, if I were to see you I would be angry with you. *I am telling you this to no purpose.*' Then Tokfle said to me, 'I thought that you would be that way [angry]. When you went away I was going to follow you, but *yógu*[4] asked me [to go with him], and so I went with him. That is why I did not see *yógu* [his adoptive father] die. Are you going to be angry with me on that account?' 'Yes, I am. I went around with your *yógu* and suffered hunger

[3] In a feud.

[4] His adoptive father's brother who was also his wife's mother's brother and hence a relative by marriage.

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with him. That is why I am about to be angry with you—because you did not see him. He was always watching for you; that is why I who have seen you am talking to you. Now that I have done it I'm going to stop.' Tokéle also said: 'When I was your companion I shot animals for you. Then I went about with Kopaké[5] [Vomblé's brother] and shot animals for him. I went about with him; so I shot none for you, but you went around alone with *yúgn* [Tokéle's adoptive father], and so you are angry because I did not see him die.'"

Tokéle was caught in the confusion of his culture. His obligations to all of the individuals in question were real and pressing, but it was impossible to fulfill them all. His only excuse was that he was "asked" to go elsewhere by another relative by marriage, but it was not enough to soften Vomblé's anger. In spite of this resentment, however, Vomblé added that he was "telling . . . this to no purpose," for it is essential to do everything possible to remove the sting from an angry outburst within the family. In typical Kaingáng fashion Vomblé deflected the stream of interest from himself to his dead father-in-law by saying over and over again that he was angry because Tokéle "did not see him die." Failure to see a relative die is a theoretical offence which may be invoked to obscure the real causes of anger when it is felt necessary to do so. When Kanyahé brought about the murder of Patklé[6] the "reasons" he gave were (1) that he had been deserted and (2) that Patklé had not "seen his child [i.e. Kanyahé's wife] die." The true motive for the murder was that Patklé was "a different man" who had long had it coming to him. The real reason for Vomblé's anger appears in such remarks as "Tokéle used to shoot animals for me, but before he died he went away, so that I did not see him," and in similar statements in which Tokéle's desertion is emphasized.

The only way to avoid reproach was to wander constantly in search of other people and to live with them and give them food. But even this might fail. When the co-husband of Kapíli was killed in a feud massacre and Chukembégn, Kapíli's brother, was wounded, Kapíli needed another man to aid him in the food quest. But Yuvén, who had married his sister, was far away. "Yuvén and his children were his affinal relatives but never shot anything for him, and therefore he was angry and hungry." When Kapíli and the wounded Chukembégn at last met one of their relatives Chukembégn said to him. "Let Yuvén come and shoot some birds that I desire so much." Then the relative went away, and when he reached Yuvén he said to him: "Yuvén, Kapíli has called you. He said, 'Let Yuvén come to me and let him live with me.' Chukembégn and Kapíli called you to shoot birds for them." But Yuvén's coming did not solve the problem, for

[5] Tokéle's wife's first cousin—an affinal relative.

[6] See p. 58, Chapter V.

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although he was willing to help Chukembégn, he felt quite differently about helping Chukembégn's brother, Kapíli. Kapíli had for a long time felt himself deserted by his wife's brother Waipó, and news of his anger had somehow reached Yuvén. But Waipó was Yuvén's co-husband, and Yuvén was angry, particularly because Waipó had died. "Yuvén came with many jacutingas. Wainlúin [his wife, the sister of Chukembégn and Kapíli] gave some to her brother Kapíli, but Yuvén ignored him. Kanyahé [Waipó's brother] did not speak to Kapíli." The situation between Kapíli and Waipó could be interpreted either as desertion on the part of Waipó or as desertion on the part of Kapíli. The close relatives of Waipó interpreted it, of course, in the latter way. This is the constant condition within the extended families: the streams of resentment are manifold, and the drying up of one does not mean the establishment of accord.

Property

In Kaingáng society there was only one reason for a man's accumulating property—in order to give it away to his affinal relatives when his little boy's lower lip was pierced for the insertion of the lip plug or when his little girl's thigh was pricked to make her "able to walk." In preparation for this festa of "blackening the children"[7] a number of men raided the Brazilians, stole their property, and came back and made beer for their affinal relatives. The people particularly singled out for recognition on this occasion were the child's *kókla* and *mbẽ*, the male and female affinal relatives who buried the child's umbilical cord in the water and who on this day pierced its lip or thigh and symbolically "made" the child, thereby completing the process through which they become the child's ceremonial father and mother.[8] This was the child's ceremonial induction into the long series of activities through which in later life his bond with his father's relatives by marriage was maintained, with the vicissitudes to which all relationships were subjected in Kaingáng society. But it is not only the *kókla*, the ceremonial father, and the *mbẽ*, the ceremonial mother, who received gifts on this day, but also other affinal relatives of the father, no matter whether he had come by them through his wife or through his sisters or cousins.

Accumulation of property is incomprehensible to the Kaingáng. Property is for use in the struggle for existence. It is not a means to prestige or power. Like most of the abstract values that our civilization has exploited, the concept of power over people is little developed among the Kaingáng. What property they gather above the immediate needs of existence is distributed throughout life to their close relatives. In days long ago, before the

[7] So called from the practice of smearing the children with charcoal. See Appendix III.

[8] See Appendix III.

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Europeans invaded the land, there must have been much less emphasis on property than there is now. Two centuries ago the Kaingáng had only the things they made—weapons, clothing, and baskets—for they had no trade with other tribes. Once they began to steal from the Brazilian settlers, however, they acquired a large number of new things: iron for their arrowheads, knives, axes, iron pots, and the precious blankets. Frequently these are given away almost immediately to anyone who asks for them. To hold anything back is practically useless, because the article will be taken anyway—as happened, for example, with the deer skin I refused Ndíli. The following story indicates what may happen to desirable property.

"Kavá got an axe from the Brazilians. He took it out of a [Brazilian] house. Mumbégn went to another house, but it was closed, for the people inside would not open the door. Kavá came over, and Mumbégn said, 'Give me the axe.' He was going to break open the door. He broke open the door and entered. He looked for another axe but could not find one. *'Ai,'* said he, 'I'm going to take this one. It is fine.' So he took the axe and went to the forest. Kavá said to Mumbégn, 'Where is the axe I got?' 'I have taken it—ignore[9] it.' So Kavá ignored it and Mumbégn kept it." If he had protested, the same thing might have happened to him as happened to me or to Thegnmbégn. "Thegnmbégn went to the Brazilians and got a big knife. On the way back they [the Indians] shot a tapir and butchered it. The tapir was cut up with that knife, and then Wanenggló took it, for he wanted to steal it. Klakupú followed him and said: 'Give it to me, I want it. If he [Thegnmbégn] worries about it I'll say that I took it.' Thegnmbégn looked for his knife, and when he did not see it he followed them, and when he overtook them he said, 'Did you take my knife away?' But they answered, 'No.' Klakupú, who really had it, said: 'It is in that clear space where I was before. It is under the tapir dung.' Thegnmbégn returned to look for it, but at sundown he followed them again. Next day he said: 'My knife was a good one. Did you see it?' 'No.' Again he returned, and again he searched all about. The others waited for him and camped where they were. The following day he again searched and again returned to the others, but Klakupú had gone. Once more Thegnmbégn looked for his knife. He was searching with Kavá and said to him, 'Let's go; probably one of the folks took my knife.' By the time they returned the others had arrived in camp. 'Who saw my knife, folks?' said Thegnmbégn. 'I'm bent double with looking for it. If I had seen one of you take it I'd beat him up with my club and throw him out! That's what I was saying when I came along!' So Klakupú said: 'I took the knife! I took it to make arrows with. Now that you know it beat me with a club and throw me out!' But Thegnmbégn laughed and said, 'I meant that if someone *else* had taken it

[9] *Kakónó*, literally "ignore."

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I would have done that to him.' "Probably," said my informant, "Klakupú was Thegnmbégn's father's relative's child, and that is why nothing happened to him—or his mother's relative's child—therefore he took the thing."

The ease with which Wanenggló relinquished the knife contrasts sharply with Thegnmbégn's possessiveness. Thegnmbégn was also unusual in that he decided to do something about the disappearance of his property. A knife I once gave to an informant did not stay with him very long, but with characteristic Kaingáng philosophy he did nothing to further its return. "Where is the knife I gave you?" I said to him one day after he had repeatedly borrowed mine. "Ho! That disappeared long ago!" "Who took it?" "The others." He had never even made the effort to discover who had it—a simple matter in such a small community. Even when property is borrowed it may never be returned unless the owner comes to claim it, for the Kaingáng feel under absolutely no obligation to return what has been lent to them.

In-laws are particularly likely to make free with one's property. Nowadays they are a nuisance to hunters who have laid aside stores of powder and shot for hunting trips, only to discover, when they are ready to go, that some son- or brother-in-law has come along in their absence, ferreted out the hiding-place, and gone up the river, taking not only the ammunition but also the dog and even the canoe. To cap it all, the in-law may lose the dog in the forest and give only a small piece of the kill to his relative, while he carries off a fat leg to his sweetheart.

Men and women own the things that they make themselves or which have been given to them by their relatives. A woman has the right of disposal of any of her possessions, and if she has an excess she may give away what she sees fit. As for food, either the man or the woman may give it away, and there is no feeling that it is "owned" by either one of them. As a matter of fact the only time that the problem of ownership is important in Kaingáng society is when a man has a number of desirable objects or when a particularly desirable object makes its appearance. Excess objects are most frequently the property of men, who have got them in a raid, and they are given away to their close relatives. Women generally get desirable objects such as scissors or knives or iron pots through inheritance or gift, but since they usually have only one such article the problem of disposing of them rarely arises. Like the distribution of food, the distribution of property among the Kaingáng is conditioned not by a strong sense of reciprocity but by the feeling of obligation to certain people, with the result that throughout life women may receive property from their in-laws without ever being able to reciprocate. The emphasis in these cases is not on reciprocity, on the evening-up of scores, but on relationship.

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When a man dies, his most personal belongings, his bow and arrows and his lance and shirt and baskets, are destroyed. Theoretically everything else is, too, but actually the precious articles acquired from the Brazilians are kept—sometimes with apologies to the ghost. When Kakthí died during the epidemic of 1933 her son-in-law Yakwá could not endure to throw into her grave the beautiful steel knife she had inherited from her husband. So he kept it, and as she lay in her grave he spoke these words to her: "*Nyǫ́*, give me your knife—I am going to make it my own. Protect me from your husband—tell your husband that I took your knife. I have no knife; so I took it. Do not be angry with me. Do not leave me. If I fall ill I will ask you to protect me. I have given you all of your property and taken only the knife."

Every death can be explained in terms of a ghost that has followed the owner of some bit of property that belonged to it while it dwelt in a living body and rapt him away to bear it company. Blankets and, in recent times, clothing are always thrown away, for they have been in close contact with the deceased. Dogs, in spite of their great value, are frequently killed, for "they always used to go around with him" and have become too closely associated with the dead person to make it wholesome for the living to keep them about. Dogs that habitually hunt with large groups of human beings have very diffuse loyalties and will obey almost anyone, so that the death of their owner still does not render them useless. The iron pots are generally abandoned, for to the Kaingáng pots are much more than simple cooking utensils—they are symbols of the living organism,[10] and when death comes much of its affect crystallizes around them. The *thúpáya*, the widowed, must eat nothing from a pot until his isolation, his *waikómáng*, is terminated, nor could anyone who had killed a human being eat food cooked in a pot.[11] Thus, at death there is a general revulsion of feeling against those things that have been in close contact with the living, but the most valuable possessions are frequently kept in defiance of the *kuplêng*.[12] Knives, scissors, axes, and nowadays guns are the things most frequently kept, and the "inheritance" of these objects is most frequently within the immediate family, with the husband or the wife taking the greater part.[13] When an object has been "taken," however, its fate is by no means settled. Although Yakwá took Kakthí's knife, a few days later he had handed it over to Vomblé, his mother's brother's son.

But probably the most striking aspect of Kaingáng inheritance is the way

[10] See p. 184. The ancient clay pots were broken.

[11] For the further discussion of ideas and practices associated with death see Appendix III.

[12] Ghost-soul.

[13] This has been inferred from a large number of specific instances collected by going through a hundred cases of inheritance.

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768 in which the emphasis on obligations to relatives by marriage is followed
881 through. Formerly if the dead man left any little children who had not yet had their lips pierced or their thighs pricked, a close relative, usually a brother, gathered the dead man's possessions together, prepared beer for the child's "blackening," and distributed the goods to the in-laws of the dead man. Perhaps the surviving relative also had children to blacken, and so on such an occasion his own property would also be distributed to his own in-laws.

556 Once property had been stolen from the Brazilians it flowed by gradual stages from the hands of the warrior into those of his relatives, and on his death it was either distributed to his in-laws or inherited by his wife and children. Societies like those of the Plains Indians of North America had made the distribution of property a device for the attainment of prestige, but when a Kaingáng gave away his booty he was doing simply what was expected of him as a relative. In many societies power tends to concentrate where property accumulates, but although the Kaingáng respect power they cannot tolerate any kind of intensification of it; for such intensification is felt by them to be disruptive. Through their insistence on the primary importance of the other person and their failure to reward achievement, the Kaingáng have suppressed processes that encourage the concentration of power in the hands of outstanding individuals.

The Meaning of the Feuds

628 One of the sources of aggression was the accumulation of resentments growing out of adultery and rejections by "deserting" relatives. Feuds and raids on the Brazilians provided substitute outlets for these resentments, and at the same time, by projecting the aggressions outside, operated to protect each extended family from internal disruption. A factor powerful in the perpetuation of the feuds is the Kaingáng feeling that once a force has been started it can never be stayed. Paralleling this on the human side is the belief that once a person has committed murder he will keep on.[14] With such a view of the natural world all that is necessary is that murder be committed once in order that there shall be perpetual distrust of the murderer. Given this attitude, the distinction in emotional ties within and between the extended families, and the peculiar social outlook of the Kaingáng, it is easy to see why things should have taken the turn they did: since murderousness is the attribute not only of individuals but also of groups, the groups suspect—and slay—one another forever.

[14] A parallel to this is not hard to find in our own society, for we believe that "a leopard cannot change its spots," and "once a criminal always a criminal." One of the fundamental bases of the theory of capital punishment is that a murderer must be got out of the way because he is likely to commit another murder under similar circumstances.

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Social Forms and the Solution of Conflict

600 Students of social forms tend to interpret behavior in terms of the social mechanisms operative in a given culture, and when conflicts persist they explain such persistence as due to the absence of adequate social forms with which to handle them. Thus, in discussing societies in which feuds occur, they point out that vendettas are frequently stayed through some device such as the *lex talionis* or marriage between the warring groups and that where feuds continue it is because the society lacks a mechanism with which to stop them.

In discussing the solution of conflicts, however, we must understand what we mean by a solution and what personal factors are involved. A social mechanism is a device for handling a situation, and where the way of handling the situation accords with the kind of personality involved there is a perfect integration between the social form and the individual emotions. Often, however, this integration is not achieved. Let us consider a case in our own society. Before it was made illegal, a suit for breach of promise to marry was a device available to women seeking restitution for unfulfilled proposals. If a woman was successful in her suit one of the things for which the law compensated her was the "mental anguish" she endured. But such compensation was, at best, a solution for only certain types of personality. For many women the seeking of material compensation was repugnant and so irrelevant to their emotional needs that the idea never occurred to them. Thus, suits for breach of promise were adequate to the needs of only a certain type of personality, i.e. of the type whose status and whose emotions were measurable in terms of currency. The breach of promise suit would be a perfect mechanism only in cultures where the principal things involved in marital relations were the economic correlates of woman's status and where joy in the monetary gain from such a suit was so great that it allayed all mental anguish. In such a case of integration between personality and social mechanism there is a perfect structural and emotional balance between wrong suffered and compensation awarded. There is no residue of economic loss or personal suffering: it has all been washed out in a wave of economic satisfactions.[15]

628 Pepó, one of the personalities in a Kaingáng feud, was satisfied to live in peace after having killed the man who murdered his brother. A tit-for-tat solution of this kind is called the *lex talionis*. In other words, Pepó's nature

[15] But the man is in quite a different position, for the woman's gain is his loss, and depending upon the culture he will cherish resentment or accept his lot without complaint. Even in the case of the woman it is not certain that she will be satisfied. She may still hate the one who has wronged her and cherish the hope of getting even in some more direct way. If the culture produces resentful individuals who harbor grudges social forms may become mere stop-gaps, and the basic conflict must be resolved in some non-formal way.

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628 was completely satisfied by the death of one man. If nothing more had come of the murder of Pepó's brother we could say that in this situation the conflict was solved through the operation of the *lex talionis*. But something else did happen, because Wainló, the foster son of Pepó's brother, could never forget the murder of his foster father. For years he nourished his hate until with the help of allies he exterminated the entire male line—sons, affinal relatives, and hunting companions—of the original murderer. Thus the *lex talionis* could not function because it was repugnant to the obsessive personality of Wainló. The *lex talionis* was no *lex* in Kaingáng society, not because the idea had never occurred to the Kaingáng, but because the people as a whole were incapable of accepting it. There are a number of instances of this kind in Kaingáng history. In the section of folklore I have given a long historical tale[16] in which it can be seen clearly how one man, Yokégn, tries twice to stay the forces of annihilation simply by refusing to take action, but in vain—his enemies literally force him to kill them. There are ample data even at the present time to show that such socially wholesome attitudes have appeared a number of times, but to no avail. As in our own society, individuals with insight are overcome and swept into the whirlpool by the obsessive behavior of others.

In Kaingáng society the men who have shown this special insight have never been the weaklings. They have, on the contrary, been among the most *waikayú;* they have been the *waikayú yõnggī*, the very brave, the very vicious, the very dangerous. They were Thunder Storm, Pepó, and Yokégn. With the exception of Pepó they were physically powerful men, and they fought like tigers.[17] Pepó, who had been spared because he was thought incapable of harm, slew his brother's murderer single-handed and then walked into the enemy camp and cowed them all, so that Wanenggló, his chief enemy, lay awake night after night, slinking off in the day to sleep in hiding. Day after day he sent his wife to Pepó to beg him to spare him, until at last the exasperated Pepó exclaimed: "I've forgotten all about that. I killed the one who killed him [my brother]. Let him [Wanenggló] forget about me and sleep whenever he wants to."

Men like Thunder Storm, Pepó, and Yokégn were not "deviants."[18] On the contrary the Kaingáng looked on them as highly representative of their ideals. Indeed, Yokégn himself, although he twice tried unsuccessfully to avoid killing, deliberately plotted a holocaust[19] with the obsessive Wainló some time later. Thunder Storm too, although he was not inclined to

[16] Chapter IX, p. 134.

[17] *Waikayú* men are frequently compared to tigers.

[18] The term "deviant" has been used in anthropology to describe the type of personality that is completely unable to adjust to the standard emphases of a particular culture.

[19] When he overheard a plot to kill him.

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slaughter "different men," bathed his own lance in blood when social pressure forced him to it, and he loved to raid the Brazilians. No, we are not dealing with deviants here but with typical individuals who had developed the particular Kaingáng obsession with slaughter to a lesser degree, or whose fear of "other men" was not very great. These three were definitely of one type: they were as specifically peaceful with reference to "different men," as Kanyahé, Kundágn, and Nenggachá were dangerous.

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VIII

Psychic Structure

157 ONE OF THE GREAT DIFFICULTIES that any society has to face is the necessity for building up attitudes that will preserve those within its limits but will destroy its enemies. Not only must such attitudes be created and fostered; they must be properly controlled and directed, for it is equally dangerous to cherish the enemy and to destroy the friend; one must help and trust friends but suspect and undo dangerous outsiders. But a society must develop within its very borders behavior trends that will at once cherish *and* destroy, according as the behavior is directed toward the in- or toward the inimical out-group. It is not enough to develop only cherishing behavior in the in-group and to tell its members that they must hate and kill everyone outside. People do not kill because they are told[1] to kill. Such destructive aggression must have an in-group behavior analogue, the expression of which must be salutary to the in-group. An example from our own culture is that of extremely destructive individuals who like to order their friends and families around. In this case the *control* of friends is the reciprocal of *destruction* of all non-friends, like servants (who are frequently discharged) and people not particularly liked (who are snubbed or insulted). Similarly, societies that are destructive to outsiders often exercise that impulse to destruction at home, but in some socialized way.

Such an impulse in Kaingáng society was expressed in the many-sided concept of *waikoyá*, self-love, which, when controlled, found its in-group expression in initiative, care for others, and staying awake all night to watch for vendetta enemies, and its out-group expression in attacks on Brazilians and on other extended families, but which when uncontrolled

[1] It seems unnecessary to argue that the men in the vast armies of modern times do not kill because they are told to but because they are driven.

found an outlet in attacks or designs on members of the same extended family.

The Development of Waikayú

When a male is *kẽlú* he lies about caressing his hunting companions and spends his nights seeking young women. This is the period when he is childless, when he follows leaders, and when no specific judgments are made of him. But as he grows older, becomes *chói chi*, grown old, he becomes *waikayú*. This gradual acquisition of the traditional stamp of approval is accompanied by two significant events. First, the growing man relinquishes his youthful caressing—men of forty or more rarely caress other men. Second, he acquires children of his own and need no longer satisfy himself through playing with the babies of others. After three children have been born to his wife the union is stabilized. By this time the man had taken active part in several raids on the Brazilians and might even have slaughtered some vendetta enemies. He was *waikayú;* he loved himself. Now he began to boast to his children of his capacity for beer and of his prowess in killing Brazilians.

The process of actually turning away from others physically may go quite far in some individuals. Klendó said to me, "Since I did not want *to have intercourse* I told my belly to my children."[2] It is significant that the introduction to a discussion of boasting should contain a statement regarding a reduction in sex interests.

Sexual relations, although enjoyable, are felt as obstacles to the achievement of *waikayú*, and any weakness or failure in social obligations may be ridiculed in terms of preoccupation with sex. In a story Vomblé kills Kuichó's relatives, but when Kuichó asks him where they are he replies, "'They have forgotten all about you because they are too much taken up with copulating in the buttock-hole.'[3] They copulated so much that they forgot their father. Then Kuichó said, 'I thought so! They have been copulating so much in the buttock-hole . . . that they do not think of me.'" In similar terms Kundágn ridicules an enemy who manages to escape him: "You showed your manliness by setting women on their heads!"[4] The Kaingáng are the only primitive people known to me who made a special point of boasting to their own children, and this, too, is significant when seen against the general background of self-interest. One's children are extensions of oneself, one lives in them, and boasting to them is almost like boasting to oneself.

[2] This refers to his drinking beer.

[3] This is a Kaingáng vulgarism. The remark is readily understood as a reference to the customary Kaingáng manner of intercourse from behind.

[4] Another vulgarism. He is describing the position assumed by dogs.

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When the fathers were mightily drunk they called their sons by their *ɛ́klɛ́*, the special boasting name that every male has, and repeated stereotyped phrases that referred to no specific deed but to their general prowess. "When my father wanted to kill someone," said Vomblé, "he was *waikayú* and he would boast to me, *'kakthú pi, kakthú pi chugn mbó pi chɛ́ ɛ́ pi.*[5] In order that my children may remember me when I am dead I say to them when they drink water, You will not die! The horses' children [the whites] throw their guns about the places where the children sleep and the children hide before them. Therefore I raid their dwellings, and they hide from me with their children.'" Thus the father boasted to his own children. He did not face a large audience and recount in detail the blows he had struck so that he might measure his prowess against that of another man and so that the people might check him if he lied. Boasting among the Kaingáng was not a means by which each man strove to take the measure of his neighbor and outstrip him if he could. Through boasting a man built up his own self-esteem, but boasting had a very limited scope and was peculiar in character.

The Constructive Aspect of Waikayú

Among primitives, individual attainments that make boasting possible are frequently stepping-stones to power; they may at times even permit a man to infringe on the liberties of the less fortunate members of his society. This is true to a certain extent among the Kaingáng also, but the principal function of *waikayú* is not to give unbounded sway to the whims of individuals, but to enforce good behavior; that is, such as is socially sanctioned. Thus, when Cha was bitten by wild pigs, Pandjumbúgn, who had to carry the stricken boy, decided that he was too much of a load and so deserted him. But as he went along through the forest the thought kept recurring to him constantly, "In spite of my boasting I threw him away. When the others hear about it they'll ridicule me." So at last, according to the tale, he went back, and, taking up Cha, carried him home. There are stories of men who have lost their lives because of their strong feeling of *waikayú*, for death itself was preferable to the ridicule that they would certainly draw on themselves if they failed to live up to the opinion which they had of themselves and which they tried to instill in others. When the Kangdjá descended on them one day in a great body, taking the whole camp unawares, their first impulse was to run away; but Tondúin shouted, "'When you taste beer you boast and boast to the children, but now you are leaving them!' So they gathered up all their arrows. Thukúgn said, 'The women and the Kangdjá made fun of me very much and now the latter are coming!' Then they all remained and fought, and many were killed."

[5] Italicized words are Vomblé's *ɛ́klɛ́* names.

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157 It was in times of great danger such as this that the two forces that are most dynamic in the integration of Kaingáng society, love of self[6] and love of others,[7] came into the foreground. The appeal to *waikayú* played its role side by side with the appeal through *ka ĺél nyá*. The accusation "You are deserting me" would always bring back the fleeing Indian, even though [illegible] his own death. During the same battle in which Tondúin and Thukúgn [illegible] their lives Kemblén was shot in the leg. When Kuklé made as if to go [illegible]emblén called after him, " 'Affinal relative, you are deserting me!' So he [illegible]uklé] came back shooting, and the enemy went away. When Kuklé's arrows became exhausted, the enemy captured Kemblén. They tried to capture Kuklé but he ran away." Kuikégn lost his life under similar circumstances. He was about to leave after having slaughtered some of the enemy, but his wife, who had been taken captive, called to him, " 'You are leaving me!' So he came back and fought with them for her sake. He thrust her behind him and shot at them for her sake. Whenever he started to go she would say, 'You are deserting me!' and he would come back and shoot at them, until at last they killed him."

158 Like all nomads the Kaingáng were handicapped by those who were too old to move about easily. Yet they carried on their backs both men and women when they could no longer walk or walked too slowly. Kanyahé was so old that he tottered along on sticks and so nearly blind that he had to be led at the end of a bow. Yet he was not deserted. Even when they once seemed to have made up their minds to leave old Waimogué to her fate they took pity on her and returned and fetched her in carrying-bands like an infant. Few of the Kaingáng lived to a ripe old age under aboriginal conditions but when they did they were cherished to the last.

159 The typically *waikayú* individual was "dangerous" to outsiders. He was vicious, quarrelsome, and even, from our point of view, brave, for he would attack the Brazilians in the face of great danger and he was a great killer of tigers, the symbol of *waikayú* in the animal world. Aggressiveness finds mild expression within the extended families in the taking of the initiative, but initiative has a rather mild range. Movements of the hunting bands are determined almost entirely by the prevalence of game tracks in the region, and when anyone returns with the news that he has seen tracks somewhere the whole camp moves in the direction of the game. If the people are so far away from the pine forest that many days' journey would be necessary in order to reach it, some individual will suggest that they go there. His suggestion, however, has particular influence only over his own brothers and sisters and his close affinal relatives. Other people may choose to listen

[6] *Waikayú.*
[7] *Ka ĺél nyá.*

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to someone else. No Kaingáng has the right to take the initiative because of war exploits, hunting ability, or physical strength. Initiative springs from the same soil as *waikayú* and is its in-group expression. Many men who are murderous enough in their behavior toward "other men" and toward Brazilians, however, have never been known to take the initiative. When suggestions were made, they were the ones who just "listened and went along" with the others. It is also not without significance that the men who showed outstanding initiative were those who lived alone with their wives —who did not form part of a polyandrous or joint household.

Such a man was Kanyahé, who finally brought about the slaughter of Patklé and his male children. At one time Kanyahé had two wives, but after his early joint marriage experience with Yuvén and also with his own brother Waipó, he shared them with no one. He exercised considerable influence over his brothers, hunting companions, and in-laws. A description of the organization of an expedition against the Brazilians makes clear the extent of Kanyahé's influence in his own circle. "He said to his father, 'Father, I am going to command them to attack the Brazilians' camp site, for it is there that I am going to lie in wait for the Brazilians and kill them.' So when they [his relatives] returned from their hunting he said to them, 'Did you shoot any tapirs?' and they replied, 'Yes.' So he said: 'Shoot some more that your wives may stay by them and eat. In the meanwhile lie in wait for the Brazilians at their camp site where the roads cross, and when they stop on their way, slaughter them and take their goods. Then leave their things here and go where there are Brazilians' houses in the forest. There attack them and take their goods and we will make beer for our children['s blackening].' So Wanyekí[8] said, 'So you are saying that you are going to lie in wait for them?' 'Yes. I said I was going to lie in wait for them.' When Waipó[9] heard this he said, 'Well, then, lie in wait for them. I'll lie in wait for them with you.' Then Wanyekí said, 'Well, then, I'll lie in wait for them with him and you.' " In this way Kanyahé organized the arrangements and sentiment for the attack. The conclusion of the raid was characteristic enough—Kanyahé gave the knife he got to his half-brother Waipó, and Wanyekí received a knife from his co-husband.

But even those who "command" yield to the commands of others who happen to take the initiative, so that all aggressive personalities are at some time under the sway of others. It was remarkable to see how my informant, the blustering Vomblé, a man about fifty, yielded to the request of a crippled[10] boy of twenty-five who chanced to be interested in influencing

[8] The husband of Amendó. See p. 30. Amendó was sister to one of Kanyahé's wives.
[9] Kanyahé's half-brother. He was older than Kanyahé.
[10] He fell from a horse.

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/57/his behavior. One day the Kaingáng were planning a big hunting trip: they had got hold of a fine tapir dog and were all going up the river to try it out. "Are you going too?" I asked Vomblé. "If they command me to go I shall go," he replied. And when the cripple appeared at my window and said that they were all going up the river, Vomblé left me and went along.

The Disruptive Aspect of Waikayú

It is characteristic of the extremely *waikayú* individual that he directs his hostility toward his own group. He becomes quarrelsome and threatening and the hate against him grows to white heat. Vomblé sat for days with the picture of Nenggachá's family in his hands, gazing at it through half-shut eyes, while curious yelps grew and died in his throat. Nenggachá must have been long dead, but his offspring had been localized on a reservation in Palmas, and the agent, whom they later murdered, had sent their picture to the agent at Duque de Caxias. Although Vomblé was a baby when Nenggachá finally escaped, his memory was still vivid among the Kaingáng, for Nenggachá was *waikayú* to the extreme. He was "dangerous," he was "very *waikayú*," he was "no good," he was everything hateful. And as Vomblé regarded his picture he would say to it: "You were very *waikayú;* you wanted to kill me. No-good Nenggachá." The picture had an overwhelming fascination for him—it was the only thing he ever tried to help himself to in my house.

Nenggachá is famous in recent Kaingáng history—it is only of him that deeds of violence within the extended family are told, and the stories about him give considerable insight into his personality.

Nenggachá was one of Amendó's lovers, and like every lover he thought himself suspected by his mistress's husband. But to think a thing like this is, to the Kaingáng, the same as knowing it, and he projected into the mind of her husband Wanyekí the knowledge of his adultery and anger against himself. But anger against himself meant a threat to himself. Thus Nenggachá felt himself threatened, and he spoke angrily to the husband. Then the husband became angry with his mouth.[11] His co-husband was sitting next to him and he arose and danced. He jabbed Nenggachá with his club and he fell. Nenggachá's father Wanenggló came over and was about to strike the co-husband whose club was also raised when Wanenggló's brother-in-law seized the co-husband's club; so Wanenggló struck the co-husband and he fell. In this quarrel two families were pitted against each other, the family of Wanenggló and the family of Wanyekí, and at last Nenggachá ran off to his own camp, leaving his father beaten and bleeding on the field. When the two met again Wanenggló became angry with his

[11] He only spoke angrily—he did not strike a blow.

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deserting son and said: "'That is your practice! Even when they do not drink beer they become jealous of you and beat you. Then something[12] spoke up for you and they beat him, and when you saw him beaten you ran away.' When Wanenggló and Nenggachá went away the others did not follow him, for Nenggachá was very *waikayú*, and he was very dangerous."

In spite of the fact that the Kaingáng agree that Nenggachá was extraordinarily dangerous, this story leaves us with the feeling that he was not nearly as formidable physically as the people around him, but that he was singled out, for some obscure and dreadful reason, to be the focus of the concentrated viciousness of the group in which he lived. Another story makes Nenggachá the center of violence, and here again it is difficult to discover why the fault lay entirely with him. During a festa everybody was drunk, and Yuvén and his co-husband Klendó were walking about. "Then Nenggachá said to Klendó, 'You are talking about me—I am angry.' 'I said nothing at all about you. What are you up to . . .?' Then Yuvén said to Klendó, 'Hit Nenggachá—I am angry at what he says.' Then Yuvén said [to Nenggachá], 'I am going to beat you,' and Nenggachá said: 'You deserted me. You said that you had been remembering me, and now you want to beat me.' Then Nenggachá became angry and sat up, struck Yuvén in the chest, jumped over the fire, and ran off, crying, 'In that way be angry with me!' Yuvén chased him and seized Nenggachá's lance and beat him over the head with the handle. Then Nenggachá ran off with Yuvén in pursuit." The affair ended in a brawl, with Nenggachá supported by his half-brothers and Yuvén by his brother-in-law. When some more of Yuvén's brothers-in-law returned from the hunt they wanted to go in pursuit of Nenggachá, but his mistress Amendó dissuaded them. "She was afraid that Thechá [another of her husbands] would fight with Nenggachá. He was going in pursuit of Nenggachá when Amendó lied. Nenggachá used to make love to Amendó, and therefore she lied. But Kopaké [Yuvén's brother-in-law] was angry with Nenggachá and [later] said this to him, 'Am I a child that you beat Yuvén and I let you all go without beating one of you?' But Nenggachá said nothing—he was probably afraid."

When the extended family of Kanyahé, of which Nenggachá was a member, later encountered that of Patklé, Nenggachá married two of Patklé's daughters and joined forces with him. When Patklé was killed by Kanyahé the only things that saved Nenggachá were his link with his old mistress Amendó and the fact that he had married a half-sister of Kanyahé. When she died he again feared for his life and fled, never to be heard of more.

[12] Meaning himself, Wanenggló.

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157 In general, the Kaingáng feeling about *waikayú* individuals is that they are quarrelsome, vicious, and brave, but it does not appear from the preceding examples that Nenggachá possessed these qualities to a conspicuous degree. Indeed, what seems to be his most striking characteristic is his developed capacity for projection, which tends to get out of hand and find expression in threatening demeanor. In other words the cause of Nenggachá's antisocial behavior is an outlook in which the men around him are seen as living reproaches, perpetually storing up resentments against him. In this society, whose very vitals are torn by projected anxiety it is extremely difficult to prove that one individual has developed this characteristic more than any other individual. Nenggachá happened to be singled out as dangerous above all the others, and the beatings which he suffered were provoked by his anxiety rages. His extraordinary capacity for projection is what made him unbearable. Nenggachá is simply an exacerbated case of failure to project all resentment and guilt outside—against other extended families.

The feeling of being arrayed against the massed forces of destruction is hypostatized in *lų*, the concept of doom. "I shall go dancing to meet my *lų*" { *éng lų kótó ngglâ tâlé* / my doom meet dance go }, is the striking phrase that appears in the origin myths. The Kaingáng say: "They are referring to death, and they say that something is killing them. That is what they call, 'I am going dancing to meet my *lų*.' When they first came out into the world they said in their strange language, 'I am going to meet my *lų* dancing.' They refer to their death as *lų*. My *lų* kills me and I die. When they are killed and they die they say, 'My *lų* killed me.' When a person goes to meet the approaching enemy—they are about to be killed. This is what they call my *lų*. 'Your *lų* is looking at you.'"

Thus the ultimate expression of the Kaingáng feeling of insecurity is *lų*, doom, the threatening world. The following diagram may make the Kaingáng psychic structure clearer:

MYSELF AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF MY EXTENDED FAMILY[18]

What I think	*What I think they think*
1) My body is my fortress	
2) I live in them (*ka lǫlé nya*)	3) We live in you
4) But I desert you and meddle with your wives	5) You have deserted us and have been meddling with our wives
6) so I feel guilt (*gókthę́*)	7) so we are angry with you
8) If you are angry with me I'll be angry with you too.	

[18] Read in numerical order. The language is my own.

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MYSELF AND THE WORLD OUTSIDE OF ME (i.e. OTHER EXTENDED FAMILIES AND THE REST OF THE NATURAL WORLD) [13] 157

My body	*Outside of My Body*
1) My body and those of my close relatives give security	2) Everything outside threatens. This is my *lų*, my doom
3) My body is in constant danger of destruction	4) and I must take action against the threat
5) Contemplating action I feel guilt	6) Feeling guilt I project: "The other person fears me because he knows what is in my mind."
	7) He fears me and therefore wishes to destroy me. This is my *lų*.
8) I must take action to prevent it.	
9) I take action and feel guilt.	

and I am so ridden by a sense of guilt that my very formulation of the customs of my tribe is expressed by *yókthé*, guilt. When Klendó first came to me as an informant he wished to assure me that he would tell me everything faithfully, and so he said, "I shall tell you all about our *yókthé*," meaning that he was going to tell me all about their customs. But *yókthé* is used constantly to mean not only a person's habitual behavior but also his fault and guilt. A condition necessary to a healthy mind is that once it has embarked on a course it follow it through without remorse. It matters not how foul such a course may be, it is only necessary that the mind that has chosen it have no misgivings regarding its rectitude. Far from being content with the destruction they accomplished from time to time on members of enemy families, the Kaingáng were oppressed by a sense of guilt that often created conflicts within the ranks of the victorious extended families themselves. It was no abstract sense of inherent wrong in killing that gave rise to this feeling of guilt. The multitudinous cross-cuttings of relationship ties made almost any slaughter the source of guilt, for in all massacres some relatives had to be destroyed. The annihilation of Patklé and his offspring produced such strong feelings of guilt in Kanyahé and his offspring that a general quarrel ensued. The day after the slaughter Kanyahé's offspring went in pursuit of a man who had escaped. "Then Kanyahé became angry and said to Kuthúgn[14] and the other men,[14] 'Let him die alone.[15] You killed my in-laws; so stop your slaughter.' Then Kuthúgn[14] said, 'It was you yourself who ordered me to kill them, your in-laws, and I killed them; and now you're angry with me!' Then Kanyahé

[13] Read in numerical order. The language is my own.

[14] Kanyahé's offspring.

[15] The Kaingáng way of saying, "Don't kill him; let him die from other causes."

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157 kept quiet. The men[14] were angry with Kanyahé." Soon after the fight Kuthúgn and Kanyahé quarreled over the pot of one of the dead men, and Kuthúgn burst out: "Those things[15] used to shoot animals for you, and then you told me to kill them, and when I did so you became angry. Let the pot be!"

Some of the men of Kanyahé's group had been loath to kill Yuplú, one of Patklé's sons, and this too was a source of ill feeling among the offspring of Kanyahé: "Kuthúgn went to invite them after Kanyahé ordered the slaughter. Now Kuthúgn [and several of the others] wanted to live with Patklé and his offspring, but Kanyahé ordered the slaughter, so that Kanyahé became angry with them and they became angry with Kanyahé. They were angry with Kanyahé because of the death of Yuplú. Kuthúgn said: 'Yuplú had seen me and came to look for me, and he talked nicely to me. He shot animals for me, and so I pitied him, but you told me to kill him; so because I thought that he would kill me if he knew about it, I did it to him. But you are angry with me!' Then Kanyahé became silent." Kanyahé's guilt-feeling found expression in anger against the members of his own extended family, and they relieved theirs by protesting that they had been asked to commit murder. There are a number of instances of this kind, all given in considerable conversational detail, but there is one that is so striking for its barrenness of such detail that it is worth describing. The entire situation was characterized by such extreme behavior and the men were killed in such cold blood and with so little provocation that it cannot but be significant that both my informants overlooked the murders in the description of the feuds and mentioned them only in passing. It was only through prying that I was able to obtain the descriptions that follow.

When the offspring of Vomblé[17] raided the camp of Kumbló and killed a number of women and children they also captured some boys. Long after, when these boys had grown to manhood and had hunted and raided with the grandchildren of Vomblé, one of Vomblé's grandsons was killed by a member of Kumbló's group who made good his escape. "Then the dead man's widow said to Kuthúgn[18]: 'Kill Kuvén and Wanyekí.[19] Their *nyungnyén*[20] [relative] killed him. When they see this they may go away. Kill them.' The murderer had no relatives, but Kuvén and Wanyekí had

[14] Kanyahé's offspring.

[15] The dead men.

[17] This Vomblé was one of the male ancestors of the victorious extended family in the feud described in Chapter V.

[18] A grandson of Vomblé.

[19] Two of the captives, now grown to manhood.

[20] For the exact meaning of this term see p. 177, Appendix II.

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wandered around with him; so she called them his *nyunganyén*. So Kuthúgn 157
and his brother-in-law Kiyitá went hunting with Kuvén. They went a long way but saw no tapir. Nightfall. Kuthúgn came along behind Kuvén and hit him with an axe and he fell. Then Kuthúgn said to his brother-in-law, 'Hit him!' So Kiyitá hit him." Wanyekí was killed in the same manner. Two other relatives of the widow went hunting with Wanyekí; one went in front of him and the other came along behind. One of them seized the victim and sat down on him, calling to the other, "'Come here!' And he hit Wanyekí with an axe and killed him. Then they returned to camp."

Later the death of Monyá, another of the captives, was ordered, but "Kuthúgn heard and said: 'Don't! I killed one; so let him [Monyá] alone. He's alone; so let him be!' So they let him alone. 'I did not see the one who killed her husband; so I became angry and killed a substitute.[21] So let the other one [Monyá] alone and live with him. Let him shoot animals for you. Go with him to the Brazilians who killed your *nyó*[22] and let him kill some of them out of revenge for her.' That is what he said." And Monyá lived with them at the post until he died of influenza.

None of the murderers of Kuvén and Wanyekí would perform the act alone but insisted on collaboration. This insistence that someone else complete a murder is quite common in Kaingáng killings. In some cultures such an unwillingness to bear the full responsibility is associated with fear of punishment, but in Kaingáng society, where the entire group is always held responsible the aversion to committing the deed alone implies a feeling of guilt. The case in question is particularly significant in view of Kuthúgn's anxious protection of Monyá.

It is not enough that the Kaingáng should feel guilty about the people they have killed, but they must feel guilt because their own relatives have been killed by others. They sometimes feel that their relatives have died because they were not there to protect them. Kuthúgn and Kovĺ went hunting together and separated, and when Kuthúgn returned he found Kovĺ dead, for while Kuthúgn was away Kovĺ was overwhelmed by vendetta enemies and killed. "Kuthúgn saw the place where Kovĺ was killed and waited there all night for the enemy. Next day he met one of his relatives and asked him, 'Well, what happened?' 'The enemy killed him.' Then Kuthúgn became angry because of Kovĺ [and said]: 'Now! I said to him, "Stay here," but he went just as I did and the things killed him.'" What had actually happened was that Kuthúgn had told Kovĺ to cut out a beehive and had gone on, leaving Kovĺ alone. The sense of guilt that op-

[21] The wording of the original has been slightly altered here for the sake of clarity.

[22] Any woman very much older than a person. See p. 177, Appendix E. In this instance, however, he is referring to a particular woman who had been killed recently by the Brazilians.

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159 presses the Kaingáng is sometimes, as in the quarrel of Kanyahé and his offspring, absorbed into the extended families and digested in undercurrents of resentment, but in other cases, such as that of Kuthúgn, it finds expression in outbursts of anger which are rooted in a sense of personal guilt.

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IX

Folklore

SOME COLLECTIONS OF FOLKTALES are not so much the tales that the folk tell as they are the tales that the investigator wished to hear. If he was interested in stories of celestial phenomena, he collected stories about the sun, moon, and stars; if he wished to trace the distribution of mythological plots over the world, he tried to unearth plots he already knew; if the student's interest was primarily religious his collection of myths included principally ritualistic tales. But the literature of any people is made up of *all* their tales, and no one can foresee in what part of the literature of a folk their fundamental motivations lie hidden. If a foreign student were to study only our religious tales, overlooking completely our novels, our humorous magazines, and the jokes and doggerel that pass from mouth to mouth among us, he would receive a false impression of our literature. Primitive folk also have different kinds of literature, and ethnologists should set themselves always to collect every tale they tell, without discrimination as to content. The Kaingáng are a striking example of a people who reveal all of the inner workings of their culture in one type of tale, while another type supplies little such insight. In plot content the latter is of the type one usually finds in collections of "mythology": the events move on the supernatural level or take place between animals that behave like human beings, or between human beings and animals with anthropomorphic characteristics. But the psychic structure of the Kaingáng is expressed constantly and clearly in an entirely different order of tale. It is in the story of feuds and murder that the Kaingáng reveal the dominating drives in their life. The feud tales, however, are always close to earth; feud happenings take place in the human world, not in the supernatural; and the actors in them are human. The occasional references to supernatural

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539 events in these tales are purely incidental to the development of the murder plot—they are never the main theme.

These bloody stories are never quoted in an effort to validate or explain any form of behavior. They may have served as a kind of depository of gruesome knowledge from which an aspiring murderer could gain many useful hints. They are full of descriptions of treachery and in general provide a background of detailed information relative to the execution of mass and individual murder. These bits of information are not sanctions, for feud tales are never quoted in order to validate particular murders; if these murder stories are sanctions then Machiavelli's *Prince* is a sanction. Kaingáng feud stories are direct expressions of the fear–wish-to-kill–guilt obsession that drives them constantly to acts of violence and panic. Events that occur in these tales are never cited as examples of behavior in the light of which other similar types of behavior may be explained or justified. It is quite different in the case of the Kaingáng origin myths, however. The origin myths are referred to to explain food taboos and observances associated with body paint designs. But the body paint scheme is of small importance in Kaingáng culture, and the food taboos are not dynamic. Thus the origin myths give sanction to institutions that are of small importance to the Kaingáng. The most important function of these myths is seen in 539 the game of *wainyékládn*, in which two men sit opposite each other and 524 shout the myths at each other, syllable by syllable, very rapidly, while they swing their bodies back and forth to the rhythm of their shouting. One man shouts a syllable, and the second man repeats it; then the first man says the second syllable, and the second man repeats it. If the origin myth begins, "When Wanyekí heard that many people were coming . . .", the men (A and B) playing *wainyékládn* shout as follows:

A shouts	and then	*B shouts*
When		When
Wa		Wa
nye		nye
kí		kí
heard		heard,

And so on to the end, the syllables separated minutely in a way that is a joy to a linguist pursuing the elusive structure of the Kaingáng syllable. The game of *wainyékládn* is played by two friends and serves no purpose other than that of drawing two people together. There are no stakes, and no goal is set. No one is downed, and no one triumphs.

539 Ruth Benedict has shown[1] how a people may express the drives that are dynamic in their own culture through the medium of widespread mytho-

[1] *Zuni Mythology*, Introduction. Columbia University Contributions to Anthropology, v. 21.

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logical plots which they borrow and rework and reset to their own ends. 539
The Kaingáng, however, have shown a striking reluctance to use outside material for the expression of their cultural interests. Those very stories that are widely distributed in the Americas show, in their Kaingáng versions, an almost complete freedom from the gloomy and blood-curdling attitudes that characterize the tales which the Kaingáng have developed themselves and which have not been recorded for other tribes. But these gloom-free stories do not even express consistently the lighter side of the Kaingáng character—its love of laughter and sex-play, its fondness for physical relationships and love of children. This does not mean, of course, that there is nothing of Kaingáng culture in them. But one may search in vain through all these myths for a consistent expression of motives that are dynamic in the Kaingáng culture. On the other hand, even a person completely ignorant of the culture could win from the feud tales a clear idea of what was driving it over the precipice.

It is impossible to tell how many of the tales of murder are purely imaginative creations and how many reflect actual happenings, though there can be no doubt that many of them do this; for stories of massacres in which great-grandparents of my informants are known to have been actors are told in the same way as tales of events which took place hundreds of years ago. In telling these massacre tales no attempt is made to connect them with later events. They exist of themselves, and the Kaingáng never try to unite them in historic sequence. No nexus of events is attempted further back than the fifth generation. As far as that point everything is joined in an orderly succession of well-understood happenings. But beyond that memory does not go, and it is this break between the fifth and sixth generations and even to some extent within the fifth generation itself that marks the limit of history and the beginning of folklore. Some of these murder tales may be fantasies, but the events that occur in them have such peculiarly specific quality and give one such a feeling of their necessity and uniqueness in the particular situation that it is hard to resist the conclusion that many of them are historical.

In Kaingáng folklore there is little of that building up of tales from separate plot elements that is so common elsewhere in primitive literature. Every murder tale and almost all of the stories containing plots that are widely distributed are told as fixed units. The differences that occur are between the well-told and the badly-told tale, not between the tale that is constructed out of one set of motifs and that which is formed out of another.

The Kaingáng have a clear idea of a period long ago when a number of events happened: their ancestors came out of the sea and over the mountains to the west then, and it was at that time that the animals had their

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539 war and tricks were played on the tiger. If at times they place Vomblé or Kanggúin or Mumbégn[2] back in that era it is not because they feel that these men were active in the happenings of those times but because they all existed so very long ago. Actually there is nothing mythological in their conception of these three men who played such an active part in their history[3]—they are never thought of as having given the world its present shape, nor did they ever war with supernatural monsters. They are real men from whom people of flesh and blood have descended. The named but shadowy men of the origin myths, on the contrary, have no existence outside of the stories in which they move. Descent is never traced to them, and their memory has little effect on the lives of the present-day Kaingáng.

The Murder Tales

1. The Quarrel of Kuikégn's Offspring

Kuikégn's children, Nduichó and Chukembégn, became angry with each other. Nduichó knocked his brother Chukembégn unconscious with his club. Then Nduichó said: "Am I useful *ndoyá*'s talking?[4] Now feel my weak arm!" Then Chukembégn fell. Probably Nduichó had seen the supernatural. Chukembégn recovered. He lay sick for a long time and at last healed completely. Then he came to Nduichó, and they fought. He knocked Nduichó unconscious. Chukembégn said: "I repeat what you said: 'Am I useful *ndoyá*'s talking? Let a strong man feel my weak arm!'" Then Kuikégn sat by his son, but Nduichó did not recover. Then he [Kuikégn] became angry. He took the double-barbed arrows of his dead ceremonial father,[5] rubbed them with something, and went in pursuit.

Now Payé was Kuikégn's affinal relative. Chukembégn had gone off with him [Payé], and Kuikégn went in pursuit. Probably the affinal relatives had been angry with Chukembégn. Kuikégn went after them to kill them. "I am angry because my child is dead," said he. He went to kill Chukembégn because he had killed his son. "My child died, and am I going to make my child suffer?" He was about to kill his own child. "I am going to kill Payé."[6]

It was night, and they were burning pine branches as they went along.

[2] These are the three ancestors of the extended family with which I lived.

[3] See p. 51, Chapter V.

[4] He is announcing his connection with the spirit of the *ndoyá* tree. The spirit of a thing is called its "talking." Spirits may be either benign or malevolent. When they are not malevolent (*kdlák tq*, not no good) they are benign or, as I have translated it, "useful." See p. 78, Chapter VI.

[5] His ceremonial father had died long before this story begins. Men sometimes carry the arrows of their dead relatives as mementoes.

[6] He decides to kill Payé, his relative by marriage, rather than his son.

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Payé was about to walk around with his little daughter Ukó when Kuikégn shot him in the arm with his double-barbed arrow. He threw the child down and ran out into the night ducking, but Kuikégn shot him in the ribs and the arrow ascended into the neck region. Kuikégn took the child and returned to camp. 539

Payé's wife was Yokó. Kuikégn said, "Let Yokó take her child which they threw away and which I am carrying and pour some water into its mouth." So Yokó took her and went to look for Payé and Chukembégn. She did not see him and she came back enraged at Kuikégn. He said nothing. [Then Kuikégn said,] "Yokó is not here. She is looking for her husband all over. *nyungnyélé* is dead, so while her husband was unconscious he [the husband] was killed." Next day she saw him [her husband]. He was long dead, and his blood came out of his mouth. She brought him back. She became angry with her *yágn*, Kuikégn. He said nothing. At last Payé and Nduichó came to.[1]

Nandjaví had cut Payé open to take out the arrow. He thrust in his hand. The arrow had come up along the heart. He lifted up his feet as he lay so the blood came out. He took out the clotted blood from the heart with his hand, and he recovered. They never died then, but nowadays they die.

The picture of disruption is frequently intensified in Kaingáng folklore through making the relationships within which the conflicts and murders take place much closer than they have been in reality. In the story that has just been told the initial quarrel is between blood brothers. It ends in the father's murdering his daughter's husband and the daughter's turning against her own father.

In the following tale the motive behind the initial violence is just as obscure as in the story of Kuikégn's offspring.

2. Thechá or the Burning Fire

Dramatis Personae

Thechá's Group	*Kuichó's Group*
Kundágn	
Thulí, *relative by marriage of Kundágn*	Ukó, *mother of Kuichó*
Kanyahé, *relative by marriage of Kundágn*	Mbliktó, *son of Kuichó*
Pikê	Padnmbá
Thekplégn, *son of Thechá*	Laktógn
Tondtin	Koyivádn
	Kapíli

[1] In the first paragraph of this story the informant described Nduichó as dead, but here he has come to life. This is an inconsistency that may be understood better from the last sentence of this story.

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539 Kuichó had seen *Véin*. Now when Thechá of the Burning Fire was old, Kuichó threw him to *Véin*,[8] and the latter ate him and he lay dying. Now when he lay dying he said to his children: "When I am dead kill Ukó's children. I took care of them, but they never give me anything of what they kill; and now that I am dying they will be alive." So Thechá's children and Kundágn and his in-law Thulí all went to Kuichó and his children.

The ones[9] who were living far away invited them to a festa. When they arrived Kuichó was walking around boasting to his son Mbliktó: *"Ko tei ko tei he pi*,[10] I sent Véin up my old father's rectum!"[11] Piké[12] was watching, and when he heard this he said to himself: "If it hadn't been for Thekplégn's father, Kuichó would not be here. He has killed old *yûgn!"* Then he went away weeping.

Piké told the children of Thechá, and Piké helped them because Kuichó had killed the man whom Piké called *yûgn*.

Now Kundágn and his in-law Kanyahé were on their way to kill them[13] when Kuichó's offspring went looking for honey. Kuichó was sitting beside the trail leading through the savannah when he saw Kundágn and Kanyahé coming along in the distance. He sat there watching them come along and then went back. When he reached his children he said to them, "Kundágn and Kanyahé arrived here and went away!" When they heard this they said, "They are coming to kill us!" So they constructed a platform above themselves within their house and remained beneath it.

Next day Kundágn came into their house and struck Padnmbá on the back through the floor, and he fell out in the darkness and went away on all fours. Then Kundágn shouted after him, "You are always becoming a man for men;[14] so I am going to kill you! You always set women on the tops of their heads[15] and become a man!" That is what he said to him. Then he killed Laktógn and went away. After he had killed him he said: "The deuce! I have killed Laktógn who never did the same[16] as the man,[17] and I am angry."

[8] A supernatural monster. See Chapter VI, p. 71.

[9] Kuichó's group.

[10] His nĕklę̨. See Chapter VIII, p. 115.

[11] Like Yóin, Véin devours people's hearts. He thrusts his hand up the rectum and cuts out the heart. See Chapter VI, p. 70.

[12] This member of Thechá's group had been living with Kuichó.

[13] Kuichó's children.

[14] "You are always dangerous to us."

[15] Copulate from behind, the woman on all fours, her head toward the ground; hence, on her head.

[16] Was never *sunkayú*.

[17] Padnmbá.

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Then he went away. He reached camp. He kept worrying about it until he at last went to them and killed Koyivádn and Kapíli. 539

While Kuichó was lying awake Kundágn and his affinal relative, Kanyahé, went to watch them, [and as they crept along] their lance-heads struck together. [When Kuichó heard it he said:] "Death! If the folks[18] could kill me their hearts would come out!"[19] It was night, and Kuichó said to his offspring: "I heard the noise the folks made! They are near me!" So they all went out into the darkness.

Now Kundágn's old mother was lying on her back, with her knees drawn up at the entrance to a house near the fire; and when Kundágn dashed into the house he struck her. She became frightened and said: "*E!* Kundágn, it is I!" Then he said: "Mother, are the folks here?" "Yes," said she, for she had been asleep and had not noticed them go. Then Kundágn walked around there. Then they threw on the fire bundles of bamboo that the others had been drying for arrows. By its light Kundágn saw Kapíli standing in the doorway waving his club and called to his in-law Kanyahé, "In-law, the Kapíli we have been looking for is here!" Then he[20] leaped at him[21] and struck him and he[21] fell, and he struck him again. Then he[20] walked about the house singing. Koyivádn was kneeling against the wall of the house waving his club, and Kundágn called out, "In-law, the Koyivádn we came in here looking for is there!" Then he[20] leaped forward and was going to strike Koyivádn, but Koyivádn also tried to hit him and waved his club before him. Then he [Koyivádn] struck Kundágn with his club. He tried to strike Kundágn on the head, but he turned his head aside and the blow landed on Kundágn's neck. He staggered and fell on one knee. Koyivádn was going to hit him again. Kundágn's eyes were glazed, and he waved his hands in front of himself; and Koyivádn struck him repeatedly on the hands until he came to and stood up. Then Kundágn struck Koyivádn's club and knocked it out of his hands and struck him on the head. He struck him again and walked about singing. Then he said, "In-law, let's go!" Now Koyivádn's relatives were waiting for Kundágn at the entrance with drawn bows, and when he dashed out they shot at him, but he ducked and dashed away.

Next day he went on toward the fence.[22] He reached it, but his people had gone away during his absence. He remained there with his in-law Kanyahé and with Tondúin. Koyivádn and his people pursued him, and

[18] The term *sydagdi* indicates relationship.
[19] They would be delighted.
[20] Kundágn.
[21] Kapíli.
[22] Anciently, the Kaingáng say, they lived in fenced communities.

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when they reached the fence they shot at him. Kundágn's in-law would step outside to shoot at them, and Kundágn would say: "Stop! I can't move my hands, and if they kill you they'll kill me too!" But he paid no attention and kept on going outside to shoot until he himself was shot. Then Kundágn said to him: "The deuce! I said to him: 'Stop! If they shoot you they'll kill me with you!' But that one paid no attention and kept on going outside to them until now he is shot!" Then the others burnt the house down. They stayed inside until it was being consumed, and at last Kundágn said to his affinal relative, "Affinal relative, let's go out!" At last they went out and were killed.

In the meanwhile the house they had burnt in order to kill Tondúin fell on him, and he lay there silent, half dead. When he saw them go he went away. His back was all roasted.

Kundágn's hands had been beaten and crushed by Koyivádn. They were swollen, and he walked around with his arrow lying useless in the bow. Therefore he could not avenge himself.

A characteristic of this type of tale is its amoral, reportorial character: individuals commit murder, revenge is wreaked, and finally the avengers themselves are killed. The facts are told in perfect plot sequence without comment and without taking sides. An individual searching them for clues to proper behavior in given situations would almost always be confused, for although it is true in Kaingáng folklore that whenever a son kills his father or brother he too is killed, all murders whatsoever are avenged in folklore. In Kaingáng folklore suggestions regarding murders one must not commit are rare. Indeed, the stories describe murders that I have not been able to duplicate in the historical content of Kaingáng society. The actual Kaingáng at least draw the line at parents and full siblings, but the Kaingáng of folklore exploit these very relationships in murderous behavior. The only function I am able to see in the folk-tale murder of fathers and siblings is either the purely literary one of intensifying the affect or the more sinister one of giving expression to a deep-rooted desire to annihilate the closest relatives.

Like so many Kaingáng stories the tale of Thechá of the Burning Fire begins with an unexplained quarrel. "They were angry and they fought," or "they wanted to kill them and they invited them to a festa," is a characteristic opening. Whence springs this impulse to destruction? Why is everybody angry? The Kaingáng themselves do not search for reasons, for murder and rage are as much part of their lives as the tapirs they kill and the houses they build.

The second story reproduces some of the scenes of the ancient life of the

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Kaingáng: their savannah dwelling-place and their large beehive-shaped houses with doorways. The device of building a false floor is known to me only in this context. The beehive-shaped house which the Kaingáng once built for me to illustrate their old life had no floor. 539

The repeated panicstricken flights of Kuichó's offspring in the face of two or three lone warriors is easily understood in terms of the characteristic Kaingáng flight in the face of an aggressive act. When the Kaingáng are attacked they run unless they are driven into a corner where they have to fight.

Kundágn's anger after he had dispatched Laktógn was not based on any feeling he had for him. Kundágn was angry because he was frightened. He had let someone escape who would certainly some day come to avenge the death of his relative, "So he kept worrying about it until he went and killed Koyivádn and Kapíli."

The first thing that Kundágn did when he returned to continue the annihilation of Thechá's murderers was to strike his own mother. This was an accident due to the darkness, and the character of the accident is significant for the understanding of the relationship between the two groups. Kundágn's mother was living with Kuichó's group, a sign that there was no profound break in social relationships between the two groups of people.

There are pointers in this story for future homicides. A good way to light up a house is to throw into the fire the dry bamboo arrow-shafts that are always stuck in the roof of every-house. The thing to do during an attack is for a man to wait outside his own house while murderers are within and to shoot them when they come out; it is much safer than engaging in the hand-to-hand struggle that becomes inevitable in the interior. Kaingáng myth is indeed the repository of tribal lore—regarding how to slaughter kinsmen.

Kundágn's reaction to the wounding of his in-law was not sorrow but anger because his in-law's zeal had brought about his injury and left Kundágn crippled, with only one protector instead of two.

The story that follows treats of actual events that took place some five or six generations back. It is told precisely like a folktale, and though its principal character, Yokégn, is an historical figure well known to the present-day Kaingáng, the events in which he took part are not joined historically to preceding or succeeding events.

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5373. Yokégn Kills Pandjumbúgn and the Latter's Son-in-Law, Kuikégn

Dramatis Personae

Yokégn and

His klą

- Ketédn, *son-in-law of Yokégn*
- Waichúgn, *Ketédn's wife*
- Waimogué, *Ketédn's wife*
- Thangglé, *Yokégn's wife and Waichúgn's mother*
- Tombá, *Yokégn's wife*
- Thulí, Thegnndádn, Chuktídn, Tavádn, Waivukté, Yunggukthí — *affinal relatives of Ketédn*

Kuikégn and

His klą

- Kaklíli, Anggló — *wives of Kuikégn; daughters of Pandjumbúgn*
- Yukúin, *son of Kuikégn*
- Yupló, *son of Kuikégn*

Others

- Pandjumbúgn
- Kavá
- Padnmbá
- Padnmbá's wife
- Chantágn, *Pandjumbúgn's wife*
- Koikambégn, *Chantágn's infant son*

Ketédn went hunting and lost the trail. He slept. He wandered around lost. They went to look for him but did not find him. Ketédn's wives were Waichúgn and Waimogué. His wives thought he had died and went away in their widow's isolation. Then they cut their hair. Then Pandjumbúgn lived with Waichúgn and Waimogué.

Ketédn wandered around lost until he reached a different camp.

Ketédn fought with the Brazilians alone and killed four while he was lost. They were clearing a field. He took four axes. On his way back he met Kavá, who was with his offspring. Kavá went around with Padnmbá. When Kavá asked Ketédn for an axe he gave him one.

After a while Kavá became angry with him. Probably Ketédn copulated with Kavá's wife. It [the quarrel] happened at a festa. Ketédn went away taking Kavá's axe because the latter had become angry with him. Then Padnmbá said to his [own] wife, "Go after your relative and let him give you one of his axes." So she went. She shouted after him, "Wait for me!" He heard her cry and waited for her. When she caught up to him she said, *"Nyungnyén,*[28] I have come after you for one of your axes." He rested with her. Then they mourned because he was going alone. She pitied him,

[28] Relative. See kinship terms, Appendix II.

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and said, "A tiger may kill you. When you go, and a tiger does not kill you, keep a look-out for me." She gave him her robe which she had brought along. It was new. Then he gave her an axe and she said, "*Nyungnyén*, take my robe and lie on it." He gave her an axe and went. 539

When he reached his relatives' camp his wives were living with Pandjumbúgn. Then Ketédn lived with them. He gave an axe to his wife's father, Yokégn. He said to his mother-in-law, "Thangglé, my *mbẽ*, get the bamboo I cut to make arrows with." She was Waichúgn's mother. He had two bamboo sticks.

He went to Yokégn with an axe, and Yokégn stood up and came to meet him, saying: "*Ai!* What is this? Gone for a long time and comes back carrying something? You threw away my children, and now you come back giving me something!" He was saying that he was going to be given something. "Ketédn, make beer for me with this axe!" He gave him all his axes. He kept his relative's robe and his own knife.

After a while Pandjumbúgn became angry because Ketédn lived with his wives. Pandjumbúgn left the two women when Ketédn arrived. Pandjumbúgn had no wives. Several days after Ketédn arrived Pandjumbúgn made a trough for Yokégn and made beer in it. Ketédn's in-laws, Thulí, Thegnndádn, Chuktídn, Tavádn, Waivukté, and Yunggukthí went on a somewhat long hunting trip, sleeping away from camp. Now Pandjumbúgn intended to kill them single-handed. He did not go with them. They shot tapirs and pigs and came back carrying the tapirs on large carrying-frames. When they arrived in the dance place they threw them down, and Thulí said to Pandjumbúgn, "Untie my frame." Then they held a festa. In the meanwhile he untied the frames. They took off the meat and gave it to the people. Pandjumbúgn gave meat to Thulí, Thegnndádn, and the others.

Yunggukthí came to the beer and drank some from a wax-lined basket. Waichúgn came behind him and took the basket from his hand. She took some beer, drank, and joked with him. When Pandjumbúgn saw this he came over and took the basket from her hand. Then Pandjumbúgn became angry with Ketédn and Yunggukthí and fought with them. He also became angry with Thulí, Thegnndádn, Tavádn, and Chuktídn. Yokégn was protecting them with his club so that Pandjumbúgn was unable to strike anyone. Then Yokégn became angry, and Pandjumbúgn stopped. Yokégn was going to talk to them. Pandjumbúgn looked at Yokégn and said: "I'll beat you! When men are angry with me I tear the clubs from their hands and beat them. I'll beat you." When Yokégn heard this he became angry and hit Pandjumbúgn and said, "*Now* beat me!" Pandjumbúgn fell. They danced around him, and when he did not sit up they hit him again and he died. Pandjumbúgn was the son of Nandjaví. When

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they saw [that he had died] they stopped and Yokégn said to his offspring: "You don't have to be afraid of me, folks. Set the poor fellow out in the burning-place." So they took him up and set him in the dance ground, and he died there. They burnt him there. They stopped drinking their beer.

Yokégn said to his offspring, "Pour out the poor fellow's beer for me." He was going to dance. "I wonder whether he'll make some more for me." He was saying that since he had been killed he would not make beer for him [Yokégn] again. They poured out the beer for Yokégn alone. The others did not dance. His offspring sat near him. Yokégn drank it all up alone because Pandjumbúgn would never make beer for him again.

One day before Pandjumbúgn was killed Waimogué went for wood. Pandjumbúgn came to her on his way hunting. When she saw him she went away, and Pandjumbúgn became angry, [saying] "So that's the way you treat me, eh?" But she went. Probably she told Ketédn. He [Pandjumbúgn] was telling her that he was going to kill her husband and live with her. She referred to what Pandjumbúgn had said to her.

Later Yokégn saw Pandjumbúgn's son-in-law Kuikégn. Kuikégn had married Pandjumbúgn's daughters Kaklíli and Anggló. Yokégn went along the old trail with his offspring, and Kuikégn was coming along in the other direction. Yokégn went along the trail early in the morning, and Kuikégn came to meet him. While they were resting there together Kuikégn's people came along and also Yokégn's offspring. Then Yokégn told Kuikégn of how he almost died of hunger.[24] "I was hungry and went hunting. I went on and was so nearly dead from hunger that I was retching. When I reached Thangglé [his wife] I said to her, 'Do not do anything for me.'[25] So she made palm-pith cakes and gave me fern shoots and I ate them and vomited. I was sick. Then Tombá [another wife] cooked some of the pine nuts she had kept in her odds-and-ends basket for her pet parrot, and I drank the liquor and became well. If it hadn't been for that I should have died. If I had died of hunger the others would have ridiculed me.

"The next day there was a big river. I swam it and on the other side there was some fern [which I ate]. As I went further I saw some young palms and I did the same thing.[26] As I was coming along I saw some howler monkeys, and I put aside my wooden arrows and took my iron ones. I shot a male. In the meanwhile it had started to pour; so I ran until I reached the edge of the river, and it had risen a great deal. Then I stood

[24] I have introduced a long section from another version of the same story in order to give a more complete view of the character of the detail that is incorporated into these stories

[25] This may mean "I brought nothing home; so there is nothing to do."

[26] Ate the palm shoots.

on the edge shouting, 'Throw me to the other side!' Then I tied up the monkeys and swam the river. Thangglé singed them and distributed the flesh. They ate it." [The informant adds: "When Pandjumbúgn heard his cry he cut a length of bamboo, and when Yokégn came along swimming he extended the bamboo toward him and dragged him out." The informant also adds the following: "Yokégn shot a deer and she [his wife] roasted it. Then she gave Pandjumbúgn a leg and put another leg and part of the back in a basket and hung it up. Then Pandjumbúgn's wife Chantágn took her son and stood on one leg so that she could hold the other in front of her vagina. She was standing without a robe, for she had put it over her husband with whom she had been lying; so she was standing without anything [on]. Now Thangglé was lying there looking at her [and said under her breath], 'What fool is eating the piece I set aside for them [my children] after having divided it up among the others?' Thangglé was talking because Chantágn had stolen her meat. Thus she would tear off a strip of meat and put it in her child's mouth. That is all. Yokégn shot a deer. When Pandjumbúgn was sick Yokégn treated him, and when he recovered he killed him."]

"In the meanwhile the river rose.[27] A line of bamboo had been stretched across, and that is why Pandjumbúgn's wife Chantágn's son Koikambégn, whom she was carrying, was almost killed there. The others would float holding on to the bamboo and letting their bodies stretch out downstream, but she floated upstream and was swung under it [the bamboo]. Therefore her husband said to Yokégn, "The one whose hair is gray at the temples is drowning!" So when she came to the surface Yokégn seized her. He was swimming toward her, and when he came alongside her she said, "My *kókla*,[28] I am carrying him [her son]." "Well, then, hold on to him well. I'm going to carry you along." So he carried her and swam along until he reached the shore. [When they reached land] her child's belly was distended with the water it had swallowed. So he turned it upside down and shook it until the water poured out of its mouth and it came to.

So he went on telling these things to Kuikégn until the latter said, "Where is Pandjumbúgn?" He hadn't told him anything about Pandjumbúgn; so he asked about him.[29] Yokégn laughed[30] because he remembered that he had killed Pandjumbúgn. He asked again for Pandjumbúgn, and Yokégn said, "Yukúin's father,[31] Pandjumbúgn wandered around

[27] The informant has put himself in the place of Yokégn and is now telling the story as if he were Yokégn.

[28] Ceremonial father. Often used merely as a courtesy term.

[29] End of insert.

[30] He laughs to reassure himself. The Kaingáng laugh in difficult situations in an effort to regain their emotional balance.

[31] Addressing Kuikégn as "Father of So-and-so."

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over there. When Ketédn was lost we thought he had died; so we ignored him. In the meanwhile Pandjumbúgn's relatives were killed by another group of his own people. They tried to kill him at night. He ran out at night, and they burnt torches in pursuit of him. He had gone without lance or bow. He became thin." Then he saw Yokégn, and Yokégn fed him.[22] Yokégn had killed an anteater for him, and he ate it. It was fat. Then he recovered. When he became well he lived with Ketédn's wives. "Pandjumbúgn was lost and arrived [in our camp]. I fed him, and he became well. He went around with me, and when Ketédn was lost he lived with his wives. Then Ketédn came back and lived with the women. When Pandjumbúgn saw this he wanted to kill me. When I saw this I became afraid, and I killed him. Now you have heard all about it." He stopped talking after a while. They camped there. At sunset Kuikégn mourned: "Now in vain have my spouse and I been bearing fine meat looking for the poor thing who we thought was still alive!" After a while he stopped. He became angry. At night he probably said to his wife, "I'm going to kill them at night." At night they slept, but Yokégn's wife lay awake and watched. Kuikégn sat up and took his lance, and Kuikégn's wife Kaklíli seized his lance. Yokégn's wife woke him and said, "My *kŏklá* almost killed you." Yokégn got up and watched all night.

Kuikégn's son Yuplú was knocking down a tree for troughs. Yokégn said, "What fell?" Kuikégn answered, "Yuplú is knocking down trees for troughs." Before he made the troughs he said to Yokégn's offspring, "Make troughs for me, folks; I'm going to make beer in them for you." So Chuktídn, Thegnndádn, Thulí, Tavádn, and Ketédn went. Yuplú's trough was big. First one and then another helped and by midday it was finished. They cleared a space and made a place for it. Yuplú said, "Go out and get honey for me, folks." Tavádn, Chuktídn, Thulí, Thegnndádn, and Ketédn went; but Yokégn did not go. They brought back honey and mixed it in the troughs. The following day they went for more. Four days later they drank it.

Ketédn came with beer, and so did Yungguktht. The others were dancing. As Ketédn came to drink beer Kuikégn was going to stab him, when Kuikégn's wife seized the lance. She did this because she was afraid that if he killed anyone they would kill him. Then Kaklíli followed Ketédn and said, "Kuikégn almost killed you." At last the beer became exhausted. It was not the baby-blackening. Kuikégn wanted to kill Ketédn. When there was no more beer they stopped [dancing].

Early next morning they all went away. They slept. Early next day they heard Yuplú knock down a tree for beer. "Who knocked down a tree?" Kuikégn replied, "Yuplú knocked down a tree to make a trough." Then

[22] The informant is no longer identifying himself with Yokégn.

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Yuplú called them to help again. They finished making it and placed it in a cleared space. They carried it—they carry[83] troughs. Then he sent them for honey and they went out to look for it. Tavádn, Chuktídn, Thegndádn, and Thulí were sent. They followed Ketédn. They saw a young coconut tree and sucked it.[84] Later Yokégn followed them and caught up with them while they were eating. 539

Kuikégn was going to shoot them. He wanted to shoot them, but his wife prevented him. He became angry with her and beat her with his bow, saying, "Seeing that they want to kill me I was going to kill some of them, but since you like being mounted by them you are trying to defend them!" Then he went around them [where they were camped] and went away. He had gone after them and was about to shoot them, but his wife prevented him. Kuikégn took her robe and went away.

The others went on also. They saw him in the distance with his naked wife, and they followed him, saying, "There's another enemy!" They were worried by him; so they called him "enemy." When they caught up to him they said,[85] *"Ai,* the old fellow frightened me!" Then Kuikégn went with them.

They saw some howler monkeys on the pines and shot them. When Kuikégn heard this he was going over, but his wife restrained him; so he took his bow and went away. He beat her. Then he pierced a beehive, took it out, and came back. Kuikégn arrived in camp before them.

Yuplú came to the beer three days later. He called Thegnndádn, "Thegnndádn, come make a festa!" He went and began. Then they all came.

In the afternoon Yuplú stopped and went to the house. Yukúin and Kuikégn also went. They were about to become angry. Yokégn and his offspring continued. Then Kaklíli came to Thegnndádn and said: "Stop drinking the beer I made for my *nyungnyén* [Yukúin]. It will become exhausted." Yukúin had sent her to tell him this. She gave them drink and then went back. They did not stop but drank it all up. Then, probably, Yuplú said to her: "Go over there and talk about it. Strike the one who talks back, and I'll come over." He probably said this. So she went to them and said to Thegnndádn, "Stop drinking the beer; it will become exhausted." "I will not! I made it! Beer is made so that it may be drunk up!" When she heard this she struck him on the cheek. Thegnndádn cried, *"Hai!"* and said, "If men want to kill me let them come over and exchange

[83] This remark was for my benefit. I had only seen the Kaingáng push troughs along the ground.

[84] They chopped it down and pounded out the fibrous interior of the trunk, which yields a cool and refreshing juice when sucked.

[85] Not within Kuikégn's hearing.

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53 blows with me!" Then Yuplú came over behind her. Thegnndádn did not see him come because he was looking at the woman. Yuplú was about to strike him when Thegnndádn raised his lance. The blade fell off from the shock and hit Thegnndádn on the head and he fell. Kuikégn came behind Yuplú with his bow. He aimed an arrow, but his wife seized his bow and took it out of his hands. She also took Yukúin's. Waivukté and Yunggukthí seized Yukúin. They began to fight with Yuplú. Kuikégn took his bow and lance. He shouted to his wife: "Kaklíli, give me something! I'm going to pay back with it!" Yokégn protected him.[86] Yokégn took Kuikégn's bow and arrows from him, and Yokégn's offspring seized Kuikégn; but Kuikégn continued his shouting. Kaklíli took the blade from the lance and gave Kuikégn the handle. He hit Yokégn in the thigh and cut his leg with the corner of the handle. Yokégn fell on one knee and sent his wife for embira to bind up his leg. She bound it around over the wound. Yunggukthí, Tavádn, and Waivukté captured Yukúin. Yunggukthí said to Waivukté: "Hold on to him! I'm going to take a look at Thegnndádn." He went to Thegnndádn, seized his hair, and raised his head. But Thegnndádn was unconscious. Then Yunggukthí said: *"Ai!* I'm going to kill him! He killed *yûgn."* Thegnndádn was a child of Yunggukthí's father's [Yokégn's] relative. Then Kuikégn came over to Yunggukthí, still shouting, "Kaklíli, give me something to pay back with!" Yunggukthí hit Kuikégn on the head with his club. Thulí, Tavádn, Ketédn, and Chuktídn were fighting with Yuplú a little way off and they captured him. When Yunggukthí hit Kuikégn the former went to Yuplú. They were going to kill him.

Yokégn stood up and leaned on his lance. He wanted to go to Yuplú but could not. He called his offspring: "Let Yuplú alone, folks! He was *waikeyá* only through his father's instructions!" So they let him alone when they heard this. Yuplú's lance shaft was all broken, and he threw it away. He grasped a trough gouge[87] that was lying in the place where he had been making a trough and took the handle and fought with them until it broke and he had only a little piece left. Nevertheless he continued to protect himself with it. When they heard their *yûgn* [Yokégn] they let Yuplú alone and came back with Yuplú. This is the Yuplú that [later] fought with Yokégn against Wanenggló. Yokégn said to Yuplú: "Yuplú, stop! I killed your father. If you become angry again I'll kill you! You were *waikeyá* through your father's instructions. Nevertheless the one I killed is there! Stop! Fix him up and lay him out. I defended him but when he struck me I killed him. Stretch him out in the burning-place."

[86] The conciliatory attitude of Yokégn throughout all this is striking.

[87] A trough gouge is a small, sharp piece of metal with a slender handle about five feet long.

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PLATE I

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House

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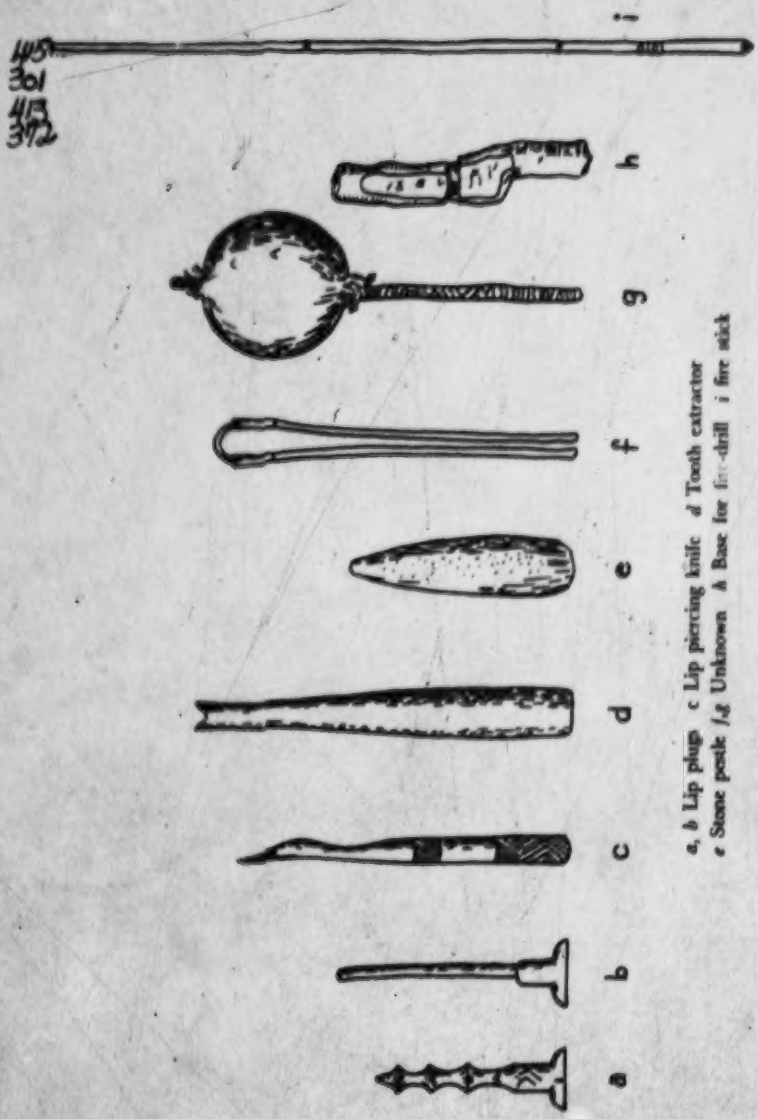
PLATE II



a, b Lip plugs c Lip piercing knife d Tooth extractor
e Stone pestle f, g Unknown h Base for fire-drill i fire stick

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539 Thegnndádn recovered after a while, and Yuplú went around with them.

When Vomblé[88] was a young man he saw Kuikégn. Yokégn told this to Vomblé.

Then they burnt Kuikégn, and Yokégn said to Kuikégn's children, "Put the poor fellow in a clear space." He said to Kuikégn's children, "Don't be afraid of me. Put him in a clear space."

Then Yuplú went around with them. Yukúin had stopped when he was seized.

Later Wanenggló and his offspring saw them.

The general character of this tale, which is historical, is the same as that of the two preceding folklore examples; the theme, murder and revenge, is the same in all three. The third differs from the others principally in the amount of detail included by one informant.

The impulses that drive all these stories toward their bloody and disruptive ends are the emotional twins, anger and fear. In the third we learn that Kavá became angry with Ketédn because "*probably* Ketédn lay with Kavá's wife." This is a stock explanation, on a par with our own reasoning about stomach ache—"Probably he ate something." The real reason for the final break between Kavá and Ketédn was that Kavá's camp was a "different" camp and Ketédn was an outsider. Although Pandjumbúgn was inflamed because he had been deprived of his two wives by the return of their supposedly dead husband, it is also clear from the story that he was also an outsider in Yokégn's family. There is no safe haven for anyone in Kaingáng society outside the limits of his own extended family. The two basic groups in the drama are the offspring of Yokégn and those of Kuikégn. Ketédn got into trouble among the offspring of Kuikégn, and Pandjumbúgn met his doom among Yokégn's. Pandjumbúgn's fate is all the more arresting in view of the bond that existed between him and Yokégn. Yokégn had rescued Pandjumbúgn from starvation and then saved his child from drowning. When Pandjumbúgn, urged by impulses that he could no longer resist, tried single-handed to annihilate Yokégn and his entire family, Yokégn again stepped in to rescue this obsessed man from death. Yet Pandjumbúgn did not want the safety the pacific Yokégn offered him, and he was killed by the hand of his benefactor.

This story contains a number of the elements of demand and acquiescence that are so crucial in Kaingáng society. In spite of his anger Ketédn gave an axe to Padnmbí's wife when she asked him for it; Yokégn sprang into the swollen river to rescue Pandjumbúgn's wife and child when he

[88] The original male ancestor of one of the extended families. See Chapter VI, p. 51.

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637 was asked, and Yokégn and his offspring attended the festa given to Kuikégn and his sons even though they knew that it was part of a plan to slaughter them. Another aspect of this state of mind is Thangglé's silent consent to Chantágn's theft of her meat. All she dared do was lie mumbling to herself and to call Chantágn a fool under her breath.

When the lost Ketédn at last wandered back to his father-in-law's camp he was greeted not by solicitous inquiries after his health or by curiosity about his adventures but by "You threw away my children!" Neither the dead nor the recently returned from the dead are beyond the reproach of desertion.

The constructive aspect of *waikayú* is seen in Yokégn's fear of starving because of the ridicule it would bring on him: he had boasted much but might at last die by starvation, a ridiculous death indeed for one who thought so much of himself! He must, therefore, make a great effort to save himself and to justify his great self-esteem. The disruptive aspect of *waikayú* appears in Yuplú's attack on Yokégn and his offspring. "You were *waikayú* because of your father's instruction," cries Yokégn. If we examine the behavior of the principal actors in this drama we can perceive two more characteristics of the *waikayú* individual: he perseveres in the face of great odds, and he continues in spite of the pacific demonstrations of other people. Pandjumbúgn, Kuikégn, and Yuplú, the most disruptive individuals, decidedly *overestimated* their own abilities. In Kuikégn we can see again the operation of the compulsive guilt-projection cycle: because he wished to kill Yokégn he believed that Yokégn desired to kill him. It was partly through the wakefulness of Yokégn's wife that he was not killed the first night he camped with Kuikégn. Sleeplessness is a great virtue among the Kaingáng.

Kaklíli, the only feminine figure of any importance in the story, is a confused and even pitiable person. All she receives for her efforts to keep her husband from committing murder is repeated beatings, and in spite of her eagerness to prevent trouble she is the one who eventually precipitates it and finally causes her husband's death by giving him a weapon to fight with. Had he been weaponless they might have seized him and dissuaded him as they did his two sons. Throughout all the feud stories, historical or fanciful, one cannot escape the conclusion that the Kaingáng women were driven helplessly on by the obsessive resentment-anger-guilt-fear behavior of their men.

The literary style of this story is excellent. In its apparently un-self-conscious way it has plot, heroes, and swift and exciting action. This is characteristic of most of the Kaingáng murder stories. In some primitive cultures the whole literary interest is apt to center around the personality of the story teller, for he combines the loose literary content of his culture

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into ever new patterns as he uses old material in any variety of combinations to suit his fancy. But among the Kaingáng every murder story is a complete unit that must not be tampered with. To put part of one tale into another would be like putting a chapter of *Alice in Wonderland* into *Pilgrim's Progress*. 539

Stories like the third above, even when they are much longer,[39] give the impression of being completely unplanned, but nevertheless there must be among the Kaingáng a definite feeling for drama that centers around some succession of events with an intelligible beginning and an esthetically satisfying end. It is this feeling that determines the selection of incidents in them.

The general type of motivation and incident—anger, revenge, the taking of other men's wives, festa murder—appear in all of the murder tales. But the particular context in which they come into play is different in each. Every tale is oriented about a different plot, and incidents other than those mentioned are various. The great value of the murder tales lies in the innumerable revealing insights they give into the operation of Kaingáng culture. For the Kaingáng themselves it is somewhat different. They derive obvious pleasure from the incidents of violence, enjoying the details of every blow and drop of blood. But they too like to follow out the varied plots, without which the stories would be monotonous. Unlike the ethnologist, they are little interested in the discovery of motivations and causes. The mere succession of incidents is enough for them, and they are swept along by the excitement of the events and eager anticipation of what is to come next.

Tales of Animals and Supernatural Beings

For the first tale of this type I have purposely chosen an extreme example—a story which, more than any other of its sort seems to reflect a little of the mood of the murder tales. But even in this legend of the war of the animals it will be seen that in spite of the fact that it opens with a festa which develops into a slaughter, the general tone is quite different from that of the murder story, and there is no elaboration of the various details of the Kaingáng psychic structure with which we are familiar. Thus, although at first blush my selection of this tale would seem to impair my general thesis of the lack of relationship of the animal and supernatural tales to the intimacies of Kaingáng life, actually it does not.

[39] I have a tale five times as long as that of Yokégn and Kuikégn which took days in the telling but which, in each version I received, begins with the same incident and marches steadfastly through the same plot and incidents.

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4. The War of the Animals

539 The tiger was sitting next to the deer at the animals' festa. The ounce was sitting next to the tapir, the great hawk next to the porcupine, and the *hovo*[40] next to the armadillo.

Now when the deer began to sing Tiger said to him, "Look here, you're singing about me!" But the deer said: "I'm singing this way: 'Deer, your anus.' That's what I was singing." Then Tiger said to him: "You sang about me, and you sang: 'Tiger, *djô ve vẽ*,[41] Tiger, *djô ko tų wandõ*'[41]—that's what you sang. Now then, [sing]: 'Deer, your anus. The place of defecating is the base of a tree. *Chą kla pi lõ.*'"[41] That is what Tiger said to Deer.

Then as Deer danced around, Tiger seized him. At the same time Ounce seized Tapir and dragged him off, and as they struggled Tapir threw Ounce off and ran away. In the meanwhile Deer was lying in his camp site. Great Hawk seized Porcupine and killed him. Hóvo was going to seize Armadillo, but he entered the earth and escaped; he came out far away and ran off. Then Hóvo thrust his leg into [the hole] where Armadillo had entered, saying, *"Mbĩ tộ yûi mbĩ tộ yûi."*[42] But in the meanwhile he saw him come out far away from the place where he went in. Then he pursued him.

A woodpecker was piercing a hive [and Armadillo said to him]: "My *kókla*, there's a fight on and I escaped. My *kókla*, Hóvo is chasing me. When he comes here throw your axe into his mouth." That is what they[43] said to him. So Woodpecker put one of them at the base of the tree and covered him with earth and placed another in a basket which he stood on his thighs. Then he went on piercing the hive. In the meanwhile Hóvo came along their trail saying, *"Mbĩ tộ yûi, mbĩ tộ yûi,"* until he arrived beneath him. Then he said, "Have you seen my quarry?" To which he replied: *"Ivu*, it's been quiet around here. They may have gone over that way, because you can hear their noise." So Hóvo went to look for their trail. When [one] Armadillo saw this he said to Woodpecker, "My *kókla*, throw your axe into his mouth." When he heard that he slopped up some honey with tree hair[44] and said to Hóvo, "Eat some of my honey." So he went for something to put the honey in. When Hóvo saw it he said, "Sit

[40] A kind of tiger.

[41] These are meaningless syllables that carry the tune.

[42] Hóvo's way of saying that Armadillo is no good.

[43] We learn here for the first time that there were two armadillos.

[44] A green, moss-like growth on the limbs and trunks of trees. It is used for mopping up honey as it flows out of the comb.

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down[45] there for it. I am waiting open-mouthed down here with my people for the honey." Then he opened his mouth. Then the tree hair fell into his mouth and he swallowed it. Then Woodpecker wrapped the blade of his axe in some more tree hair and said to him, "Open your mouth." When he opened his mouth he threw it in, and it cut his windpipe. He fell in a heap. Then Armadillo said to Woodpecker, "Let me down." So he let him down. When they were all killed they [the armadillos] went away.

Chûlágn (a bird) tried to defend them. He went: *"Chûktú, chugn ve!* Let them alone! *Chûktú, chu ve!*[46] Let them alone!" At last Tekte[47] killed him.

Stories of battles among animals are common among the tribes of the New World. The general character of this tale could be duplicated in any number of groups. What is, perhaps, most typically Kaingáng in it is the festa setting and the peculiar seating arrangement—each animal next to the one he intends to murder. But here the specifically Kaingáng background fades. This tale would be at home in a large number of primitive communities, for it requires no unique cultural context. But the murder tales can be understood only in terms of Kaingáng culture and would be unintelligible outside its limits.

In spite of its resemblance to a feud tale—if men were put in place of the animals, the beginning would sound much like a feud brawl—the story of the war of the animals lacks the two motifs that give the murder tales their specific character: blood relationship and revenge. No animal tale contains them. In so far as this is, in part, a battle tale, the Kaingáng derive a certain pleasure from the fantastic struggle of the animals; but the murder theme is not developed. Porcupine's relatives never take revenge on Hawk, nor Hóvo on Woodpecker or Armadillo. It is a striking characteristic of the animal tales that only this one extends beyond three hundred [English] words. The reason for this is not hard to find. The Kaingáng have, in their murder tales, developed a literary form that is expressive of everything they feel deeply; and they have little need for other material.

As a second illustration of the animal and supernatural-being tales I have chosen a nightmare tale of Vẽin.[48] Kaingáng literary expression is

[45] We can see by the use of the plural form of "to sit" that several people are involved here. In this and the succeeding sentence we discover for the first time that several *hovo* are gathered together.

[46] Informants did not know what this means.

[47] A hawk.

[48] See p. 71.

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539 devoted principally to the development of the death theme in various aspects. Among the tales treating of death are a number that deal with death caused by a tiger or by a supernatural monster. Where human beings are slain and devoured by supernatural beings or by tigers these creatures should be regarded as projections or hypostatizations of the great Kaingáng fear of death at the hands of vendetta enemies. In these tales the behavior of the attacking tigers or supernaturals parallels that of feud enemies, and the defence precautions taken are the same as those employed against enemy families. Like the warriors of "different" groups tigers and supernaturals strike and strike again; they pursue relentlessly and are satisfied only with total annihilation. And just as the Kaingáng run from their vendetta enemies or build protective fences around their encampments, so also they fly in terror from pursuing tigers and supernatural monsters or build fences to keep them off.

5. The Coming of Véin

The ancients saw Véin. Mumbégn's father's father saw him in the time when they still planted corn.

The women gathered it [corn] and were on their way back when they slept. They had no fire. Late at night Véin came for them. He came along flashing like a firefly,[49] and they spoke to him: "Let the one coming along with a torch of bamboo give some of it to me—I am lying here without fire." Then he came with his flame that was like burning bamboo. Then they made fire and stayed there and slept. Then he would lie down with a woman and copulate with his penis,[50] and her blood would come out. He copulated[51] with them all thus. He came to Chantágn at daybreak and copulated with her, and she almost died. She got up and ran off, and when she arrived [in camp] she said: "Some other thing that is like a man came with fire, and since we had none we asked for some, and he copulated with them all and they died. He copulated with me and I am dying." Then she fell and died. Then they all went off to some other men and told: "Some other *nggïyúdn*, the one that flashes, probably Véin, copulated with all the women." Then they made a fence. "He is coming behind you!" They finished the fence at night and waited for him. Next day they waited for him, and he pursued them. Late at night he was coming along after them. They were in a savannah. He reached the houses and circled them all with

[49] This refers to the way in which he gleamed, not to the size of the light.

[50] Since the verbs "to copulate with" and "to eat" are the same word, my informant found it necessary to make clear how the verb was to be understood in this context.

[51] The verb is, of course, the same as in the preceding sentence.

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his arms. "Who asked for my upper arm?"[82] said he. He was probably 539
carrying a fire. He ate them all. Some people in another house escaped and went to another group and arrived there. "The one that flashes killed all the men." Then they dug a trench around the house. Next night late he came along through the savannah. "Who wants my upper arm?" Then he came and killed them all again. The people from two houses escaped. There was nothing to be done. They looped a pine[83] and climbed up. They made a house in the pine by putting earth on strips of wood. They hoisted the earth up in baskets. There were three pine trees.

Amendó was mourning for her relatives. Her relative Kíyi[84] heard her and became angry. Probably he had seen *nggïyúdn*. [He said,] "When I hear her suffering I become angry." Then he waited for Véin. Late at night he saw Véin coming. He circled the houses again and said the same thing. When he saw that they were empty he stopped. He walked about and at last he saw their fire in the tree. When he climbed up Kíyi went "Kx," which is the cry of the owl, and he [Véin] exploded like a fire and fell down.

They put the women in the basket and lifted them up in it.
Then they all came down.

In this story Véin, the inexorable pursuing nightmare, is the counterpart of the relentlessly vindictive extended families. One village after another flies before him only to be annihilated. The terror-stricken people even build a fence against him as the Kaingáng did against other extended families even after they had abandoned their village life. Not only supernaturals like Véin are conceived of in this human fashion, but tigers too are looked on as bloodthirsty creatures which, having struck once, desire to strike again until they have eaten everyone.

The scene of this story is laid in the ancient villages in the savannah, and the women are pictured as returning from the gardens laden with corn. They are unaccompanied by their menfolk—an excellent opportunity for an enterprising male. There are a few other stories in Kaingáng folklore that reflect this fear on the part of the men of the community that while the women are away gathering wood or drawing water they may be persuaded, and all too easily, into a sex adventure. Nevertheless there is no instance on record of a man who was so aberrant as to attempt to accompany his wife on one of her customary errands.

[82] The meaning is not clear. It may indicate that Véin had fiery arms, but he is not generally so described.

[83] Made a climbing-loop.

[84] *Kíyi*, simplified to Kiyi, is the name of an owl.

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An Origin Myth

537 The origins of things, people, and circumstances are explained in the series of myths that are used for *wainyêklâdn,* the myth-shouting game. The importance of these myths is primarily for this game, secondarily as a source of "explanations" whenever the Kaingáng feel moved to give any. For generations they have not been the bulwark of much that is vital in Kaingáng culture, but they contain echoes of things that may have been important at one time. The content of these myths is not very interesting either for us or for the Kaingáng. The incidents are confused and repetitious, and I have, therefore, abridged them where possible without impairing their value.

6. The Coming of the Groups[85]

Chuvái said to Chu,[86] whose other name is Chuvái, *"Yúgn,* since you are my *kôika hẽ,*[87] come in my road, which you like." Then I came in the road of *yúgn* Chuvái, which I liked, and came into his dance ground. Then we caressed one another and danced together. Now a *wangdjó*[88] whose name was Kíyi came down behind me and entered my dance ground. When I saw this I asked, "What man is this?" and the *wangdjó* whose name was Kíyi said, *"Ivu,*[89] I am *wangdjó,"* and I said: *"Hu ki mbôl"*[89] Come in here and dance with me!" Whereupon the *wangdjó* whose name is Kíyi danced with me. I observed him and saw that he had no raiment, but nevertheless he danced with me. Then I approached him with my tied-up corn and suspended it from his upper arm, saying: *"Wangdjó* whose name is Kíyi, now then, swing your arms [in the dancing gesture] and dance with me. I am not *wangdjó.* You have no clothes, but dance with me." Then I danced with him.

In the meanwhile *wangdjó* whose name is Thekpopé came down after me and entered my dance ground. When I saw this I said, "What man is it?" and he replied, *"Ivu!* I am *wangdjó!"* Then I said, *"Hu ki mbôl* Come in and dance with me!" When I saw this I observed him and saw

[85] That is, the several divisions of people having different body-paint designs. See Appendix II.

[86] Mythological ancestors of the Kaingáng. In the origin myths it is often not clear just who is speaking.

[87] People having the same body paint design as oneself.

[88] In the origin myths the Kaingáng are referred to as *wangdjó.* They, however, do not recognize it as a tribal designation. *Wangdjó* is also the word for the succulent top of the tapir's neck and for a supernatural monster. See p. 71. These meanings are all completely unconnected in Kaingáng thought.

[89] An exclamation.

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that although he had no raiment he was dancing with me. Then I said: 539
"By means of *wangdjó* I make a road for men. I have white cloth." So I approached him with some and put it on him. Then I said: "*Wangdjó* whose name is Thekpopé and Patá, now girdle your *yókte*[60] with my cloth, my white cloth, and dance with me. I am not *wangdjó*. You have no clothes, but dance with me." Then I danced with him.

In the meanwhile his *yókte* were all married off. When I saw this we caressed one another. Then I said: "Thus we are in-laws. Let us live in one house together. When we have been married a long time we will have one house only and divide our firewood into two fires close together." Then I danced with him.

[The same procedure is gone through with two more men, Klendó and Nuklágn. Then, abruptly.]

I danced along where Pathí cleared the earth before me. I entered my other dancing ground. When I heard that many men were coming I danced with fear.

In the meanwhile Pathí made a house over me of closely placed strips of wood. I split wood. I had nothing to split for the house that Pathí made over my head. Then I split young pine. Then after he built the house I prepared *matté* for the divining by belching. After I prepared it I was belching, when along came Pathí who was called Bad Mouth because of his good teeth. His father had died. Now I was divining by belching because many men were coming, and he stood outside. Then I stuck my head out of my big house and jerked him by the arm, saying: "Divine with me! Since many men are coming I am going to divine by belching. Divine with me!" Then I put the *matté* into his mouth and he vomited. When I saw this I pushed him out. Then I said to him: "By this see! Because your teeth are good you are called Bad Mouth, and your father died! Then you vomited the *matté* I was going to drink because many men were coming."

Then I again divined by belching. After divining I stuck my head out of my big house, and I saw that men had already passed along the road of my *kóika hẽ* Wanyekí. The Brazilian Thugnhé had passed along; no-good Ndadnlé had passed along. Then I danced along after them and caught up to no-good Ndadnlé. Then I said, "What man is this?" Then no-good Ndadnlé remained silent. Therefore I thrust him to the side of the road of my *kóika hẽ* Wanyekí.

I was dancing along the road that Yognvái, whose other name is Pathí had cleared for me to the land he had seen, when no-good Ndadnlé behind me [said], "My name is Ndadnlé and Ndatúgn." But I paid no attention and went dancing along the road that Yognvái whose name is Pathí had

[60] Women having the same body-paint design as a man; hence women having the same design as Thekpopé.

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539 cleared to the land he had seen, when there was the road of dangerous Nevó crossing the road of my *kóika hē* Wanyekí. There the Brazilians in passing had chopped down trees, blocking Nevó's road.

I went dancing along through the field to the base of Hawk Mountain where live many men. I arrived there. In the meanwhile Black Water of the good teeth came down after me and entered my dance ground. Then I said, "Black Water of the good teeth, you may enter, but all our people are married, including the young girls." Then Black Water became angry because of the women and wanted to go away. When he went away he said, "If you stay here and live together I'll come after you to cut you to bits." When he said this he went away, but I remained dancing at the base of Hawk Mountain among the many people.

[This is repeated with two other men, Chuvái and Kothá. Then the story goes on:]

I remained at the base of Hawk Mountain waiting for my *kóika hē*, Black Water. Then Black Water of the good teeth came along after me and arrived at the base of Hawk Mountain. Then I said: "Black Water of the good teeth, come here. I have been waiting for you to do battle." Black Water had for a long time wanted to scatter the men at the base of Hawk Mountain, and at last he put a *pepóbm* [bird] among them and scattered the people.

I did not see which way Black Water went. Then I entered the forest and was dancing when *yûgn* Chu, whose other name is Chuvái, came down after me and entered my dance ground. Then I said to him: "Black Water wanted to put a *pepóbm* among the people at the base of Hawk Mountain, and he did so, scattering them. Then I entered the forest, and here I am."

Then I looked and saw Kukuvá's gourd in the field across from me. Then I went dancing toward it. I wanted to taste some [beer], but I was afraid. Kukuvá was in the field, and I invited him and exchanged rattles with him. I wanted to taste some of Kukuvá's beer, but I was afraid; so I took some feathers of the tucan and put them on my rattle.

That is what they do, then they stop.

The fundamental confusion in which the Kaingáng have been living for generations is shown in the contradictory behavior toward *kóika hē* and *yókte*. One's *kóika hē* are, according to the theoretical scheme, one's closest relatives. One cannot marry one's *yókte*, for that would be incest; and all one's *kóika hē* are called by a kinship term indicating close relationship. These are theories which, although they may reflect historical fact, have not been practised for at least two hundred years. In the origin myths we not only find men committing "incest"—for Chuvái marries his own

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yôkẽ in this myth—but actually fighting with their own *kôika hẽ:* the nameless speaker in the myth fights with his *kôika hẽ* Black Water. Kothá and Chuvái, two men the speaker calls by the kinship term *yâgn*, threaten to cut him to bits.

It is somewhat different in those instances in the myths where relationships through marriage have actually been achieved. The bridegrooms are pictured as sharing their property with the men of the other group and then caressing them and lying down beside the same fire. In a way this mythological behavior reflects the actual situation in Kaingáng society, but it is also in contradiction to the real state of affairs, for the relatives by marriage with whom one has one's strongest bond in contemporary Kaingáng society are members of the *same* group—a group which is closely knit together already by consanguineal and affective ties. Relatives by marriage on the other hand, no matter of what degree, are ruthlessly slaughtered if they are members of another extended family. In the myths marriage relationships are between *groups* of people, but what Kaingáng society is actually interested in is marriage ties between *individuals*. Thus the situation described so touchingly in the myth is either idyllic or antique; probably both—it is not real.

There is another important contradiction of everyday affairs in the mythological relationships. In the myth *kôika hẽ* are pictured as fighting, as in the battle between the speaker and Black Water, while in-laws are described as living in sweet harmony. Now since, theoretically, *kôika hẽ* are blood relatives, this means that blood relatives fight while in-laws love one another. But the more stable relationships in Kaingáng society are between blood relatives, not relatives by marriage.

Corn is a frequently recurring element in Kaingáng myths, and we meet it again in this myth in the reference to the ears of corn suspended from the arms of the dancers. The Kaingáng say that anciently they used to suspend ears of corn from their arms and dance holding their arms bent at the elbow and moving them up and down in time to the music. The Kaingáng women still dance that way, but without the corn.

Pathí is a character developed further in other origin myths. He was a young man with an enormous appetite, and his father fell from a tree which he had climbed in search of food for him; this was the origin of death. The possession of good teeth is a sign of aberrance and malevolence among these people who have such poor dentition. A mouthful of teeth is also an indication of insanity. Two of the evil characters in this myth, Pathí and Black Water, are spoken of as having good teeth.

The type of house referred to has not been built by the Kaingáng for two hundred years or more.

It is curious that the teller of the story should have asked Pathí to divine

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539 with him, for divining by belching, *vayú*, is a solitary affair nowadays; and it is even said that if anyone sees the diviner while he is seeking an augury he will not be able to perform.

No one was able to explain to me what the reference to the *pepóbm* meant.

Thus the small details as well as the general movement of the myth have little reference to the material, sociological, or psychological realities of contemporary Kaingáng life; nor is this story of the coming of the groups a collection of nostalgic memories of a golden age.

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Appendix I

Material Culture

Hunting

STALKING, THE BASIC KAINGÁNG TECHNIQUE for tapir hunting, was described in Chapter II. I have called this the basic technique because all other techniques of tapir hunting are built on it. The core of the stalking technique is *following* the animal, and the Kaingáng do this whether they hunt with or without dogs. When they hunt the tapir with dogs one of two possibilities is open: either they can pursue the tapir by following the bark of the dog, or they can lie in wait for it beside one of its well-known runs and kill it as the dogs drive it. Now these two different kinds of hunting involve entirely different intellectual orientations. When the hunter follows the bark of his dog he acts directly; he swings into motion the moment his dog disappears into the brush with a yelp, and he follows persistently until he overtakes the dog where it has brought the tapir to bay or until it becomes too dark, in which case he tries to pick up the trail again the following day and continue the pursuit. But the technique of waiting is entirely different and so much at variance with the habits of the Kaingáng that they have never been able to carry it actually into effect.

Tapir run for generations in the same trails, *carreiras*, until they sometimes wear them down a yard in depth. Since, when a tapir is pursued it invariably seeks one of these *carreiras*, it is clear that anyone who knows the different *carreiras* in his neighborhood is well equipped for hunting. In the summer the hunted tapir frequently takes a *carreira* that leads to a stream, especially if the land is cut by many waterways and it is the habit of the white settlers to study the *carreiras* in the region carefully so that when they go hunting they can station men at all the spots where the *carreiras* debouche into the winding streams and can shoot the tapir when the dogs chase it into the water. This mode of hunting can, of course, be

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224 employed on land also; but there it is much more difficult, because as the
825 tapir comes charging along it is extremely hard to get a good shot. In the water, however, with the dogs snapping at it, its movements are very much hampered and it becomes an easy target. Hunting the tapir in this way calls for careful planning, long residence in one region, and the cooperation of a number of men. From the Kaingáng point of view it means changing the unplanned, solitary stalking technique to one of planned cooperation. How have they met this situation? Perhaps a description of my personal experiences will suggest an answer to the question.

224 Early in the morning we lead the dogs out, and as we move slowly along we search the damp earth underfoot for tapir tracks, pushing the brush aside where it obscures the ground, talking in whispers, stopping every half minute to disentangle the dogs from the brush or from a fallen log where the bark or bamboo leashes have become tangled. We have a definite objective: we are going to find a tapir track, and we must hold the dogs in leash until we have found it. We do not let the dogs scamper aimlessly about where they may bark at any little bird that flashes above them and so frighten all the game within a quarter of a mile or where they may dash off wildly after some lesser animal like a *tateti* or a deer.

At last the track is found, and the hunters begin to follow it methodically. They do not let the dogs go at once, for the tapir may have doubled several times in its rambling search for food, and it would be wasteful to let the dogs run over that unnecessary distance.[1] Perhaps the trail will show that the tapir has taken a route that would lead far off across a flat area where it might run and run indefinitely and never fall into a stream where it could be killed easily. The hunter who knows the land well seeks to control all these factors. At last when the hunters have become satisfied that it is well to let the dogs loose, they say to me, "Julio, you stay here. Here is a *correira,* and if the tapir comes along you shoot it." Perhaps one of their number stays there with me also. Then the hunters go off, still leading the dogs, and disappear. After a while we hear the sudden excited barks of the dogs. When my companion hears them, his eyes flash, his body grows tense, and with a "Julio, you wait here; we'll come back for you," he is gone. All through the warm afternoon I sit beside the trail. The bark of the dogs has long since died in the distance. Somewhere beyond those ridges and trees that lie around me piled skyward one upon the other, brown figures are moving through the jungle, tense with excitement,

[1] Since, from the point of view of the dog, the track of an animal extends indefinitely in both directions—the direction from which it came as well as the direction in which it is going—it might be asked how the dog knows which way to go. The answer is that as it follows the track the scent grows stronger the closer it gets to its prey and vice versa.

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listening with straining ears for the bark of the dogs which now seems lost, now appears close, now disappears in the distance as the driven tapir turns again in its path. Meanwhile I doze and slap mosquitoes. Never a sound but the calls of birds and the drone of insects.

At last as the sun begins to redden and slope steeply toward the west I hear the sound of breathless singing coming down the side of the hill before me. There in front is Kangguin. From the distance I see that he is covered with blood and that something hangs from his back. Behind him, their faces beaming, their bodies blood-stained come the others. "Did you shoot a tapir?" I ask. "Yes. It was shot." "In the *carreira?*" "No. We followed the dogs and shot it." Now what has happened to all the elaborate planning? People are stationed in the *carreiras* but the tapir is not killed in any *carreira*. When this happens several times I decide on different tactics. Why keep my Winchester oiled and up to the minute? Why this endless fight against rust? Why lug two hundred rounds of ammunition along if all I am to do is sit sleepily beside the trail while others kill the tapir and I cannot even see what happens—who gives the tapir to whom and how they cut it up and divide it. Next time I insist on going along with the dogs and following the tapir.

When I make my revolutionary announcement the Indians are intrigued and somewhat disturbed. "Who will guard the *carreira,*" they ask, "if you follow the dogs?" "Somebody else," say I vaguely. "Well, then, give your revolver to Drunken."[2] Next morning we find a track almost immediately. In fact there seem to be two tracks. So Vêye leads off the dogs along one track and Waipó and I go in the direction of the other, not knowing what will happen when the dogs are loosed. We descend a short slope, leap a tiny stream, and begin to wander along the other side. Suddenly a sharp yelp! Then short staccato barks splinter the forest quiet. "This way, this way, Julio!" Waipó calls in a hoarse whisper. We wheel about, leap the stream again, fight upward along the opposite bank, bend to the left, to the left. The high yelps of the dogs are almost in our ears. The tapir is not running! They have brought it to bay almost immediately. As we rush along through the thickets Waipó says, "Julio, Julio, a tiger, a tiger!" I shove a cartridge into the rifle chamber and keep going. "Certainly my Winchester is a match for any tiger," I think. "Do tigers eat .44 calibre bullets?" I ask myself excitedly. But we have come out on the edge of a little gully, and there, in a little place where it cannot turn around the gray bulk of the tapir struggles with the two little dogs that nip wildly at

[2] Ndjitemu, Drunken—So called because once when he wanted to sleep with Nandjá the young men hung around her door all night long so that he was ashamed to go in and next day was so fatigued from his vigil that he was like one drunk.

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its thick hide. Waipó and I shoot, and the tapir is dead. The tiger was a joke to frighten the tenderfoot.

So! The very first day that I decide not to watch the *carreira* but to follow the chase I kill a tapir. What does it mean? It means that the Indians have not learnt to wait. On my first hunting trip with the Indians we killed eight tapirs, and not one of them was killed in a *carreira*. How could they be? As soon as the Indians hear the bark of the dog they are off in pursuit. All the tapirs are killed by pursuers, not by watchers. Day after day the Indians start with the same plan in mind, and day after day as soon as the dogs bark they abandon it. Thus the waiting technique regresses to the level of stalking,[3] i.e. to the pursuit of the quarry. In stalking, the hunter works in isolation, unaccompanied by man or dog. But in Kaingáng society, hunting with dogs is bound to be another matter if there is more than one man in the same hunting band, as there usually is. For if Kanyahé goes west, Chuvái east, and Waipó and Padnmbá in other directions, the moment they hear the dog bark they will start in pursuit. With the dog behind him the tapir may run far, and the farther he runs the more likely he is to meet with Kanyahé who went west or Waipó who went north. Thus, as soon as dogs are introduced the individual undertaking of the hunter becomes cooperative. What lies at the base of this cooperation is, in turn, the fundamentally non-individualistic orientation toward food. The tapir is eventually divided among close relatives anyway, and it makes little difference who kills it or whose dog brings it to bay.[4]

The small Brazilian deer is the animal next in size to the tapir. Nowadays deer are easily killed by turning dogs loose on their trail and waiting for the deer to fall into the river, where they are easily shot or clubbed.

[3] Leading dogs out on a leash is a thing the Indians do very unwillingly. They prefer to let the dog ramble about at will in the forest until it picks up a trail by itself and gives chase or, until the Indians having found a trail they call the dog and set it in pursuit. The only time they use the leash is in attempts to employ the waiting technique. Now since the waiting technique and leading the dogs on leash are both white methods *par excellence* and since the waiting technique is practically impossible for the Indians to follow out, it seems likely that the Indians learnt the entire procedure from the whites.

I believe that it is also significant in this connection that the magic formula to make the dog efficient makes no reference to the dog's driving the tapir along the *carreira* but only to the pursuit and the bringing to bay. See p. 85.

The Indians themselves say that they obtained their first dogs from the Brazilian settlers about two hundred years ago. It is striking how much the dog is treated like an outsider. See pp. 31 fn. and 86. There is no dog guardian spirit.

[4] Nowadays the pattern of division of the kill along relationship lines has been somewhat altered owing to certain practical considerations. Hunting parties may be organized on the basis of who has a canoe, who has dogs, and who has ammunition to lend. In this case the booty is divided in line with the contributions made to the organization of the party.

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PLATE III

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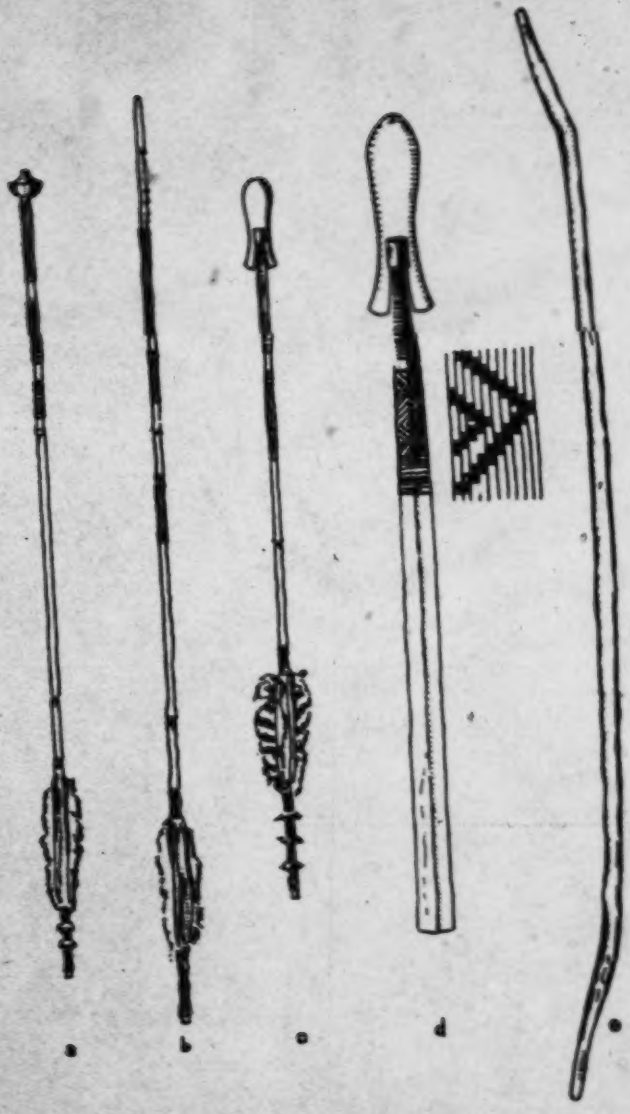

a Bird arrow *b* Small-game arrow *c* Large-game arrow
d Lance *e* Bow

[p. 156(A)]

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PLATE IV

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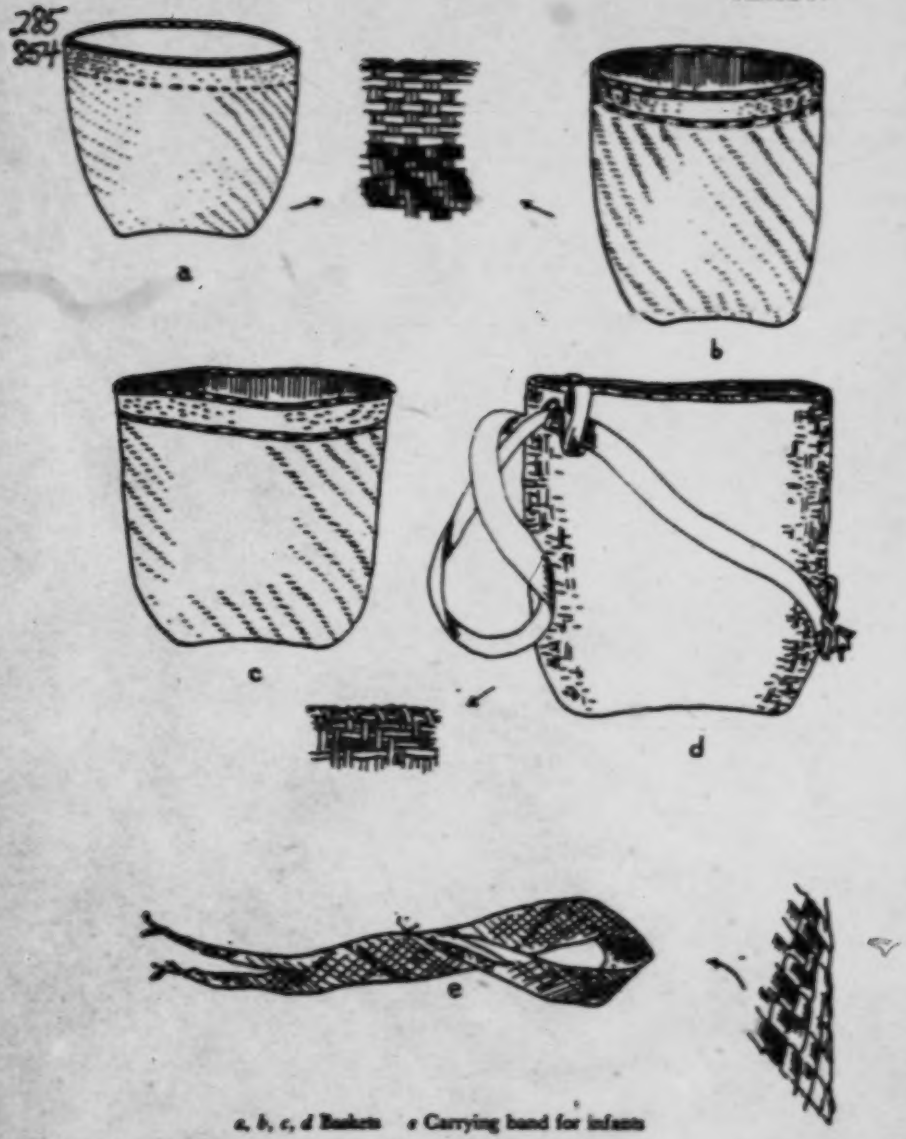
854



a, b, c, d Baskets e Carrying band for infants

[p.156 (B)]

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I have never seen a deer killed except in this way. It is child's play and was obviously learnt from the whites.[8] In the old days they were killed only by stalking or through a sudden encounter in the forest. They are rarely mentioned in folklore. After deer the pig-like *tateti* is the next largest game animal. I never heard of its being stalked, and the *tateti* that were taken during my stay among the Kaingáng were all killed cooperatively. Dogs drove them into their burrows, and a number of men combined to get them out. One day my dogs drove a *tateti* into a burrow on the side of a'ülli; while one man inoved into the burrow a bundle of flaming bamboo on the end of a long pole the others stood around with loaded guns, and when the beast emerged it was shot. Sometimes men wait above the entrance to the burrow and club the *tateti* when it emerges.

Peccary hunting I know only by hearsay. Although a couple of troops of peccary (called "pig of the forest" by the settlers) passed by while I was among the Kaingáng I took no part in their pursuit. The Indians, however, tell me that they surround and shoot them or stab them with knives on the ends of poles. Sometimes, however, they are pursued by one man alone. They are very dangerous animals when brought to bay, and it is well to keep one's distance. Formerly peccary were an important item of Kaingáng diet, but nowadays they have grown scarce in the vicinity of Duque de Caxias and are not found even far up the river. "*Nggīyúdn* has become angry with us," the Indians say, "and has closed up the pigs in his corral."

The Kaingáng have no bird snares, and all birds are shot individually with the bow and arrow where they are encountered.

Subsistence Figures

The following discussion is based on the data which I collected during a five weeks' hunting trip into the forests with the Indians. During that time it was possible for me to keep a fairly accurate check on the distribution of meat because the population was concentrated in one spot, and the entire organization of the camp was directed toward getting meat for everyone. Conditions at the post, however, are quite different. There the population is scattered along a half-mile trail and on both sides of the river, and it is therefore impossible to keep a day-to-day check even were such a check valuable—which I doubt, for in the region of the post game is ex-

[8] Waiting in a canoe for animals to fall into the river seems hardly removed from waiting at the termination of or along a *corredor*—a further suggestion that the entire technique was taken over from the settlers. The agent used to tell me: "When I first came into this region all you had to do was turn your dogs loose in the forest, and the animals would come tumbling into your canoe."

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extremely scarce, and the Indians, instead of spending their time hunting, spend a great part of it tilling the soil.

The data that I offer present problems rather than solve them. They were collected at a particular time of the year: when the most important wild crop of the region, pine nuts, was ripe; when it was still warm and the tapirs ran slowly; when the females were heavy with young; when some wild fruits other than the pine nut were ripe and on the trees; when the bees were still making honey and their young had not yet begun to devour it. In other words, it was the most nearly perfect time of the year in the region where the Kaingáng would find it easiest to get food. Pine trees were abundant, which meant not only food for the Indians but also food for monkeys and all the four-footed animals that might live on the fallen nuts, particularly the peccary. Besides this the region was cut by many streams into which the dogs might drive the tapir so that the hunter could kill it easily. The difference that such a terrain makes in hunting tapir is amazing. Time after time dogs have been taken a little way up the river and turned loose on fresh tapir tracks only to run fruitlessly all day long because the lie of the land was such that the tapir need never drive toward a stream. The flat top of the ridge stretched for miles unintersected by any streams until it ended three hours journey to the northwest in the Deniker River. It was one of my grievances against the Indians that they would take my dogs to such a place against my will and let them run after a tapir until night overtook them, far out of reach of anyone, whereupon the Indians would return, leaving the dogs in the forest. Days later they would wander in, their snouts full of porcupine quills and their hides cut by the teeth of *quatí*.

At the time of my study the Indians had hunted over the same area for almost twenty years. It is vast, and tapir are still to be found there; yet persistent hunting in one area must affect the number of animals, particularly when the favorite season for hunting tapir is the time of the pine nuts, i.e. when the females are heavy with young. Hunting by the settlers, although not very frequent, nevertheless occurs and may affect the quantity of game animals. On the other hand, during the five weeks' hunt the Indians had the use of my dogs—two well-trained tapir hunters—which I managed to keep fairly well fed. Under aboriginal conditions it would be rare for the Indians to have specially trained tapir-hunters, and they would never be well fed. This, of course, reduces the dog's efficiency.

Not all of the adult or adolescent males were armed during the trip, which, of course, reduced the efficiency of the group. Nowadays the young men never learn to shoot with bow and arrow, and if they are too poor to buy a gun they cannot hunt.

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Figures for Five Weeks' Trip

Tapirs Killed: 7[6] × *Average Weight* 200 lbs. = 1400 lbs.	262
Average population during 5 weeks	18 (not including infants) 146
Pounds of meat per person for 5 weeks	77
Pounds of meat per person per day	2⅕

The figures are self-explanatory as far as tapir are concerned. During this time about ten monkeys were killed and a number of birds of varying sizes of which I could not keep track. The weight of the monkeys as compared to the combined weights of the tapirs is so small that I shall not include them in the figures.

The figure of two and a fifth pounds of meat per day should be modified, as allowance must be made for the heavy hide, bones, and internal waste. Such an allowance would bring the weight per person down to less than two pounds. Not all of this meat remained in camp, for a considerable portion of it was taken away by Indians returning to the post. In addition to this meat the Indians were plentifully supplied with pine nuts most of the time and they sometimes had a fair supply of *tai*, a yellow fruit with a tasty pulp of very doubtful nutritive value. The quantities of other kinds of fruits consumed was negligible. The Indians also had along with them on this trip small quantities of corn and manioc meal and beans, and the new arrivals would bring food from the post. With all this, at no time could it be said that there was a surplus of anything but pine nuts. These were buried in a stream bottom to preserve them.

The Indians ate moderately; yet rarely did any kill seem to last us more than three days. This would mean about fourteen meatless days out of thirty-five. Fourteen meatless days would indicate that if the Kaingáng had eaten all the meat they killed they would have consumed not 2.2 pounds per person daily but 3.7 pounds. But probably as much or more than a third of the meat was taken back to the post. This would leave the original figure of about two pounds per person daily. To us two pounds of meat a day seems an extremely large quantity, but we do not view meat, as the Kaingáng do, as our principal food. To the Kaingáng, meat is the principal article of diet; everything else is garnish.[7]

Gathering Pine Nuts

An Indian selects several flawless bamboo stems,[8] cuts them down, splits 22 lb. them carefully from end to end into four strips about an inch wide, exam- 481

[6] An eighth tapir was killed the day before we returned to the post.

[7] This also makes quite a different picture from most of Melanesia, where vegetable foods are most important and meat is the garnish.

[8] Full-grown bamboo stems are about 15 feet in length.

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491 ines them carefully for knots, and runs his knife along, chopping off the projecting nodes that divide the stem into short sections. This is done to make it all as smooth as possible. Now he throws one length of bamboo around the pine, inside out, and winds one end of the length around the other end, making a loop about four feet in diameter. While several feet of the first length are still unused he takes a second length of bamboo and slips it under the windings. Then he winds the first length around the second until he has exhausted the first length, whereupon he continues his winding with the second. Now he slips a third length under the second and continues the winding as before, and so with the fourth and last. He lets a short end dangle loose, flexes the loop about the tree to make it pliable, and gets inside of it. The loop is around him and the tree. He has an axe in one hand. He slides the loop up above his head, then throws his weight backward against it until it is taut. He places the soles of his feet against the rough bark of the pine and begins to walk up. Now his body is bent in an arc as his feet approach his hands which hold tight to the loop, and he shifts it upward again. Again he starts to walk, selecting spots on the bark where his feet will cling best. As he ascends he sinks the axe into the tree above his head so that he will not have to carry it. Each time he reaches the axe he again pulls it out and sinks it into the tree farther above his head. When he reaches the first little branch, twenty feet above the ground, he lops it off because he cannot stand on it and it impedes his progress. As he climbs he lops off one or two more such branches and at last reaches the first strong limb that projects horizontally. He climbs up on it and ties his loop to the branch by the loose end in such a way that he can step into it easily when he is ready to descend. Now he holds on to the trunk and cries, "Look out!" His wife moves a good thirty feet out of range of the cones that come hurtling down with skull-crushing force as her husband dances around on the branch thirty to fifty feet in the air above her and dislodges the cones with his weight. When the tree is emptied of its fruit he steps into his loop and descends rapidly in much the same way as he went up.

222 Now his wife and he begin the search for the cones among the brush. They gather them all together, break them open, and take out the nuts. A tree requires about half an hour. The amount of nuts obtained from a single tree is very variable. Then the couple go away, leaving the loop behind them, for it cannot be detached from the tree. A fresh loop must be made each time. Each person selects his trees as he wanders about. There are plenty of trees for all, and no quarrels arise. If a woman has no husband her brother or some other relative will knock down nuts for her. Sometimes two men help one another. Nuts are the property of the people who have gathered them. There is no pooling of the crop.

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Distribution of Population

At the time of their pacification the Kaingáng were distributed on both 361
sides of the Rio Plate within, at the most, three or four days' journey on foot from the pine forest. It is impossible to determine through questioning exactly what determined the movements of all of one extended family under conditions of minimum tension. It was not exclusively food. If it were we would expect all of the members of the family around the Rio Plate to have gone to the pine forest in the fall. But only certain groups would go. Within the extended families the movements were determined quite as much by the desire to attack or the necessity of fleeing from the Brazilians and the wish to look for one another as by the quest for food.

Fruit and Insect Foods

Other Fruit and Roots

While I was among the Kaingáng wild fruits were not important. They 222
either gather fruit when it falls to the ground, climb up after it, or chop 262
the tree down.

I never heard of the Kaingáng using any roots for food.

Wasps and Bees

We can see the wasps buzzing about the opening to their nest twenty feet above the ground in a huge tree that looks as if it were made of three trees grown together. The trunk forms a kind of cavern, and when we step inside we see that the part in which the wasps have built their nest is hollow all the way up. We collect wood and build a big fire at the base of the trunk, and the smoke rises as if up a chimney. We build another fire outside the trunk so that the wasps will not come down to annoy us. As the smoke pours out of the opening to the nest the wasps come with it, and soon there is a hum like a buzzsaw as thousands of wasps buzz about the entrance to their nest. When my two companions are convinced that the wasps have been completely evicted they take axes and go to work on the tree. When it at last crashes the nest has fallen through an arc of twenty-foot radius. No wasps are in sight now, but a fire is set on top of the tree near the nest to keep any chance wanderers away. Again the axes cut, and soon the structure of the nest has been laid bare: tier on tier of cells full of larvae and pupae. We take out the layers of the paperlike structure and in our hunger eat the contents raw. They are sweet, rich, and juicy. Now we 252
build small fires and lay the cells against them to roast. Having eaten my fill, I receive no more. The two Indians divide the nest, the one who discovered it getting the larger share.

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222 Honey is got out of a "dangerous" bees' hive in much the same way.
262 Two or more men cooperate in the chopping and handling of the fire, and the honey is divided among them. Honey is a kind of free food, for when a hive is discovered anyone who happens along may share it. On the other hand, honey that has been collected is the property of whoever has found it, and sometimes it is hidden so that other folks will not take it. Wasps are not a very important food item for the Kaingáng, but honey is, although it is somewhat of a delicacy. No one thinks of making a meal of honey, but it is a godsend in the middle of the day.

When the Kaingáng were first pacified, says the agent, they climbed up to a hive if it was out of reach, but in these degenerate days they chop the tree down rather than climb it. Although the Kaingáng did not always climb up to a hive that was too far up on the trunk to be reached from a scaffold, they certainly did it frequently, and 1 per cent of the total number
168 of deaths was due to falls from beehives. It was a hazardous occupation, for the climbing-loop might break or slip. Nowadays the most the Kain-
49 gáng do in this way is to build little scaffolds from which they chop out hives that may be six or seven feet above the ground. These scaffolds are made by lashing and cross-lashing posts to adjacent trees. Sometimes the scaffold consists only of a few steeply sloping posts that are tied together and leaned against a tree. The Indian stands on this uncertain perch and sinks his axe precisely around the edges of the hive so that it scarcely touches the delicate honey-laden cells. When the hive has been laid bare he places it entire in his wax-lined basket and sponges up with tree hair, a mosslike growth that clings to most of the trees in the forest, whatever honey has escaped.

Honey Beer

293 A man and his cousins or brothers decide to make beer for his in-laws. They cut down cedars, hollow them for troughs, and go to look for honey. After several days they have enough. Then they send their wives for water to fill the troughs. The honey is poured into the water, and the water is heated with hot stones. The stones are placed in special cylindrical baskets which are submerged in the water and suspended from rods placed across the mouth of the trough and moved from one end of it to the other. The woody stem of a fern called *aggigo* is pounded and titrated and the red infusion mixed in the trough. This is to "make the beer red"; without *aggigo*, say the Kaingáng, the beer would not ferment. This goes on for days, and then the mouth of the trough is covered with strips of bark and the beer is left standing several days longer. When it begins to bubble the Indians decide that it is *tkó*, intoxicating or bitter, and ready to drink. The Indians say that instead of water the milk of a kind of palm is some-

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times used and that this makes the beer particularly *thó*. Sometimes a little 273
medicine is added for the sake of general good health. From time to time the beer is stirred with a long rod of bamboo, and the scum that rises is scooped off with the hands.

Preparation of Food

The women make pine-nut soup. A woman chews the raw pine nuts to 252
a pulp, mixes them with water, and boils them. Sometimes they are pounded. The usual way of eating pine nuts is roasted in the shell in the coals.

Meats are sometimes boiled, and nowadays the broth is mixed with manioc meal and eaten. Most meat is roasted. This may be done in two ways. A scaffold of green branches is erected, a fire built under it, and the meat placed on it and roasted. Or a shallow pit is dug, a fire built in it, and green branches laid over it, the meat is then laid on the branches with leaves on top of it, and the whole covered with earth and left there for several hours. When the meat is taken off the branches it is juicy and delicious. The pit method is the best way to roast meat. In roasting meat in this way at least two people generally cooperate. One digs the hole while the other gets wood and leaves.

Small animals are spitted and broiled. Fish are broiled.

Palm shoots are boiled or eaten raw.

Kĕmé is made from the pith of the trunk of a certain palm. Leaves are laid on the ground and a cloth placed on top of them. The trunk is chopped vertically into strips; these are placed on a log and pounded with a stick. The mass is sifted in a basket, and the siftings are stuffed into a bamboo tube and roasted in the coals for five or ten minutes. The mass in the tube is then taken out, made into balls or cakes, and roasted in the coals. It tastes much like wet sawdust, and the Indians nowadays do not eat it even when they have the chance. Formerly it seems to have been fairly important in their diet. They mixed it with soup just as they do now with manioc meal. The Kaingáng say that in ancient times they used corn in the same way.

The Kaingáng used also to make a soup of the pollen of the pine tree. *Taí* fruit and wild *mamão* are roasted in the coals. Sometimes *taí* is pounded in a mortar and eaten.

Fire

When the Kaingáng move camp the woman takes an ember[9] from the 372
last fire. Men carry no fire; so if they need it to roast nuts when they are hungry or to make fire to drive away wasps or "dangerous bees" they

[9] Any wood will do.

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make it with a fire drill. They cut a piece of dry white canela about an inch thick, two inches wide, and two feet long and make a hole in it about half an inch deep, with a shallow groove on each side—Heaven knows what for[10]—extending over the edges of the stick. They also cut a smaller branch about a quarter of an inch in diameter and a foot and a half long; this is the drill. The Indian spits on his hands, places the drill in the hole, and begins to whirl the stick between his two palms, moving them up and down as he does so. After ten minutes he has no fire; so he calls another Indian and they alternate in whirling the drill. In five minutes more a wisp of smoke from the hole raises their hopes. They remove the drill and look—no spark. For five minutes more they drill, and then the spark comes. Sometimes the spark is on the end of the drill; sometimes it is on the side of the hole. Now the spark is placed on some dry palm leaves, and they blow on it until the leaves burst into flame.

I once saw two men attempt to make a fire with a three-foot base on which they could put their feet and a drill three feet long made of a long bamboo tube with a canela tip inserted at the bottom. They worked for twelve minutes without result. When a third man helped them they succeeded in obtaining a spark.

No sexual symbolism attaches to the fire-making apparatus.

Houses

Houses are built under pressure. It is theoretically woman's work, but in the excitement of sudden rain men and women cooperate. The woman goes for leaves for covering while the man cuts and sinks the heavy uprights and lighter boughs which are sharpened to a point at one end. He digs no hole for them but sinks them into the ground by raising them and throwing them repeatedly, with unerring eye, into the same hole, making it deeper with each throw. Sometimes two convenient trees are used as uprights. If the Indian should perchance decide to build the house long before the storm actually breaks and finds the ground is hard and dry he moistens the soil with whatever is at hand, even tapir soup.

When the uprights are in place the transverse is bound on about eight[11] feet above the ground. Now light boughs are sunk into the ground about nine feet in back of the uprights, *sloping away from them*, making an angle about 60° with the ground so that when they are bent over they will not break out. They are lifted and thrown into the ground just as the uprights were. The boughs are bent over and lashed to the transverse with

[10] What sparks were obtained were always in the hole itself or on the tip of the drill.

[11] Naturally if a house is built entirely by a woman it will be lower than if it is built by a man. Women may bind sloping posts against the uprights so that they can stand on them and reach high. The height of the house is much more variable than the width.

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cipo or with palmito bark. The lashings are never knotted but twisted. When the arches have been formed—the number depends of course on the size of the house—transverse boughs are laid across them about nine inches apart and bound. The lashing is passed around both the transverse and the arched bough, and the two are approximated by pushing on the arch with one hand and pulling on the transverse with the lashing. For the lower transverses the foot and knee are used instead of the hand. All the lashing is done from the inside of the house, i.e. on the concave side of the arch. The arch is now covered from the inside with bunches of leaves by a simple weaving technique. The leaves are so placed that the tips hang over the lowest transverse (about a yard from the ground). The first transverse under which the stems are carried is about the fifth. Short separate sprays of leaves are also used, but because of their shortness they are carried under the third transverse. When there seems to be a chance that the bunches of leaves will slip they are tied, but generally they are not. In this way the entire arch is covered, each new bunch of leaves always overlapping that below. Now and then even in the pouring rain a woman will stop building to suckle her child. Every once in a while someone goes for leaves. *kung-gluthâyâ* leaves are preferred for housebuilding because of their durability and the large coverage afforded by each bunch of leaves. The Brazilian settlers use them to thatch their houses, and they are called *palha* in Portuguese. If the Kaingáng have no *palha* they use palm fronds, or if they are in a grassy region they use grass. If there is no *palha*, palm, or grass they use bamboo leaves. Lacking all these, they sleep in the rain.

Since the arches in the house just described reach only to the main transverse that is supported on the two uprights and the ends of the house are not covered it is obvious that the house is completely open on three sides. There is another type of house, however, in which the arches make complete semicircles, with each leg of the arch imbedded in the ground. Such a house is really nothing but two of the simpler kind set facing each other, and that is the way such houses usually spring into existence. Sometimes, however, the entire thing is conceived and constructed as a unit, in which case the overlapping arches are bound to one another. Sometimes the Kaingáng make a simple lean-to by resting a bunch of palm fronds against the branch of a tree. Kaingáng houses are often built by more than one family in cooperation, but once the framework has been erected cooperative attitudes are dropped. Each family covers its own section of the house with leaves and remains completely indifferent to the fate of the other inhabitants.

Once, on their own initiative, the Kaingáng built for me a house of the type they say they inhabited when they dwelt in the savannahs and cultivated the soil. This house needed the cooperation of eight men, three of

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342 whom worked steadily. A heavy central pole nine feet high was sunk in the ground. Then a "ladder," i.e. a pole sloping from the ground to a point about four feet above the ground on the central pole, was tied to it so that the workers could reach the top of the central post. Six poles were sunk in a circle around the central post, about two yards from it, making the maximum diameter of the house approximately four yards.[12] Each pole was bent over toward the central post, caught by a man standing on the "ladder," and bound in place about a foot from the top. Five men worked to maneuver one pole so that it might be bent and bound: two held it in place, a third pushed it into an arc toward the center, and a fourth standing on the ladder pulled it down and in. The two arches first erected were separated widely to leave room for passage. When the arches were in place transverses were bound to them, the first one eight inches above the ground. The ends of the transverses were bound together. This frame was covered with *palha* and palm fronds all the way to the top.

Weapons

Bows

411 The Kaingáng told me that in order to make a bow a *kaktônggála*[13] tree is cut down and the trunk cut into sections and split with wedges. The desirable piece is then further reduced in cross section with an axe, and pointed at both ends with a knife. Then it is heated in the fire, rubbed with wax, and heated again. A short post with a fork at its upper end is sunk in the ground and braced with a second post. The bow is placed in the crotch, bent, and held in this position by another short post sunk in the ground. When the bow has been in the crotch for some time and thus permanently bent to its proper shape it is taken out and worked to the proper smoothness. This is all done by one person.

Nowadays Kaingáng bows have no howler-monkey tails on them, but at the time of the pacification the Kaingáng used to slip these tails over their bows to strengthen them. Whenever a howler monkey was killed they would cut off its tail, turn it inside out, and slip it over a stick of the same cross section as their bows. When they were dry they would turn them right side out and put them on their bows. One informant told me that the ancients used the tails of lizards. I never saw bows made.

[12] Exactly 3.80 meters.

[13] Known in Brazil as the *cablejuna*, a large tree yielding one of the finest and strongest hard woods of the Brazilian forests. The Kaingáng bow is from six to seven feet long and was often used as a club.

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Arrows

Kaingáng arrows have one type of shaft and three types of heads, the iron head for tapir, deer, and howler monkeys, the barbed wooden head for smaller game, and the blunt head with nipple for birds. 411

The arrow shafts are made from bamboo which is cut while green, heated, and straightened and allowed to season. The longest shafts are used for the barbed wooden heads. These heads are whittled from a branch of *kôngân*. They have a sharp point and have two edges, one of which is sharp while the other is provided with five barbs. The heads of these arrows (*lqlq*, thorn) are hardened in the fire. The origin of the use of the *kôngân* for this type of arrow may be magical, for the tree from which they are taken is very thorny. When the heads are completed they are fitted into the shafts and bound in place with cipo, which is wound tight around the shaft at the junction of head and shaft. Then the whole is waxed and rubbed.

The next longest are the *ndô*, the bird arrows. These are whittled from pine knots. In shape the heads resemble inverted cones with nipples at the base.

The iron-headed arrows are the shortest, as is natural because of the great weight of the head, and the most difficult to make. These iron heads may be anywhere from three inches to almost a foot long and in average shape resemble very much the bill of the spoon-billed duck. Instead of being pointed at the tip they are perfectly rounded and are sharpened to razor keenness. They are also sharpened all along both edges. They have no barbs but end in blunt flanges. These arrows are used most generally at short range and make a terrific wound.

Iron arrows are made from metal stolen from the Brazilians, heated in the fire, hammered down with stones to the proper shape, and filed to an [325] edge with a file obtained in the same way as the iron. The arrow head is finished with three flanges at the base, the central one fitted into a deep notch made for it in a short stick. This notch is filled with a strong black wax which gives the head additional support. Then the notch is tightly wound with cipó and the stick is fitted into the shaft which is wrapped with cipó and waxed.

Feathering for all but iron arrows is preferably done with the feathers of the jacutinga. The feathers are not split or wound around the shaft but bound on opposite sides of it. This is possible because only those feathers are used which have tendrils on but one edge. For iron arrows the feathers of the hawk are used. They are looked on as suited for the iron arrows because they come from such a powerful bird.

The making of arrows is done entirely by the owner.

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Lances

411 The blade of this astonishing weapon is made from a single piece of iron
[325] that is worked by heating for days in the flames, pounding with stones, and then filing to razor sharpness.[14] The blade of the lance illustrated is 15⅛ inches from the tip to the bottom of the central flange, the actual usable length 12½ inches, 3½ inches at the widest point, sweeping gracefully in to a width of 2⅝ inches at the narrowest point. This was the only lance left among the Kaingáng when I came there; so it is impossible to make any general statements about the size of the blade; but I have been told that this is by no means one of the largest. Many, of course, must have been smaller, for the size of the blade depended on the size of the piece of iron obtained.

The peculiar shape of the blade might suggest that the Kaingáng lance was used principally for striking and not for stabbing. From stories it appears that the lance was used more often to strike than to stab, though stabbing was quite frequent. Nevertheless when we realize that the iron arrow heads were exactly the same shape as the lance heads it becomes clear that the shape of the lance blade was not determined by the fact that it was used more for striking than for stabbing. Obviously the drive of an arrow is always head on. The real reason that the lance was used more for striking than for stabbing was because the lance is a development of the club. The handle of the lance is exactly the same shape as a club,[15] except for the fact that the lance tapers toward the notch where the blade is inserted. The lance is grasped in the same way as the club. Kaingáng lance heads have had the same shape stages as the arrows.

Curiously enough, the lances were the weapons least used by the Kaingáng. One would imagine that these lances would be ideal for slaughtering Brazilians, but the Kaingáng always left them at home when they went raiding. They preferred to cut clubs from hard woods just before attacking and to throw them away when they were finished. Sometimes they simply used their bows as clubs, but this involved danger of breakage. The Kaingáng say that they left the lances at home so that the women could use them to kill tapirs while they were gone.

The use of the lance *par excellence* was for murdering vendetta enemies. Most of the massacres were accomplished with lances. The Kaingáng beat
[583] time with their lances while they sang at the festas, so that they were fully prepared to turn upon their enemies suddenly and slaughter them.

In general the technique of making the blades is the same as for the iron arrow heads except that more than one man is needed. The heating and

[14] With a file stolen from the Brazilians.

[15] i.e. four-cornered; lozenge shaped in cross-section.

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pounding is a long and tedious process, so that the men help one another. 411
The blade is placed directly on the handle and not, as in the case of the arrow head, first on a wooden foreshaft which is fitted into the long bamboo aftershaft. The handle of the lance is ornamented near the upper end with an attractively woven glove of basketry.

Besides a large lance some men had in addition a little one, about one-third as big, which could be hung from the neck by a plaited band. It was useful for killing tapir.

Utensils

Beer Troughs

These are made from cedar trees. The Brazilian cedar is a mighty tree, 415
dwarfing our North American variety to a weed. In order to make a 483
trough a cedar is cut down and a section cut out. It may then be discovered that the log has a split in it, and in that case it becomes necessary to cut down another tree. This may go on for some time until at last a perfect log is secured. Then it must be moved back to camp, and since it is impossible for one man to do this several cooperate. If the log is on a hill the outer bark of the cedar which has been removed from the selected section is placed along the sides of the hill and used as skids. When level ground is reached the log is turned end over end through the "dirty" forest and rolled through the "clean."

When the log has been got into camp someone goes to work on it with 415
an axe. He marks out the mouth, about eight inches wide, and hews away 322
steadily until he can no longer strike accurately into the interior of the trough. Then he takes a gouge, a piece of sharpened iron bound on the end of a six-foot pole, and finishes the hollowing out. If he grows tired someone else takes his place. When the gouging has been completed the trough is stood on end and a fire made in it with dry bamboo to clean it. Then the charcoal is scraped out with an adze.

In order to guard against leakage wax is heated with a hot brand and 415
rubbed over the ends of the trough. The ends themselves are also heated in order to make the wax run. When the trough is finished a shallow pit is dug to accommodate it.

If a trough starts to leak the festa may be hastened in order that the beer may be drunk up before it is all lost, or an attempt to mend it may be made by spreading wax over the outside of the leaking end and mixing it with ashes. When I saw this done once the effects were practically nil; I sent for some pails and pans and the beer was emptied into them. Melted wax was then poured on the inside of the trough and rubbed in with the

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415 fingers. This also failed to stop the leak, so the beer was consumed in a brief preliminary festa.

The size of the troughs varies from a yard to two yards in length. Their depth depends on the size of the tree, but they average about a foot and a half in external diameter.

Mortars and Pestles

Mortars are made when needed from fallen trees or from trees that are especially cut down for the purpose. Sometimes a mortar is no more than a hole in a fallen log. Mortars are always very small—never over a foot long, six inches or so wide, and three inches deep. Mortars are generally not transported but simply left behind in the deserted camp site. Small [324] pestles are made for them from pieces of wood, but pestles of polished stone were also made until recently. These are about ten inches long. When such a pestle is found by accident it is called a "supernatural pestle."

Little bath tubs for the bathing of infants are also hollowed from logs. They are very shallow. The child is not placed in them, but the water poured in and then rubbed over the baby.

Baskets

415 From the point of view of use there are basically two kinds of Kaingáng 285 baskets, those which are used for holding liquids and are lined with beeswax and those which are used for carrying burdens and are unlined. Both are constructed of bamboo splints. The former are much better in workmanship than the latter. They are made very carefully and, although unornamented, are fine examples of basketry. They are manufactured in one shape only but in a variety of sizes, from that of a small cup to a basket holding as much as a gallon and are used for carrying water and honey.

Each man makes his wax-lined baskets as he happens to need them, but the large burden baskets are sometimes woven by a group of men together just before they start out to collect pine nuts. Then they sit in a circle laughing and talking and holding up their handiwork for one another to look at. Since they are all made in exactly the same manner there is little for a man to see on anyone else's basket that he does not see on his own. They are all made with the outer green skin of the splint left on, and the interior and exterior show alternating bands of green (i.e. the outer side of the bamboo splint) and white (the inner side of the splint).

Spinning

283 A certain kind of cord is made by twisting two fibers together against the side of the right leg with the palm of the right hand. It may be that the

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It may be that the use of the leg instead of the thigh is due in the case of men to their wearing trousers and in the case of women to their unwillingness, since they have begun to wear dresses, to impair their newly acquired modesty by lifting them above their knees.

A Kaingáng Bridge

Two trees (A and B) are felled on opposite banks of the stream so that they will fall into it, and posts (C) are sunk on the downstream side to keep the trees from being carried away. A third log (D) is lashed to A and B just above the surface of the water. Then three sets of tall uprights (E) are sunk into the stream bed on either side of A and B and tied together at the top. At the bottom they are united by horizontal boughs (F) that pass across the top of D. A bough (G) is laid on either side of D and lashed to F. These structures, D and G, form the gangway. Now railings are made by tying long boughs (H) to E on both sides.

Ornaments

Lip Plugs

The Kaingáng no longer wear lip plugs. These were usually made from pine knots but some men preferred beef bone.[16] Still others liked to slip a fine deer bone over the pine-knot plug. There was a considerable amount of individual variation in the shape of the plugs, and the members of some extended families were distinguished by the shape of their lip plugs.

Dance Ornaments

These are made only for baby blackenings.

kônd̨idn are, as the name implies, sticks about three feet long covered with feathers and stuck in the ground around the dance circle. Near the top they are provided with a tiny plaited square or disk and are usually surmounted by feathers. In making these ornaments the men do not try to surpass one another in originality, and all the *kônd̨idn* are very much alike. The most striking innovation at the blackening that I witnessed was that of Chukembégn, who put the tail of a tesoureiro on top of his *kônd̨idn* instead of the usual feather.

Lu are made of small basketlike objects set on the ends of poles about thirty feet long and set up on the dance ground. As the festivities mount they are lifted out of their holes and carried around on the shoulders of the men.

Smaller *lu*, about eight inches long, are held in the hand.

[16] Obtained from cattle killed in raids on the Brazilians.

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Conclusions[17]

462 474 In spite of the incomplete character of the data some valid inferences can be made.

(1) Industries are overwhelmingly in the hands of the men, from the standpoint both of number and of importance. Before the raids on the settlers made pottery and clothing manufacture unnecessary the part played by women in the economy was somewhat more important than later when conditions made their techniques unimportant. The following table may make this clearer:

Industry	*Male*	*Female*
Hunting (CI)[18]	+	
Fruit gathering (I)	[+]*	+
Pine nuts (CI)	+	+
Honey gathering (CI)	+	[+]
Beer (C)	+	+
Cooking (I)		+
Fire making (CI)	+	
Houses (CI)	+	+
Bows (I)	+	
Arrows (I)	+	
Lances (CI)	+	
Clubs (I)	+	
Troughs (C)	+	
Mortars (I)	+	
Pestles (I)	+	[+]
Baskets (I)	+	
Spinning (I)	[+]	+
Robes (I)		+
Shirts (I)		+
Pots (I)		+
Carrying-bands (for infants) (I)		+
Dance ornaments (I)	+	
Lip plugs (I)	+	
Raiding Brazilians (C)	+	

The only important industry controlled by women was pottery, and when raiding the Brazilians loomed up as a new economic technique,

[17] My data on weaving and pottery are so scanty that I have not included them here.

[18] C=Industries that are organized cooperatively; I=industries that are individualistic; CI=industries that are sometimes cooperative and sometimes individualistic.

* Brackets represent participation in a minor way.

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PLATE V

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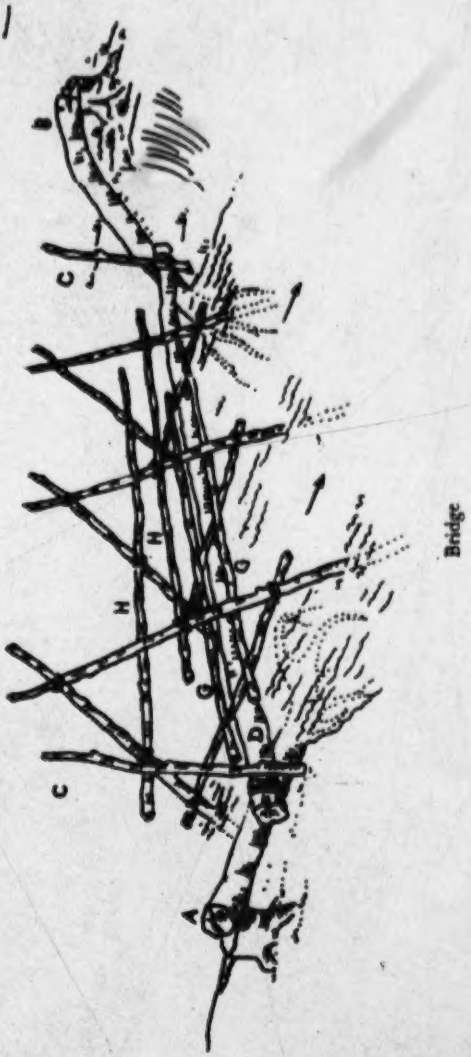

[p. 172 (A)]

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PLATE VI

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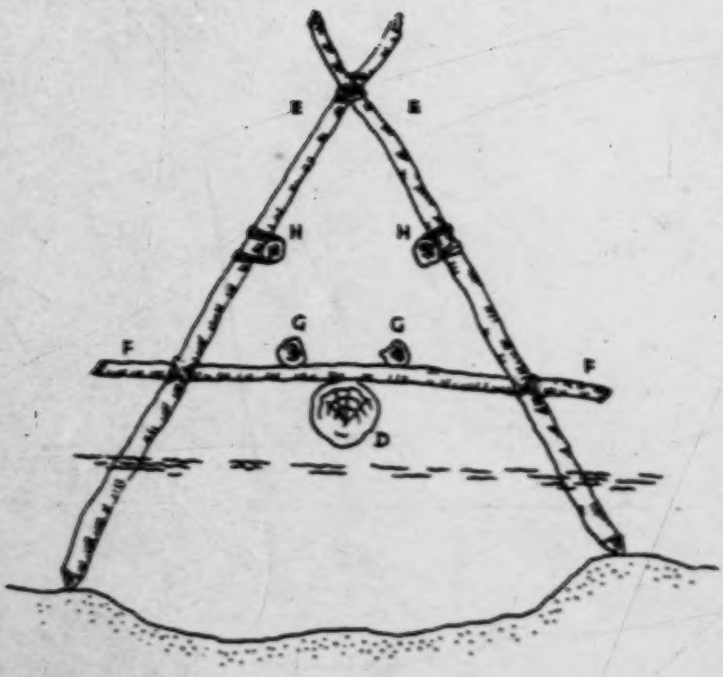

Bridge

[p.172 (B)]

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462 474 women's role in Kaingáng economy became insignificant. They continued to make their contributions, it is true, but these were small compared to men's.

(2) Although most of the techniques seem better suited to an individual working alone, whenever circumstances become exigent several individuals cooperate, as, for example, in the making of lances and troughs and the hunting of tapir with dogs.

In general, the way in which each industry is practised is inherent in the natural conditions under which it is maintained. Tapir hunting is both cooperative and individualistic but fails to achieve the maximum cooperation because the Kaingáng are unable to put into effect the elaborate technique necessary for killing tapir in the *carreira*, the best way of hunting tapir. Peccary are usually surrounded, but they may also be pursued by a lone hunter although surrounding is unquestionably the best means of taking them. The only way the Kaingáng killed deer under aboriginal conditions was by uttering its cry until it approached or by coming upon a deer by accident. The best way to kill deer that I know of is to station men along the river bank and kill the deer when it is driven into the water by dogs. This seems possible even without canoes,[19] but I never saw or heard of its being done by the Kaingáng. Such a technique requires long residence in one place and a knowledge of the places where the deer will probably enter the water when it is driven by the dogs. Under aboriginal conditions deer were always killed by lone hunters. The only *sateri* hunts that I know of were cooperative, and this seems the best arrangement. Birds are not snared but are hunted individually.

Thus, for the most part, hunting techniques are fundamentally affected by the natural conditions of the forest. The hunting of tapir and deer by the waiting technique requires not only a thorough knowledge of the territory but a considerable number of men so that one may be stationed on every *carreira*. Neither of these conditions could well be fulfilled under aboriginal conditions. In other words, natural conditions in hunting prevented the systematic following out of the social ideal of cooperative effort.

In the table most of the industries appear as "I," but some of the most important, like hunting and housebuilding, are both C and I, and the very important industry of raiding is entirely C. If we throw this evidence together with the general emphasis in social life we will see that in spite of the preponderance of the "I" industries Kaingáng culture is really not individualistic but is cooperative under all of the most important conditions of life. Indeed, Kaingáng culture is oriented toward a degree of cooperation unusual in a tribe having so few social forms. It is unnecessary to sum-

[19] Richard Lydekker's *The Royal Natural History*, Vol. II, p. 462, describes a tapir hunt witnessed by Carl Schomburgk in which just this technique was used.

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462 marize once more the attitudes and the procedures that express this co-
474 operation, which reaches its highest expression in the prosecution of the feuds. The search for food and the institutions of polyandry and joint marriage supply additional occasions for cooperation. Actually what we have in Kaingáng society is a large number of individualistic techniques employed within a social framework that is essentially cooperative.

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Appendix II

Body Paints and Kinship System[1]

THE THEORETICAL SOCIAL STRUCTURE, which has been largely so much cultural flotsam for at least two hundred years and probably much longer, divides the Kaingáng into five groups. To each group belongs a distinct body-paint design and a series of personal names. Throughout the six generations of the genealogies these names are repeated many times. All the people wearing the same design are *kóika hē*,[2] good people, to one another. Each design has a name that describes its objective character, and all those who wear it are grouped together under one of the personal names belonging to the group. Two marks, however, the disc and the horizontal bar with vertical lines, are not distinguished by one particular name. The scheme may be tabulated as follows:

Group name	*Design*	*Name of design*	*Translation*
Wanyekí *kóika hē*	•	*mévídn*	scattered all over
Klendó *kóika hē*	|	*kalébm*	coming down
Kainlé *kóika hē*	○	*kuikén*	in a ring
None	⊓⊓⊓⊓⊓⊓	*kakténg kŋ kalébm*	horizontal and coming down
None	●	*kaném*	placed there

[1] This discussion is abstracted from a study of genealogies of more than 500 individuals. They include the ancestors of all the people on the reservation today back to the great grandparents.

[2] *Kóikó*, relative; *hē*, whole, serviceable.

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619 The names of the marks are simply descriptive. *Mevídn* refers to small
302 dots scattered all over the body, *kalébm* to vertical lines drawn downward, etc.

All people having the same mark are *kóika hē* to one another, but in addition a man calls all the women having the same mark as he *yóktē*,[3] and these women call him *kóika hē*. He calls all men with a different mark from his own *wamǫ́*,[4] and all women in a similar position he calls *plų*, sexual partner.[5] Women call all women with marks different from their own *wamǫ́*, and all men in a similar position are called *mbádn*, sexual partner.[5] Women with the same mark call each other *kóika hē*. Men with the same mark call each other *kóika hē*.

Even two hundred years ago a very large number of people had names from at least two groups, and a not inconsiderable number had names from three. Thus the groups are not separate. Within the obvious limits of historical investigation they have not formed the basis for any systematic organization. Marks do not descend systematically from parents or any other relatives to the younger generation, and there is no fixed system through which names are given to children. In general close relatives give the names of their own close relatives to newborn children. Individuals may have anywhere from one to eight names.

There was considerable disagreement among my informants as to the marks belonging to each person, and even though they might agree on his names they very often disagreed as to the marks proper to his names. Certain names, however, are associated by everyone with the same marks. Among the not inconsiderable number[6] of such names are the basic ones, Wanyekí, Klendó, and Kainlé.

The present-day Kaingáng say that people having the same marks cannot marry, but for two hundred years there has been absolutely no attempt to live up to the theory, and no feeling of shame is connected with marrying a person of the same mark. If the conversation happens to turn on the subject of the marks light jesting may arise in connection with some couple who both have the same marks. In general, however, the subject is socio-sexually a dead issue.

Extensive checking shows that the marking scheme not only does not regulate marriage but also has nothing to do with the composition of hunting bands, the distribution of food and property, or the cremation of

[3] *yók*, formal prefix; *tē*, woman.

[4] *wa*, formal prefix; *mǫ́*, dative. It implies the giving of something to someone and may actually have something to do with the belief that in the beginning some groups gave some of their personal names to other groups that did not have enough.

[5] See kinship terms p. 178.

[6] Exactly 49 out of 193, i.e. 25 percent.

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the dead.[7] The only function of the marks is magical. When a person dies 619
all the people around him paint themselves with their marks in order to 302
frighten the *kuplêng* away. "It sees them and becomes afraid and goes." A
widowed person, a *thûpqya*, paints himself with marks other than his own [764]
on his return from his period of isolation in order that the *kuplêng* may
not recognize him. About five years before my arrival a number of people
added the circle design to their other marks because when Kemblén died
he told all the people to change their marks "so that the *kuplêng* would
see it and go away."

A number of kinship usages are explained on the basis of the marks. These will be discussed in the section on the kinship system. It is only necessary to say here that all such explanations are purely theoretical and do not support kinship usage.

The Kinship System

(1) *plq*, wife; women with whom a man has had sexual relations; women 601
with marks different from a man, and with whom, therefore, such 602
relationships are "permissible."

(2) *mbâdn*, husband; men with whom a woman has had sexual relations; men with marks different from a woman, and with whom, therefore, such relationships are "permissible."

(3) *yûgn*, father; grandfather; all males much older than Ego;[8] men who have had relations with Ego's mother.

(4) *nyę́*, mother; grandmother; all females much older than Ego; women who have had relations with Ego's father.

(5) *nyungnyên*, all blood relatives excepting real parents and grandparents and grandparents' siblings and own children. All members of the same extended family. It is often used specifically for Ego's own brothers, sisters, and first cousins, and for anyone about Ego's own age. In this case the term becomes reciprocal. It may be used also for anyone a little older than Ego. All individuals having the same mark as Ego.

(6) *yavi*, all people somewhat younger than Ego.

(7) *yi*, child; all people very much younger than Ego and the children of all the people with whom Ego has had sexual relations.

(8) *klq*, offspring. Tapirs and dogs have *klq*, but to speak of an animal's *yi* provokes laughter.

(9) *yêmblâ*, (plural) *yêgumblâ*, all the blood relatives of No. 2 and No. 1. In a more limited sense, all the No. 5 of No. 2 and No. 1 with the

[7] See fn. 1, p. 175.

[8] Egocentrum speaking or spoken about.

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exception of second cousins and their descendants and first cousins once removed and their descendants.

(10) *lênglé*, co-spouse.

(11) *kaké*, relation. This term is not as strict in its application as No. 5, in that its use may extend outside the extended family. It is used regularly between cousins of all classes, rarely for aunt, never for brother or sister. It is a courtesy term for people not related by blood.

Although the major stress of this system is on relative age the culture actually fails to take cognizance of it in any formal way. In the distribution of food and property, for example, no one age class takes precedence over another. Nor does the principle of relative age play an important role in marriage. Marriage is on the whole between age-mates, although some informants seem to feel that the man should be older than the woman. Leadership is determined by personality factors, by *waikayú*, not by age.

The term *nyungnyén* expresses the attitudes within the extended families. Its use for blood relatives, combined with its extension to include a much wider group, indicates precisely how the Kaingáng feel about members of the same extended family even when they are not related by blood. Socially they are siblings to one another and the same blood flows in their veins, no matter what the actual conditions are.[9]

I have frequently pointed out the wide difference in affect between the relationships within the extended families and those that obtain between them. Since, therefore, the terms *nyungnyén*, *yavi*, *yi*, and *klą* are used almost exclusively for members of the same extended family it follows that they express a considerable amount of in-group affect. Since, also, the extended families are intensely inbred and the general sibling feeling is strong, there is a correlation here with the fact that the kinship system completely ignores questions of specific relationship. Since the kinship terms at the most, therefore, express only generalized blood relationship the most important correlations in the Kaingáng kinship system are with age pure and simple, and with the affect associated with the in-group.

In Chapter VII I pointed out that the Kaingáng do not keep to the theoretical formulation of their affinal relationships but that each man selects particular individuals for attention. Hand in hand with this goes the fact that although for all the Kaingáng the category of affinity[10] is the same each person uses the term *yómblá* in everyday life for a different

[9] An excellent example of this can be found on p. 122. Although Wanyeki and Kavén were not blood relatives of Kâi they were his *nyungnyén* because they came from the same extended family.

[10] Relationship by marriage.

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group of affinities. There is an additional variability in the use of this term 681
due to the fact that some individuals prefer to use the age term series 602
rather than *yómblá*. Although some people are singled out as affinal relatives toward whom Ego has specific obligations he might never call them *yómblá*, preferring instead to use the age terms.

The significance of terms 1, 2, and 8 has been discussed in Chapter III, and the further implications of 3 have also been discussed in that chapter.

[p. 180 is blank]

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Appendix III

Rituals

Death

765 WHEN DEATH COMES the emotional resources of the Kaingáng are mobilized to overcome the forces of destruction that have been set in motion. Death, the perpetual threat, has become momentarily actualized in the form of the *kuplêng*, the ghost-soul of the deceased, and the most elaborate ritual forms the Kaingáng possess are directed toward the elimination of this threat. Of all the survivors at a death the one who stands in greatest peril from the *kuplêng* is the spouse, the *thûpáya*. The Kaingáng feel that the spouses have had such intimate relations that there must be a complete wiping out of all the old contacts. The rites through which the *thûpáya* passes are intended, however, not only to safeguard his life, but also to protect the community. No one can be sure whom the *kuplêng* will select for its companion, but since it clings most closely to the *thûpáya* he must free himself from the *kuplêng* as soon as possible. The *thûpáya* is a threat to the members of his group—they are genuinely afraid of him—and the rites which he performs serve both to rid him of his personal fear of his dead spouse and to make him once more acceptable to his fellows. As Klendó put it, "They . . . make a festa when the husband or the wife comes back so that he [or she] can live with them."

765 Even before his spouse's bones are buried the *thûpáya* leaves camp for
783 his widower's (or widow's) isolation, his *weikómáng*. "I did not want to see the bones," said Klendó; "so I left before she was burnt. I was afraid I would die; so I went to another place. I used to talk to her; therefore I was afraid to see her bones. I did not want to see her bones because I did not want to see her *kuplêng* while I was asleep."[1] A man leaves camp alone,
[762] taking his bow and arrows, an axe and a blanket, but no pot, for *thûpáya*

[1] Up to this point all that has been said applies equally to men and women.

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may not eat cooked food until they have completed the ritual series. If they did they would get hot inside and die. The *shápfyu* must refrain from all meat; all they are allowed to eat is honey and vegetable foods, and by the end of their *waikdendag* they may be very thin. If a widower encounters game he may shoot it, but he must not eat it. Instead he opens its belly and rubs the blood "all over himself to wash off[2] the hunting[3] that he used to do for his wife. This is called wiping[4] off and throwing away. He does the same with honey, bees' larvae, and bee sugar. He shoots tapir, pigs, deer, *saiteti*, monkeys, jacutingas, howler monkeys, macucas, ururús [and a number of other birds]. He shoots several and does this wiping himself off."[5] By rubbing himself with the blood of game animals the husband removes one of the principal ties with his wife, for during her life he had shot game for her. Thus the whole ritual, including the fasting, is a transparent cleansing ceremony, in which the very terminology makes the psychological point clear. The Kaingáng do not feel that the dead are impure or that they contaminate, but that the *kupléng* follows the vestiges of its earthly life, to the peril of survivors.

The *shápfyu* does not remain so far away from camp that he is completely out of reach. Under aboriginal conditions that would have put him in actual peril of his life from human enemies,[6] but always remains close enough for some woman to prepare a sleeping-place for him every night. There he sleeps alone with two stems of the *aggigo* fern[7] in his arms "just as he used to hold his wife." The *kupléng* is afraid of these and goes away." Women remain nearer to camp than men, and if they have nursing infants they take them along. They do not always sleep alone, for often a woman who prepares the sleeping-place for the *shápfyu* and sprinkles it with protective herbs wraps her in her arms all night long in a protective embrace against her husband's *kupléng*. If there have been a number of deaths at one time, as from a raid by the *kugreiros* or by ven-

[2] *Waikupí*, to wash oneself.

[3] *i pfa thi mfi i ofi pánki yé*
his wife her for he (instrumental particle) shoot place

Literally, the place where he used to shoot for his wife.

[4] *Waiapfáfi*, to wipe oneself. Without the reflexive it means "to wipe," as in cleaning the barrel of a gun.

[5] Women, since they have not the weapons with which to kill animals, simply rub themselves with honey.

[6] When the Brazilian Indian hunters, the *kugreiros*, were thought to be in the neighborhood, no one went on *waikdendag*.

[7] See p. 189 fn.

[8] Or husband.

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detta enemies, the male and female *thápfye* form separate groups and go 765
off together.

The period of *waikómáng* is exceedingly variable. Until a few years ago the end of *waikómáng* was marked by *angéjãn*, the fiesta of rattles. In preparation for this event, which marked the reacceptance of the *thápfye* by his group, beer was prepared. But before the *thápfye* returned he had to be completely cleansed of his spouse's "dirt,"[9] and to this end the people who went to fetch him cut his hair, "because when he slept with his wife their heads were together," and his finger nails. It is said of women that their nails were cut "because they used to get meat under their nails in preparing food for their husbands." The people sang during the entire rite of cutting the hair and nails in order to frighten off the *kuplêng*. The songs that were sung during the death rituals are called *ẽkẽdn*;[10] some of them were sung only at certain points in the ritual series, while others are not ritual songs but are part of the general song repertoire of each man.[11] While the hair was being cut it was held with a bit of medicine to protect the cutter, and when the task was finished hair and nails were pounded up in a mortar with a number of herbs, including the ubiquitous tapir's raw food, and thrown into the water.[12]

"The hair is thrown into the water because they are afraid to let it rot on earth. The first-born [i.e. the ancients] came out along the water, and therefore they throw the hair into the water." Like tapir's raw food, water is a general life-symbol to the Kaingáng. In the same way the hair and nails of young children are thrown into the water "so that they will grow. Otherwise the children would dry up and die," and the umbilical cord is placed in the water for the same reason. The Kaingáng have great faith in bathing wounds with water, and all herbs are mixed with water before they are applied to the body as remedies.

The entire body of the *thápfye* was now rubbed with tapir's raw food to cleanse him, and his head was covered with feathers or a feathered cloth, for the combination of the haircut and the feathers would prevent the *kuplêng* from recognizing him. As he walked toward camp where the beer was waiting someone went before him scattering herbs in his path to frighten away the *kuplêng*, and as they walked fearfully along they sang

[9] *Nyenggê*, dirt; taboo as applied to food.

[10] From the stem *kẽ*, whole, entire, sound. The purpose of these songs is to keep people well.

[11] See p. 190 this section.

[12] "They also cut the hair of her small child. Its father used to see its hair; so they cut it off." The hair at the nape of the neck was never cut off in this rite, for that would cause death.

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whatever songs occurred to them. When those in camp heard the singing they too began and as the group entered the dance circle they were greeted by loud singing and the whirr of gourd rattles. "This is our song of fear. He[18] was afraid of her.[19] He was singing for her husband's *kuplẽng* to be afraid and go away. He sang in front of her. When they saw him coming they began to dance with their rattles. The women came behind her, rattling. These rattles are for the *kuplẽng* of the husband to fear and go away. Widows sit and the men dance around them. They dance about behind the woman. She is told to sit down. They are afraid of the woman. They think that if they stay there they might die; that is why they dance the woman. They are afraid of the woman because she used to live with her husband. That is why they have the *angẽjĩdn*. When there is no more beer they go to the water and wash themselves and then wash their mouths with muddy water. They wash their mouths because they are afraid of the songs. It is because they sang with their mouths. They rub their bodies with sand and stones because they do not rot. I am going to be like stones that never die. I am going to grow old like stones."

Starting with the change of the body-paint symbols, as described in Appendix II, the normal activities of life were in part reversed, with the object of confusing the *kuplẽng*. Instead of drinking his beer from a gourd or from a basket the *thãpẽjo* drank from a bamboo tube. A widow was *given* the drink because formerly she used to *give* it out to others, and she remained lying down in the morning when her children were already up because she used to get up to take care of her husband. "If she were to get up while her children slept they would die."

It is still dangerous to eat cooked food for a while, but after a few more days another rite overcomes the danger inherent in this act. "They kill a tapir and cook it, mixing *ndolõ* or *kakleiklé* leaves in a clay pot with water. The water is brought to a boil with heated stones. They boil it and take it off and pour it into a plate. Then the people are called together and they drink the remedy and eat the meat."[20]

[18] A relative who was leading the group back to camp. Specific relationships are of no importance in these ceremonies.

[19] Although this is a description of a particular ceremony that took place when a relative of the informant died, leaving his widow, the description has equal validity for widowers.

[20] This has some striking parallels in the rites following the killing of men. "A man who killed a Brazilian did not eat from a pot. He roasted his food. They would pound the thorns of *chuvo*, put it in a pot, and put water on top to boil it. Then they would drink it, and then they would eat from the pot. When they killed their own people they would do the same thing. They wanted to [be able to] kill men; so they pounded thorns and mixed it with water and drank it. When we are walking along thorns seize us and rip our skin; so they do this [pound thorns] so that they will be able to do the same thing. If one were to eat from a pot after killing the Brazilians one could not kill anyone after that. Some people would wash themselves after an attack on the Brazilians to protect themselves from [the scent of] dogs."

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Now the *thâpfyu*, after a period of approximately three to five weeks, could again take up his normal course of existence, except that he had still to abstain from sexual intercourse. 765

One of my informants gave me a number of ritualistic specializations in terms of the body-paint scheme. Although I consider them of very doubtful validity, I give them here for the sake of completeness.

(1) When a man comes back from *waikómáng* he is given his food by a woman of the opposite mark, because "they are different and therefore are not afraid."

(2) The period for which Wanyekí *kóikó hē* must abstain from cooked food is much longer than for Klendó.

(3) The former keep their body paints on for a much longer time.

(4) The Klendó *kóikó hē* use pine needles in the pot at the ritual of the first eating of cooked food.

The rituals of the *waikómáng* and the *angdjñán* are limited to *thâpfyu*, the widowed, for it is only the surviving spouse who must go through any procedure at all.[16]

Cremation and Burial

Vomblé's description of these ceremonies, which I never had the opportunity to see, since the Kaingáng no longer burn their dead, is so clear and vivid that it needs practically no elucidation or paraphrasing; and I therefore give it word for word. 764

"They place him on a blanket. Arrows are placed beside him. Feathers are placed on him.[17] His arrows are broken. The bowstring is cut and the arrows tied with it; also the wrapping for future arrows. The bow is chopped in half and tied together with the arrows. His head is laid to the west and his feet to the east because the *kupléng* dwell in the west. He will see the road and go that way. If they were to put him on the other way he would err. The wood [of the pyre] is waist-high. They place him on it and pile wood on top of him until it is as high as a man. They sink posts on the side all around so that the wood will not fall down. They put wax[18] and meat in his hands and say: 'There! Take it and go and leave me! You go to the many.' They pound him on the chest [and say]: 'Leave your animals[19] to me and go! When I am suffering [hunger] I'll shoot and eat them. Leave your people and go! Leave the honey for me! You went to

[16] All inherited property, however, should be wiped off with tapir's raw food.

[17] I do not know why.

[18] Symbolic of honey.

[19] All game animals. The *kupléng* is asked not to take the souls of the animals with it.

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the many!' When a person has many children [they say]: 'Leave your children and things to me and go. When they are hungry they will kill and eat them. Now the [things] I have given you to be your own are there [in your hands]. Take them and go. But leave the rest of the things that are here for me and go!' This is also said to women. Then they talk again. They call his name and say: 'Speak well of me. I suffered much with you. Do not be *vai*[20] to me! Speak well of me. I suffered a great deal with you, and so I am putting you in a prepared place.' Then they set fire to the pile with flaming bamboo. When they set fire they sing." There is no special song for igniting the pyre.[21]

"When they burn a man they go off and sleep. Much later they come back to his bones. They go around toward his head and say to him: 'I come to see you. Do not be *vai* to me. I suffered a great deal with you—do not be *vai* to me.' Then they come to the pile. The bones are whole if the pile burnt slowly. If the corpse is *vai* it did not burn completely but fell off the pyre beyond the stays. *Vai* means a threat of death—he has seen someone die without walking about. Patá fell in the direction of the place in which his people would die. Children are never *vai*,[22] but men and women are *vai*. Kutá exploded and fell off the pyre—she was *vai*. She was foretelling the death of Pepó [her husband]. Next day they went there, and only her arms were burnt. The fire burnt out alone. Then they made another fire for her.

"The people who burn them treat themselves with *tutólo* and with *mbẽ* leaves. *Nãdyã waikókzõ* is also used. These are pounded. They smell like orange[23] leaves. They are rubbed over the hands and body for five days.[24] When they walked around burning them [i.e. the corpses] the smoke enveloped them and stuck to them—so it is this that they wash off.

"When the fire is out they throw the ashes off the bones and gather them together in bark. When they gather up the bones they make a big basket for them and put fern in the basket with *kunggló* and *tai* leaves.

[20] To be *vai* means to be supernaturally dangerous. Specifically it involves a prediction of death. The capacity to be *vai* is limited to dead bodies—which show that they are *vai* by not burning on the first pyre. The informant's explanation of the command "Speak well of me" is that "he should not be *vai* to them." This does not seem very illuminating.

[21] See p. 192.

[22] Children are also never burnt; nevertheless this absence of threat in dead children is correlated rather with the attitude toward children than with ceremonial procedure. Children are universally loved.

[23] Since they have been on the reservation the Kaingáng have become familiar with oranges.

[24] A very doubtful period both from the standpoint of fixity and from the standpoints of the informant's notions of time and number, which are extremely vague.

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They carry the basket with the bones and go to another place to bury them. They carry a long stick, leaning on it, [and they sing:]

1) *nde te tę ve*
what carry
2) *nde te tę ve*
what carry
3) *vẽ ma la nyakthó te tę ve*
look you sun faeces carry
4) *vẽ ma la yudn yó klam tę ve*
look you sun come out place under

Since the words are in perfect syntactic order the obvious translation is:

Line (1) What is being carried?
(2) What is being carried?
(3) Look, you. Sun's faeces are being carried.
(4) Look, you. Under the place where the sun emerges.

I have no explanation of the significance of this song. Klendó said that they sing the song "that it should be light [in weight] and that the people should not slip.

"They sing this song because they are afraid they will die. They are afraid they will slip—a person who is about to die will fall, but one who will live to old age does not fall. If there are many of them they do not sing this song, but if there are few they sing. After carrying the bones they wash themselves with clay and rub themselves with stones. They all do this, not only the one who carries the bones. [They say,] 'I am going to be like the old stone—I am never going to die.' They do not bury the bones in the place the person died—it is not good."

As they walk along they cut *nggign* (fern) repeatedly and throw it away. "They carry it [*nggign*] so that the carrying of our bones should be no more.[28] It is to rub out the sweat caused by carrying the basket. . . . At last they pound the *nggign* and wash themselves [with the titrated sap]."

When they reach the spot where they intend to bury the bones the ground is cleared, and hole dug and lined with fern, the bones and the basket placed in the hole, and a little house erected over the grave by the women.

[28] It is clear from the phraseology and from the general ideology of death ceremonies that this is a way of severing contact with the dead. The precise symbolism, however, eludes me. *Nggign* is a fern with a short (about four feet), woody, extremely thorny trunk that grows exclusively on heavily wooded hillsides. Besides its function in death ceremonies it is used to ferment beer. When titrated it produces a deep red juice.

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PLATE VII

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a Dance ornament Kondijaidn b Lu

[facing p. 188]

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764 "When they burn a man or woman they throw away their firebrands after the burning and make a new fire with a fire drill, for if they remained beside the old fires they would die—it was the fire by which the dead used to sleep."

Keening

765 The Kaingáng mourn in a rhythmic chant heavily interspersed with sobbing and snuffling. When a number of people come together at a death they all keen, but most of the keening throughout the year is done by individuals who start to think about their dead relatives and burst into tears. Keening is most commonly heard in the very early morning or evening, when the Kaingáng have nothing to do and it is not yet time for a meal. Nevertheless people may start to keen at any time at all and wherever they may be. Although the Kaingáng feel that it is respectful toward the dead to weep and are scornful of those who do not, they do not particularly select large crowds to weep in. The lusty voices of the Kaingáng carry wonderfully in the cool air before dawn or after sunset, and I have heard them as much as a quarter of a mile away. In a small camp it would be unnecessary for them to raise their voices so in order to be heard, but nowadays when the settlement stretches for half a mile on both sides of the river a powerful voice has its advantages. To me this mourning was always unintelligible, but anyone who has ever tried to understand a sobbing person in our own society will understand that my difficulties were not simply linguistic. The only way I could obtain texts was through informants. The chants thus obtained are a good sample of the general drift of the occasional keening, but since they were not uttered under the influence of emotion and were not taken down while the individuals were actually mourning they lack somewhat the variety of the "natural" product and are greatly reduced in length. Nevertheless they are faithful.

During the very early part of my stay I heard Anggló keening at a festa, and with the help of my interpreter, who gave me snatches of what she said with the interpretation, I managed to record a great deal.

Anggló's Chant

765 I am weeping. I forgot my daughter's[26] name and now I am remember-
539 ing. I loved[27] her much, and now I can love her no more. I desire very much to see her again. She used to call me mother. Before my daughter died she wept much. I desire to see my daughter today. My father[28] always provided food for me, but now I am hungry; that is why I am weeping.

[26] Anggló had one child who died.

[27] *Ka lifló nya.*

[28] Now she begins to mourn for her father.

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765 I am always bewailing my father. Before he died he suffered much. I
539 thought that my father was alive, but he is dead. I always forget my father, but now I am remembering him. My father had many relatives, but I alone am weeping for him. I feel like weeping all day long for my father. He used always to get food for me. I wish to see him. I weep all day long for my daughter. When my father was alive I used to call him "father," but now I cannot. He always gave me food. I pity him. My father loved me much, but he left me and went away. I am forgetting my father a great deal. He suffered much. I desire to see my daughter who called me "mother." Before she died she called me "mother." My father used always to bring food for me, and now I wish to see him. My father died and never remembered me. My father died, and now I pity him. I am suffering because of my daughter. I cannot sleep because I am always thinking of my daughter. Whenever I eat I do not forget my daughter. She is there now [where she died, at the Post].

Kuld's Chant[29]

I am remembering my mother.[30] I want to call her mother. I am remembering my mother. I am the one who called her mother, but now it is all over. I am remembering my mother. When my mother would look at me she would remember that my father had seen me and she would weep—now that is all over. I am remembering my mother. I and my children used to call my mother mother—that is all over. I am remembering my mother. I want to see my mother. When my father would return after leaving me he would think of how I suffered, and he would weep. Grandmother, whose name I bear, would think of my sickness and suffering.

Kundldn's Chant

One of my *nyg*[31] would see my brother and me suffering, and she would come to us to weep. I suffered with him. My brother and I had no father; so he and I wept for my children. He and I suffered. I want to see my father.

Kundldn has lost all her nearest relatives—husband, parents, brothers, sisters, and four of her five children—and it is probable that if she had continued longer she would have mentioned her mother.

[29] This and the preceding chants were obtained from informants. Kuld is Anggló's sister, but this chant was recorded eight or nine months after Anggló's, when their mother had died of the grippe. Kuld lost one baby many years ago—apparently she had stopped mourning for it.

[30] Literally, "I am remembering what mother looked like."

[31] See Appendix II.

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Kuthûgn's Chants

I. For His Mother

765 Mother saw me and mourned every night. I was suffering. I forget what
539 she looked like. I was hungry. I forget what she looked like. I forget what she looked like. I suffered. I forget what she looked like. I suffered. I am always weeping but I never see her. I forget her.

II. For men

Nyungnyên shot things for me. I suffered. I forget what he looked like. I used to wander about with *nyungnyên*, and he loved me. I used to go about with him, and I forget what he looked like. I forget what he looked like. *Nyungnyêlê*[32] and I suffered a great deal and I forget him. I forget what he looked like. [Then he sings:] *e ko yo ho nei mo ko ma ve yo na ta ko ma chudn ve yo ne ta ko ma chudn ve.*[33] I suffered with *nyungnyên* a great deal and I forget what they looked like. I attacked other men with *nyungnyên*. I used to shoot things with them. I forget what they looked like.

Klendô's Chants[34]

I. For His Wife

I do not see my wife. Will I see her? I go with my wife. I do not see her.

II. For His Mother

I do not see my mother. Will I not see my mother? I forgot my mother.

III. For Véye (Who Died a Few Weeks Ago)

I do not see *nyungnyêlê*. I do not hear *nyungnyêlê* call me *yûgn*.

IV. For a Father's Brother

I do not see *yûgn*. I forget what *yûgn* looked like. *Yûgn* lived in me.

V. For a First Cousin Once Removed

I do not see *nyungnyên*. Will I see another who looks like her? I do not see her.

Vomblê's Chants

I. For His Relatives

My relatives shot things for me, and now I and my children are suffering.

[32] The term *nyungnyêlê* is a form of *nyungnyên* that occurs only in mourning chants.

[33] This song has no meaning.

[34] These and the chants of Vomblê were recorded while they were my informants.

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II. For His Father

My father used to set food before me, and my children and I ate it; and now my children and I are suffering. My father would weep when he saw me because of my mother's having seen me.[35] Now when I am suffering I think of my father's face.[36]

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III. For His Mother

I and mother had no *yúgn*,[37] and I got nothing for her for a long time.[38] Since she left me I have no mother.

IV. For Véye (Who Died a Few Weeks Ago)

My *klę*[39] came to where he had seen me, and I had forgotten him. My *klę* and my many relatives shot things for me. My *klę* and I have no father. I am remembering his face and his leaving me.

To the Kaingáng these are all tender chants of remembering, forgetting, and regret, and they are striking for the complete absence of any elements of fear. So, too, there is only one resentful expression—in Anggló's chant where she says, "My father died and never remembered me." It is curious that the Kaingáng, who desire less than anything on earth to see their dead relatives, should express in their mourning chants a desire to see them. The chants of Klendó and Kuthúgn, with their monotonous reiteration of "I forget what he looked like" and "I do not see him" may be pure and simple expressions of their horror of seeing the dead again rather than elliptical statements which might be completed: "I forget what he looked like, he has been so long dead; and how sorry I am."

The chants of the three women are of the occasional type, i.e. of the type chanted whenever the mood comes on one, whereas those of the three men are of the type uttered at funerals.

While I was among the Kaingáng the women did much more keening than the men. The Indians, however, could not be made aware of the fact that there was any difference between the amount of keening done by the women and that done by the men.

Death Songs (Êhêdn)

The following songs may be sung as the funeral pyre is being ignited:

[35] His mother was dead.
[36] Literally, "his appearance."
[37] She had no father, and therefore he had no grandfather.
[38] Vorobki's explanation: "I would go to look for meat and not find it."
[39] See Appendix II.

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I

a to na a wa lê hê nu yô nê kê ya ma mbâ vô yô
ta to na ha vâi kẽgn yâ nggâ kô yêyê ko yĩgn mbâ
ha yê kô yĩgn mbâ.

Vomblé said, "They do this so that the *kupléng* will go. If they did not do this it would take the living away."

II

kĩ yẽ ụ tộ kô pando mê lêlê nya
kûi kĩ yẽ ha lêlê nya kụ
kûi kĩ yẽ ụ tộ kô pando mêêlêlê nya kụ
kûi kĩ yẽ lêlê nya

Vomblé explained: "They say to them that when they were alive they climbed trees.[40] Then they say '*ha ha.*' When the *kupléng* hears this it goes off. If they did not sing this all the souls would come and live with the living, and then the living would go with them."

III

la kônang yukê[41] pitpili vadnvala
la kôna yukê pitpili vadn vala

"This song is sung so that the pyre may burn," said Klendó.

IV

1) [illegible] [illegible][42] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
intact intact
sound
2) *vâ ma la yudn*[43] *yô klạ tẽ*
3) *hẽi tệ vê hẽi tệ vê*
4) *vâ ma la lâdn yô klạ tẽi tẽ*
look you sun down place
5) *tộ vai tệ vê*

[40] The interpretation is clearly one of accommodation to what Vomblé feels to be the ethnologist's taste for interpretations. The song is made up of syllables some of which, though identical with meaningful elements in the Kaingáng language, have no conceivable meaning in the present context.

[41] The first five syllables have a general resemblance to what might be translated as "sun's eyebrows"; the two succeeding words might be translated as "ururú" (a bird) and "fever" respectively. Since, however, no explanation was vouchsafed by the informant and the reference is not clear, it seems best to reserve judgment.

[42] A predicating element.

[43] See p. 193.

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Vomblé said that they sing this song "so that the *kuplêng* will not be *vai* to them. [When they say sing] *hẽi tẹ̃ vẽ* they are saying that when it is burnt the bones will be intact." But he immediately added: "They never sing this song. They sing their real song," i.e. their personal songs. Klendó said that this song made the corpse *vai*. "Kangdádn sang this song, and that is why Patá did not burn. It has [a syllable]*vai*[44] in it—that is why." But then, on the other hand, he says, "When Patá's *kuplêng* heard this it probably became afraid and went away." Another interpretation of this song by the same informant is that "he is singing in order that there should be no *kumbẽdn* on the edge of the burning place where the sun comes up."

Klendó, who is usually silent when asked for interpretations of songs, thought that in line 4 the "place where the sun comes down" referred to the sun's being alive and red and that *tẹ̃ vai tẹ̃ vẽ* meant that the edge of the ashes [toward the west] is evil-omened.

Although Vomblé and Klendó give different interpretations of this song there is a general agreement between them. Both informants feel that the effect of the song will be to make things *hẽ*, sound, well, but Klendó feels that it also involves certain dangers because of the presence of the syllable *vai*.

The following are hair-cutting songs:

V

kaichá yúpi tẽ kõ
wa kã na yõ anggũ kãi mõ a nẽ
yangvẽ yuki kunẽ anẽ vavũ ho
anẽ vavã kaichá yúpi tẽ kõ
kaichá yúpi tẽ kõ
wa kã na yõ anggũ kãi mbõ anẽ
nang vẽ yúki ku nẽ anẽ va vũ ho
a nẽ vã hã

This song has no meaning whatsoever.

VI

ŋ nŋ yõmẽn ho lã wa
ki kẽ lã kalẽ hẽ
ŋ nŋ yõmẽn hõ lã wa
kuyo kaichõ
ŋ nŋ yõmẽ hõ lã wa
ki kẽ kalẽ hẽ [and then repeat from the beginning]

[44] See line 3.

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765 This song has no meaning whatsoever. Said Vomblé: "This is our song
539 of fear. He is afraid of her [the *shûpáya*]. He is singing for her husband's *kuplêng* to be afraid and go away."

Ceremonies for the Kôklá [Ceremonial Father,] and Mbē [Ceremonial Mother][43]

The Placenta and Umbilical Cord

846 When the child is born the placenta and the piece of the umbilical cord that was attached to the child are wrapped in medicinal herbs, placed in a little basket, and sunk in a stream, and a sharpened stick is forced through the basket to keep it from floating away. This is called by the term *páyú*, which means to steal or to conceal. *páyú* is done most usually by a brother of the mother and his wife. Through the series of rites that begin with the *páyú* of his umbilical cord the child is bound to his father's affinal relatives.

The Baby's Meal of Cooked Food (Yôgndêyê)

852 Soon after the child is born its ankles are wrapped loosely with about twenty turns of cord, its *pasthêyê*,[44] foot cords, and these are kept on for two weeks or so. Then the father decides to make a *yôgndêyê* for his child, and he goes out hunting, with perhaps a brother-in-law to help him, and hunts intensively for a number of days to get together enough meat for a big feast. When the meat has been collected the *mbē* and *kôklá* as well as all the close relatives of the child's parents who happen to be around, together with friends, are invited to a feast, and while their guests dine the parents look on without eating. Were they to eat, the father would never be able to shoot game again.

These ceremonies are almost always conducted in high spirits unless the hosts are stingy, and then everyone is rather gloomy and there are secret grumblings afterward. Everyone sits down wherever he wants to, the more distant relatives keeping discreetly in the background and joining but mildly in the conversation, the in-laws acting as if they "belonged," pushing the pots around and dishing out the food. When everyone has eaten as much as he can, or as much as there is, the men start to sing and the baby's mother hastens to remove the *pasthêyê*, and when they are all unwound the party wanders off, carrying with it the remains of the feast. Depending on the quantity of meat, the party may last from a half hour to an hour.

[43] The explanation of all these ceremonies for the child is that if they were not performed the child would die, that it would not grow up, or that it would dry up and die.

[44] "The *pasthêyê* are put on so they may be taken off at the *yôgndêyê*."

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After the feast the *pankfyé* and the piece of the umbilical cord that was attached to the mother are wrapped with herbs and thrown into the water. Some time after this the child is given a name, but there is no ceremony of name-giving.

The Baby Blackening (Waichêdn)

This was the most joyful ceremony of the Kaingáng. Every few years, whenever there were enough children to warrant a baby-blackening, a large number of the people of one extended family used to come together in a big camp. While the men with children to blacken went out with their brothers and first cousins to get honey for beer, the others made dance ornaments[47] and hunted. The Kaingáng[48] cannot restrain themselves as the day of the festa draws near, and night after night as the beer ferments the men walk back and forth across the camp circle carrying their babies on their backs and singing. When at last the beer is *shê* the women paint their husbands with a black mixture made of charcoal and the sticky sap of a tree and stick feathers in it, and the men put little square hats of embira bark on their heads and wide bark belts around their waists, with bark tassels hanging down. Some of the belts are painted with black paint or animals' blood in crude designs that represent nothing at all. Now some men and women pass around the beer while the men stand or sit and sing, beating time by pounding on the ground with their clubs and lances. When the men have been singing awhile their wives come and stand or sit behind them, moving their arms slowly up and down in time to the music. Everyone sings as he chooses and as loud as he can, while clusters of young men stand around the older ones to try to learn the songs. There is no attempt to achieve harmony—everyone sings a different song, self-centered, musically oblivious to his surroundings. As they stand shaking their rattles or pounding their weapons on the ground—dancing, the Kaingáng call it—they stop from time to time to drink the beer. All day long and until late at night they drink while the women now stand, now sit, beside them, drinking beer, nursing babies, cooking food, eating, mourning, singing, quarreling. Every once in a while a group of men and women break out of the circle, grasp the *kôndjkid'a* and the *lu*, and walk across and around the dance circle in a confused singing knot, drunk, intense, and unsteady. This staggering around the circle is called dancing

[47] See Appendix I, p. 271.

[48] Since the Kaingáng abandoned their lip plugs a number of years ago *waichêdn* has been given up. What follows is based on observations made at a *waichêdn* that was arranged for me. The actual piercing of the lip was done against my wishes and over my protest.

This staggering around the circle is called dancing
but bears not the slightest resemblance to the rhythmic artistic form usually called dancing. The Kaingáng make no effort to execute a formalized dance step. All they do is walk; yet their word for it is dancing, and they use the same term for the Brazilian polkas. What the word really means is something like "motion on foot while singing." Little children of five or more are not excluded from the festa but drink their beer, try to sing, and march around with the others. Sometimes two or three little boys will take a gourd of beer and go off by themselves and drink it, shaking rattles and singing.

At some time during this festa the children's lips are pierced. I saw only one child pierced—a boy about two. While Chantágn, its mother, held it on her lap, its grandmother forced beer into its mouth by pressing her lips against the child's and squirting while it wriggled and bawled to high heaven. This was to make the child sleep. Now while the child's mother, aun[illegible], and some other women wept, the child was bathed in beer, wrapped in a blanket, screaming all the while, and laid down on a small heap of blankets. While the child was lying down it was coaxed to nurse to quiet it, even as its *kókló* sat by swinging the little piercing knife in time to his own song. "They sing," say the Kaingáng, "so that the child will become frightened and go to sleep." While we may credit the Kaingáng with deep knowledge of infantile behavior under stress, it was clear that in this case the infant was completely unaware of just what was to happen to him; for in spite of the beer and the nursing he was wide awake when his lower lip was marked with three parallel black lines and his upper with one. These were centering lines made so that the piercing would be precisely in the middle of the child's lower lip just under the red part.

Now as the completely terrorized infant is held down by a number of people, while its mother and other women around it weep and the loud singing goes on, the *kókló* thrusts his fingers into the child's mouth, distends the lip, and thrusts home with the knife. The child wriggles and screams, seizes the knife, and tries to pull it out as its mouth fills with blood and saliva. Now that the knife is extracted they try to insert the tiny lip plug, pushing and twisting and turning while the baby howls and the blood streams from its lip until at last the plug breaks in an ugly splintery end. Evidently the hole is not properly made. Again the *kókló* distends the little lip and thrusts again with the knife. This time must be the last, so he twists and twists the knife until he is sure at last that the hole is big enough. When the plug is successfully inserted it is bound around on the outside with a bit of fiber to prevent its slipping back. Then one of the men takes water in his mouth and squirts it over the wound.

The piercing over, the *kókló* picks up the baby, slings it in a blanket on

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his back, and begins to walk back and forth across the circle singing. Then he and the rest of the men stop and shout, "This is your [the infant's] making," followed by: 852 304

> *hili* about twelve times; and then *lililihilihilihililihololo changa changai yetyetyethohoho.*[49] [533]

Vomblé said that the cries were in imitation of the cry of Water's Talking, a water-dwelling supernatural monster. Since, however, the water monster has no part in the extremely scanty ideology of this ceremony, I regard this explanation as very dubious.

Following the baby's "making" they play the game of *kavígn*, with soft bags[50] made of the inner bark of the embira tree and stuffed with tree hair. The bags are supposed to be thrown back and forth between the parents and the children's *kôklá* and *mbē*, but everyone joins in the fun of tossing the bags high in the air across the dance ground and catching them when they are thrown back. Meanwhile the people shout: "Come here! Catch my animal";[51] and *kaví kaví kaví* or *tē tē tē*[52] or *tektektek*.[53] 852 524

When the beer is gone the camp breaks up.

Although the Kaingáng do not say so, it is clear that the ceremonies of *páyú* and *waichēdn* have the purpose of giving the child a ceremonial father and mother. The *kôklá* or the *mbē* are usually brothers or sisters of the mother. They perform the first formal act after the child is born by putting the umbilical cord, the symbol of its birth, in the water; and at last they "make the child" at the ceremony of baby-blackening. On this occasion they receive presents along with the other affinal relatives of the parents, but they are especially rewarded for their services in the lip-piercing. 852 608 846

[49] Instead of these syllables they might also shout the following: *chui* (about 12 times); *yo* (about 4 times); *chui yoyoyoyo o halalala halalala holo* (about 6 times); *tivi* (about 12 times), followed by *vivivi tivivivivi vat* (about 5 times); *ho* (about 4 times); *tivi* (about a dozen times); *vivivi tivivivi ho* (4 times).

[50] These are plaited especially for the occasion and then thrown away.

[51] "Probably the first ones to come up [in the very beginning of things] referred to these as owned animals [*mang*]. The long bags are men and the short ones women. They are called his wives."

[52] Vomblé said that this was the cry of the dot people, who were imitating the small hawk called *tēvē*.

[53] The same informant said that this was the cry of the circle people.

[p. 198 is blank]

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Appendix IV

Songs[1]

533 With the exception of the rare curing songs and the funeral song recorded in Appendix II, all Kaingáng songs are completely made up of meaningless syllables. But their meaninglessness is of a peculiar character, for often the syllables themselves have meaning in an absolute sense; that is to say, they exist in the Kaingáng language as meaningful elements, though in the songs their arrangement and sequence is such that no meaning is derivable from them. It is as if we were to make a song in English of the syllables *to, sigh, fly, me,* and so on. There are words in our language which have the same phonetic structure as these syllables, but if I make up a song of these words alone, in the sequence given, it is obvious that they have meaning only if we insist on a very arbitrary definition of the word "meaning." My informant Vomblé, however, was not beyond arguing that the songs he sang did "mean" something. Perhaps it was his desire to make the Kaingáng songs seem like the Brazilians' songs; perhaps it was his imaginative mind that prompted him. His interpretations are given in complete indifference to the syntactic and even the phonetic structure of his language, but they are always prefixed by the expression *tógunyanglô*, "probably," which indicates that he is speculating as to their meaning. The proper thing to do, of course, would have been to ask him to interpret the same song a month or so after recording in order to see whether his interpretation varied. I feel sure that the results would have shown considerable variation. Unfortunately time did not permit this.

Each Kaingáng song has from twenty to thirty stanzas. There is very

[1] The song given here was one of four recorded from one informant only. Everything in this section is based on information obtained from Vomblé unless otherwise stated. Since I had no recording device it was impossible to make a musical analysis of Kaingáng songs.

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533 little melodic variety, and quite a number of songs are sung on one note. They gain their variety from the difference in the syllables and from the rhythmic patterning.

Men and women know the songs equally well, but men make more of a show. They sing to impress their sweethearts or prospective sweethearts; they sing at festas; they sing while they work; they sing in the quiet hour before dawn when they are lying awake under their coverings; they sing in the evening as they lie beside the fire squinting along an arrow to see if it is straight. They never sing in unison unless a group of young men are learning from an older man at a festa. Generally when the Kaingáng learn a song they listen attentively while it is being sung and then go off and practice alone. I never suspected that the Kaingáng youngsters who heard my Apache Indian songs knew them until I asked them to sing for me. Then they sang them without a mistake. It was the same with North American myths that I told. They would ask me to repeat the same myth until at last they corrected *me* when I left something out. But before that they had never given a sign that they already knew them.

The name of some man who is supposed to have made it up in the very beginning is attached by tradition to each song. Anyone may learn from anyone at all. From Vomblé I got the impression that there were a limited number of songs and that very few were composed anew, but I had no opportunity to confirm my impression.

I give below an analysis of the lyrics of the first ten stanzas of one song.

Padumbú's Song[2]

I

533 (1) *nê yô vudn vudnê ka la ye nya yugn lê yô mba tôgn mê*[3] } a
534 (2) *nê yô vûn vû nê ka la ye nya yugn lê yô mba tôgn mê* }
(3) *nê yô vûn vu ne ka la yem* a—
(4) *a tô êng mu lo ne a teng dje to va ka kle to to me* b
(5) *nê yô vûn vudne ka la yem* a—
(6) *a tô êng mo lo ne a teng dje to va ka* b—
(7) *nggôyo cho me* c
(8) *neyô vûn vu ne ka la yem* a—

Interpretation: "Probably: when the ancients came out [there was] the smoke of their fires." This interpretation is derived from the first five syllables of line 1, which are frequently repeated in somewhat modified form throughout the song. *Nêyô vudn vulu*, in Kaingáng, means "smoke."

[2] I.e. song of the mythical Padumbú as sung by Vomblé.

[3] The division is merely to assist in comparison of lines. For meaning of symbols see p. 204.

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SONGS	201
II	
(1) *a yuŋu nĺ kẽgu yẽ to ua oŋ*	a(x) 633 639
(2) *a yuŋu nĺ kẽgu yẽ*	a
(3) *ua toõm nat kẽlẽ wanyĺkõ*	b
(4) *te to või mĺ põ*	c
(5) *ta tõ yõõm*	d
(6) *nyĺkĩ kẽlẽ nĺ ya*	e
(7) *tĩ to või mĺ põ*	c
(8) *pi tõ yõm lok tõ yẽ a tũ kẽ*	f
(9) *ta tõ yẽ*	d
III	
(1) *a oŋ tũ ve*	a(x)
(2) *a ve tu ve*	a(y)
(3) *a kĩ nya*	b
(4) *a oŋ kẽ a yõ ve na oŋ tŋ kẽ yõ yẽ a kĩm*	c
(5) *a kõ nyang ve*	d
(6) *a kõ nyang ve*	d
(7) *a oŋ kẽ a yo ve na oŋ tŋ kẽ yõ yẽ kĩm*	c
(8) *a kõ nyang ve*	d
(9) *a kõ nyang ve*	d
(10) *a kĩ nyam*	b
IV	
(1) *a tõ lugu ve yẽ mu nya*	a(u)
(2) *a tõ lugu ve yẽ muŋ*	a(v)
(3) *ye tõ lugu ve yẽ muŋ kẽ*	a(w)(x)
(4) *yẽgu nãõ ye tõ a ve na oŋ tŋ nĺ tõ kẽ tŋ*	b(y)
(5) *lugu oŋ kõ yõ kõm kẽ*	a—(z)
(6) *yẽgu nãõ*	b
(7) *yi nĺ ang dĩt kuichã kẽ pan kõm ẽgu ve lõ kẽ*	c
(8) *yẽgu nãõ*	b
(9) *yi nĺ ang dĩt kuichã kẽpan kõm*	c
(10) *yẽgu nãõ*	b
(11) *yi nĺ ang dĩt kuichã kẽ pan kõm*	c

Interpretation: "Probably they made their bird arrows [*nãõ*, lines 4, 6, 8, and 10] of pine knees [*kuichã*, lines 7, 9, and 11], and they are telling about it."

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V

533 (1) *vêle vê* a
539 (2) *amblīgn nê tę wa* b
(3) *vêlê vedn vêlê* a
(4) *naichû nyêkī*[4] *kląnê ya ti yô kle ko tų to* c
(5) *amblīgn nê tę wa* b
(6) *vêlê vedn vêlê* a
(7) *naichą̂ mąklâ*[4] *kląnê ya ti yô kle ko tų to* c
(8) *amblīgn nê tę wa* b
(9) *vêlê vedn* a

Interpretation: "Probably something was shot [*yôklê*, somebody's hunting prize, lines 4 and 7] and they did not eat, [*ko tų*, lines 4 and 7]. They left it. Probably Nyekī [line 4] is joking with him and telling him about his camp [*nêyâ*, lines 4 and 7]."

VI

(1) *êng wai nyê tē la ha nų kâ* a
(2) *nyêkī*[5] *kląnê ya ti yô kle kû lâgn* b
(3) *wai ve lo tę nê* c
(4) *êng wai nyê tēbm* a—
(5) *êng wai nyê tēbm la ha nų kâ* a
(6) *kanggâ*[5] *kląnê ya ti yô kle kûlâgn* b_1
(7) *wai ve lok tę nê* c
(8) *êng wai nyê tēbm la ha nų kâ* a
(9) *kīyītâ*[5] *kląnê ya ti yô kle kû lâgn* b_2
(10) *wai ve lok tę nê* c
(11) *êng wai nyê tēbm* a—
(12) *êng mų hų yē* d
(13) *êng wai nyê tēbm* a—

Interpretation: "Probably when they joke with him they say, 'The animal you shot [*a*, your; *yokle*, hunting prize, lines 2, 6 and 9] is no good [*kulagn*, lines 2, 6 and 9]. When I eat it I get diarrhea and my insides become dry.'" References to diarrhea (*chukchûyu*) and dry internal organs (*nâju kanggâ*) do not appear in this song.

VII

(1) *lugn mô kē yô kô yô kē* a
(2) *lugn mô kē yô kô yô kē* a

[4] Male personal names.
[5] Male personal names.

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(3) *lugn mó kē yó kó yó kó* a
(4) *lugn mó kēm* a—
(5) *a tộ nê hu vá wa hu va ve hú vá wa* b
(6) *lugn mó kēm* a—
(7) *a tộ a tộ nê hụ nyang mbá ve ve hú vá wa* b_1
(8) *lugn mó kē yó kó yó kó* a
(9) *lugn mó kēi yó kó yó kē* a
(10) *lugn mó kē ko kēbm* a—

Interpretation: "Probably: they came along and camped." The only reference to camping I can discern is the syllable *nê*, which really means, "One person camps" [lines 5 and 7].

VIII

(1) *yó nya a tộ tē ye tộ a ko kó yá mộ* a
(2) *wai ve yá mộ* b
(3) *a yugn ndē yúgn mộ* c
(4) *wai ve yá mụ* b
(5) *kó ku mbá hái kó ku mbá hái kó ko mbá hám* d
(6) *yó nya a tộ tē ye tộ a kó ko yá mụ* a
(7) *wai ve yá mụ* b

IX

(1) *ang dju lệ lệ kóinggēgn hē pe wai ndjē na yá* a
(2) *ang djú ma ak tê nó a yon wai ndjē tadn vá* b_1
(3) *ang dju lệ lệ kóinggēgn hē pe wai ndjē na yá* a
(4) *ang djú ma ak tê nó a yo wai ndjē tadn vá ká wa* b
(5) *wai ndjē tadn ve ká wa* b—

Interpretation: "I don't know. Probably they were watching for him [*ai*, him; *yá*, for; *lệlệ*, look or watch]; watching for him to come along. Probably they mean *kóinggēgn mbēgn waindjī wa* [the big man laughs]. Probably he joked." (See line 1, *kóinggēgn* etc.)

man large laugh

X

(1) *ndo ko kē* a
(2) *ang ndo kó kē mbó* b
(3) *áng nya mộ* c
(4) *ang ndo ko kēm* b
(5) *yá vá* c

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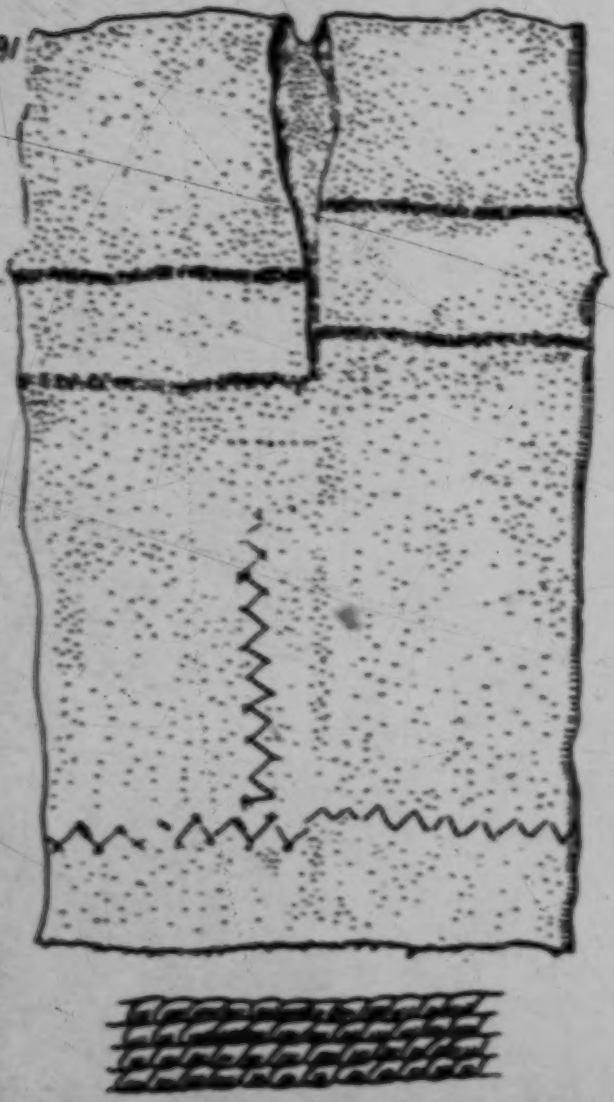

Shirt

[facing p. 204]

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533 (6) *nê yâ mbô na e ye lo tobm* d
539 (7) *yô vâ nêng mộ ve yô vâ ma yô vâ vebm* e
(8) *ndo ko kẽ* a
(9) *ndo ko kẽi* a
(10) *ang ndo ko kẽ mbô* b
(11) *êng nya mộ* c
(12) *nat kú lûi* wanyêkô* te to* f
(13) *yô vâ nêng mộ ve yo vâ vem* e—

Interpretation: "Probably he became ill from something and they carried him." The whole interpretation is derived from the syllable *te* which appears for the first time in line 12. *te* is the participial form of the verb meaning "to carry on the back."

Little can be done with song analysis without phonographic recording; nevertheless I have analyzed the lyrics of the ten stanzas given, with the object of discovering whether the syllables follow a specific form. Each song has at least two definite syllabic patterns which are repeated over and over again, but the arrangement of the patterns does not follow any order except a general kind of alternation with other patterns. In the analysis below, each syllabic pattern has been marked with one of the first seven letters of the alphabet. When the pattern is repeated with something left out a minus sign is placed after the letter: b—, when the pattern is repeated with some modification it is marked with an inferior number: a_1. Occasional syllables which occur at the beginning or end of well-defined patterns but which are not repeated when the pattern is repeated have been indicated by one of the last six letters of the alphabet placed in parentheses: a(v).

The following schema shows the arrangement of syllabic patterns in the ten stanzas:

(1) aaa—ba—b—ca—
(2) a(x)abcdecfd
(3) a(y)bcddcddb
(4) a(u)a(v)a(w)(x)b(y)a—(z)bcbcbcbc
(5) abacbacba
(6) abca—ab,cab,ca—a—
(7) aaaa—ba—b,aaa—
(8) abcbdab
(9) ababb—
(10) abcbcdefaabcfe

* Male personal names.

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Appendix V

The Kaingáng Language and Ethnological Investigation

ETHNOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION has most always had to cope with two great difficulties: lack of funds and the physical and psychic hardships of field work. These difficulties have necessarily limited the length of field trips. At the same time it has become increasingly evident to ethnologists that a speaking knowledge of native languages is such a tremendous aid to investigation that some attempt has to be made to learn to talk them even in the limited time available. The difficulties seem, at first glance, insurmountable, particularly when we recall our difficulties in mastering languages of our own Indo-European group, which at least have the same grammatical categories as English and many similar words, even though pronunciation may be radically different. The grammatical categories of primitive languages, however, are frequently quite different from those of the Indo-European family; and their phonetic structures are often utterly foreign to our own linguistic habits.

The thoughtful student of language and culture is sometimes inclined, therefore, to doubt the possibility of learning to talk an exotic language in less than two years of hard and steady work. If he knows any primitive language at all through having studied its grammar and vocabulary he is aware of its phonetic subtlety, its strange way of formularizing the natural world, the richness of its vocabulary, the illusiveness of its idioms. Now although all of these observations are correct, they are not always *all* true of any one language. Languages that have completely strange phonetic systems may have grammatical structures that are not so very different from the Indo-European; languages with difficult morphology may have simple syntax and phonology.[1] When doubts arise, therefore, about the

[1] It is not always necessary, as we well know, to speak a foreign language grammatically in order to be understood and to understand. We must be careful, however, not to under-

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possibility of gaining a working knowledge of a language in a short time, it is not really possible to satisfy these doubts unless something is known about the general structure of the language (phonetic, morphological, and syntactic) and its categories. It is also necessary to know what we mean when we speak of "easy" and "difficult." The morphology of a language may present overwhelming difficulties of analysis, but some of these difficulties may be quite irrelevant in learning to talk it. It may be almost impossible to get at the meaning of some troublesome elements, yet the elements themselves may be used in such a formal way that it is unnecessary to know their meaning. All one needs to do is to know where they occur and then to use them mechanically.

When all these factors are taken into consideration, however, the fact still remains that the language *is* utterly strange and that the possibility of mastering so much strangeness in time to use it as a tool in field work seems slight. I shall, therefore, give here an account of the precise nature of the conditions encountered in an attempt to learn to talk the Kaingáng language so that the reader may be able to form a just idea of the problem. I outlined the general pattern of the Kaingáng language in a recent paper[2] and shall not, therefore, go into detail here. Of the eighteen consonants there is really only one that does not occur in English, a labio-dental *m*.[3] Of the vowels there are four that do not occur in English, but of these, two are familiar in French and German, and a third in Russian.[4] The fourth occurs nowhere else that I know of, but it is so much like the sound of the diphthong in English *sure* and *gourd* that it would be easy to produce an equivalent of it that would satisfy the natives. Most of these vowels can also be nasalized, but these nasalizations are familiar to students of French and Portuguese. There are no consonantic clusters[5] in Kain-

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estimate the importance of speaking grammatically, for some natives do not understand their language unless it is spoken with a high degree of grammatical precision. In regard to the limits of intelligibility each language is different, and in each tribe each individual is different. Some natives are so habituated to hearing their language spoken only by tribesmen that they never learn to understand a white man.

[2] "A Kaingáng Text," *International Journal of American Linguistics*, 8:3-4, p. 172.

[3] An *m* made by touching the upper teeth to the lower lip. A *d* and a *b* and a *g* in which the air is expelled through the nose instead of through the mouth occur in Kaingáng at the end of words, but these also occur in English. Examples: nasally exploded *d* in English "laden"; nasally exploded *b* in English "grab him" (grab'm); nasally exploded *g* in English "wagon" (in New York City). As a matter of fact the labio-dental *m* also occurs in English in words like "triumph" where the *m* is followed by a labio-dental consonant, but it is extremely difficult for English-speaking people to produce this consonant in other positions.

[4] As in the pronouns *Bbl*, you, and *Mbl*, we.

[5] Where three or four consonants come together at once.

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gáng. Thus there is nothing completely strange in the phonetic structure of the language. /94

The problem of grammar is more difficult. There are two fundamental categories in Kaingáng, the static and the dynamic, and these are expressed by different particles and by changes in the verb. The category of number—singularity and plurality—is also expressed principally in the verb. Present and past time are expressed by identical verbal forms, but the ideas of futurity, contingency and continuity are conveyed by elements that directly follow the verb which is in the active form. There is no subjunctive, but all ideas that would be subjunctive in English are expressed by syntactic forms, i.e. by placing statements in intelligible juxtaposition. There is no sex gender, and there are no concepts of definiteness or indefiniteness. Thus, on the whole, what one has to do in Kaingáng is to satisfy oneself with a much reduced mechanism. As far as morphology is concerned Kaingáng is actually easier to learn than French and German. When one considers the whole battery of case forms in German and the elaborate devices for expressing time—the specific forms and their proper sequence in complex sentences—Kaingáng actually is simple. The categories of the static and dynamic are not foreign to the Indo-European languages, which generally express them in the verb.[6] /93

The sentence structure of Kaingáng is, on the whole, subject+object+modifier+verb. Subject and object are followed by one of those troublesome formal elements that are so hard to define, and the verb is always followed by the sign of the static or dynamic or by one of the modal particles (time, static or dynamic, continuative). These elements are always the same, and one learns to put them in automatically. Thus, the major change in syntactic form from English is in the position of the verb. But for the student familiar with German the shift of the verb's position should present no difficulties. The picture of sentence structure that I have given here is rather elementary, and there are, of course, a number of modifications; nevertheless, this is the form the beginner learns, and it is not difficult to master.

The only really difficult problem in Kaingáng is one of memory, for one has to memorize the entire content of the language. Yet by recording large numbers of texts one can increase one's knowledge at a great rate. 000

People frequently ask me how long it took me to learn to talk Kaingáng, as if one had a period of complete ignorance from which one suddenly burst like a butterfly, splendidly articulate. But learning is gradual. Day by day as he watches the people, the student acquires a word here, an idiom

[6] In learning Kaingáng one quickly begins to feel the conceptual similarity of their static forms with the verb *to be*, and of their dynamic forms and ours with the transitive verb.

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there. Sometimes a single expression gives him a startling insight into a linguistic problem that has been bothering him for weeks, and then instead of crawling he takes a great leap forward. In this way he learns the language and the culture together. He does not wait until he knows the language well before beginning his ethnological work, but picks up the bits of ethnological information he can be sure of, leaving the rest until his developing linguistic facility permits him to penetrate further into the culture.

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Glossary

angdjiân	The fests of the razzles that is held when the surviving spouse returns from his (or her) widower's (or widow's) isolation.
chôi chi (*chôi*, to grow; *chi*, old)	Grown old; mature. Said of men above thirty-five or forty.
e	I or my. The first person singular pronoun, *êng*, I or my, becomes *e* before *k*, *t*, *ch*, and *p*.
êhêdu	A funeral song to drive off the ghost-soul.
ekhi (*e*, my; *khi*, offspring)	My offspring in the relationship sense. Used by a parent for his own child, and also applied to all the younger members of his own extended family by an older man.
êng	I or my.
êngdji	My child. For complete explanation see kinship terms, Appendix II.
êngkêngkî (*êng*, my; *kêngkî*, two)	My co-spouse.
ka lîlê nya (*ka*, in; *lîlê*, to live; *nya*, continuative)	To live in; to love. The expression denoting the affective relationship between members of the same extended family.
kîkî	Young man; males from ten to thirty-five or forty.
kîq	Offspring in the relationship sense.
kîmê	A cake made from the mealy interior of the trunk of a palm. Anciently made from pounded corn.
kêikê	People in the relationship sense; relative.
kêikê hî (*kêikê*, people or relative; *hî*, whole, entire, good)	Real people; individuals having the same body paint design. For complete explanation see Appendix II.
kêinggêgn	Man.
kêkhê	Ceremonial father. Often used as a courtesy term. The man who treats an infant's umbilical cord ceremonially and who pierces a boy's lip or a girl's thigh.

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jôfôdjôdo	A stick ornamented with feathers and used as a dance ornament.
kôgôgo	To divine with charcoal.
Kuckôgo	A supernatural monster.
kombôdo	To divine from insects.
kupôkug	The ghost-soul.
lôngôi	Two; co-spouse.
lo	A dance ornament with a basketlike top.
lug	Down.
mang	A special possessive form for animals that are owned.
mbôdo	Husband. For more complete definition see kinship terms, Appendix II.
mbôi	Ceremonial mother. The woman who treats one's umbilical cord ceremonially and who assists at the piercing of the lip of a boy and the thigh of a girl.
mî	To marry; to sit.
mjôjî	The *mîjî* is the drinking name.
mungnyôn	Brother, sister, or cousin. For complete definition see kinship terms, Appendix II.
nôngo	To refuse.
ngpigo	A fern with a thorny, woody stem. Used for harnessing bees and in death rituals.
ngpîyôdo	The supernatural. All supernatural beings are *ngpîyôdo*.
nyî	Mother. For complete definition see kinship terms, Appendix II.
nyungnyôn	First person singular of *nungnyôn*.
nyungnyôî	Child. A term used only in kenning chants. It has about the same feeling as the term *pî*.
pîg	Wife. For complete explanation see kinship terms, Appendix II.
pûi	A fruit.
pî	Woman.
pî ngo (*pî*, woman; *ngo*, fat, new, desirable)	A young woman who has not borne more than one or two children.
shunggôgo	Dirty; taboo.
shôjô	A *projectile* shot by a supernatural being. It makes people sick and may be extracted by a shaman.
shô	Bitter. Said of beer that has reached the degree of fermentation proper for drinking.
shôgo	Enemy.
shôjugo	A widowed person during the period of his (or her) isolation and the feast given on his (or her) return.
sunlo	A herb used as a remedy.
tjulo nyo tô (*tjulo*, tapir; *nyo*, food; *tô*, raw)	Tapir's raw food. A herb used frequently as a medicine.
tui	Supernaturally dangerous. Said particularly of corpses that will not burn.
tuyô	Divining by belching.
Ulo	A supernatural monster.
wainôjî	To flirt; to have an affair with.

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waikeyé	Aggressive; quarrelsome; enterprising; brave.
waikó	To have sexual intercourse.
waikómáng	The widow's (or widower's) period of isolation.
wangdjó	The succulent top of the tapir's neck. The mythological name of the Kaingáng. A supernatural monster.
yi	Child in the kinship sense. For complete definition see kinship terms, Appendix II.
Yáin	A supernatural monster. 104
yákrtē	Women having the same body-paint design as a man. For complete explanation see Appendix II.
yákrtkf	Guilt; fault; custom.
Yanggi	A supernatural monster.
yágu	Father; any man much older than the speaker. Often used as a courtesy term. For complete explanation see kinship terms, Appendix II.

[p 212 is blank]

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5 the chapter on Folklore have been omitted.

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[Title Page]

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A KAINGANG TEXT.[1]

By Jules Henry.

[p. 172 (A)]

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121 The data for this paper were obtained during my stay among the Kaingang Indians of Santa Catarina, Brazil, from December 1932 until January 1934. Although the object of the investigation was primarily ethnological enough data were obtained for an outline of the language. The language [124] was studied principally in order that I might learn to speak it — which I did — and the great bulk of my ethnological work was done in the native language. Nevertheless, since the language was utterly strange to me and there was no source from which I might learn it[2], except from the Indians, I found it necessary to make a certain amount of systematic analysis.

101 There are several Indian tribes in southern Brazil that are called Kaingang: one in São Paulo, another in Paraná, and still others in Santa Catarina. Those that I studied are in

[122] [1] The field work was made possible by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to the Columbia University Department of Anthropology.

[2] I am indebted to Eduardo de Lima e Silva Hoerhan of the Serviço de Protecção aos Indios for assistance in the early days of the study.

[3] Formerly part of the Municipality of Blumenau.

[197] [4] Ehrenreich, *Archiv für Anthropologie*, NS. III, 1905, pp. 52, 53; Festschrift für Adolf

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101 the latter state, in the Municipality of Dalbergia[3], at the Post of the Serviço de Protecção aos Indios, "Duque de Caxias".

197 The Kaingang have been grouped in the Gee-Tapuya linguistic family with the Botocudo of the Rio Doce in the state of Minas Geraes[4]. I find, on comparing the available data that there is no justification for such grouping. It is desireable, therefore, to consider the Kaingang dialects alone until more material is forthcoming.

CONSONANTS.

194 The most striking single feature of the basic consonantic scheme is the large number of nasals: 9 out of 18 of the consonants are nasals or are accompanied by nasal voicing. These last are the mb, nd and ng in the plosive series.

Bastian. Also, following Chamberlain's map as best we can by latitude and longitude (AA. NS. V. 15; 1913, pp. 236—247) we see that he extends his Tapuyan group into Paraná and São Paulo without including Santa Catarina. If he includes the Kaingang speaking tribes of Paraná and São Paulo in his Tapuyan family he must extend its limits into Santa Catarina.

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Consonants: Broad transcription.

	Bilabial	Labio-dental	Dental	Alveolar	Alveolar-Palatal	Palatal	Velar	Glottal
Plosives	p mb (m)		t nd (n)				k ng (ŋ)	
Nasal	m	ŋ	n			ɲ	ŋ	
Lateral Frictionless				l				
Fricatives		v	ð			y		h̄
Affricatives					tʃ ndʒ			

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Vowels: Broad transcription

Pure Vowels

	Close				Open	
Front	i		e	ɛ	æ	a
Central	ɨ			ɜ		
Back	u	v	o	ɔ		

Nasalized Vowels

Front	ĩ			ɛ̃	ã
Central	ɨ̃				
Back	ũ		ɔ̃	ɔ̃	

Diphthongs

ɜɪ, ɑɪ, ɛɪ, ɜɪ, uɪ, vɪ, ɑɪ, ɔɪ

Plosives.

The dental plosives are interdental.

The voiceless plosives are aspirated. Under the influence of a phonetic law, which will be discussed in its proper place, a series of unexploded stops is produced. These stops, that I have called contact stops, exactly parallel the terminal *k*, *t* and *p* of the New York City pronunciation of back, cat and rope except that the Kaingang consonants are interdental.

I have placed *mb*, *nd*, and *ŋg* in the plosive series because they function like plosives in the language. That is to say they never occur terminally, and they may, with the exception of *nd*, be followed by *l*. All nasal consonants except *ŋ* may terminate syllables. Only *ŋ* may be followed by *l*.

The sounds that I have designated *m*, *n*, and *ŋ*[1] are really nasally exploded *b*, *d*, and *g* respectively. They seem logically to belong to the series of nasal consonants because of their occurence at the end of syllables. So, also, they obey the same phonetic law as do *n*, *m* and *ŋ* (see section on Retrogressive Changes), and effect *y* in exactly the same

[1] These sounds are made by an initial closure of the nares. The fact that at the beginning of my study I heard these consonants as *d*, *b*, and *g* would seem to support this belief.

[p.173 (A)]

194 way as do n, m, and ŋ (see section on Progressive Changes). Nevertheless, the fact that these nasal plosives occur only terminally, whereas the corresponding oral plosives, mb, nd and ŋg occur only initially leads us to conclude that these two series are really one phoneme. Thus in terminal position mb becomes m, nd becomes n and ŋg becomes ŋ.

Nasals.

The dental nasals are interdental.

The labio-dental nasal, ɱ, is a true and stable phoneme. It is made by touching the upper teeth to the lower lip while the vocal chords are vibrating and the air is issuing through the nose. ɱ may be distinguished from the labio-dental fricative, v, by the fact that in the former there is no friction between the lips and the teeth while in the latter there is no nasal quality.

Lateral Frictionless.

Between vowels *l* is often replaced by *r*.

Fricatives.

v alternates with β. The principal element of this phoneme, v, is made by touching the upper teeth to the lower lip lightly. Now, most of the Kaingang above 15 years of age have lost their upper incisors. As they grow older they lose more of their teeth, especially the front uppers. In rapid speech, therefore, a person trying to produce a true v would often not do so. What he does produce is a bilabial fricative, β.

Because of the rounding of the lips preparatory to producing a rounded vowel the labio-dental fricative is often heard as a very fricative w. In this case there is friction not only between the lips and teeth but also between the lips.

δ is a mixture of the voiceless and voiced interdental fricative. The vocal cords do not start to vibrate until the air is already issuing from the mouth.

[p. 173 (3)]

3:Henry E-5 (1932-1934)1935 SM3 Caingang SM3
Awaikoma

Affricatives.

194 The voiceless affricative is sometimes heard as *f*, particularly in unaccented position. It also occurs as *f/f* and as *sf/f* in unaccented position.

The voiced affricative has a *y* quality, particularly when it is the result of the change of *y* to *dʒ* (see Progressive Phonetic Changes).

VOWELS.

ɩ occurs only in diphthongs.

e and *ɛ* do not differ a great deal in quality, the *e* being rather open.

PHONETIC CHANGES.

Consonantic.

There are two large groups of consonantic changes in Kaingang: Retrogressive and Progressive. The Retrogressive are by far the most common and are purely mechanical. The Progressive changes are in some instances dependent upon grammatical processes.

Retrogressive Consonantic Changes.

A nasal consonant that terminates a syllable must change to a voiceless contact stop if followed directly by a voiceless sound. These changes are dependent upon the speech flow. That is to say, in ordinary conversation if the speech becomes very slow, or if there is a stop for rhetorical phrasing, the changes may not take place at the points where the flow slows down or where the pause for phrasing occurs.

Since *ð* is a mixture of voiceless and voiced friction the nasals behave before *ð* as if it were a voiceless consonant.

Since all Kaingang syllables must end in either a vowel or in a nasal consonant these changes are encountered with great frequency. Nevertheless, in spite of their variety and the frequency of their occurence, the rules are so simple that a foreign speaker of the language, like myself, very quickly develops a "feeling" for them and comes to use them automatically.

[p.174 (A)]

194 The retrogressive consonantic changes are as follows:

m and *ɱ* change to *p* before *t*, *k*, *ð*, and *tʃ*. When followed by *p* only the aspirated *p* is articulated.

n and *ɳ* change to *t* before *p*, *k*, and *ð*. When followed by *t* only the aspirated *t* is articulated. When followed by *tʃ* the *t* is often assimilated.

ɲ obeys the same rules as *n* and *ɳ*.

ŋ and *ŋ* change to *k* before *p*, *t*, *ð* and *tʃ*. Before *k* only the aspirated *k* is articulated.

It is thus seen that whenever a nasal consonant is followed by a voiceless sound it either disappears or is replaced by a contact stop that corresponds to its own physiological position. That is to say (1) The bilabial nasals become bilabial contact stops; (2) The interdental nasals become interdental contact stops; (3) The velar nasals become velar contact stops; (4) The palatal nasal also becomes a *t* just as the *n* and *ɳ* do, but I am unable to state whether it is a palatal or dental *t* that is produced.

Progressive Consonantic Changes.

When *y* is preceded by a nasal it changes to *dʒ*.

When *ɱ* is preceded by *m* or by *ɱ* it drops out.

The following changes may be considered as grammatical: When the verb *keɳ* is preceded, in any of its forms, by a nasal consonant the *k* becomes *ŋg*. The connective, *kũ*, with considerable irregularity, becomes *ŋgũ* after *ŋ* and *ŋ*. A large class of verbs ending in *ke* sometimes change the *k* to *ŋg* if the preceding syllable ends in a nasal consonant. The first person plural possessive pronoun *aŋ* changes an initial *k* in the possessed object to *ŋg*. Only one *ŋ* is pronounced in this case. Possessive pronouns are always directly prefixed to the possessed object.

The vitality of the nasal consonants in Kaingang is remarkable. Not only for their

[P. 174(B)]

number but also for their activity do the nasals stand out as an extraordinary series. Every one of them not only changes itself but brings about changes in other consonants. The peculiar vigor of the nasal consonants of Kaingang must be looked upon as the fundamental phonetic characteristic of the language.

OTHER PHONETIC CHANGES.

A nasalized vowel if followed by a voiceless consonant may be followed directly by a contact *k*.

Vowel elision is rare. It is not dependent upon grammatical processes. When two vowels that are not part of one morphological element come together in discourse the first one is sometimes elided.

The first person singular pronoun, *sŋ* changes to *e* before voiceless sounds and *δ*. But when in contact with *t* it also changes the *t* to *tʃ*. *sŋ* changes the *n* in most nouns beginning with *n* to *ɲ*. Certain nouns beginning with *nd* change to *dʒ* after *sŋ*.

In Kaingang there are two kinds of diphthongs, those that are stable units and those that spring into existence in response to phonetic laws. Whenever a vowel precedes *tʃ* it is diphthongized by the insertion of of *ɪ* before the consonant. This is a mechanical phenomenon. When a vowel precedes the element *ke* which means "to be about to do (something)" it is diphthongized in the same way. This is a grammatical phenomenon.

The vowel preceding *ŋ* becomes nasalized when *ŋ* changes to *k*.

m, *n*, and *ɲ* may be converted into their corresponding nasally exploded plosives when they occur immediately after an accented syllable.

Certain vocalic changes occur in response to grammatical rules. Since these are comparatively rare they will not be discussed here.

[p.175 (A)]

Text

X539 mɨk¹ ɨ/ɔ³ ka³ ŋu⁴ ko·ɔ̃ŋɨ⁵ ɨ⁶ ŋgaŋ⁷ ma⁸ 1
Honey insect flower gather

ɨ⁹ ·ɨ⁹ ŋu⁴ ŋgɨ⁹ ɨ⁹ ŋu⁴ ɨ¹¹ ·ndɨ¹² ·ɨ¹³
and so them him behind go

ma⁸ kaŋaŋ·ɨ¹⁴ ɨ¹⁵ mɨk¹ ɨ⁶ vak¹⁶ ·ŋɨ¹⁷ ɨ⁶
but he honey saw not

·ɨ⁹ ŋu⁴ ɨ¹⁸ a·viŋ¹⁹ ma⁸ ·ɨ⁹ ŋu⁴ ɨ¹⁸ mɨk¹
Then he arrive Then he Honey

ɨ⁶ vak¹⁶ ·ŋɨ¹⁷ ŋɨ¹¹ ɨ⁶ ·ka²⁰ ŋu⁴ ɨ¹⁸ ma⁸ 5
see not I say he

·ɨ⁹ ŋu⁴ ka·ɲaŋ²¹ ŋu⁴ ·ŋ¹¹ ɨ¹¹ ·kaŋ²² ɨ¹¹
Then behaka his name do him

ndɨ¹² mɨk¹ ɨ/ɔ³ ɨ⁶ ɨ²³ ko·ɔ̃ŋɨ⁵ ŋgaŋ⁷ ɨ⁶
behind honey insect flower gather and

ɨ⁹ ŋu⁴ ɨ¹⁸ ·vɨk²⁴ ɨ¹¹ ·ndɨ¹² ·ɨ¹³ ma¹⁴
so he him behind go

kaŋaŋ·ɨ¹⁵ ŋu ɨ¹ ɨ vak¹⁶ ·ŋɨ¹⁷ ɨ¹ ɨ¹ ·ŋu ɨ¹
but he him see not Then he

ka ·ɨ²⁵ ma ɨ¹ ŋu ɨ¹ a·viŋ¹⁹ ma ·ɨ¹ ŋu ɨ¹ 10
come Then he arrive Then he

·vɨk²⁴ mɨk ɨ¹ vak ·ŋɨ¹⁷ ŋɨ¹¹ ɨ¹ ·ka²⁰ ŋu ɨ¹ ma
honey see not I say he

ɨ¹ kɨr·kɨlɨ²⁶ ŋu mɨk ɨ¹ ɨ²⁵ ko·ɔ̃ŋu ŋgaŋ
Then marsaná honey flower gather

ɨ¹ ɨ¹ ɨ¹¹ ·ɨɨ²⁷ ɨ¹ ɨ¹ mɨk ɨ¹ ·ndu ·ŋɨ²⁸
and so his go and so honey behind go

·mbaŋ²⁹ ma ɨ¹ ŋu ɨ¹ mɨk ɨ¹ ·vaŋ³⁰ ma
again Then he honey see

kɨr·kɨlɨ²⁶ ·ka³ ŋu mɨk ɨ¹ ·vaŋ ma ·ɨ¹ ŋu 15
marsaná honey see Then

ɨ¹ ɨ³¹ a·v³⁰ ɨ¹ ɨ¹ mɨk ɨ¹ ·vaŋ ŋɨ¹⁰ ma
he his arrive and so honey see I

kaŋaŋ·ɨ¹⁴ ·ɨ¹⁵ ko·ɔ̃³² ɨ¹³² ɨ²⁴ ·ŋ ŋu ɨ¹ ma
but it stone in sit say he

ɨ¹ ɨ¹ ɔŋ¹¹ ·na·ɨ³³ ɨ³⁴ ·mɨ³⁵ ma ɨ¹ ŋu
And so they all to go Then

ɔŋ¹¹ par·ɨ³⁶ ma kaŋaŋ·ɨ¹⁴ ɔŋ¹¹ ɔŋ¹¹ ·dɨu³⁷
they pierce but they their beak

ɨ ɨ³⁸ ·mblɨyɨ³⁹ ka ka⁴⁰ ma ɨ¹ ŋu ɔŋ 20
against break all the time Then they

[p.175 (b)]

3:Henry E-S (1930-1934)1935 SM3 Catalogue SM3
Awelkome

A539

ŋgiʔ²⁸	ŋgiʔ²⁸	ɛɛ	mɔ³⁵	ʔɔ³⁵	kɔ'tɛy⁴⁴	aka²¹			
Imam	Imam	to	to	come	you				
ma²¹	ə²¹	'mbay⁴⁵	ə²¹	mbay⁴⁵	'mbɔy⁴⁵	mbɔ²¹			
you	your	book	your	book	keep	carry			
'tɛy²¹	'ʔɛ⁴⁵	ʔɛʔ	ɛ	ʔɛ³⁵	kɔ'ɛʔ³⁵	ma	ɛʔ	ŋa	ɛ
go	So	Then	he	to	come	Then	he		
pa'ɛʔ⁴⁵	ma	kɔŋay'ɛʔ⁴⁵	ɛ	mbak⁴⁵	ɛʔ	'mbɔɛy⁴⁵			
pierce		But	his	beak		break			
11 ma	ʔɛ	ŋa	ŋ	ɛ²¹	ɛʔ⁴⁵	pa'ɛʔ⁴⁵	ya⁴⁵	ʔɔ⁴⁵	
	Then	they	they		pierce	in	order	to	
kɔ'mbay²¹	nɔ	mɔ²¹	kɔŋay'ɛʔ⁴⁵	kɔŋay'mbɔ'ɛ'ɛ'ɛ²¹					
many			but	woodpecker					
ɛʔ	ŋa	ɛ²¹	'mbɔ²¹	ŋʔ⁴⁵	ŋʔ²¹	ɛʔ	ŋa	ɛʔ	
his			her	penis		he			
'ŋaka²¹	ɛʔ⁴⁵	ŋgaŋa'mbɔ²¹	ŋʔ⁴⁵	ŋʔ⁴⁵	ŋa	ɛ			
cloth		covered	over	Then	Then	he			
ɛʔ	ŋʔ	ɛ	ŋʔ	pa'ɛʔ⁴⁵	ma	pa'ɛʔ⁴⁵	ŋʔ	ɛ	ŋʔ
penis		pierce		pierce	Then	he	pierce		
30 'ŋaka²⁵	ma	ŋʔ	ŋa	ɛ	'mbɔ²¹	ŋaka'ya⁴⁵			
through		Then	he		turned	around			
ŋʔ	ɛ	pa'ŋʔ	mbay⁴⁵	ma	ŋʔ	ɛ	ŋa'ka²¹		
Then	he	pierce	again		Then	he			
ŋʔ²¹	ya⁴⁵	kɔŋ'ŋga⁴⁵	ŋʔ	ŋʔ	ŋʔ²¹	ya⁴⁵	ə	ŋʔ⁴⁵	
I		then	and	and	I		I		
'mbɔ	ɛ	ŋʔ	ɛʔ²¹	ŋʔ	pa'ɛʔ⁴⁵	ya⁴⁵	'ŋʔ	ɛʔ	
hurry		to	go		pierce		So		
ŋʔ²¹	ŋʔ	ɛʔ²¹	ma	ŋʔ	ŋa	ɛ	ŋ	mɔ⁴⁵	mɔ⁴⁵
he	to	go		Then	he	then	to	what	
35 ŋʔ	ə'ŋgɔ'ɛ'ma⁴⁵	ŋɛ	ma	'ŋʔ	ɛ	ŋ	mɔ⁴⁵		
to	raise	I		say	he	then	to		
ŋa	ŋʔ	ŋa	ŋ	ɛ	ŋʔ⁴⁵	ə	ŋʔ⁴⁵	ma⁴⁵	pɔ'ŋʔ
Then	they	him	to	I		hurry	pierce		
'ŋʔ	ŋʔ	ŋa	ŋ	'ŋgɔ'ma⁴⁵	ŋa	ɛ	ŋa	ŋa	ŋ
about	to	and	to	raise		say	they		
ɛ	mɔ⁴⁵	ma	ŋʔ	ŋa	ɛ	ɛ	mɔ⁴⁵	ŋ	ɔ⁴⁵
him	to		Then	they	him	to	me	for	
pa'ŋʔ	ŋ'ŋa⁴⁵		ya⁴⁵	kɔ'ŋʔ²¹		ŋ	ŋa		
pierce	in	order	to	in	order	to	approach	my	
40 ŋ	ɛ	'mɔ⁴⁵	ma	ŋʔ	ɛʔ	ŋ	ɔ⁴⁵	kɔ'ŋʔ⁴⁵	ma	ŋʔ
they	him	to		Then	he	to	come	Then	
ɛʔ	ŋ	kɔ'ŋʔ⁴⁵	ŋʔ	pa'ɛ	ŋa	ŋ	ŋa	pa'ŋʔ	
he	to	come	and	pierce		them	for	pierce	

[P. 176 (A)]

K 539 [illegible]
Then them them with he eat But in the

[illegible]
meanwhile they a bird to him to

[illegible]
give not they Then he see and

[illegible]
them in front of water them in front of

[illegible]
hide And so he he he

[illegible]
water hide and so he he water

[illegible]
drink in order to go habitually

[illegible]
habitually Then they he they him

[illegible]
to honey in him to give not

[illegible]
see Then them in front of water do

[illegible]
And so their mouth dry

[illegible]
Then they him to water near

[illegible]
sit say they a bird to Then

[illegible]
he No water far away My go good

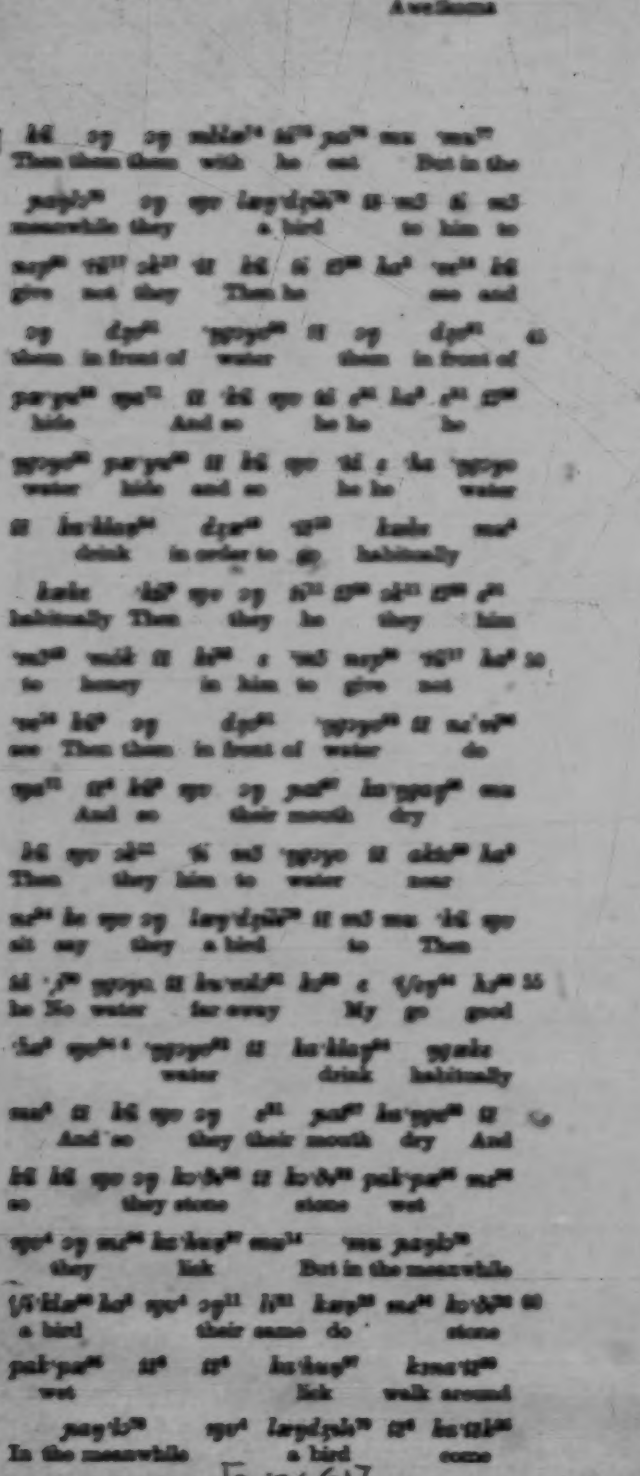
[illegible]
water drink habitually

[illegible]
And so they their mouth dry And

[illegible]
so they stone stone wet

[illegible]
they lick But in the meanwhile

[illegible]
a bird their same do stone



[illegible]
wet lick walk around

[illegible]
In the meanwhile a bird come

[p. 176 (B)]

3:Henry E-5 (1922-1934)1935 SM3 Caingang SM3
Awelkoma

539 [illegible]
stand Then he a bird hear

[illegible]
Then hide oneself In the meanwhile he

[illegible]
a bird a bird see not

[illegible]
and so he turtle large tilt

[illegible]
up In the meanwhile a bird

[illegible]
hide oneself and see stand In the meanwhile

[illegible]
a bird turtle large tilt back

[illegible]
and he water drink drink

[illegible]
after he cover up Thus

[illegible]
he go Then a bird to come

[illegible]
Then he turtle big tilt up

[illegible]
Then he water see

[illegible]
water see water see say he

[illegible]
Then then hear and to come

[illegible]
all come finish

[illegible]
but in the meanwhile a bird to

[illegible]
come Then he his turtle large

[illegible]
take and water on top place

[illegible]
But they pay no attention they

[illegible]
his same do tilt up again

[illegible]
Then see a bird to stop

[p.177(A)]

*539 [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
In the meanwhile they water in

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
many Then they drink their

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
mouth dry very therefore they

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
water look for habitually

Free Translation.

The bee was gathering flowers. Then the tucan followed him but did not see the hive. Then he came back and said, "I did not see the hive." That is what he said. Then the baitaka did the same as he — when the bee was gathering flowers he followed him but did not see it. Then he came back. Then he arrived. Then he said, "I did not see the hive." That is what he said. Then when the bee gathered flowers the marcaná went after him again. Then he saw the hive. It was the marcaná that saw the hive. Then when he arrived he said, "I saw the hive, but it was inside a rock." That is what he said. Then they all went there. Then they pierced it. But their beaks would always break. So they said to the tucan, "Come here. Take your big beak." So he came there. Then he pierced but his beak broke. Now, there were a great many of them there trying to pierce the hive. Now, the woodpecker had his [illegible][1] pestle under a cloth. Then he pierced the pestle. Then he pierced through. Then he turned it around and pierced again. Then he said, "If I go to the bee-hive I'll pierce it in just this way." So saying he went there. Then he said to them, "What's all this noise about?" That is what he said to them. Then they said to him, "The noise is because I am about to pierce this hive." That is what they said to him. Then they said to him, "Come here and pierce it for me." That is what they said to him. Then he came there. Then he

[852] [1] The woman who treats ceremonially a child's umbilical cord.

[P.177 (B)]

x539 came there and pierced it. When he pierced it for them he ate honey with them. But in the meanwhile they did not give any to *lɑŋ'dʒili*. When he saw this he stole the water from them. So when he stole the water he would always go away to drink. Now, when he saw that they did not give him any honey he did that to the water and so they were thirsty. Then they said to him, "Is the water near here?" That is what they said to *lɑŋ'dʒili*. Then he said, "No. Water is far away. I really have to travel, then I drink water." So, since they were thirsty they licked and sucked damp rocks. In the meanwhile *tʃi'klɑ* did the same as they and was walking around licking damp rocks. In the meanwhile *lɑŋ'dʒili* was coming along. When *tʃi'klɑ* heard this he hid himself. In the meanwhile *lɑŋ'dʒili* did not see *tʃi'klɑ*. So he tilted back big-turtle. In the meanwhile *tʃi'klɑ* was looking on from his hiding place. In the meanwhile *lɑŋ'dʒili* tilted back big-turtle and drank water. After drinking he closed it down on top. When he did this he went away. Then *tʃi'klɑ* came over and tilted up big-turtle. Then he went, "Hi hi hi hi hi! I see water! I see water! I see water!" That is what he said. When they heard this they came there. Every single one of them came. In the meanwhile *lɑŋ'dʒili* came there. Then he took his big-turtle and placed it over the water. But they payed no attention to it. They did the same as he and tilted it up again. When *lɑŋ'dʒili* saw this he stopped. In the meanwhile there were many of them in the water. Then they were all drinking. They were very thirsty that is why they looked for the water.

Notes.

194 1 Honey or hive. Sometimes used also to
x539 mean bee. The word is *moŋ*, but under the influence of the following sound the *ŋ* has changed to *k* and the *o* has become nasalized.

196 2 Insect. Used most often with respect to
x539 the bee in order to distinguish the honey from

[p.178(A)]

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Aweikoma

196 the bee. Thus, what is meant here is the
x 539 honey's insect, i. e. bee.

3 An element of wide functions used in
s 539 this case simply for emphasis. This is a common practise in opening a story. In l. 15 it is seen again accompanying the nominal subject *kit·kila*, marcaná, because here it is desired to emphasize the fact that it was the marcaná that found the honey. But in l. 12 although the subject is the same the *ha* does not appear because there is no particular reason for emphasizing it.

x 193 But the element *ha* has other functions:

(1) As a relative it refers to some object or
x 539 event in a preceding clause or statement, as in l. 50.

(2) As a demonstrative it means both "here" and "there". In l. 56 it means "there". It often occurs, but with considerable irregularity, with other demonstratives as a prefixed element without modifying their meaning. It is prefixed to locatives however to form demonstrative ideas.

Examples.

tə	there
ha·tə	there
ki and *ka*	in or on
ha·ki and *ha·ka*	here or there

ha occurs frequently in combination with locatives and demonstratives; less often with postpositions. It rarely occurs alone as a demonstrative.

4 A particle that accompanies third person subjects in the active form of the verb.

5 Flower. *kə* means tree. *θεγε* means flower. Thus, tree's flowers.

6 *tī* occurs regularly after nominal subjects, direct and indirect objects of verbs and objects of postpositions. Kaingang is rich in etymologically unanalyzable and stable nouns. That is to say, these do not undergo far-reaching changes and cannot be confused with other forms. To this group belong all of the personal names and names of objects. Yet, in spite of the fact that the nouns

[p.178(B)]

[1] 193
[2] 539

belonging to this group cannot be confused in discourse, they are systematically accompanied by *tē*. Thus *tē* is otiose in these cases, and hence, is often omitted, as in l. 7.

Since *tē* is closely associated with nominal objects it occurs often after nominal forms of the verb when they become objects of succeeding verbs:

Examples.

kū ŋu tā mōk tē ka'teŋ tē maŋ mu.
Then he tiger come hear.
Then he heard the tiger's coming; i. e. Then he heard the tiger coming. (For the untranslated elements here see Notes 4, 9, 8, 16.)

ti tō e tō lo 'ko tē 'mōk tē tō ve ko'maŋ ŋa
He he ants eat tiger see fear
He was afraid that the tiger would see by-him-ant-eating; i. e. He was afraid that the tiger would see that he ate ants. (For the untranslated elements see Notes 11, 23, 33, 7).

pē 'e t/ō 'ŋgan tē ŋge lo
Fire-wood I gather gather imperative
Take up (gather) by-me-wood-gathering; i. e. Take up the wood I gathered! (For untranslated elements see Note 23.)

eŋ'ha nū ti mblo tē 'vaŋ mu
I I his swim see
I saw his swimming; i. e. I saw him swimming. (For untranslated elements see Notes 3, and 8.)

eŋ'ha nū ka'rosa ta'vi tē 'vaŋ mu
I I wagon arrive see
I saw wagon's arriving; i. e. I saw the wagon arriving. (For untranslated elements see Notes 3 and 8.)

kū ŋu tā ti tō mōk tē pa'ti ɲa tē 'klam no
Then he he hive pierce stand under lie
Then he was lying beneath (the) by-him-hive-piercing; i. e. Then he was lying under the hive he had been piercing. (For untranslated elements see Notes 4 and 23. The verb *ɲa* often expresses continued action.)

[p. 179 (A)]

x193 x539 *ŋv tã ti tɔ̃ môk pæ'ðin to ka'tɛ̃ tɛ̃ 'ki ta'vi*
He he hive pierce to come in arrive
kũ tã...
and he

He (A) arrived at his (B) hive-piercing; i. e. He (A) arrived at the place where he (B) had been piercing a hive, and he.....

tɛ̃ functions together with the connective *kũ* as a connective. But this function must be considered as related to its function with nouns, since it occurs with nominal forms of the verb.

Examples.

e tɔ̃ v'yolo tɛ̃ 've tɛ̃ kũ ti 'vu ka 'tɛ̃ mu
He tapir see him chase come

By him tapir-seeing and so he came along chasing him; i. e. When he saw the tapir he came along chasing him.

e tɔ̃ ti mba tɛ̃ kũ ku'tiŋ yɔ lɔ ti
He him seize darkness place along him

mbɔ tɛ̃ mu
carry go

By him (tiger) him (man)-seizing and so into the darkness carried him; i. e. He (tiger) seized him and dragged him into the darkness.

kũ ŋv tã e ta'vi tɛ̃ kũ ŋv tã tv mu
Then he his arriving he tell

Then he, his arriving and he told; i. e. When he arrived he told.

tɛ̃ also occurs alone as a connective after the active form of the verb without difference in meaning.

Examples.

kũ ŋv tã væk tɛ̃ 'tɛ̃ mu
Then he see go

Then he see go; i. e. Then, when he saw (it) he went.

kũ ŋv tã e tɔ̃ 've tɛ̃ kũ ŋv tã 'ũ tɛ̃
Then he he see he others

ɔŋ 'mɔ̃ ŋv tã 'tv mu
them to he tell

Then by him seeing and so he told (it) to the others; i. e. Then, when he saw (it) he told (it) to the others.

[p. 179 (B)]

x193 x539 The temporal clauses in the last two examples have exactly the same meaning. In the former we have the active form of the verb, while in the latter we have the nominal form of the verb.

tɛ̃ occurs after certain elements expressing conditions:

(1) *ti ˈtvyv tɛ̃*
It moist
It is moist.

(2) *kaɪŋˈvi tɛ̃*
light
It is light (in weight).

(3) *eŋ ˈhɜ tɛ̃*
I good
I am better (i.e. not sick).

(4) *ti ya kuˈlæk tɛ̃*
It edge bad
The edge (of the knife) is dull.

(5) *taˈndaya ŋv tã tɛ̃*
splintered it
It is splintered.

(6) *ðɜɪˈpa ŋv tã tɛ̃*
four-cornered it
It is four-cornered.

(7) *kuˈpli tã tɛ̃*
White it
It is white.

(8) *tã ŋv paˈlælæ tɛ̃*
shallow
It (the stream) is shallow.

(9) *ˈŋgɔyo tɛ̃ ŋv ˈa tɛ̃*
Water good
The water is good.

(10) *ˈŋgɔyo tɛ̃ ðɔŋˈndɛk tɛ̃*
Water bad
The water is bad.

tɛ̃ occurs also in the following constructions:

(11) *a ha ma klɜŋ ˈne ko ˈvaɪ kũ ma tɛ̃*
You you animal meat eat never and you
You never eat meat.

[p. 180 (A)]

X193 X539 (12) *ŋa'ði yɔ'ŋgit kũ tã tɛ*
Weave very much and he
He weaves very much.

(13) *ði ŋaı'lɜlɜ ha ŋv mɛ 'vit*
Her body paint scattered about

(14) *kũ tã tɛ*
and it

Her body paint is spots scattered about.

(15) *loı 'vaı kũ tã tɛ*
To cut hair never and he

He never cuts hair (or, His hair is never cut).

Examples (1) and (3) parallel such expressions as

ti nɛ'ŋga ŋa
his arm
It is his arm.

tʃi ŋa
rattle
It is a rattle.

(This section must be examined in connection with Notes 7, second part, and 71.)

tɛ, we have seen, occurs with nouns. We are thus lead to believe that the elements expressing conditions in the sentences listed above are also nouns. *ŋa* also occurs only with nouns.

In the sentence

ti nɛ'ŋga ŋa
his arm
It is his arm.

ŋa is a predicating element. So in the sentence

ti 'tvyv tɛ
it moist
It is moist.

tɛ is also a predicating element.

In the sentence (6)

ðɜı'pa ŋv tã tɛ
four-cornered it
It is four-cornered

[p. 180 (2)]

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193 the syntactical structure parallels
539 (16) *'ti ŋv tã mu*
die he
He died.

But *mu* is not a predicating element but the particle associated with the active form of the verb. (See Note 7, second part.) *ðɜ'pa*, however, is not a verb. If it were it would have both *ŋa* and *mu* forms. (See Note 7, second part.) But these do not exist. This is a further proof that the elements expressing condition are nouns.

The syntactical position of *ðɜ'pa* is not different from the syntactical position of the noun in such constructions as

(17) *tʃi ŋv tã nɛ*
dark brown it sit
It is dark brown.

In this sentence *nɛ* predicates color (condition) with regard to something.

Thus, *tɛ* is, like *ŋa*, a predicating element. At the same time it is closely related to *nɛ*, to sit; *nɔ*, to lie; *ɲaŋ*, to stand; and *tʃɔ* used with reference to certain long objects.

The close relation of these elements will become clearer if we examine the examples below in which *tɛ*, *nɛ*, *nɔ*, *ɲaŋ*, and *tʃɔ* are used in parallel constructions. Each number in the *tɛ* group is to be compared with its corresponding number in the other groups.

tɛ

(1) *ta 'mɛ ŋv 'tʃɔ tɛ*
There distributive cliff
There is a cliff there.

(2) *ku'pli tã tɛ*
White it
It is white.

(3) *'ŋgɔyo tɛ ŋv 'u tɛ*
Water good
The water is good.

(4) *kaŋ'vɛ tɛ*
Light (in weight)
It is light (in weight).

[p.181 (a)]

x 193 (5) *ŋa'ði yɔ'ŋgit kũ tã tɛ̃*
x 539 Weave very much and he
He weaves very much.

(6) *a ha ma klɜŋ 'nɛ ko 'vaɩ kũ ma tɛ̃*
You you animal meat eat never and you
You never eat meat.

nɛ

(1) *yuŋ'ŋguŋ ðat'ka ha ŋv nɛ*
Hawk door sit
The hawk's door is there.

(2) *tʃi ŋv tã nɛ*
Brown he sit
He is brown.

(3) *ɲɛlɛ tɛ̃ 'u nɛ*
Child good sit
A pretty child.

(6) *tã ŋv ŋaɩndʒɔŋ'ndɛ̃t kũ nɛ*
He insane and sit
He is insane.

nɔ

(1) *tɔk'tɜ ŋv a'pɔ nɔ*
There farm lie
There is a farm there.

(2) *ndɛ ŋɔ ŋv a ɲatki 'ka tɛ̃ ka*
What lie your mouth inside inside
ku'tʃuŋ nɔ
red lie
What-thing-lying-down in your mouth lies red; i. e. What is that red thing in your mouth?

(4) *vv ŋv tã nɔ*
Loose he lie
It is loose.

ɲa

(1) *ɛn ha 'ŋv ɲa*
House stand
There is a house; or There is the house.

(5) *mblo yɔ'ŋgit kũ tã ɲa*
Swim very much and he stand
He swims very much.

[p. 181 (B)]

x 193 (6) *tiha ŋv mblo 'vai kũ ɲa*
x 539 He swim never and stand

He never swims.

tʃɔ

(1) *ŋgɔyo ŋv 'taka tʃɔ*
Water there

The stream is there.

Before going further with the argument it is necessary to point out certain differences in meaning in number 1 in all the groups. In the *tɛ̃* group the general statement is made that over there there is a cliff. In the *nɛ* group a man must be conceived of as pointing up to the sky and saying to some people "The hawk's door is right there." In the *nɔ* group we have again the general statement that somewhere in that direction there is a farm. In the *ɲa* group we are again dealing with an emphatic statement similar to that in the *nɛ* group — "The house is there" or "There is the house". This emphasis is achieved by the use of the *ha*. Without it the statement about the hawk's door would mean simply "There is (or was) a hawk's door".

These considerations, however, do not effect the general conclusion, viz., that all of these elements *tɛ̃*, *nɔ*, *ɲaŋ*, *nɛ*, and *tʃɔ* are predicating elements.

In the actual expression of meaning *tɛ̃* is more closely associated with *nɛ*, *nɔ*, *ɲaŋ*, and *tʃɔ* than with *ŋa*. Like the former it postulates position even though it be position only in a very general way. The sentence

ta 'mɛ ŋv tʃɔ tɛ̃
there distributive demonstrative cliff

There is a cliff along there.

is an excellent example of this. The idea could not possibly be expressed with *ŋa*, for *ŋa* never expresses position (see Note 71). *ŋa* defines, *tɛ̃* expresses condition and position. *ŋa* rarely expresses condition (see Note 71). It is for this reason that *tɛ̃* occurs often in constructions that parallel

[p. 182(A)]

x193 those in which appear *nɛ*, *nɔ*, *ɲaŋ*, and *tʃɔ*.
x539 These last elements also express condition.[1]

Because *tɛ̃* accompanies nominal subjects and is used also as a predicating element two *tɛ̃* sometimes occur together. This is readily understood since the first *tɛ̃*, i. e. the one that follows the subject, is that *tɛ̃* which we are accustomed to see with the subject whereas the second belongs with the element that is predicated about.

Examples:

ɲuŋ'ndiŋ ŋaɩkɔk'tɔ ũ ka'mbi tɛ̃ tɛ̃
Umbilical chord medicine other (a tree)

There is another medicine for the umbilical chord called *ka'mbi*.

tɔŋ'ŋgɛ ɔŋ 'ndo tɛ̃ tɛ̃
Thus their arrows

Their arrows were like that.

'ŋgɔyo tɛ̃ 'klam ɔŋ 'ɛ tɛ̃ tɛ̃
Water beneath their houses

Their houses are beneath the water. (They live under the water.)

tɛ̃ enjoys a still wider usage as an element indicating condition.

Examples:

'ki nũ ku 'tu tɛ̃
In I forget

I forget. (The verb "to forget" must always be accompanied by the locative.)

'tɜ ŋv ðat'kɔ tɛ̃
Woman necklace

Women wore necklaces.

In this sense it accompanies the negative:

kɔɩŋgɜŋ ŋv kɔ 'ðæyæ tɛ̃ klam ðat'kɔ
Man tree leaf under necklace

'tũ tɛ̃ ɲaŋlɔ ŋv tɜ ŋv
negative disjunctive (but) woman

ðat'kɔ tɛ̃
necklace

In the forest men did not have necklaces, but women did.

[1] See note on page 218.

[p. 182 (B)]

x193 The preceding sentence is extracted from this one.
x539 This sentence illustrates the functioning of *tɛ̄* as an element indicating condition. In one case it occurs after the negative, in the next it occurs alone. Its significance in the following sentence may be understood from that point of view:

ɛŋ ha nũ aŋgɔ'kap tɔ ðv tɛ̄
I I the other side there throw
I can throw to the other side (of the river); or, I am capable of throwing to the other side of the river.

tɛ̄ is used to form the definite future.

ku'lap ŋv tã katɛ'le tɛ̄
To-morrow he descend
To morrow he will come down (the river).

kɔkɔkũ tɔŋlɔ 'mũ tɛ̄
Later that way go
Later they will go in that direction.

ku'iŋ gũ ŋaıŋglɛ tɛ̄
Night and dancing
There will be dancing at night.

There is no a priori reason for considering *tɛ̄* in this function as different from the *tɛ̄* that predicates. Werden in German is used to form the future, and werden also is a predicating element.

7 *ŋgæŋ* to gather.

Kaingang often expresses plurality in the verb. When an *intransitive* verb has a plural *subject*, or when a *transitive* verb has a plural *object* the plurality may be expressed in the verb by one of three devices: 1) By complete change of verb; 2) By change of formal verbal prefix; 3) By addition to the verb of a prefix expressing plurality. Both transitive and intransitive verbs are found in all three classes.

In general the plural form of the transitive verb must be used as long as the object is plural. This means for example, that even if a number of people give one object the singular from of the verb is used.

[p.183(A)]

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Examples.

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X 539

Class I: Verbs having different forms in singular and plural

	Singular		*Plural*
1. to take	*vuŋ*	to gather	*ŋgæiŋ*
2. to shoot and hit	*pæ'nũ*		*piŋ*
3. to fall	*ku'ta*		*'vɔlɔ*
4. to give	*'nem*		*viŋ*
5. to kill[1]	*'taiŋ*		*lan*
6. to arrive	*ta'vi*		*'yulu*
7. to throw	*ðvŋ*		*lɛŋ*
8. to go	*tɛŋ*		*mũ*
9. to come	*ka'tɛŋ*		*ka'mũ*
10. to die	*'telɛ*		*kɔk'tã*
11. to cut	*kiŋ*		*klɛ*

Class II: Verbs that change the formal prefix in the plural.

	Singular	*Plural*
1. for a woman to nurse a child	*pæ'ðɔ*	*pek'ðɔ*
2. for a child to nurse	*pæ'ða*	*pek'ða*
3. to hide an object	*pæ'yu*	*piŋ'dʒu*[2]
4. to chop out a bee-hive	*pæ'ðiŋ*	*pik'ðiŋ*[3]
5. to lead by the hand	*pæn'velɛ*	*pen'velɛ*
6. to drag along the ground	*pæn'va*	*pen'va*
7. to hide oneself	*ŋaimbæ'yu*	*ŋaimbiŋ-'dʒu*[2]
8. to ascend	*ta'ðiŋ*	*ya'ðiŋ*
9. to hang up	*ða'yɔŋ*	*ðaŋ'dʒɔŋ*[2]
10. to capture	*kaŋ'mɛ*	*kuŋ'mɛ*
11. to look for	*kɔ'na* to err	*kɔŋ'na*
12. to strip embira bark	*kɔ'ðaŋ*	*kɔ'kðaŋ*

[1] This verb has another plural, *kɔŋ'lan*. The prefix *kɔŋ* is a prefix expressing plurality.

[2] The *y* changes to the affricative under the influence of the preceding nasal. See Section on Phonetic Changes.

[3] Two changes occur here: in prefix and in stem vowel — the only instance in the language.

[P. 183 (2)]

x 193	13. to requite	*kɔˈyaɲ*	*kɜŋˈdʒaɲ*[1]
	14. to stretch	*kuˈyæŋ*	*kɜŋˈdʒæŋ*[1]
x 534	15. to be sick	*kɔˈŋgɔ*	*kaŋˈŋgɔ*
	16. to puncture a lip for the lip-plug	*ŋaɯŋglɔkɔˈðiŋ*	*ŋaɯŋglɔ-kiˈkðiŋ*
	17. to pull out (extract)	*kuˈnuɯ*	*kɜŋˈnuɯ*
	18. to separate embira fibre from the bark	*kuˈyaŋ*	*kaŋˈdʒaŋ*[1]
	19. to pinch	*kuˈtʃɛ*	*kuŋˈdʒɛ*[2]
	20. to singe	*kuˈtʃiŋ*	*kuŋˈdʒiŋ*[2]
	21. to be hungry	*kuˈyelɛ*	*kaŋˈdʒelɛ*[2]
	22. to be absent	*ðækɔˈti*	*ðækikˈti*

Class III: Verbs that form the plural by addition of a prefix to the stem.

	Singular	*Plural*
1. to be born	*pɔ*	*kɜkˈpɔ*
2. to burn	*pun*	*kɜˈpun*
3. to bite	*plɔ*	*kɜˈplɔ*
4. to roast in a pit	*nde*	*kɜŋˈnde*
5. to become exhausted (like a supply of food)	*kɜŋ*	*kɜˈkɜŋŋ*
6. to spin (cord)	*ŋaˈðæŋ*	*ŋaukɜkˈðæŋ*
7. to wash (clothes)	*ðɔ*	*kɜkˈðɔ*
8. to become alive	*ˈlɛ lɛ*	*kɜŋˈlɛlɛ*
9. to ripen	*tʃɜŋ*	*kɜkˈtʃɜŋ*
10. to grow	*tʃɔɯŋ*	*kɜkˈtʃɔɯŋ*
11. to sharpen sticks	*ðaˈkæŋ*	*ðakɜˈkæŋ*
12. to plant	*klaŋ*	*kɜˈklaŋ*
13. to escape or heal	*kleŋ*	*kɜˈkleŋ*
14. to make	*hoŋ*	*kɜŋˈhoŋ*
15. to put the head on an arrow or lance	*puŋ*	*kikˈpuŋ*
16. to butcher	*ðiŋ*	*kikˈðiŋ*

It will be observed that the prefix *kɜŋ* not only replaces singular prefixes but also forms the plural of verbs that have no prefixes in the singular.

[1] See footnote 2 on pag. 183.

[2] The voicing of the affricative after a significant prefix is rare but systematic.

[p. 134 (A)]

K 193
K 539

It is likely that in Class III, 5, 11, 12 and 13 we are dealing with *kɔp*. Under the influence of the phonetic law one *k* has been lost. The result is that these forms resemble 3 and 4.

In Class III, 15 and 16 and in Class II 22 and 16 we are dealing with a law of phonetic harmony that prevents the coming together of *ɔ* and *i* or *u* in succeeding syllables. An exception to this, however, is II, 17.

Occasionally the plural form of a transitive verb may be used when its object is singular.

Example:

kũ ɔk ti pin mu
Then they him shoot
Then they shot him.

This means that they shot him more than once. The idea that more than one missile was used is conveyed by using the plural form of the verb. Generally, however, if the object is singular the singular form of the transitive verb must be used, as in the following sentence:

kũ ŋɔ ɔŋ ti pæ'nũ mu
Then they him shoot
Then they shot him.

In the following sentence the plural form of the transitive verb is used when both the subject and object are singular because the man is struggling with the tiger and a great deal of action and shifting around are implied:

kũ ŋɔ tã ti ŋa'ði ti kuŋ'mɛ ŋa
Then he his in front of him seized
Then he his-in-front-of (at arm's length). seized him; i. e. Then he held him at arm's length and struggled with him.

But "They captured their child" takes the singular form of the verb, and "They captured their children" takes the plural form of the verb. I have no instances of one person capturing several objects.

It is impossible to divide these verbs into any but their own formal classes. With my

[p. 184 (8)]

x193 informant I systematically investigated more
x539 than 3800 poesible combinations of stems and prefixes. This investigation showed that the devices for expressing plurality belong to no special type of verb. The prefixes are not freely moving elements like the Dakota instrumentals, for example. The only prefix that seems to move with freedom is *kɜŋ*.

The form *ŋgæŋ*, "to gather" or "to carry much", is the active form of the verb. The participial form is *ŋgæiŋ*. Kaingang verbs may be divided into 2 classes: 1) Those that are the same in both active and particicipia constructions, and 2) Those that are differentl

Examples:

Class I: Those verbs that are the same in both active and participial constructions.

to be ashamed	*to'aɪnŋge*
to cook	*ndæiŋ*
to ulcerate	*ki'uiŋ*
to arrange	*uŋ*
to be born	*pɛ*
to fear	*kɔ'maŋ*
to wrap with fibre	*mbleŋ*
to swim	*mblo*
to be first	*væŋ*
to give (many)	*viŋ*
to arrive (plural)	*'yulu*
to move (something) about	*vuŋ*
to fall (singular)	*ku'ta*
to kill from within (to kill by illness or black magic)	*tæŋ*
to come (plural)	*ka'mũ*
to forget	*ku'tuŋ*
to shoot and hit	*pæ'nũ*
for a woman to nurse	*pæ'ðaɲ*
for a child to nurse	*pæ'ðɔ*
to place (a large roundish object)	*ðaŋ*

Examples Class II: Verbs that have different forms in participial and active constructions:

[p.185 (A)]

	Participial	*Active*
x193 to listen	*a'ma*	*a'maŋ*
to think	*a'klæŋ*	*a'klæŋ*
x539 to hunt	*a'klæŋ*	*a'klæŋ*
to make a fiesta	*a'ŋglaŋ*	*a'ŋglaŋ*
to make beer	*pɛ*	*pæŋ*
to wash clothes	*ðɔ*	*ðaŋ*
to bite	*plɔ*	*plaŋ*
to understand (to sense)	*ma*	*maŋ*
to capture	*kaŋ'mɛ*	*kaŋ'mɛŋ*
to catch up to	*ða'mɛ*	*ða'mɛŋ*
to take or get	*mbaŋ*	*mbaŋ*
to see	*vɛ*	*væŋ*
to arrive (singular)	*ta'vi*	*ta'viŋ*
to take	*vuŋ*	*vaŋ*
to kill (many)	*lan*	*laŋ*
to tell	*taŋ*	*tv*
to die (singular)	*'telɛ*	*ti*
to go (singular)	*tɛŋ*	*tɛ*
to come (singular)	*ka'tɛŋ*	*ka'tɛ*
to treat	*kɜk'tɔ*	*kɜk'taŋ*

These changes are extremely irregular. Among those verbs for which I have sufficient data I list 25 different types of change. There are 10 verbs that change terminal *ɛ* in the participial form to *æŋ* in the active form; 5 that change terminal *a* in the participial form to *aŋ* in the active form; 4 that change *ɔ* in the participial form to *aŋ* in the active form, and 4 that change *i* in the participial form to *iŋ* in the active form. There are 2 types of change to which belong 3 verbs each, 2 types to which belong 2 verbs each, and 17 types to which belong only one verb. No similarity in meaning unites the verbs that experience the same change.

In simple declarative sentences the participial form of the verb is followed by the untranslatable element *ŋa*, and the active form by the untranslatable element *mu*. The fact that *ŋa* always, *mu* never, follows nouns in simple statements like

pon ŋa	*tʃi ŋa*
snake	rattle
It is a snake.	It is a rattle.

[p. 185 (B)]

x193 is the simplest proof among several that we are dealing with the participial form, or
x539 the nominal-participial form of the verb in a construction like

môk	*tʃi*	*tɛ̃*	*tɔ̃*	*kɔ'ðɛyɛ*	*tɛ̃*	*ŋgæɪɲ*	*ŋa*
Honey	insect			flower		gather	

This is literally "by the bee flower's-gathering".

tɔ̃ is an instrumental the function of which will be described elsewhere.

There is no difference of sense between the active and the participial forms.

8 *mu* is the untranslatable particle that is associated with the active form of the verb. It is to be considered together with *ŋa*.

9 *kũ* is a connective. It may be translated as "and" generally. It is used solely as a connective between clauses. It is never used as the English "and" to connect nouns, as in "the book and the pencil and the pen". Together with *tɛ̃* (see note 6) *kũ* has the effect of "and so" or "and then".

[136] 10 Tucan. A bird about the size of a very large parrot. It is black with a red and yellow throat and an enormous yellow bill.

11 him.

There are two sets of pronouns, subjective and objective. The subjective occur as subjects of those verbal constructions treated as active or expressing condition or location; the objective pronouns are objects of transitive verbs and postpositions, but are also subjects of verbal constructions that are treated as nominal. They also occur independently. I have called the subjective pronouns *verbal* because they occur only with verbs, and the objective pronouns *independent* pronouns.

Objective or Independent Pronouns:

It is I	*ɛŋ'haŋa*
It is you (sing. and plur.)	*a'haŋa*
It is non-feminine	*ti'haŋa*
It is she	*ði'haŋa*
It is we	*aŋ'haŋa*
It is they	*ɔŋ'haŋa*

[p.186(N)]

x193 x539 The *ha* is emphatic (see Note 3). The independent pronouns very often occur without it. *ŋa* is discussed under Notes 23 and 71. The first person plural is both inclusive and exclusive.

Subjective or Verbal Pronouns:

I	*nũ*
you (sing. and plur.)	*ma*
non-feminine	*tã*
she	*ði*
we	*na*
they	*ɔŋ*

The third person singular feminine and the third person plural of the verbal pronouns are the same as the independent pronouns.

The independent pronouns may occur as shown. In answer to the question "Who is it?" the Kaingang always replies *eŋ'ha ŋa* "It is I". The verbal pronouns may never occur in such a sentence.

Simple declarative sentences are formed in the following ways: 1) When the verb is transitive and the construction participial the sentence is introduced by an independent pronoun followed immediately by the instrumental *tũ* (see note 23).

Example:

a 'tũ ti pæ'nũ ŋa
You him shoot
You shot him.

2) When the verb is transitive and the construction active the sentence is introduced by the independent pronoun followed by the verbal pronoun if the subject is 1st or 2nd person.

Examples:

eŋ'ha nũ ti pæ'nũ mu
I I him shoot
I shot him.

a'ha ma ti pæ'nũ mu
You you him shoot
You shot him.

[p. 186 (8)]

X193 *aŋ'hana ti pæ'nũ mu*
We we him shoot
X539 We shot him.

In the third person the pronoun is followed by the element *ŋv*. (See Note 4.)

Examples:

ti'ha ŋv ti pæ'nũ mu
He him shoot
He shot him.

ði'ha ŋv ti pæ'nũ mu
She him shoot
She shot him.

ɔŋ'ha ŋv ti pæ'nũ mu
They him shoot
They shot him.

tã never follows the subject in these cases.

3) When the verb is active the verbal pronoun may come after the verb and be followed by *mu*.

Examples:

ti pæ'nũ nũ mu
him shoot I
I shot him.

ti pæ'nũ ma mu
him shoot you
You shot him.

ti pæ'nũ ŋv tã mu
him shoot he
He shot him.

ti pæ'nũ ŋv ði mu
him shoot she
She shot him.

ti piŋ[1] *na mu*
him shoot we
We shot him.

ti piŋ ŋv ɔŋ mu
him shoot they
They shot him.

[1] Plural because refering to many missiles. See Note 7.

[p. 187(A)]

193 In this type of construction the *ŋv* precedes the subject.

539 Rarely a sentence begins with *tã* or *ði* followed by *ŋv*.

Sentences of type 2 are most emphatic. *ha* may occur with the independent pronouns and with those verbal pronouns that are identical with them. *ha* can never occur with the other verbal pronouns. *ŋv* may never occur with an independent pronoun. *tẽ* can never occur with a verbal pronoun.

The independent pronouns are objects, the verbal pronouns are, with one rare exception, never objects. The exception is the rare occurence of *nũ* with *mblæ*, "together with" in a construction like, "together with me". Thus, the verbal pronouns are subjects only.

Kaingang objects always directly precede the element of which they are the object.

The independent pronouns are also the possessives and immediately precede the element possessed. For the sake of emphasis *ha* may occur with the possessive pronoun.

The independent pronouns occur with participial forms of the verb, with intransitive verbs and with nouns. Constructions with participial forms of the verb mean "By me his killing (I killed him)", or "By me its hanging up (I hung it up)", etc. Constructions with intransitive verbs mean "My running (I am running)", or "My sitting (I am sitting)", etc. The independent pronouns are also the possessives. The other set of pronouns occur with active forms of the verb — "I killed him", "He hung it up" etc. When they occur with intransitive verbs (I ran) the verb has not a nominal character. Active pronouns occur only with verbs and as subjects of sentences.

12 After, in the sense of "to follow".

The position of objects of postpositions is the same as the position of objects of verbs[1].

[1] Kaingang postpositions are true postpositions, and not nouns. One proof of this is that they are never followed by *tẽ* whereas their nominal objects often are.

[p. 187 (8)]

X193 X539 13 Active form of the verb "to go". It means motion on land or in the air. There are separate verbs for "to swim", "to run" and "to float".

Kaingang verbs have no tense forms.

14 But. In general this is a disjunctive.

Sometimes the disjunctive force is very weak as in the following sentence:

ey	*ve*	*kɛ*	*nɛ*	*tokti*	*ka*	*lo*
my	appearance		sit	thus	demonstrative	along

ey	*nɛ*	*hanaylo*	*tã*	*ti*	*mu*
I	sit			he	died

I was as I am now when he died.

15 He. See Note 11 also.

One should expect *ŋv* here before the *tã*. *ŋv* is generally very lightly enunciated and, therefore, I would sometimes miss it. Sometimes, however, it is really left out, but irregularly.

16 Active form of the verb "to see". See Note 7.

17 Negative particle. Some verbs take the active form when directly followed by the negative, some take the participial. Since the negative was not systematically investigated it is not possible to give a rule for this, nor to say that there is none.

Examples:

	Active	*Participial*	*Negative*
to call	*ki*	*kili*	*ki tũ nũ tɛ* Call negative I I did not call.
to give a long object	*ðiŋ*	*ði*	*hanaylo ŋv tã a* But he you *mɔ̃ ði tũ ŋv tɛ* to give negative But he did not give it to you.

[p. 183(A)]

	Active	Participial	Negative
x193 x539 to understand, to know	*maŋ*	*ma*	*mak 'tũ nũ tɛ̃* Know negative I I do not know.
to think	*a'klæŋ*	*a'klæŋ*	*tɔŋ'ŋgetɛ̃'to nũ* This to I *aklæ tũ nũ tɛ̃* think negative I I never thought of this
to die	*ti*	*'tele*	*e tʃi 'tũ ŋa* I die negative I am not going to die

The commonest way of expressing the negative is that shown in the text, i. e. the idea negated is followed by *tũ*, which is followed by *tɛ̃*. Certain variations in meaning are expressed, however, by the use of elements other than *tɛ̃*. In the sentence

'tihạ 'aklæ tũ ɲa
He think negative stand

"He does not think (He never thinks)", the *ɲa* convéys the idea of continuation in time.

The parallel meanings of *tɛ̃* and *ɲa* have already been discussed.

When a noun is what in English would be the predicate nominative of "to be", or what in English would be the object of the verb "to have", the negative directly follows the noun.

Examples:

ka'kði ði mbæ tũ ŋa
A personal name feminine husband negative

He was not *ka'kði*'s husband.

a tɔ̃ e kɔi ka 'tũ ŋa
You my people negative

You are not (of) my people; you are not my relative.

[p. 188(B)]

X 193 In these two sentences the constructions
X 539 are the same. In the first one, however, the subject is not stated.

kulu tũ ŋv ũ
Cloth negative
He has no clothes.

ti yok tũ ŋv ũ
His father negative
He has no father.

tok ũ ya ŋgakɔktɔ tũ ŋv ũ
That for medicine negative
I have no remedy for that.

kũ ŋv ti pa ʼɔaya tũ ŋv ũ
Then he foot appendage negative
.... and he has no toes.

ŋgɔyo tũ ŋv ti ũ
Water negative it
No water (There is no water).

Conditions are treated in the same way:

tuya tũ ti ũ
Strong negative it
It is not strong (hard).

kurɔb tũ ŋv ti ũ
Distant negative it
It is not far.

These sentences are all equally clear expressed in terms of "to be". Thus: "He has no clothes" becomes, "His clothes are not"; "He has no father" becomes "His father is not"; "I have no remedy for that" becomes "There is no remedy for that". (This is literally what the sentence says, but although the difference between the literal meaning and the context interpretation is real the Kaingang are not troubled by it). "He has no toes" becomes "His toes are not".

Thus the *ŋv* in these constructions refers to the third person subject. In the fifth example of the last series the subject is actually repeated, whereas in *ŋgɔyo tũ ŋv ũ* "No water", although the meaning is the same the subject is not repeated.

[p. 189 (A)]

x193 x539 In the following sentence there are 2 subjects but one of them has no verb:

sŋ'ha nũ yvk tũ ŋv tẽ
I I father negative

I have no father. "Father" is the subject of a sentence the best translation of which is "My father is not", but we are prevented from stating this as the actual translation because *nũ* is the verbal first person singular pronoun.

mbæ 'tũ nũ nɛ
husband negative I sit

"I have no husband". As soon as any other person as subject is substituted for the 3rd person the *ŋv* disappears.

18 Active form of the singular verb, "to arrive". Participial form, *ta'vi*. Plural, active: *'yulu*. Plural participial, *'yulu*.

19 To say. Participial and active forms are the same. It is used only as a verb of reference to something that has just been said. In the question, "What did he say?" the verb *taŋ* (participial) *tv* (active), "to tell" is used. The reply to the question is given, and terminated by the expression *'ke ŋv tã mu*, as seen in the text.

[136] 20 Baitaka. A small green bird that eats the corn.

21 Same.

22 To do. A verb of very irregular behaviour. This text example is an excellent instance of its extreme irregularity, for this is the only case in which this verb has this particular form.

Other Irregularities.

Verbs that change the stem in the active form also take the active form with the indefinite future particle *yæ*, with the definite future partivle *tẽ*, and with the contingent future particles *va.....hɔ*. Verbs that have the same form in both participial and active constructions do not change under any conditions. But the verb "to do" constitutes an exception to this rule.

[p.159(3)]

Example:

x193 Participial Active *yæ* *tɛ̃* *va.....hɔ*
x539 *keŋ* *ke* *kæ* *ke* *ke*

"to do" also appears in idiomatic constructions.

Example:

tɔŋ'li	*ɔk*	*tɔ̃*	*keŋ*
this way (manner)	they	instrumental	do

ŋgæke *mu*
habitually

This is what they do (when they make a rattle). At the same time the informant demonstrates the technique of making a rattle. For the meaning of *tɔ̃* here, see Note 23. *tɔ̃* refers to *tɔŋ'li*.

The same idea is expressed in a different construction in the following sentence:

tɔŋ'li	*ɔk*	*tɔ̃*	*'ke mu*
this way (manner)	they	instrumental	do

This is what they do (when they make a fence).

At the same time the informant draws a picture of a fence.

What makes these construction with *keŋ* particularly irregular is that "to do habitually" always requires the active form of the verb.

The participial form of the verb "to do" may be discovered in constructions like the following in which the element *ke*, "to be about to do"[1] appears. This element always requires the participial form of the verb.

'hali	*a*	*tɔ̃*	*kɔ'ɔ̃i* *tɛ̃*	*tɔ̃*
what	you	instrumental	stone	instrumental

ket	*ke*	*ŋũ* *ŋa*
do	about to do	

What are you about to do with that stone?

The interrogative *ŋũ* always precedes *ŋa* when an interrogative sentence has this form.

The active form of the verb appears under expected conditions in the following sentences:

[1] This element is not related to the verb "to do". It is often translated by the Kaingang as "to want to". Thus, "What do you want to do with that stone?"

[p. 190 (A)]

tɔŋ'li tã 'ke mu
x193 that way (manner) he do
x539 That is what he does (the woodpecker). At the same time the informant imitates the pecking of the woodpecker.

tɔŋ'li ŋv tã 'kæ kæ'ke mu
that way (manner) he do habitually

That is what he does (the duck). At the same time the informant imitates the quacking of the duck.

The *ke* has changed to *kæ* under the influence of the succeeding *kæ'ke*. Thus we are also led to conclude that *kæ'ke* is a reduplicated form of the verb "to do".

keŋ also is used in expressions dealing with health:

'hali ti tɔ̃ ke ŋũ ŋa
what he instrumental do

What is the matter with him?

This sentence is also translated, under different circumstances, "What is he doing?" When 2 *ns* come together only one is articulated. The above transcription gives, therefore, the impression that we are dealing with *ke* plus *nũ*. There are no instances of *keŋ* in a participial construction followed by *ŋa* only. The English sentences "He is not doing anything" or "He is doing something" are expressed by different mechanisms in Kaingang.

23 *tɔ̃* is the instrumental. Transitive verbs appear with *tɔ̃* in participial constructions. In the sentence

ti'ha tɔ̃ mõk 'pe ŋa
He honeybeer to make honeybeer

By him beer's making; i. e., he made honeybeer, we are dealing with the participial form of the verb.

In

ku'veɲ 'haŋv mõk
a personal male name honeybeer

pæŋ mu
to make honeybeer

ku'veɲ made honeybeer

[p. 190 (B)]

193 the active form of the verb is used. There
539 is no difference in sense between the two constructions.

In its function as an instrumental *tɔ̃* appears in sentences like the following:

'hali a tɔ̃ kɔ'ði tɛ̃ tɔ̃ ket 'kɛ ɲũ ŋa
What you stone do about to do

What are you going to do with the stone? Here both the subject and the stone are instruments of the contemplated action.

tɔ̃ also achieves an extended meaning approaching the English preposition "with":

tiha tɔ̃ klɜŋ'nɛ tɔ̃ ɲak'ðɔ ŋa
He meat defecating

By him with meat defecating; i. e. he defecated meat.

ði'ha tɔ̃ 'ðɜk tɔ̃ kv'la ɲa
She pine nuts to make soup

By her with pine nuts soup-making; i. e. she made pine nut soup.

In this way the function of *tɔ̃* in the following sentence becomes intelligible:

ɛŋ dʒæ ha ma tɔ̃ 'ya ɲɛ
my song emphatic you sing sit

You sit singing with my song; i. e. you are singing my song.

tɔ̃ refers back to *yæ*, song. It has nothing to 'do with *ma*, the 2nd person singular pronoun. So also in the following sentence:

ũ tɛ̃ ɔŋ ŋv tɔ̃ aŋ 'lɛ̃lɛ[1] *ut'pã*
other they our to be alive different

haŋ ɔŋ mu
imagine they

The others imagined that it was another group of our own people.

This is a sentence taken from a story in which a tiger attacks a man in camp at night. His companions hear the noise and imagine that some of their vendetta enemies

[1] *aŋ'lɛ̃lɛ*, literally „our alive, our to be alive" or „our life" means „our people". When followed by *ut'pã* it means „another group of our own people."

[p. 191 (4)]

X193 X539 have come to attack them. In other words "with it (the noise) they made (imagined) our people". The "with it" is expressed by *tɔ̃*.

The function of *tɔ̃* is the same in the following sentence:

kũ ŋv ɔŋ tɔ̃ ŋaika'vŋ mu
Then they to become frightened
Then it frightened them.

This sentence is taken from a text in which some Indians become frightened at the sight of a fire they themselves left burning. They think it is the fire of some other Indians and "with it (because of it) become frightened".

The almost verbal character of *tɔ̃* appears in the following sentence in which there is no verb:

e 'tʃɔ̃ ɲu'ŋɲɛn kɜ'væi haŋa
I brother blood
Here is my brother's blood.

This sentence is intelligible without the *e'tʃɔ̃*. The sentence is taken from a story in which a man leaves his people. He leaves some of his lice on a rock. His brother finds the lice and feeds them. They change into children. He then goes to his people and tells them that he is going to lead his brother's blood to them. They doubt him. When he brings in the children he utters the above sentence. The *tɔ̃* emphasizes the fact that it is he who presents his brother's blood.

In the following sentences the *tɔ̃* is inserted to show that the noun is the object of the verb and not of something else:

kũ nũ 'ʃumbu tɛ̃ tɔ̃ nɜ'na ki
Then I buckshot on the surface on

'viŋ mu
to place
Then I put the shot on top (of the powder).

This sentence refers to the loading of a cartridge. If the *tɔ̃* were not there it would seem as if something (the powder in this case) were placed on top of the shot instead of the reverse. It is thus made clear that "buckshot" is the object of the verb and not of the postposition.

[P. 191 (B)]

193 So, also, in the sentence
539 *kũ ɔŋ hɔt kũ klɛ ka'lɔ tɛ̃ tʃ̃*
Then they make and on top lance-head

klɛ nɛ mu
on top to place

After making (the lance shaft) they put the blade on top.

With *tʃ̃*

1) *ti'ha tʃ̃ ku'te lɔ tɛŋ ŋa*
He forest through go
He is walking through the forest.

2) *ti'ha tʃ̃ taɯ lɔ ta'ðili kɛ ŋa*
He coconut tree along ascend about to
He is about to ascend the coconut tree.

3) *ði tʃ̃ nde kɔ'ŋgɔ nũ yæ ŋa*
She what sick
What is the matter with her?

4) *e tʃ̃ ũ ɔŋ mblæ nɛ ŋa*
I other they together with sit
I am sitting with some others

The type of construction illustrated in the right-hand column is very common among intransitive verbs, but rare among transitive verbs:

ɛŋ ŋaɯ 'tʃaya ŋa
My reflexive kill
My self-killing; i. e. I killed myself.

ɛŋ ha e tʃ̃ ŋaɯ 'tʃaya ŋa
I I reflexive kill
I killed myself.

[p. 192(A)]

*193
*539

The *ʧ* makes clear the fact that the head was placed on top of the shaft and not that something was placed on the head. It would, literally, mean that without the *ʧ*. In other words *ʧ* shows that "blade" is the object of the verb and not of the postposition.

ʧ also occurs with intransitive verbs.

Examples:

Without *ʧ*

e ʧɛŋ ŋa
I go
I am going.

a ˈha tai lɔ taˈðili ŋa
You coconut tree along ascend
You ascended the cocoonut tree.

tai lɔ ti taðili ˈkɛ ŋa
coconut tree along his ascend about to
He is about to ascend the coconut tree.

tai lɔ e ʧaˈðili ŋa
Coconut tree along I ascend
I ascended the cocoonut tree.

ði kɔˈŋgɔ ŋa
She sick
She is sick.

ɛŋ ˈha nɛ ŋa
I seated
I am seated.

haˈka ˈnũ nɛ
Here I sit
Here I am (or sit).

Without *ʧ* the subjects of all of the sentences in the left-hand column would be possessive pronouns, thus:

1) His forest-through-going.
2) His coconut tree-along-about-to-ascending.
3) Her what-sickness.
4) My other-together-with-them-sitting.

Often the subject of an intransitive verb does have the force of a possessive pronoun, as shown in the right-hand column. Never-

193
539 theless, as soon as some other element is introduced between the subject and the verb *tɔ́* is introduced also after the subject to avoid a feeling of awkwardness. The second example in the right-hand column, however, illustrates the fact that this is not a necessity. So, also, in the third and fourth examples in the right-hand column we see that as soon as, by the different arrangement of the elements of the sentence, the subject pronoun directly precedes the verb *tɔ́* drops out.

The examples in the right-hand column illustrate forcefully the fundamental nominal-participial character of verbal constructions with *tɔ́*. The examples in the right-hand column should be read, in order:

My going
Your coconut-tree-along-ascending
Along the coconut tree his about-to-ascending
Her sickness
My sitting
I sit here

tɔ́ also functions in appositional expressions like the following:

e kɔ'kla[1] *tɔ́* *ku'ðvŋ*
My a male personal name
My *kɔ'kla*, *ku'ðvŋ*.

ɲɔ́ *a* *yi* *tɔ́* *ða'tɛ* *tɛ́*
Mother, your child a personal name
ŋv *'ti* *mu*
die
Mother, your child, *ða'tɛ* died.

ayɲɛ'lɔ́ *tɔ́* *nde* *ɲɔ*
A female personal name what lie
Which *ayɲɛ'lɔ́* (are you talking about)?

I am painfully aware that there are still a number of stray ends in the use of *tɔ́* that I cannot place. I do not, however, at present see that any other category or any wider conceptualization of this element would serve to include all of the uses of which I have spoken.

[1] The term for the man who treats ceremonially Ego's umbilical cord.

[p. 193 (A)]

x193 x539 24 An element used when an action is repeated on successive occasions. Its most usual position, to which there are rare exceptions, is directly after the subject. It is untranslatable. It often occurs with *mbaṇ* (see Note 31), which always immediately precedes *mu* and means "again".

25 To come. Active, singular, *ka'tẽ*; participial, singular, *ka'teŋ*; plural, *ka'mũ* (Active and Participial).

26 A bird with which I am not aquainted.

27 A common device in the formation of subordinate clauses is to have the subject of the subordinate clause possess the verb. In that case the verb is in the participial form. I give no examples because although there are innumerable ones they are all exactly of the same type as that in the text. This part of the sentence is translated, "..... when he went away then....". Literally it is "... then, his going, and so...".

28 Participial form of the verb "to go". The following element always requires the participial form of the verb.

29 Again. Refers to an action repeated. *mbaṇ* always directly follows the verb. It requires the participial form. Thus *mu* cannot act at a distance from the verb. This is characteristic of Kaingang syntax in general: All elements that effect other elements may do so only if they *immediately* follow them. The following elements effect verbs in the same way as *mbaṇ*:

'tʃvlv to wish to
kaṇ to finish; to terminate
vaṇ to do something before something else or before somebody else; to do something "first" (and then to do something afterwards).

These are all, really, verbal derivatives.

30 Active form of "see"; participial, *ve*.

31 *ɛ* is a 3rd person independent pronoun. It serves the 3rd person in both feminine and non-feminine, and in both singular and

x193 plural. It is used when a 3rd person object
x539 is possessed by the same 3rd person subject. Thus ɛ means "own".

Examples:

kũ ŋv tã ɛ ˈndo nɛŋˈviŋ nɛ
then he his arrows make sit
Then he was making his arrows.

kũ ŋ̄v tã ɛ ˈplũ ði mblæ
then he his wife feminine together with

ŋv tã ˈnɔ mu
he lie
Then he was lying down with his wife.

ti ˈha tɔ̃ ɛ ˈviyi mɛ ˈhɔt kũ kɔˈtĩ ŋa
he his bow distributive make then smooth
He worked over his bow until it was smooth.

aˈŋglɔ ði tɔ̃ ɛ yi
female personal name feminine her child

pæˈða ma
nurse
aˈŋglɔ is nursing her child.

kũ ŋv ɔŋ ɛ ˈplũ tɛ̃ ɔŋ ɔŋ ˈlæ kũ
then they their wife them them leave and....
Then they left their wives and.....

When a sentence or a sequence of sentences have third person subjects and objects (He [A] killed his [B's] dog) confusion may be avoided by the use of the pronoun ɛ. The following sentences are taken from the text of a story in which a man with a snake guardian spirit wishes to kill people. He steals their hair, feeds it to the snake, and they die. Another man, whom we shall call A, watches him, and when the murderer cuts off the hair of A's daughter A cuts off the hair of the murderer's wife and puts it in the place of that of his own child:

ˈkũ ŋv tã ɛ ˈyi ði klɛ̃ kiˈki
then he his own child feminine head hair

tɛ̃ kɔˈna kũ tã ˈmbaŋ mu mbat ˈkɔ̨lokũ
look for and he take take afterwards

tã ti plũ ði klɛ̃ kiki ha ˈki ŋu
he his wife feminine head hair emphatic cut
Then he (A) looked for his (own) daughter's

[p.194 (W)]

X193 X539 hair and took it. After taking it he cut his (the murderer's) wife's hair.

The story goes on to tell how the murderer unwittingly gave his own wife's hair to the snake.

hapaŋ'lɔ ŋv tã ɛ 'plũ ði klɛ̃
but he his own wife feminine head

kiki 'ha ŋv tã pon tɛ̃ mɔ̃ 'nɛ mu.
hair emphatic he snake to give.

But he gave his (own) wife's hair to the snake.

A now burns the snake and comes back, but the murderer's wife is dying.

'kũ ŋv tã 'væk tɛ̃ ka'tɛ̃ mu mupaŋ'lɔ
then he see come in the meanwhile

ŋv ti 'plũ tɛ̃ ði 'tɛlɛ nɔ
his wife . feminine die lie

When he (A) saw this (i. e. that the snake was burnt up) he came back. But in the meanwhile his (the murderer's) wife was dying (lay dying).

Temporal subordinate clauses are often formed by the introduction of *ɛ* followed by the instrumental directly after the 3rd person subject pronoun of the main clause. In this case the verb appears in its participial form and is followed by the connective *tɛ̃ kũ*.

Examples:

'kũ ŋv tã ɛ tɔ̃ 've tɛkũ ŋv tã 'ũ tɛ̃ ɔŋ
then he he see and so he other them

mɔ̃ ŋv tã 'tv mv
to he tell

Then, when he saw it, he told it to the others.

kũ ŋv tã ɛ tɔ̃ v'yolo tɛ̃ 've tɛ̃ kũ ti 'vu
then he he tapir see and so him chase

ka'tɛ̃ mu
come

Then, when he saw a tapir, he came along chasing it.

ɛ is also used unsystematically with the element *yæ*, "in order to". This element

A193 requires the participial form of the verb. There is an example in the text, l. 25. But A539 in l. 47 *tɔ̃* does not appear.

Other examples:

ti ha ŋv ɛ tɔ̃ 'moŋ loŋ yæ
he he honey beer warm in order to

ŋv tã kɔðí klɛ̃ 'pɛ̃ mu
he stone on top fire-wood

[273] Then he put fire-wood on the stones to warm the beer (i. e. he heated rocks in the fire in order to use them to warm the beer).

kũ ŋv ɔŋ ɛ tɔ̃ ti pɪæ'nũ
then they they him to hit with a projectile

yæ ŋv ɔŋ ti to paŋk'paŋ mu
in order to they him to shoot at repeatedly

Then they shot at him repeatedly in order to hit him; i. e. then they fired at him repeatedly.

But the following sentence is an exception to this practise:

kũ ɔŋ · ti ŋglɔkɔ'ðiŋ dʒæ
then they him to pierce the lower lip in order to

ðæ kɔ nɛŋ'viŋ mu
in order to stick make

Then they made sticks in order to pierce his lip.

In the following sentences, in which confusion between the subject of the independent clause and the subject of the dependent clause might arise it is not avoided through the use of *ɛ*:

pa'tæ hatɔ̃ ɛ tɔ̃ ti 've kũ ti
a male personal name he him see and his

ðe klike mu
heart split

When *pa'tæ* saw him *pa'tæ*'s heart split (i. e. he became angry).

ti 'haŋv ɛ tɔ̃ patæ 've tɛ̃ kũ
he he a male personal name see and so

ti ðe 'klike mu
his heart split

When he saw *pa'tæ* he became angry with *pa'tæ*.

[p. 195 (A)]

*193 The other alternative "When he (A) saw
*539 (B) (B) became angry" I did not get.

In the last 2 examples the discourse is in the form of a main and a subordinate clause. The subject is the same for both, but it is not repeated in the subordinate clause. There is no rule, however, that when two actions by the same subject follow upon each other the discourse must take the form of a main and a subordinate clause in which the subject is not repeated. Thus, in the following —

kũ ŋv tã ɛ ta'vi tɛkũ ŋv tã tv mu
then he his arrive and so he tell

Then, when he arrived he told — we have two clauses in which the action expressed in the subordinate clause is carried out by the same subject as that of the main clause. Yet the subjects of both clauses are expressed.

So, too, in the following sentence, although the subject of the second clause (in English, a coordinate clause) is the object of the main clause, it is not stated:

ti ha tɔ̃ ɛ viyi mɛ 'hɔt kũ kɔ'tĩ ŋa
he his bow distributive make and smooth

He is fixing his bow and it is smooth; i. e. He is smoothing his bow.

Here, however, context makes the meaning clear.

In the following short text *ɛ* is used as the subject of the last sentence. But the subject of the last sentence was the object of the preceding sentences:

kũ ŋv tã 'ma kũ ɛ tɔ̃ ti mbaŋ dzæ ke
then he hear and he him kill about to

mu ti yæ 'yatke mu 'kũ ŋv
him for open the mouth then

tã ɛ tɔ̃ ti kɔmaŋ mu
he he him fear

Then when he (the tiger) heard this he (the tiger) was going to kill him (the tick) and opened his (the tiger's) mouth for him (the tick). Then he (the tick) became afraid of him (the tiger).

[p. 195 (B)]

X193
X539 The same is true in the following text:

kũ ŋv tã ɔŋ dzo vaˈyiŋ mu ðvŋ
then he them lie in wait for Brazilian

utˈpili pæˈnũ mu kũ ŋv tã ˈɛ tʃ
single shoot at and hit then he he

ˈɛ ha ti pæˈnũ kũ tã ti ˈnɛvi-
he him shoot and he him chop into

kukæŋ mu
little pieces

Then he lay in wait for the Brazilians and shot one. Then he (the Brazilian) shot him and chopped him into little bits.

Thus *ɛ* is used when the object of one sentence becomes the subject of the succeeding sentence. But this usage is not systematic:

kũ ŋv tã ti ŋaði ti
then he his away from the body him

kuŋˈmɛ ɲa ŋv tã ti klɛ̃ tɛ̃ tʃ ˈplu kũ tã
seize stand he his head slip and he

ti m̥baŋ mu
him killed

Then he (the man) wrestled with the tiger at arms' length until his hands slipped from his (the tiger's) head. Then he (the tiger) killed him.

In the first place the first *ti* refers to the man while the second *ti* refers to the tiger. The third *ti* also refers to the tiger, but the fourth refers to the man. In the second place, although the object of the first clause (wrestled with *him*, literally, seized *him*) is the subject of the last sentence or clause, *ɛ* does not appear. *ɛ* in fact does not appear at all in this short text. But everyone knows the plot of this story.

In the following sentence there is no way (syntactical or morphological) of telling who the subject of the second clause is:

kũ yi tã ŋaiˈpili tɛ̃
then it is said he a male personal name

pæ̃nũ ha mɔ̃ tã ðoˈpai ke mu
shoot at and hit about to he ducked

[p. 196 (A)]

x193 x539 Then he was about to shoot *ŋaᵘpili* when he (*ŋaᵘpili*) ducked.

In this idiomatic construction, taken from a story told in the full rush of excited interest, and not dictated as a text, there is only one true verbal construction with two different subjects and two actions. The action of being about to shoot is expressed by the verb meaning "to shoot at and hit" followed by the element *mɔ* which means "to be about to do (something)". The true verbal construction is "(he) ducked". But if one did not know the story, or if it did not occur to one that the shooter would not duck, it would not be clear who ducked.

We cannot talk of two sentences here nor of two clauses but it is clear that the object of one action becomes the subject of an immediately succeeding action. Yet no grammatical device is used to distinguish the subject of the second action from the subject of the first.

32 Stone.

33 *ki* and *ka* as locatives mean "inside" or "in". They also may mean "on" when they are used with objects that have no broad surface or are not raised off the ground. When the object has a broad surface or is raised off the ground the prepositions *nɛᵘna*, "on the surface" and *klɛ̄*, "on top of" may be used.

Some verbs take *ki* and some take *ka*, but there are no grammatically defineable classes of verbs, one taking *ki* the other taking *ka*. There is, however, a tendency to use *ki* with plural verbs.

I have found only two cases in which *ka* and *ki* were used as locatives with the same verb.

The following is a partial list of verbs that take *ki* and of those that take *ka* when these elements are used purely as locatives:

I

	ka
(1) to give or place one small roundish object	*nɛm*

[p. 196 (8)]

		ka
X193	(2) to place (one) object that is set on the ground[1]	*ðaŋ*
X539	(3) to give a long narrow object, or to place a long narrow object horizontally	*ðiŋ*
	(4) to lie	*nɔ*
	(5) to sit	*nɛ*
	(6) to place a lance or arrow head on the shaft	*puŋ*
	(7) to thrust or sink a long sharp object into something else	*nɛˈðæɲ*
	(8) to wash the (entire) body	*kɜˈpɛ*

II

		ki
	1) to give or place many objects (of whatever shape)	*viɲ*
	(2) to cook	*ˈndæɪɲ*
	(3) to wash clothes	*ðɔ*
	(4) to pour	*ˈtʃuɪɲ*
	(5) to sit	*nɛ*
	(6) to place (several) objects that are placed on the ground	*kɔˈðaŋ*
	(7) to break a straight object	*ˈmblɜyɜ*
	(8) to thrust or sink a long sharp object into something else	*nɛˈðæɲ*

It will be noted that (1), Column II is the plural for (1) and (3), Column I, and that (6), Column II is the plural of (2), Column I.

The following sentences illustrate the use of *ki* and *ka* in the rare instances in which they occur with the same verb:

yæ nũ ˈɛt ka nɛ
future particle I house in sit
I am going to live in that house

kũ tã nɛˈyɔ vvɲˈvvlv tɛ̃ ˈka ŋaɪndzilɨ kɔna
then he smoke boiling in laughter eye

ˈplɨ nɛ kæke mu
open sit habitually
Then he would sit in the clouds of smoke laughing with his eyes open.

[1] This verb is used for a miscellaneous collection of objects. The definition given above is the native one. Because of its association with "objects placed

[p.197(A)]

X 193
X 539

The meaning of *nɛ* in these sentences is essentially the same as in the text sentence, where it is seen that *ki* is used.

a tɔ̃ e ka nɛˈðæŋ dʒæ a ŋɛ̃ ŋa
you me in thrust in order to your speech
You are saying that in order to thrust into (i. e. stab me) me.

kũ ŋv tã ɛ ˈndo ɛ ˈtɛ̃ dʒɔ ki
then he his arrow his go place where in

neðæt kũ.....
thrust and

Then he thrust his (own) arrow (or arrows ?) into his (own) trail and.....

ki may have been used here because arrow is plural.

In the following sentences *ka* and *ki* mean "on":

kũ tã ˈmblũlu ka ti ˈtʃɔ
then he ciþó (a vine) on he to be (a long object)

tɛ̃ ˈki mu
cut

Then he (A) cut the vine on which he (B) was hanging.

ˈkulu ˈka ti ˈyi ŋa
cloth (blanket) on him lay
(They) laid him on a blanket.

kũ ŋv tã kɔuka ˈlovo ki pvp ke mu
then he sky hole on alight
Then he alighted on (the edge of) the hole in the sky (i. e. the door of the sky).

ka and *ki* are used also as demonstratives. They mean "here" or "there".

Examples:

(1) *aˈyv ka ma nɛ*
a female personal name there you sit
aˈyv, are you there ?

(2) *ɔ haˈka nũ nɛ*
yes here I sit
Yes. Here I am.

on the ground" it is used for objects not ordinarily placed on the ground when they happen to be so placed.

[p. 197 (B)]

x193 x539 (3) *εŋ* *'dʒo* *tɛ̃* *ŋv* *ka* *nɔ*
my arrow there lie
My arrow was there.

(4) *'halikelɔ* *'tã* *yæ* *tatɛ̃ka* *'ɲa*
how long he indefinite future there stand

yæ
indefinite future
How long will he remain there?

(5) *tɔŋha'ka* *ŋv* *tã* *nɔ*
here he lie
He lived here.

(6) *halike'lɔ* *ɔŋ* *dʒæ* *tatɛ̃ki* *nɔ*
how long they indefinite future there lie

yæ
indefinite future
How long will they remain there?

In sentence 3 *nɔ* appears with *ka*, but in sentence 6 *nɔ* appears with *ki*. This is because *nɔ* is used for the plural of *ɲa*. Otherwise *nɔ* takes *ka* as in 5.

nɛ, to sit; *nɔ*, to lie (singular); *ɲa*, to stand (singular), occur with *ka*. *ta'viŋ* to arrive (one person); *'yulu*, to arrive (many people); *va'kðun*, to pile up; *'tɛlɛ*, to die (one person), occur with *ki*. *ɲa* also appears with *ki*, but only when *ki* means "inside":

kɔyake *'ki* *ŋv* *tã* *ɲa*
the hollow of a tree in he stand

kæ'ke *ŋa*
habitually
He lives in the hollows of trees.

ka also means "the inside of" anything:

Examples:

inside of the mouth	*ɲatki'ka*
bottom of canoe	*kanu'ka*
inside of him	*ti 'ka*
the sole of my foot	*e pat 'ka*
the palm of my hand	*εŋ ɲɛ ŋqa 'ka*

Both *ka* and *ki* occur as temporal demonstratives. In this case they are often used to form subordinate clauses:

[p.198(A)]

Examples:

x193 x539

kũ ŋv tã ɛ tɔ̃ 'put 'tʃi ka
then he he dive long time

'yut kæke mu
emerge (appear) habitually

Then he would dive and come up after a long time.

'ðvk tɔ̃ ði 'taɪ kɔlɔɪ tʃi 'ka
the Brasilians her kill afterwards long time

ŋv ði 'ti mu
she die

Long after they killed her (A) she (B) died.

'nvlv læŋ'le ũ tɔ̃ hali'ke 'ki ŋv ði
sleep two other identical she

'ti mu
die

She died four days after, i. e. she died in four days.

la ũ 'ki ŋv tã 'ŋgluŋ mu
sun other it burn

It was burning on another day, i. e. A day or so afterward it was still burning.

As a temporal demonstrative *ki* combines with *ha* just as it does in the formation of spacial demonstratives. *ka* does not occur with *ha* in the formation of temporal demonstratives.

Examples:

numiŋgo ha 'ki ku'ta
Sunday fall

It will fall on Sunday, i. e. It will rain on Sunday.

nvlv pili ha'ki mbv tɛ̃
sleep one a female personal name

ði 'taɪ tɛ̃
feminine kill

In one day *mbv* was killed (along with her son).

ti tɔ̃ ɔŋ mɔ̃ yaŋ ha'ki ku'lak tɛ̃ mu
He them to sing morning

He sang for them until morning.

[p. 198 (1)]

mo'ɲa *tɛ̄* *væk* *'tũ* *ha'ki* *ŋv*
a male personal name see not

A193
K539
tã *ɔŋ* *mblæ* *nɛ*
he them with sit
He lived with them before he saw *mo'ɲa*.

Some verbs regularly occur with locatives. All of these verbs express related psychological states.

Examples:

ki ŋaı mbik'ti to dream about something
ki ŋa'ɛ̄ to desire very much
ki a'klæɲ to remember
ki ku 'tuɲ to forget

e'tʃ3 *ki ŋaɛ̄ı* *'ke ɲũ ŋa*
I desire very much I
I'll want some badly.

ɛŋha e'tʃ3 *yv* *ki* *a'klæɲ* *ŋa*
I I father remember
I am thinking of my father.

ki nũ ku'tu tɛ̄
I forget
I forget.

ɛŋ 'ha nũ ɛŋ 'viyi ki ku'tuɲ mu
I I my bow forget
I forgot my gun.

34 to sit. In general one small or roundish object sits; long objects in horizontal position lie and long objects in vertical position stand. Thus, in the text, "The bee-hive is sitting inside a stone", i. e. ".... is inside a stone".

nɛ is never followed by *mu*, but it may be followed by *ŋa*. Generally it is not followed by a verbal particle at all.

nɔ is used for the plural of *nɛ* when it means "to be" (not when it means "to sit"), and of *ɲa*.

35 all.

36 This postposition implies motion towards in line l. 18 and in line l. 21; in line l. 20 it means "against"; in l. 25 it might be considered a demonstrative. The translation is "..... there were many of them *there* in order to pierce it". In l. 35 *to* means

x193 "about". So, also, in l. 37 ".... we are making this noise about piercing this hive.....",
x539 or "..... there is a noise because we are piercing this hive." In l. 83 *to* is part of the verb.

to may also mean "beside":

'kũ ɔk ti to nɔ
then they him beside lie
Then they stayed beside him.

A related meaning is the following:

'nde to a 'nɛ nũ ŋa
what beside you sit
What are you sitting beside?; i. e. What are you doing seated there?

In these last two instances the use of *to* is related to its use in l. 25.

to also means "because of":

kiyi tɛ̃ ŋv 'to ŋv tã ɔŋ
owl because of it he them

dʒɔŋgak'taŋ mu
pity
The owl pitied them because of it.

kũ ŋv tã ɛ 'tɛ̃ kũ ta'vi tɛ̃kũ 'to
then he his go and arrive and so because of it

ði to'ɲu mu
her angry
Then, when he went away and arrived (back) he was angry with her because of it. When *ɲu* means "to be angry with" it is always preceded by *to*.

ɔŋ 'yvk tɛ̃ to ti tɔ̃ 'lɛ̃lɛ ŋa'
their father because of he awake
Their father remained awake because of it.

to may also mean "over" in the sense of spreading over a surface:

ndæt ki'ki tɔ̃ŋv tã to 'viŋ mu
something feathers he over place
He put feathers all over it.

ɛŋ ɲak'ðɔ ŋv e tʃo 'ŋlɛ̃ tɛ̃ e kɜ'pe
my feces me over smear me wash

lɔ
imperative
I am all smeared over with my feces. Wash me!

[p. 199 (a)]

to also means "from", in

kv 'to ŋv tã ku'ta mu
a vine from he fall
He fell from a vine.

Certain verbs always occur with *to*:

to 'ɑnŋge to be ashamed (of something)
to 'ɲu to be angry (because of something; with someone)
to ɑ'klæ to think (about something)
to'vɑ: to stop doing something
to ɲɛ'põ to order (to do something)

e tʃ5 to t5 ɲak'ðɔ tɛ 'to nã 'ɑnŋge mu
I ant defecate I ashamed
I am ashamed because I defecated ants.

kã ŋv tã to 'ɑnŋge mu
then he ashamed
Then he became ashamed.

The separation of *to* from the rest of the verb by the pronoun *nã* proves that *to* is not part of the verb. In Kaingang there is no infixing

ti kɔ'ŋgɔ to ɑ'klæt kã
his sick (pain) think and.....
They think of his pain and ....

When *ɑ'klæ* means "to remember" it occurs with *ki*. See Note 33.

aka t5 mbæŋ dʒɔ'klã tɛ to ɛŋ ɲɛ'põ ŋa
you axe handle me order
You told me to make a handle for the axe.
(You told me to make an axe handle.)

37 Plural form of the verb "to go". Participial and active forms the same.

38 To pierce the hollow of a tree for honey; to chop out a bee-hive. Plural participial, *'pik'ðiŋ*; plural active unknown. Singular participial, *pæ'ðiŋ*; singular active, as in text.

39 Cutting edge. *ɲu* means tooth, beak, axe (blade), the edge of a knife etc.

40 To break. Used of straight objects. This verb sometimes occurs in its participial form, as in the text, when we should expect the active form, *'mblɔ:*. In the following

K193 K539 example the active form occurs under the same conditions in which the participial form appears in the text:

ka'ŋglæk *ði* *ŋv* *ti* *ndo*
a female personal name feminine his arrow

tɛ̃ *ti* *tɔ̃* *ka'ðaŋ* *kũ* *pæle* *ha*
he place in the bow and draw the bow

mɔ̃ *ti* *nɛ'ŋga* *ka* *tɛ̃* *ki* *tɔ̃* *'mblɔɪ*
try to his hand inside in break

kæke *pa*
continually stand

Whenever he would place an arrow in his bow and try to draw it *ka'ŋglæŋ* would break the arrow in his hand, until.....

The same occurs in l. 24. This happens because "break" occurs in an intransitive context. "They broke their beaks" is not the same as "Their beaks broke". The translation in the text should be "Their beaks would always break". In l. 24 it is "His beak broke"; but in the example given above "break" is transitive, i. e. "She would always break his arrows". So also in the following:

kũ *ŋv* *yv'plu* *ŋv* *to* *'tɛ̃* *kũ*
then a male personal name to go and

ti *nɛŋ'ndv* *mblɔɪ* *kũ* *mbo* *ka'tɛ̃*
his lower leg break and carry come

Then *yv'plu* went there and broke off this (the tapir's) lower leg and came over with it.

Here we have the active form of the verb, whereas in

...*tɛ̃kũ* *ŋv* *ti* *ka* *hatɜ* *ki* *'mblɜyɜ* *mu*
and so his inside there in break

... and so it broke off inside of him — we have the intransitive form of the verb.

41 Habitually, continually. See Note 33.

42 See also Note 10. The indirect obect is repeated here but the repetition has no grammatical significance. It is as if we were to say, "Then they said to the tucan — to the tucan....."

[p. 200 (2)]

X193 X539 43 The dative and indirect object are formed by combining this element with the person for whom a thing is done or with the indirect object. The *mɔ̃* always follows the other element:

ɛŋ'mɔ̃ to say to me
ɛŋ'ɲɔ̃ for me, or to give to me
a'mɔ̃ to you, for you
ti'mɔ̃ to or for non-feminine
ði'mɔ̃ to her, for her
aŋ'mɔ̃ to us, for us
ɔŋ'mɔ̃ to them, for them

Thus the dative-indirect object form appears only with the independent pronouns.

When *mɔ̃* appears with *ɛŋ* the former often has a verbal force, and in that case appears without a verb:

a tɔ̃ ɛŋ mɔ̃ 'ŋɛ̃ a tɔ̃ ãta
you me to speak you the aforesaid

like 'maka nɛ
the same without sit

Do without what you spoke to me about!

kaŋ'nda tɛ̃ ha tɔ̃ ɛŋ mɔ̃ ɔŋ mblɯ
a male personal name me to them with

ðvk to tɛŋ.
Brasilians to go.

kaŋ'ndaŋ said to me "Go with them to (fight) the Brasilians"

In the first sentence there is a verb — "to speak" —, but in the second there is none. The verb *taŋ*, to tell, however, requires the *ɲɔ̃* form:

'nde yɯ ma ɛŋ 'ɲɔ̃ taŋ yɯ'kɛ
what because of you me to tell about to

'maka ɛŋ ɲɔ̃ pa'piŋ mɯ.
without me to to not tell.

Why did you refuse to tell me without even trying to tell me?

The following is an example of *ɲɔ̃* used to form the indirect object:

e 'plã ði ɛŋ ɲɔ̃ ðai'kolɔ 'nem
my wife feminine me to fire give

My wife, make fire for me! i. e. My wife, give me fire!

[p.201(A)]

*193
*539 The following are examples of its use in the dative:

ɛŋ ˈɲɔ̃ kɔ tɔ̃ kuŋˈdʒuŋ kũ ŋglaɱ.
me for stick perforate and roast.
Spit this for me (with a stick) and roast it!

kuˈðvŋ ɛŋ ɲɔ̃ ti mɔ̃ mɔ̀k
a male personal name me for him for bee-hive

pæˈta
pierce
kuˈðvŋ, get honey for me, for him!

The following are examples of *mɔ̃* in the other persons of the pronoun:

ti ˈha tɔ̃ a mɔ̃ nũæ ũ ˈyi ˈkɛ ŋa
he you to thing other give about to
He is going to give you something.

yæ nũ a mɔ̃ ɔk to vaɪˈtʃiŋ
indefinite future I you for them spare
I am going to spare them for you (for your sake).

ti ha tɔ̃ ti mɔ̃ nɛŋŋaŋ ŋa
he him to ascertain (to mark)
He is marking out for him, i. e. He is indicating the direction to him.

ˈkũ nũ ti mɔ̃ laɪŋlaɪ ŋgæˈkɛ mu
then I him for work habitually
Then I worked for him.

ti nɔ ði mɔ̃ ti yiŋ mu
his mother feminine to him give
(They) give him to his mother.

mɔ̃ may also occur without any pronoun:

ɛ tɔ̃ ˈvɛ kũ ɔk tɔ̃ mɔ̃ ˈŋɛ̃ yæ
they see and they to speak in order to

la to tukðɛn
sun to make a bundle with narrow bindings

ˈkɛ ŋa
habitually, continually

They make the bundle in the daytime so that they can see it and talk to it. (This [778] refers to a magical bundle to which the Indians talk.) *to* here would give the expression *la ˈto* the force of ".... when it is light...." or ".... when there is sun....".

[p. 201 (B)]

x193 x539 44 "Come!" Some verbs take the participial and some the active form in the imperative. Still others have a special form, and still another group have two special forms. Those verbs the active and participial forms of which are the same also have the same form in the imperative.

	Examples:		
	Participial	*Active*	*Imperative*
to die	*'tele*	*'ti*	*'tilɔ*[1]
to seize	*kaŋ'mɛ*	*kaŋ'mɛŋ*	*kaŋ'mɛlɔ*
to lead	*pæn'velɛ*	*pæ'le*	*pæn'va*
to kill	*'mbaŋ*	*'mbaŋ*	*'mbolɔ*
to take	*vuŋ*	*vaŋ*	*'vɔlɔ*
			'va
to thrust into	*nɛ'ðæŋ*	*nɛ'tɛ*	*nɛ'tã*
to stop	*'hutke*	*'hutke*	*'hutkæ*
			'hutke'lɔ
to roast	*ŋglaŋ*	*ŋglaŋ*	*'ŋgla*
			'ŋglaŋ
to cut several straight rigid objects	*'kle*	*'klæŋ*	*'klæ*
to wash (a single solid object)	*ku'pe*	*ku'pæŋ*	*ku'pelɔ*
to eat	*ko*	*ko*	*kv*
to give or place a small round-ish object	*nɛm*	*nɛm*	*nɛm*
to gather	*'ŋgæŋ*	*'ŋgæŋ*	*'ŋgelɔ*
			ŋgæ
to shoot at	*paŋ*	*paŋ*	*paŋ*
to cut	*'kɤŋ*	*'kɤŋ*	*'kɤŋlɔ*
to shout, to call	*'kili*	*'ki*	*'kilɔ*
to adze	*kɜk'põ*	*kɜk'põ*	*kɜk'põlɔ*
to pour	*'tʃuŋ*	*'tʃuŋ*	*'tʃuŋlɔ*
to shatter (a pot)	*ku'ŋgaŋ*	*ku'ŋgaŋ*	*ku'ŋgaŋlɔ*
to carry (on the back)	*'tu*	*tæŋ*	*'talɔ*

[1] The element *lɔ* sometimes follows the imperative. But often it does not. In the above list I have given the imperative as I have it in my texts, with or without *lɔ*. The form with *lɔ* is more emphatic than the one without.

[p. 202 (A)]

	Participial	*Active*	*Imperative*
X 193 to run	*lɜˈlɜ*	*lɜˈlɜ*	*lɜˈlɜlɔ*
to sing	*yaɲ*	*yaɲ*	*yaɲlɔ*
X539 to throw (one object)	*ðvɲ*	*ðvɲ*	*ˈðvɲlɔ*
to wash clothes	*ðɔ*	*ðaŋ*	*ˈðɔlɔ*
to treat	*kɜkˈtɔ*	*kɜkˈtaŋ*	*kɜkˈtalɔ* *kɜkˈtɔ*
to ascend	*taˈðilĩ*	*taˈplĩ*	*taˈpã*
to pierce	*pæˈðiɲ*	*paˈti*	*pæˈta*
to come	*kaˈtɛŋ*	*kaˈtɛ̃*	*katɛŋˈlɔ* *kaˈtɛŋ*

I should have wished to obtain all the verbs on the above list with and without the element *lɔ*. Unfortunately this was not possible.

45 Axe. Also used of large beaks, like that of the tucan.

46 Large.

47 One person carrys small object. This element never occurs without another verb like *tɛŋ*, to go; *kaˈtɛŋ* to come; *ɲa* to stand. Thus:

a ˈha ma klayˈdza mbɔ ɲa
you you knife carry stand
You have a knife.

mbɔ may be derived from the verb *mbaɲ*, (participial), *ˈmbaŋ*, (active); *ˈmbɔlɔ* imperative, to take.

48 Another idiomatic use of the verb *keɲ*, to do. It seems to be related to the use of *keɲ* in the following sentences:

ke kũ ɛŋ ˈviyĩ tɛ̃ ˈvut kũ aklæk ˈtɛŋ
alright my bow take and hunting go
Alright, take my bow and go hunting.

ndvˈmiygo ke kũ e tʃɔ ˈpuŋ
Sunday and I to place the head of a
dzæ e tʃɔ
lance or arrow on the shaft indefinite future I
put ˈke ɲa
place about to
I am going to place the head of the lance on the shaft on Sunday. (The force of this expression is "I'll wait until Sunday, *then* I'll etc.")

[p. 202 (8)]

x193 *'ke tɛ̃ ŋv ði ve yæ*
..... so saying feminine see in order to
x539 *'tɛ̃ mu*
go

So saying she went to see.

49 In order to. *yæ* functions like the Spanish and Portuguese para.

Examples:

ti ha tɔ̃ ɛ ndo yæ kɔ kaɩtʃiṇ kɪṃ
he his arrow for wood small cut

yæ tɛŋ ŋa
in order to go

He went to cut a small stick for his arrow.

kũ tã ði mblæ ti yæ 'plãla
then he feminine together with him for weep

ni tã 'hutke mu
a long time he stop

Then he wept with her for him a long time and stopped.

ðe'tʃa yi ɔŋ dʒæ pɛ̃
a male personal name it is said them for firewood

kɜna'tɛ̃
wander around

It is told that *ðe'tʃa* walked about preparing the fire for them (for their cremation).

tɔktɛ̃ 'yæ ŋaɩkɔktɔ 'tũ tɛ̃
that for remedy negative

There is no remedy for that.

ɛŋ dʒæ a'ma
me for listen

Wait for me. (Watch out for me).

e tʃɔ̃ a yæ 'kɪṇ yæ ka'tɛŋ ŋa
I you for summon in order to come

I come to summon you.

yæ also may function as does the element *mɔ̃*, but rarely:

ɛŋ 'ha e tʃɔ̃ a ɲan a 'yæ tu ŋa
I I your food you for carry

I am carrying your food for you.

[p. 203(1)]

x193 *e tʃɔ̃ ði yæ moŋ ˈmbaŋ ŋa*
I her for honey take
x539 I am carring the honey for her, i. e. I am taking the honey to her.

yæ also occurs without any object:

kũ ŋv tã ˈðæ ŋaɪˈtʃɛyɛ nɛŋˈviŋ mu
then he for iron prepare
Then he prepares iron for (them) (the arrows).

50 This element is really a general disjunctive. In this instance its effect is "now, in the meanwhile" or, "but in the meanwhile".

51 Many. This is evidently related to *mbɜŋ*, large.

52 To be (plural). I have already pointed out that *nɔ*, to lie, may be used alone for the plural of "to be". *nɔndɛ*, however, is more frequently used.

Examples:

kaɲa ˈhɜ mblæ ku-
a male personal name together with a male

ndaŋ tɛ̃ aˈmɛn lɔ ti ˈtɛ̃ tɛ̃
personal name road along his go

haˈklɛ̃ ti yo nɔndɛ
(on) him before are

kaɲaˈhɜ and *kuˈndaŋ* were waiting for him on the road along which he (a third person) had gone. But:

kũ ɔk ti to nɔ
then they him beside are
Then they stayed beside him.

The latter example also is parallel to our text instance.

ði yo ɔŋ nɔ ŋa
her before their are
They were (born) before her. But:

a kɜɪka ɔŋ ha ŋv nɔndɛ
your relatives they are
Your people are (there).

The plural of *nɔ* regularly, and that of *nɛ* sometimes, is formed by placing the element *ɲaŋ* before them. But *nɛ* differs from *nɔ*

[p.203(B)]

×193 ×539 in that *ɲaŋ* is used to form the latter's plural only when *nɔ* means "to lie".

Examples:

'kũ ŋv klɛ̃ ɲaŋ 'nɔ
then on top lie
Then they lay down on (them).

ti 'plũ tɛ̃ ɔŋ ŋv læŋ'le ɲaŋ nɛ
his wife they two sit
He had two wives.

But also:

ti plũ ɔŋ ŋv læŋ'le nɔndɛ
his wife them two are
He had two wives.

nɔ is used arbitrarily to form the plural of *nɛ* and *ɲa*.

Examples:

ɛŋ 'ha nũ kɜ'yo ɲa kæ'ke mu
I I thin stand habitually
I am always thin.

ɔŋ ha ŋv kɜ'yo nɔ kæ'ke mu
they thin are habitually
They are always thin.

ndɛ to a nɛ nũ ŋa
what beside your sit
What are you sitting beside? (What are you doing there?)

kũ ɔk ti to nɔ
then they him beside are
Then they stayed beside him.

[136] 53 A woodpecker.

54 The woman who treats one's umbilical cord ceremonially.

55 The feminine particle, which also means "she" and "her", follows all human feminine nouns and personal names.

[412] 56 Stone pestle.

57 Cloth. Any piece of fabric is called generically by this term.

58 Covered over. The first two syllables of a number of verbs are identical with the first two syllables of this one.

[p.204 (A)]

Examples:

x193 (1) to wash (the body) *ŋaɪɲɛ'pe*
x539 (2) to command *ŋaɪɲɛ'pɔ̃*
(3) to do something to someone *ŋaɪɲɛ'vi*
(4) to waste time *ŋaɪɲɛŋ'ndʒiṇ*
(5) to recite the origin myths *ŋaɪɲɛ'klæṇ*

1 and 3 must be related in some way to *ku'pe*, to wash (a part of the body or a single object); *nɛ'vi*, to do; to make. The text verb may be related to *ndv*, behind; for *ndv* sometimes terminates with a contact *t* when followed by *k*. In all of the cases in which *ndv* ends with a *t* it is followed by *k*. 4 may be related to *tʃiṇ*, to grow old.

Certain verbs that begin with *ŋaɪ* omit it when they have direct objects:

(1) *kũ ŋv ɔk tɔ̃ ŋaɪka'vŋ mu*
then they to be frightened

They were frightened.

(2) *e ka'vŋ ma mu*
me frighten you

You frightened me.

(3) *'ɲɛlɛ tɛ̃ 'plɜɪ tɔ̃ mɛ 'ŋlɛ̃*
child charcoal distributive smear

kæke kũ 'tʃi tɔk to ŋɛ̃
habitually and dark brown that about talk

kæke mu'haŋv ŋaɪ'tʃɜṇ ɲɛlɛ 'tʃɜṇ
habitually to blacken child blacken

ŋa kæ'ke ɔŋ mu
habitually they

[302] They smear the children with charcoal and then they are dark brown. When they talk about that they call it "to blacken". They say "The child is made black"; i. e. To smear a child with charcoal so that it is dark brown is called "to blacken". "The child is blackened" — that is what they say.

(4) *ti tɔ̃ ŋaɪko yɔ'ŋgi ŋa*
he coitus very

He fornicates a great deal.

[p. 204 (B)]

X193
X539

(5) *kũ ŋv kɔɪŋgɜk tɛ̃ vv'ŋgɔ tɛ̃ ka ɛ*
then man a larva during his

plũ tɛ̃ ko 'vaɪ kũ tɛ̃
wife coitus never and

So during the time of the *vv'ŋgɔ* men refrain from cohabiting with their wives.

(6) *kũ ɔŋ ŋv ŋaɪka'ŋglɔ̃ mu*
then imitate

Then they imitated.

(7) *kũ ŋv ɔŋ pay ka'ŋglɔ̃ mu*
then they shoot imitate

Then they experimented shooting.

In the following sentences, containing verbs similar in structure to the text example, we shall also see that when the verb has a direct object *ŋaɪ* disappears:

(1) *ɛŋ ha e tʃɔ̃ ɲɛŋga ku'pe e tʃɔ̃ ŋaɪɲɛ 'pe ŋa*
I I hand wash I wash

I am washing my hands.

(2) *ɛŋ ha e tʃɔ̃ ɛ tɛ̃ to ŋaɪɲɛ'põ ŋa*
I I house order

I ordered the house (to be made).

(3) *a ha mbæŋ dʒɔklã tɛ̃ to ɛŋ ɲɛ'põ ŋa*
you axe handle me order

You ordered me to make a handle for your axe; i. e. I was ordered to make a handle for your axe.

(4) *kũ yi ŋv ŋanɛ'ŋglõ tɛ̃*
then it is said a male personal name

ɛ ka'lɜ 'yɜlɜ ɛ tɔ̃ 'tu
his (own) lance cord he carry on the back

kũ ŋaɪɲɛ'klæŋ nɛ
and recite the origin myths sit

[H11] Then *ŋanɛ'ŋglõ* was sitting reciting the origin myths with his small lance (a small lance hung around the neck by a fibre strap) hanging down his back.

ko kɔ'ma ko 'klæŋ
eat fear (?) (ant eater) eat recite the

ŋa
origin myths

[773] [262] It is the origin myth about the eating of the ant-eater (a tabu animal).

[p.205(A)]

Although the *ŋaɪ* disappears when there is a direct object with these verbs also, the *nɛ* (*n* changes to *ɲ* under the influence of *ŋaɪ* and *ɛŋ*) is still to be explained.

ŋaɪ also functions as a reflexive:

ti ha ŋaɪ ˈplɔ ŋa
he himself bite

He bit himself.

kũ ŋv tã ŋaɪ mɛ kɔˈðaŋ mu
then he himself distributive place

Then he placed them on himself.

kũ ŋv tã ŋaɪ klam ˈnɛ mu
then he himself under place

Then he placed it under-himself.

It is from this last point of view that the text verb is to be understood, i. e. "He put the blanket over himself." I have no examples of this verb without *ŋaɪ*. By analogy with verb number 2, if *a* were substituted for *ŋaɪ* the sentence would mean "He put the blanket over you". The *ŋaɪ*, however, in both of these verbs is exactly the same. In the case of number 2 *ŋaɪ* must precede the verb when it has no other direct object expressed. In the text example *ŋaɪ* is a reflexive pronoun standing for all persons in both singular and plural. In both cases, therefore, it may be looked upon as a pronoun. That this must be so becomes clearer if we remember that both *ŋaɪ* and *ɛŋ*, the first person independent pronoun, change an *n* to a *ɲ*.

What confuses our translation of *ŋaɪɲɛŋ-ˈndvt* as "to place one's self under" is the presence of *t͡ɔ*. If the expression *ŋaɪɲɛŋˈndvt* were translated "he placed (the cloth) over himself" the *t͡ɔ* would be thoroughly understandable (see Note 6). As it is, however, the *t͡ɔ* is used here by analogy with its use in parallel instances.

59 There is a large class of verbs of one syllable that end in *kɛ*. Some of these verbs occur also without *kɛ*. The function of *kɛ* in these verbs is, however, at present not known.

[p. 205 (8)]

	Meaning	With *ke*
x 193	(1) to slap on	*pæ'papke*
	(2) for a tree to bend in the breeze	*'pæɩke*
x 539	(3) to blink	*'pipke*
	(4) to seize suddenly	*ki'pvpke*
	(5) to dive	*'putke*
	(6) to come to the surface	*'yutke*
	(7) to slip	*'pluɩke*
	(8) to strike a sharp blow	*'pvke*
	(9) open the eyes	*'mblitke*
	(10) to be drunk	*'ndʒake*
	(11) to open the mouth	*'yatke*
	(12) to enter abruptly	*'klvpke*
	(13) to go away	*'ŋgɜpke*
	(14) to stop	*'hutke*
	(15) to be absorbed (said of liquids)	*'ŋgɨpke*

The above verbs with *ke* are all intransitive. When the construction is such that they must take an object, or what would be in English an object, their taking an object is avoided by the use of *tɔ̃*, the instrumental, or a postposition. There are a great many of these verbs and they are all intransitive or treated intransitively. As far as I have been able to discover the majority of these verbs have no forms without *ke*.

In the following sentence the verb appears both with and without *ke*:

kũ	*ŋv*	*ɔk*	*ðo*	*ɛ*	*ɛn*	*'mbɜ tɛ̃*	*to*
then		they	before	their	house	big	over

ko'ɔlo tɔ̃	*pæ'paṃ*	*nɔ*	*'ɲa*	*to*	*pæ'pap*	*kæ*
clay	slap on	lie	stand	over	slap on	

mu *ɲaŋlɔ.*
in the meanwhile.....

Then in preparation they keep plastering their big houses with clay. They plaster and in the meanwhile.....

In this sentence a direct object form is avoided by the use of the postposition *to*.

In the following sentences we have the contrasted constructions of the same verb with and without *ke*:

[p. 206 (N)]

Examples:

x193
x539

Meaning	Without *ke*
the same	*pæ'paṃ*
to appear	*yuṇ*
to stick out the head	
the same	*pluɩ*
to be ripped	*mbliṇ'mbliṇ*
to sing	*yaṇ*
the same	*'klvṃ*
the same	*'huṇ*
the same	*ŋgɩp*

(1) *e 'tʃɔ̃ ɛŋ ɲɛn mbɜŋ 'ka e klɛ̃*
I my house[1] large in my head

'yut kũ
thrust out and.....

(2) *aŋ ha tɔ̃ 'yut ke ŋa*
we come to the surface
We come to the surface (after diving).

(3) *ha'kũ ŋv tã ti kɔndælæ tɔ̃ 'pluɩke mu*
therefore he its slippery slip
... therefore he slipped on the slippery (surface).

(4) *kũ ŋv tã tɔ̃ 'pluɩ mu*
then he slip
Then he slipped.

In 3 and 4 we have the intransitive verb again both with and without *ke*.

(5) *ti hatɔ̃ e 'kulu tɛ̃ mbliṇ'mbliṇ ŋa*
he my cloth tear
He tore my clothes.

[1] This is the only instance in which Kaingang approaches metathesis. An *n* is inserted before the *ɛ* in "house". According to the rule the *n* then changes to *ɲ* under the influence of the first person independent pronoun. But the terminal *n* is also kept.

[p. 206(B)]

*193
*539

(6) *a kɔ'na tɔ̃ 'mɔ̃litke lɔ*
your eye open imperative
Open your eyes!

In 6 the intransitive verb is used in what would be, in English, a transitive sense. But Kaingang by use of the instrumental changes the sense to "Open with your eyes!" The verb thus remains without an object. 5 is a reduplicated form of the verb without *ke*.

In the following we have a case similar to our English "He entered into an agreement". Here the verb "enter" has no object. But in "He entered the house" it has. In the first sentence the postposition "into" takes the object. Thus in the following Kaingang sentences:

(7) *ka'ŋɔlɔ tɔ̃ 'kivi ŋa ha ŋv*
an insect that cuts wood cut

ti 'ŋglẽ tẽ ki 'klv mu
his anus into enter
A branch cut by *ka'ŋɔlɔ* entered his rectum.

(8) *kũ ŋv tã ti 'ŋglẽk tẽ ki 'klupke kũ ti mu*
then it his anus into enter and die
Then it entered his rectum and (he) died.

In 7 and 8 we are dealing with the same intransitive verb. It is kept intransitive by the use of the locative, "into".

In the following instances the verb *'hutke* to stop, appears both with and without the *ke* with no change in meaning.

(9) .... *ke tẽ tã 'hutke mu*
so saying he stop
When he said this he stopped.

(10) *e kɔ'kla hutke lɔ a tɔ̃ e*
my kɔ'kla[1], stop imperative you me

tʃo ɲu kũ ma huŋ mu
angry and you stop
My kɔ'kla[1], stop! You are angry with me and you stop (making the wind blow).

[852
304]

[1] The man who treats one's umbilical cord ceremonially and also pierces a male's lower lip for the insertion of the lip plug.

[P. 207 (A)]

x193 x539 In this list of verbs *'yatke* (11) when it means "to open the mouth" cannot take an object. When it means "to sing", however, it retains its intransitive character:

(11) *'kũ ŋv tã ti yæ 'yatke mu*
then he him for open the mouth
Then he opened his mouth for him.

(12) *ɛŋ dzæ ha ma tɔ̃ ya ɲɛ*
my song you sing sit
You are sitting singing with my song; i. e. You are singing my song.

We have seen that of the verbs listed 9 and 12 are used in what would be, in English, transitive constructions. In Kaingang, however, the construction is made intransitive in the one case by use of the instrumental (number 9) and in the other by the use of the postposition (or locative) (number 12).

The creation of intransitive constructions by the use of postpositions and the instrumental *tɔ̃* with *ke* verbs is common in Kaingang. Very often the instrumental occurs with a locative:

Examples:

(1) *kũ yi tã ti pan ku'yɛyɛ*
then it is said he his leg leg-binding
ka ɛ ka'lɔ tɛ̃ tɔ̃ 'pv ka tɔ̃ 'pvke
on his lance strike on strike
kũ yi tã.....
and it is said he.....
Then, I have been told, he struck him on the leg-binding with his lance. He struck (him), I have been told, and .....

(2) *ti ka'lɔ tɛ̃ pæɪ'pæɪyæ hatɔ̃ŋv*
..... his lance chipped
tã ti ka tɔ̃ 'tuŋ'ŋge
he him on strike
..... he struck him with his chipped lance.

(3) *ŋv tã ta'va tɛ̃ ti ka*
..... he 'a male personal name him on
tɔ̃ lvp'ke mu
strike
He struck him, *ta'vaŋ*.

[p. 207(8)]

x193 x539 (4) *'vut kũ ti klɛ̃ tɔ 'lvpke mu*
..... take and him on top strike
Then he took it (the lance) and struck him.

In 4 we have the use of the postposition "on top of" and in 3 the postposition "on" or "inside". Thus the fact that *ka* in these cases is truly the locative is proved.

In the following sentence the postposition *la* "near" is used:

(5) *kũ ti la tɔ 'yutke mu*
.... then him near come to the surface
..... so (the lance) slid by harmlessly.

The use of the verb *'yutke* in 5 is understandable in connection with its meaning also "to appear".

(6) *yi tã ti ŋglɛ̃ pæ'nɛ tɔ*
.... it is said he his anus turtle[1] there

ki ti ka nɛ'te ti ŋglɛ̃ ku'ka tɔk
on him on stab his anus bone there

tɛ̃ ka tɔ 'tʃɔpke ti ŋaðɔ'pan ki tɔ
on strike his anus on

ŋgla'ke yi tã mu
pierce it is said he
..... then, I have been told, he stabbed him on the sacrum; he stabbed him on the sacrum; then he pierced him in the anus, I have been told.

Of these sentences only 5 would also be an intransitive construction in English. In Kaingang the transitive is avoided in all the other cases by the use of postpositions (including the locative). Thus

(1) becomes "..... he struck on his leg bands...."
(2) " "..... he struck on him...."
(3) " "..... he struck on him"
(4) " "..... he struck on him"
(6) " "..... he struck on his sacrum etc."

[1] *pæ'nɛ* means turtle. If the hard shell of the turtle be compared in shape to the sacrum there can be no doubt what the Kaingang are talking about. The sacrum looks somewhat like a turtle shell.

[p. 203(N)]

*193 Reasoning from the example of 1 *tɔ̃* must
*539 represent an instrument in all these cases. (See Note 6.) In 1 it will be observed that in the repetition of the statement "he struck", "his leg-bindings", the object of the post-position *ka*, does not appear, but *ka* itself does. So also, "lance" does not appear, but *tɔ̃* does.

Returning to our text example, *ðɛ̃* occurs as follows:

[to] ti 'ðɛn mu mu The bullet pierced through.

I cannot analyze this sentence, but the meaning is so closely parallel to the text example and to those that follow in this note that it should be given in this place. Another example is:

lɔ	*tã*	*ti*	*pãtɔ̃mbæŋ*	*tɔk*
..... a conjunction	it	his	shoulder blade	there

tɛ̃ lɔ laŋ kũ	*ti*	*ðɛn'dʒuke*	*mu*
pierce and him		come out on the other side	

..... It (the arrow) entered below the shoulder blade from behind and almost came out on the other side; i. e. it pushed up the skin on the other side.

Here *'yuke* (the *y* changes to *dʒ* after the nasal consonant) is probably *'yutke* and the *t* was not articulated.

In these sentences the meanings are closely parallel. It is therefore necessary to conclude that there is a relationship between *ðɛ̃* and *ðɛn* and that *ðɛ̃* communicates to *'yutke* the significance of "to come out on the other side".

There is one characteristic that all of the verbs under discussion have in common: none of them can take the direct object as long as they are followed by *ke*. The large majority of these verbs are monosyllabic. The exceptions are:

(1) almost to come out on the other side	*ðɛn'dʒuke*
(2) to plaster	*pæ'papke*
(3) to swing from	*'vælæke*
(4) to be stupid	*'vivɨke*
(5) to swing against	*kvm'ndælæke*

[208 (5)]

*193
*539 In 1 and 5 *ðɛn* and *kvm* are functional elements. *kvm* occurs rarely. With the exception of 1 the other verbs on this list seem to be either onomatopoetic (as 2), or symbolic (as 3 and 5), or reduplicated (as 4, from *vi* to avert the eyes); the Kaingang [826 discription of a stupid person emphasizes 828] particularly the wandering of the eyes).

60 Turn around a long object on the long axis, its length being parallel to the horizontal plane. *ðɔ* is a formal element. Verbs beginning with *ð* change the *ð* to *y* or *ɲ* when they are preceded by a direct object. I have no examples with this verb but I give below some others:

ðɔŋgak'taŋ ŋgæ'ke ŋũ mu
pity habitually I
I have pity.

ti 'ha tɔ̃ ti yɔŋgak'taŋ ŋa
he him pity
He pities him.

v'yolo pan 'vɛ kũ tã ða'tɛ̃ mu
tapir foot see and he go after (pursue)
When he saw the tapir's tracks he went after (him).

ɔŋ ha tɔ̃ ɛŋ ɲa'ðɛn ŋa
they me pursue
They pursued me.

Modifiers change in the same way when preceded immediately by the element they modify

Examples:

ðɔ'ŋgla kɔ
smooth (pretty, good) is
He is pretty.

For the meaning of *kɔ* see Note 92

a ðɛ tukðɛn yɔ'ŋgla
your heart to wrap with narrow binding good

tɔŋ 'ma kũ ɛŋ væŋ 'ŋa ha
this know and me look stand a long time
Look at this, your heart-bundle (a hunting charm) and stand looking at me.

[p.209 (A)]

X 193 A539 A postposition changes in the same way when immediately preceded by its object

Examples:

kɔ ðæyæ tɛ̄ 'yi ŋv tā ka 'tɛ̄ mu
wood leaves through he come
He is coming through the grass.

'ði ŋv tā 'tɛ̄ mu
through he go
He goes through.

'kū ma 'anmɔ ðo ɛt kū
then you elsewhere before house and.....
Then make a house for (them) off there and..

ti yo na 'en ŋa
him before we house imperative (plural)
Let us make a house (before he comes).

61 An element occasionally used to introduce exclamatory sentences.

62 Indefinite future particle. In constructions with the verbal pronoun *'yæ* immediately follows the pronoun as well as the verb. Whenever *yæ* follows the verb the verb takes the active form.

Examples:

ndv'mingo 'kekū e tʃɔ
Sunday[1] [2] I

'puŋ dʒæ
to place an arrow or lance-head on the shaft

etʃɔ pui 'ke ŋa
I to place a lance-head on the shaft about to
I'm going to place the head of the lance on the shaft on Sunday (probably). I'll place the head of the lance on the shaft on Sunday.

The psychology of this expression is worth noting. The uncertainty in the Indian's mind was expressed by the *yæ*. Then he changed to a more definite expression, *'keŋa*.

etʃɔ ti 've kū a mɔ 'tv yæ
I him see and you to tell
When I see him I will tell you.

[1] The Kaingang pronunciation of Domingo, the Portuguese for Sunday. See pronunciation of another informant p. 198.

[2] See Note 48 for discussion of this.

[p. 209 (8)]

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Because of its indefinite character *yæ* appears in questions regarding the future.

Examples:

halike'lɔ ma yæ ta tɛ̃ ki ka 'ɲa yæ
how long you there in there[1] stand
How long will you remain there?

vembɔ ma yæ ka ɲak tʃiɲ dʒæ
interrogative[2] you here[1] stand to grow old
Will you stay here a long time?

63 This must be a combination of the demonstrative, *'tɔŋ*, with the verb *keŋ*.

64 *eŋ* becomes *e* before voiceless consonants. *t* changes to *tʃ* after *e*. Thus we have the equation *eŋ* + *tɔ* = *e* + *tɔ* = *etʃɔ*.

65 This conjunction requires that the active form of the verb precede it. Its use is exceedingly wide.

Examples:

ti ha ŋændʒi lɔ ti ku'ta ŋa
his laughter his fall
He laughed until he fell over.

tɔk'tɔ ɲũ kɔæŋgɔ 'ũ ɔŋ væŋ mu lɔ ŋv
there I man other them see

ɔŋ 'u nɔndɛ
they good be
I saw some other men there and they were good.

kũ ŋv tã mãk tɛ̃ tɔ̃ mɛ tɛ̃ ɲa ti
then he tiger distributive go stand his

ka'tɛ̃ lɔ v'yolo tɛ̃ 'hɔ nɔ
come tapir whole lie
Then the tiger went around awhile and on his way back (he saw) the tapir lying (there) whole.

[1] *ka* must be the demonstrative here, although it appears in close association with the verb.

[2] *embo* is an element that frequently occurs in interrogative expressions. *embo* is translated by the informant by the Portuguese „Está capaz?", "Are you able?" But in Santa Catarina among the farmers this means, "Will you?" "Will you, probably?".

[p. 210 (1)]

x193 This conjunction always implies that two actions take place in such a way that one is
x539 an outgrowth of the other.

66 What?

67 *aŋgele'meŋ* means "to make a noise". Active form of the verb. For participial see Note 70.

68 Bee-hive.

69 To be about to.

70 Participial form of the verb under Note 67.

71 This element is discussed in part under Note 7.

ŋa must be thought of primarily as associated with nouns. Only a sophisticated Kaingang (my informant was the only one) would give a noun without *ŋa*. The question "What is it?" will be answered by the name of the object followed by *ŋa*:

Examples:

tʃi ŋa	It is a rattle
pæ'nɛ ŋa	It is a turtle

It is thus that *ŋa* becomes the sign of the participial form of the verb as described under Note 7; and follows the independent pronouns as described under Note 11. Although *ŋa* is above all to be thought of in connection with nouns its relation to *nɛ*, *nɔ*, *ɲaŋ* and *tɛ̃* is so close that these elements sometimes replace *ŋa*.

Examples:

ti tɔ̃ kɔɪŋgɜŋ ŋa
he man
He was a man.

ɛ tɔ̃ ku'yɜ nɛ
he shaman
He was a shaman.

ɲaŋ'lɔ ɔŋ mbæ tɛ̃ ku'ðɔ nɛ
now their husband old sit
Now, their husband was old.

ka'kði ði ku'ðɔ ŋa
a female personal name feminine old
ka'kði is very old.

[p. 210 (a)]

*193 So, also, *ŋa* and *nɛ*, *nɔ*, *ɲay* and *tɛ̃* appear
*539 in the same contexts with the same meaning when these elements cannot be translated as "to be".

Examples:

e tʃɔ̃ kɔ ˈvaː ŋa
I eat never
I never eat (it).

ey ˈha nɛ̃ mblo ˈvaː kɛ̃ ɲa
I I swim never and
I do not know how to swim; i. e. I never swim.

ði ki nɛ̃ ŋambikti ˈvaː kɛ̃ nɛ̃ tɛ̃
her in I dream never and I
I never dream of her.

e tʃɔ̃ ði ki ŋambikˈti ˈvaː ŋa
I her in dream never
I never dream of her.

But on the whole *ŋa* rarely appears in the same contexts as the other elements under discussion. This is because it is rarely used with elements that express qualities or states of being, whereas *nɛ*, *nɔ*, *ɲay* and *tɛ̃* are.

tiˈha ŋv nɛ means "he lives there". *tiˈhaŋa* means "it is he". *kɔˈðɛ ŋv nɛ* means "there was a stone (there)"; *kɔˈðɛ ŋa* means "it is a stone".

kɔpãkɔ ˈãtã ŋv nɛ
a male personal name the afore-said
means "*kɔpãˈkɔ* was there" (i. e. alive at that time). But *kɔpãˈkɔ ŋa* comes in answer to the question "Who is it?"; "It is *kɔpãˈkɔ*".

Thus, when *nɛ*, *nɔ*, and *ɲay* occur with nouns alone or with pronouns alone they imply position or real existence. This is borne out by their frequent association with demonstratives (and locatives). *ŋa* never alone implies position and never occurs with locatives.

nɛ, *nɔ* and *ɲay* are true verbs, they have meaning in their own right and function as auxiliaries. *ŋa* is purely a functional element and has only contextual or derived meaning. It never functions as an auxiliary. Some examples of *nɛ*, *nɔ* and *ɲay* as auxiliaries are:

[p. 211 (A)]

X 193 *kũ tã ˈvæŋ nɛ*
then he see
X 539 Then he was watching.

ŋgwŋ ŋv ˈklo ɲɛ
a monkey (bujiu) call
A bujiu[1] was calling.

pæˈðɔ ŋv ði nɔ
nurse she
She (the infant) was nursing.

pæˈðɔ ŋv ði ɲa
nurse she
She (i. e. the infant) was nursing.

ɲaŋ has both participial and active (*ɲa*) forms.

72 To approach. This verb overlaps *kaˈtɛŋ*, to come. The former, however, is less general in meaning. *ka ˈtã* has this one form only.

73 When a nasal consonant occurs in accented position or immediately after an accented syllable it is sometimes exploded nasally.

74 Together with, a postposition.

75 The subject is sometimes repeated in a long clause or series of clauses.

76 To eat honey.

77 This *mɛ* frequently occurs before *ɲaŋlɔ* without changing its meaning. It is the verbal particle that is repeated with a rhetorical accent.

78 In the meanwhile. A disjunctive like *kaɲaŋlɔ*. *kaɲaŋlɔ*, however, is an adversitive.

[136] 79 Humming bird.

80 To give or to place. The general term *ði* refers to long objects when they are given or when they are placed horizontally; *ðaŋ* refers to objects that are generally set on the ground. When long objects are stood up this verb is also used.

81 An idiomatic use of the postposition that generally means "in front of" or "before". It is the reverse of the postposition

[1] The bujiu is the Brazilian name for the howler monkey.

[p. 211 (B)]

193 *ndv*, behind. The use of *yo*, however, is rather wide.
539

Examples:

kũ ŋv ði ti yo ka'tɛ̃ mu
then she him before come
Then she came back before him.

ði yo ɔŋ no ŋa
her before their
They were (born) before her.

ɛŋ dʒo ðɜ'k ðɨ tɛ̃ ki ũ kɔ'ða
me pine tree seed in other shell
Shell some pine-nuts for me!

ɛŋ 'dʒo ndæŋ 'ŋgla
me thing roast
Roast something for me!

kũ ðo 'kat kũ
then dig and....
... then dig (in preparation for), and ...

82 Water.

83 To conceal or steal one object; to steal several objects *piŋ'dʒu*. Participial and active forms are the same. *pæ'ðɨŋ*, to chop out (or pierce) a bee-hive forms its plural in the same way — *pi'kðiŋ*.

84 To drink water. Usually the verb *ko*, to eat, is used of beer. Active form of *ka'klaŋ* is *ka'klaŋ*. No plural form.

85 An idiomatic use of the locative. It also occurs with *ũ*, other: — *ki'ũ* — and means "some of".

86 To do. This verb was not sufficiently investigated to permit a satisfactory discussion.

87 The "word" for "mouth" is *pat'ki*. Nevertheless in sentences it behaves with considerable irregularity.

Examples:

'nde no ŋv a patki 'ka tɛ̃ ka ku'tʃuŋ no
what lie your mouth inside in red lie
What (is that) red (thing) on the inside of your mouth?

[p. 212 (N)]

193 *kũ ɔk ti ɲat ki ũ 'tʃu mu*
then they his mouth in other pour
539 Then they pour some into his mouth.

[136] *'kũ ŋv kɨ'lõ tɛ̃ v'yolo tɛ̃tɔ̃ e ɲat ka 'kle*
then paca[1] tapir his mouth in escape
tɛkũ
and so....
Then, when the tapir escaped from the paca.....

When a person is dying he says things about those around him, usually fortelling death. This is called *ɲatkɔŋ'na*, where *kɔŋ'na* means "to err". But *ɲatki'ðɔlɔ* means "mouth skin" or "lip". These examples are too few for the derivation of a rule.

88 Active form of the verb "to be dry". Participial form *ka'ŋga. kuŋ'ŋguŋ*, used of herbage seems to be related to it, although I do not know in what way.

89 Near by.

[194] 90 No! I have marked a low rising tone here because the peculiar musical character of the Kaingang negation is so striking. It is what singing teachers call "a scooped tone".

91 Far away. Used also of distance in time.

92 A predicating element. Elements associated with *kɔ* can take only the independent pronouns.

A large number of expressions of sensation and feeling occur in constructions with *kɔ*.

Examples:

(1) It is hot. *lõ kɔ*
hot

(2) I am cold. *ku'tʃɔ kɔ*
cold

(3) I want to go. *e tʃɛk 'tʃvlv kɔ*
my go to be desirous

(4) I am hungry. *e ku'yelɛ kɔ*
my hunger

(5) It is strong (drink or odor). *'ðɔ kɔ*
strong

(6) It stinks. *'ŋgelɛ kɔ*
odor

[1] A rodent. It is amphibious.

[p.212 (B)]

X193 (7) It is sour. *'ðulu kɔ*
sour

X539 (8) I am sleepy. *ɲu'ŋla kɔ*
sleepy

(9) I am thirsty. *ɲat ka'ŋga kɔ*
mouth dry

(10) I am sick. *e kɔ'ŋgɔ kɔ*
my sickness

(11) I am angry. *e ðe*
my heart split

kli'kl₁ kɔ
(in several places)

(12) I am annoyed. *eŋ ŋaɪplɔ kɔ*
my annoyed

But a number of expressions that do not fall into this category also occur with *kɔ*:

(13) The forest is wet. *kak'ðælæ kɔ*
wet forest

(14) It is hard. *tɔlɔ kɔ*
hard

(15) There were many houses (there). *me*
distributive

ɛ tɛ̃ ka'mbɜ kɔ
house many

(16) It is windy. *ku'hu kɔ*
wind

(17) It is fat. *'ta kɔ*
fat

(18) It is long. *'tæyæ kɔ*
long

Some of these (3, 10 and 15 for example) occur with elements other than *kɔ*. 3 and 10 occur with *ŋa*, and 15 occurs with *tɛ̃*.

These considerations prevent our concluding that *kɔ* is limited to use with expressions of sensation and feeling. Nevertheless the large number of such expressions that occur with *kɔ* is striking.

Although *kɔ* at times functions like *ŋa*, thus,

I am sick. *e kɔŋgɔ* { *kɔ* / *ŋa*
my sickness

it differs from *ŋa* in that it does not occur with *tɔ̃*. Thus, the expressions occuring with

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kɔ and a pronoun become nominal in character:

4 becomes "My hunger".
10 „ "My sickness".
12 „ "My annoyance".

Some of these expressions are used in other contexts as nouns without *kɔ*:

ku'hu means "wind".
taŋ „ "fat".
'ŋgelɛ „ "odor".

Their use here with a predicating element gives them the force of what in English would be adverbs and adjectives. In Kaingang, however, they remain nouns.

93 This element generally implies wholeness, but it is used also as an intensifier.

Examples:

'munaŋlɔ ti ya 'hɜ tã nɛ
in the mean while his tooth it sit
Now, all his teeth were in.

kũ ŋv tã mɛ̃k tɛ̃ tɔ̃ mɛ 'tɛ̃ ja
then he tiger distributive go stand

ti ka'tɛ̃ lɔ v'yolo tɛ̃ 'hɜ ŋɔ
his come tapir whole lie
Then he, the tiger went around (and when) he came back the tapir was lying (there) whole.

pɛ̃ 'hɜ fires burning brightly.
fire

a tɔ̃ ve tɛ̃ hɜ tɛ̃
you see
You see well.

94 *ha* and *ŋv* combine to form a demonstrative that acts like a conjunction. See Note 33 also. In view of the fact that *ŋv* frequently combines with *ha* to form demonstrative ideas it should be considered as a demonstrative fundamentally, although no translation of it is possible. It would be necessary therefore to conclude that third person subjects in active constructions must be accompanied by the demonstrative. I give below a few examples of the combina-

[p. 213 (8)]

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tion of *ŋv* with other elements to form demonstrative ideas:

(1) *ɛŋ lēlɛ 'tū ha ki ŋv ku'lak tɛ̄ mu*
my awake not morning
I did not awake until morning.

This example should be compared with similar examples under Note 33 in the discussion of temporal demonstratives. It is exactly the same as some of them with the addition of *ŋv*.

The following sentences should be compared with (1):

(2) *ya ti nɛ ha ŋv mēk tɛ̄ ti 'mbaŋ mu*
sing his sit tiger him kill
While he was singing the tiger killed him.

(3) *ti 'ya ɳɛ tɛ̄kū ŋv tā ti kɔ'maŋ mu*
his sing sit and so he him fear
When he (A) was there singing he (B) became afraid of him (A).

(4) *ti tɔ̄ ɔŋ mɔ̄ yaɳ ha'ki ku'lak tɛ̄ mu*
he them to sing morning
He sang for them until morning.

(5) *tɛ̄ kū mēk tɛ̄ tɔ̄ ti ya 'nɔ tɛ̄ ki ti*
... and so tiger his sing lie him
kaŋ mɛı 'ke haŋv ti 'plū ði
seize about to his wife feminine
ha kaŋ'mɛ̄ kū
seize and .....
While he was singing the tiger was about to seize him but seized his wife.

(1) and (4) are similar in construction and meaning, but in (4) the *ŋv* is not present. (5) and (2) are also similar in construction and meaning but different forms of the demonstrative-conjunction appear.

The English translation in (3) is a literal translation of my linguistic informant's Portuguese.

Thus the elements under discussion in the text indicate that after a long trip only does one find water: "I travel a good deal *and then* I drink water"; or "I travel a good deal and *right there* I drink water".

[p. 214 (A)]

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Aweikoma

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95 Wet.

96 Distributive. This may mean that they licked wet stones,in which case the distributive is used because the action was performed on more than one object; or it may mean that they licked a wide area on the same stone, because of the distribution of the activity. It probably means both.

97 This is the only instance of this verb that I have.

98 I am not familiar with this bird.

99 To walk about. This verb occurs very rarely with verbal particles. The text form is its only one.

This is an example of verb combination. I have very few examples of the combination of this verb with others, but other combinations may be discussed. Verbs of motion follow the verb with which they combine and require that the combining verb be in the active form. The verbs of motion themselves take the active or the participial form depending on whether they occur with *mu* or *ŋa*.

Examples:

kũ ŋv ɔŋ 'kɔlɔkũ a'klæŋ 'mũ mu
then they later hunt go
Then, later they went hunting.

eŋ ɲɔ̃ kau'tʃolo tẽ pæ'le kateŋ
me for dog lead come
Bring a dog for me.

pat'kle tẽ ŋv ti kɔ'nak 'tẽ mu
a male personal name him look for go
pat'kle went to look for him.

	Active	*Participial*
to hunt	*a'klæŋ*	*a'klæiŋ*
to lead (holding the end of something)	*pæ'le*	*pæn'vɛlɛ*
to look for	*kɔ'naŋ*	*'kɔ'na*

The verb *ka'ŋglɔŋ*, to imitate or to try out follows the verbs with which it combines. Of this I have examples, with but one ex-

[p. 214 (B)]

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ception, solely of verbs of Class I (See Note 7). I give below the exception:

'kũ ŋv tã 'tɛŋ ka'ŋglɔŋ mu
then he go try

Then he tried (experimented) flying. (There is no verb for flying. The example is taken from a text in which the man was trying to fly.) The active form of "to go" is *tɛ̃*.

Examples such as the following are rare:

yæ nũ sabão to 'putke mba
indefinite future I soap dive take

I am going to dive for the soap.

kũ ði mblã tɔ̃ mbaŋ 'lɛŋ mu
then feminine ashes take throw

Then she takes ashes and throws them into the pot.

ti 'ha ŋv ku'klõ tɛ̃ tɔ̃ klam 'ðaŋ mbaŋ
he pot under place take

kæ'ke mu
habitually

He puts the pot under (the pipe) and then takes it away.

The most freely combining verbs in Kaingang are *nɛ*, to sit; *nɔ* to lie; and *ɲaŋ* to stand. They indicate continued action. With very few exceptions they also require that the combining verb be in the active form. They always follow the combining form.

Examples:

kũ tã væŋ nɛ
then he see

Then he was watching.

kũ tã ti mblæ ndiŋ nɛ
then he him together with joke

Then he joked with him.

kũ yi tã ki pæŋ nɛ
then it is said he there make beer

Then he was making beer there.

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ɲaŋlɔ *ɔŋ* *ŋgɔyo* *tɛ̃* *klɛ̃*
in the meanwhile they water on top

kɔɪ'tʃæŋ *nɔndɛ*
to make a bridge

In the meanwhile they were making a bridge over the river.

The following example is an exception:

ti *plũ* *tɛ̃* *ði* *ði* *'tɛlɛ* *nɔ*
his wife feminine feminine die

His wife was dying.

ti *tɔ̃* *mõk* *tɛ̃* *pæti* *ɲa* *tɛ̃* *'klam* *nɔ*
he beehive pierce under lie

He was lying under the bee-hive he had been piercing.

kũ *ŋɣ* *tã* *mẽk* *tẽtɔ̃* *mɛ* *'tɛ̃* *ɲa* *ti*
then he tiger distributive go stand his

ka'tɛ̃ *kɔ* *v'yolo* *tɛ̃* *'hɜ* *nɔ*
come tapir whole lie

Then the tiger continued on and when he came back there was the tapir whole.

ti *hatɔ̃* *ɛŋ* *væŋ* *'ɲaŋ* *ŋa*
he me see stand

He is looking at me.

tɛ̃ *kũ* *ɔŋ* *ti* *ya'vaŋ* *nɔ'ɲa*
and so they him shoot at and miss lie stand

.....Then they kept shooting at him.....

I give below the active and participial forms of the relevant verbs in the above examples:

	Active	*Participial*
to see	*væŋ*	*ve*
to joke or riducule	*'ndɪŋ*	*ndi*
to make beer	*pæŋ*	*pe*
to make a bridge	*kɔɪ'tʃæŋ*	*kɔɪ'tʃe*
to die	*ti*	*'tɛlɛ*
to pierce a hive	*pæ'ti*	*pæ'ðiŋ*
to go	*tɛ̃*	*tɛŋ*
to shoot at and miss	*ða'vaŋ*	*ða'vu*

100 Another instance of verb combination. The subject of this sentence is "The *læŋ'dʒili* (bird's) coming...". Since *ŋɣ* appears immediately after *ɲaŋlɔ* it is not necessary to

[9.215(8)]

place it after the subject again, although it does occur, as follows:

'munaŋlɔ ŋv ti yi tɛ̃ ŋv tɛ̃ mu
in the meanwhile his child go
In the meanwhile his son went.

This form of construction, in which the verb becomes the subject of a sentence in which the action is continuous is common in Kaingang.

Examples:

aŋ 'hui ŋv tɛ̃ ɲa
our whistle stand
They are (or someone is) whistling.

ndæ 'ũ ka'tɛŋ ŋv tɛ̃ ɲa
thing other come stand
There comes something!

In the following sentence we have the same type of construction as in the text and in sentence (1), but with *tɔ̃*.

ðĩ tɔ̃ kæi'tʃæ 'nui tɛ̃ ɲa
she pine-knots pull
By-her-pine-knots-pulling stands; i. e. She was pulling pine-knots (out of the ground).

101 This is parenthetical; i. e. "Then he, *tʃõ'klæ*, ..."

102 To hear. Participial, *ma*; active *maŋ*. The text example is in the active form but the *k* has diasppeared under the influence of the *k* in *kũ*.

103 To hide oneself. Participial and active the same. Plural, *ŋaimbiŋ'dʒu*. See Note 58.

104 Turtle.

105 To set at right angles to the earth. "To rise from a reclining position to a sitting one" is *'vipkæ nɛ*.

106 To tilt back. In the door of my house I had a small panel (about 18" × 6") that swung open in a direction at right angles to the swing of the door. That is, the door opened from left to right and the panel swung open from top to bottom. Thus while the hinges of the door were on the right side of the door the hinges of the panel were on

X193 X539 the bottom of the panel. My informant would give instructions for closing this panel in this way:

ðan'dzi kũ nɛðæɪɲ lɔ
tilt up and thrust imperative
Tilt (it) up and thrust (it into position)!

The appearance of *ð* when the verb is not preceded by the object is to be observed here.

107 This expression seems to be made up of *kɔlɔ*, ready, plus the connective *kũ*.

108 To close. *ki tɔ̃ 'tɔpkæ* Close (the door)!

109 An exclamation.

110 This form is totally strange to me. I should expect

'ŋgɔyo 'væŋ nũ mu.
water see I
It is possible that we are dealing with *ve*, the participial form of the verb plus *mu* the verbal particle for the active form of the verb. I have shown in Note 40 that sometimes the participial form of the verb appears with *mu* if the meaning is intransitive. Since ends of statements in Kaingang are weakly articulated it is not improbable that I should not have heard the *u* in *mu*.

111 Plural of "to come".

112 To finish. Follows verbs. Means to finish doing something. Refers to a completed action.

113 *kaɲ* also appears without this element the meaning of which I do not know. I give below the other examples I have:

kũ tã ɛ ka'lɔ tɛ̃ 'va'ɲdɛ.....
then he his lance take
Then he took his lance. (This is said of a man after he had just stabbed another man with it. This seems to refer to the withdrawal of the lance from the wound).

kũ tã ɛ ka'lɔ tɛ̃ ŋaɪ'ndʒvɪ pæn'va
then he his lance reflexive drag

ndɛ nɛk'tæ ndɛ
on all fours
He dashed out on all fours dragging his lance along the ground. (He held the handle

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of the lance and the head was dragging along the ground).

la tɛ̄ 'lɛ̄lɛ ndɛ tɔk to kɔɪŋgɜŋ
sun awake alive that this man

tɛlɛ ke kũ ti ɲan'ŋgɔ ŋa
die about to and his

When the sun appears and disappears behind the clouds they say that a man is going to die and it is his *ɲan'ŋgɔ*.

kũ ŋv tã 'væk tɛ̄ pæŋ'ɲɛ ndɛ mu
then he see circumambulate

When he saw (him) he made a circuit.

kũ ði 'ma kũ ti yo lɜ'lɔ ndɛ
then she hear and him in front of to move over

Then when she heard this she moved over (to make room) for him.

kũ ŋv tã 'mblv ndɛ mu
then he to shiver into a thousand pieces

Then he shivered into a thousand pieces.

ɔŋ 'lat ka ndɛ mu
..... them slaughter finish

(They) killed them all.

kũ tã ɛ viyi tɛ̄ væṇvæṇ hamɔ̃
then he his bow to wave to be about t

'ŋgɪɪmɔ̃ lɛŋ ndɛ ku'ta mu
up above throw (plural) fall

Then he was about to raise his bow above (himself) when he fell (over backward). That is to say, he sprang to his feet with his bow in both hands and was about to hold it up in front of himself to ward off blows from a lance when he fell over backwards.

114 To take off or out of. Participial *mbaṇ*. Active *mbaŋ*.

115 On top of. A postposition. See also Note 33.

116 When this expression appears as a verb the *mɔ* is dropped. When it is alone in a sentence without any other verb the *mɔ* does not appear.

[p.217 (A)]

Examples:

λ193 *kakɔ ŋv tã ɲa*
he stand
λ539 He paid no attention.

ha kũ ŋv ɔŋ ti ka ˈkɔ mu
therefore they him pay not attention
Therefore they paid no attention to him (let him alone).

mɔ appears in association with adverbs, thus:

ŋaɪˈtʃili mɔ ɔk tɔ̃ nɛˈviŋ ŋa
a long time ago they do
A long time ago they did it.

yæ nũ ɛŋ ha e pili mɔ
indefinite future I I I one

yæ nũ to ũ pæˈnũ
indefinite future I other shoot at and hit

yæ teŋ
in order to go
I am going alone to shoot some.

mu ɲaŋˈlɔ ŋv tã ˈŋgumɔ̃ kũ ŋv
in the meanwhile he up above[1] and

tã kuˈðɛ̃ ka ɲa
he loop in stand
[481] In the meanwhile he was up above resting in his (climbing) loop.

mɔ may, therefore, be looked upon as an adverbializer.

I have only two other examples of *mɔ* attached to other elements:

a yɜklæ mɔ̃ nũ yæ a
your thinking I indefinite future you

ˈtaɪ to aklæ ˈtũ tɛ̃ ɲaŋˈlɔ nũ a ˈtaɪ
kill think not I you kill

tɛ̃
definite future
You think that I won't kill you but I will.

[1] I have examples of this element with the vowel both nasalized and unnasalized. Since the contexts are always similar I am giving both types of vowels in the discussion of the same element. The examples of the use of this element are few.

[p.217(8)]

x193 x534

tēkũ *ti* *mblæ* *ɔŋ* *mblæ*
and so him together with them together with

ðɔŋndeṇ mɔ *mu*
well disposed toward each other

... and so with him and them (you) lived on good terms.

117 Probably *ŋv*. There are examples of *ŋv* used thus as a conjunction:

ti *ʒɔklæk* *tsŋ* *ŋv* *v'ʒɔlɔ* *ũ* *pæwũ* *mu*
his hunting go tapir other shoot

He went hunting and shot a tapir.

Note: Since writing the foregoing I have changed my point of view somewhat. Firth, with regard to the statement made at the top of page 181, that if *ðɔɪ'pa* were a verb it would have both *ŋa* and *mu* forms, it is necessary to point out that some verbs are the same in both active and participial constructions. (See page 185). Second, although in Kaingang grammar some states (i. e. qualities) are treated like things (i. e. nouns), others are treated like activities (i. e. verbs). My reasons for thinking so are as follows: 1) The syntactical positions of *tē* and the elements expressing qualities in sentences 5—9, page 180, are the same as those of *mu* and

3:Henry E-5 (1932-1934)1935SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

X193 X539

118 To stop doing something. See Note 36.

119 Very; a great deal. An adverb expressing greater degree.

120 Therefore.

121 To look for. Participial *kɔ'na*.

122 This is the only example I have of this construction, i. e. the active particle followed by *kæke*. It could very well be *kɔnaŋ'mũ* "..... go to look for....". This would make perfect sense and be correct grammatically.

the verb in active constructions. (See page 187). *mu* also is the particle associated with the active form of verbs. (See page 185). 2) *tĩ*, *nɔ* to lie, *ɲaŋ* to stand, *nɛ* to sit, and *mu* all occur terminally. 3) *tĩ* sometimes, *nɔ*, *ɲaŋ* and *nɛ* with but rare exceptions require the active form of the verb. (See page 215). 4) Whenever *nɔ*, *ɲaŋ* and *nɛ* occur without *ŋa* (see Note 71, page 210 and examples on page 181), that is to say, in the great majority of cases, they take active pronominal subjects. When *tĩ* has a pronominal subject it is always an active pronoun. (See sentences 5—8 and 11—14 page 180 and Note 11, page 186).

[p. 218 (2)]

SM3 Caingang SM3

[For information on Caingang grammar, see category 116, pp. 178 (B) - 218 (B).]

[For Caingang texts, see category 116, pp. 175(B) - 218 (B).]

4: Paula G-5 (ca. 1914-1920) 1924 SM3 Caingang SM3
Botocudo

000 Memoir on the Botocudo of Paraná and Santa Catarina, Organized by the Indian Protection Service under the Direction of Dr. José Maria de Paula

(Memoria sobre os botocudos do Parana e Santa Catharina organisada pelo serviço de protecção aos selvicolas sob a inspecção do Dr. José de Paula)

By Dr. José Maria de Paula

Rio De Janeiro: 1924
Annaes do 20th Congresso Internacional de Americanistas,
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(Title Page)

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4: Paula--1 / (ca. 1914-1920) 1924 SM3 Caingang SM3
Botocudo

Memoir on the Botocudo of Paraná and Santa Catarina, Organized by the Indian Protection Service Under the Direction of Dr. José Maria de Paula

101 The Botocudo of Santa Catarina are descendants of the primitive aborigines who were formerly scattered all over the interior of southern Brazil--the Tapuya, members of the great Aimore nation. According to this view, which seems to us the most appropriate, the Botocudo now remaining in the camps of the Plate River are the last survivors of that large and warlike nation.

648 This tribe used to roam the vast area bounded by the Iguaçu
[31] and Uruguay rivers and the ocean, waging a colossal struggle against the civilized populations who were clearing their forests and exterminating their major source of food--their game.

The first verified notices of Indian attack date from the year 1830.

In order to protect the colonists in those areas most severely threatened by the Indians, a troop of so-called pedestres [foot soldiers] was created in 1836. Their function was to set the aborigines to flight and to pursue them; but this did not put an end to the raids.

In his speech of 1856, the president of the province, Dr. João José Coutinho, suggests that the only truly effective measure would be to force these "murderers and sons of barbarians" to leave the forest and settle in locations from which they could not escape.

Translator's Note

104 The spelling of Portuguese words and geographical names has been changed in accordance with the 1943 orthography reform. All Indian words have been left as in the original owing to their doubtful phonetic rendition.

It may be stated that (´) marks stress, (^) indicates a close vowel sound, and x stands for English sh.

648 The "Indian peril" recurred, and serious measures were required. The Government organized bands of experienced frontiersmen whose task was to seek out the Indians. If they could not make friends with them, they were to drive them away without harming them.

In the municipality of Blumenau, where the danger grew constantly, Frederico Decke was appointed capitão do mato [leader of the frontiersman band]. He was a man of great courage and prudence, who in the course of his expeditions through the forest attempted in every way to make contact with the Indians and to render them friendly and peaceful.

Nothing was achieved, however. The Indian raids continued at the same rate, and in 1879, as an economy measure, the group of frontiersmen was disbanded.

Up to that time, these expeditions had been given express orders not to harm the Indians.

Now the system of batidas [a systematic search through the woods as for game.--Translator] prevailed, and its aim was to exterminate the aborigines completely.

Whenever an Indian raid had occurred, large bands of frontiersmen were formed under private as well as official auspices; they murdered hundreds of Indians in the course of these batidas in the most cruel fashion. Upon their return they exhibited in the larger communities [118] the wives and numerous children of their unfortunate victims, as "heroic trophies" and irrefutable proof that the slaughter of the Indian camp had been carried out thoroughly. These poor survivors brought with them weapons and utensils of all sorts which had belonged to the unfortunate victims, attacked by surprise in the midst of their deepest sleep.

The results nevertheless remained negative. The Indians no longer attacked merely out of necessity, owing to the progressive colonization which took place all around them, but out of a thoroughly justified spirit of vengeance and a real hatred as well.

The horrors perpetrated against the Indians in the course of these batidas were crudely made known, and many charitable souls protested against these infamous cruelties.

648 An organization was formed in Florianópolis by the name of Liga Patriótica [Patriotic League], with the exclusive aim of solving the Indian problem and pacifying the Botocudo of the state [of Santa Catarina].

José Bernardino da Silveira was appointed "Peacemaker." Accompanied by two Indian women who had been captured on one of the batidas, he proceeded to the vicinity of the Rio das Pombas with the intention of establishing there a small "model village" [aldeia de atração]

The results were altogether null; as could easily be foreseen, the Indian women ran away as soon as they reached the woods and were not heard of again.

"Peacemaker" Alberto Fric, another envoy sent by the League, met with the same lack of success. He proceeded to a tributary of the Itajaí do Norte River, but merely collected Indian objects among the civilized settlers.

797 Attempts at "catechism" carried out in 1868 by the Capuchin fathers Virgílio do Amplar and Estevão de Vicenza in Lages and Itajaí did not meet with the slightest success. This was not surprising, for they never penetrated into the interior to establish relations with the Indians.

In 1885, the Capuchin father Luiz de Comitila failed in a new attempt to "catequize" the Botocudo Indians of Santa Catarina.

648 The problem entered a new and decisive phase with the creation of the Federal Indian Protection Service, which on September 22, 1914, finally managed to establish the first peaceful contact with the "ferocious and indomitable" Botocudo of this state.

142 The Botocudo Indians of Santa Catarina are usually of medium height and well built; the women are short.

147 Their physique is highly developed; their muscular strength and endurance are extraordinary.

Out of their woods, especially when dressed, the Indians never convey a reliable impression of what they truly are. Our clothing altogether conceals the great agility, strength and skill they possess and makes them appear clumsy and sluggish.

To form an accurate idea of their abilities, it is necessary to live with them in the forest and to accompany them on their perilous tasks of hunting, gathering fruit, opening bee nests, and their many

147 other activities. At such times the speed, skill and sureness of each motion, upon which the Indian's life so often depends, come fully to the fore.

The same is true of the women; in spite of their short stature, they are endowed with unusual physical endurance. [119]

482 In the course of their wanderings through the forest, they carry for several weeks at a time enormous baskets filled with heavy loads, with a child nearly always sitting on the top. In addition to all this, they bear in their hands heavy objects such as axes, iron pans, etc. They are, so to speak, the true bearers of the tribe; the warriors carry loads only when away from the women.

142 Their skin is of a dark tan color, lighter among the women. Their hair is black, coarse and sleek.

164 Dental caries are widespread among them; as children their [782] teeth are already defective. They pull out a tooth as soon as it hurts, and this leaves them almost toothless quite early in life. It is a [164] curious fact that the warriors demand their wives (who are younger, and thus have better teeth) to masticate all their food; this leaves them only the effort of swallowing, which they do while lying comfortably by the fire.

There are no diseases peculiar to the Botocudo Indians. They have, however, been widely attacked by the deadly influenza and its complications, such as bronchitis, pneumonia, etc. They also suffer from rheumatism of the joints and muscles.

[147] The great ease with which their wounds are healed, even when extremely serious, is eminently worthy of note.

Venereal diseases of any sort are altogether unknown among them.

[163] Their high fecundity insures the perpetuation of the tribe.
224 This tribe subsists primarily on the proceeds of the hunt and is therefore nomadic, ever on the move through the woods in search of game. The tapir is preferred on account of the quantity and flavor of its flesh. It is hunted in the following way. The Indians look for a fresh spoor, set their dogs loose, and follow them on the run until the tapir is roused. Then they determine the direction taken by the animal, which always follows its habitual trails, known to the hunters; they take a shortcut through the woods and wait. Spurred on madly by the dogs, the tapir runs toward them and is attacked and killed with the spears.

224 The sureness of the first throw, which never misses its mark, is a wonderful thing to behold. The animal is killed instantly and its flesh prepared.

Formerly, and even today, if no dogs were available, the Indians would look for a spoor and follow it cautiously, with unequaled skill, until they came silently upon the tapir in its lair and killed it with their arrows.

They call this animal oyõlema or nia-mbang.

They follow the same procedure when hunting deer, cambêma, which they surround or take by surprise. This is not an easy task, for it is well known that the deer is the fleetest and most alert game to be found in our forests.

Another important game animal is the wild pig, ũgma. The Indians value its flesh greatly, and are particularly enthusiastic about the fact that it can always be killed in such large numbers. Whenever they chance upon the spoor of wild pigs, they follow it carefully until they find and attack the animals. If the herd is large, the Indians often follow it for weeks on end, taking along their wives, children, and all their belongings. They attack the pigs whenever they can, and always kill as many as possible. [120]

Actually, nothing escapes their sure and deadly arrows and their excellent digestion. From the ferocious jaguar, mẽngma, to the graceful and dainty uru partridge, [Odontophorus genus--Translator] pupulẽma, nothing is spared.

[525] They have a special liking for the flesh of monkeys, conhãrema, and howlers, gũma. They believe that the meat of these animals is endowed with exceptional qualities, possibly on account of the legend related below.

[554] The warriors keep count with great pride of the jaguars they kill, for this adds considerably to their standing in the tribe. Bravery demands that a jaguar be attacked when cornered upon the ground; this is the most dangerous situation for the hunter, who kills the animal with arrows or spear, depending on its position. Then the courageous hunter eats the heart of his victim, and shares the rest of its flesh with those who are present.

252 To roast meat they dig a large pit in the ground and line it with river stones, on which a fire is kept burning until the stones become red-hot. At this point the remnants of the fire are removed

252 and the stones covered with pieces of wood and palm leaves (ndõtoiõ), where the chunks of meat are laid with the hide still attached. The whole thing is covered with another layer of palm leaves and a thick layer of earth. The meat cooks slowly in this fashion for about twelve hours, and the flavor it acquires in the process is remarkable.

263 The Botocudo were altogether unfamiliar with salt until the time of peaceful contact, and for a long time thereafter they refused all salted food from us. Even today the older warriors will not accept our food because it is salty.

Not only are they unfamiliar with salt, but they use no seasoning whatever and abhor it in all its forms.

231 Their manner of training dogs for the hunt is interesting. Whenever they manage to obtain a dog, they treat it at first with great affection in order to win its faithfulness. The dog is tied with an embira [a bast fiber yielded by various trees--Translator] cord by the side of its new master, who feeds it exclusively on meat in generous and frequent portions. The man spends nearly all his time with the dog: now petting it, now talking in its ear as though to a human being whose complete loyalty were to be won. This in fact he soon achieves, and to such a degree that the dog learns to detest everyone else and becomes watchful in the extreme.

This objective once reached, the lot of the poor dog changes completely: in the course of his wanderings through the forest, the Indian gives it absolutely nothing to eat, thus forcing it to hunt--and not for itself but for its master. Such is the means they use to turn any dog into an excellent hunter. It is a lamentably cruel procedure, and it works against their own interests in the long run, for all their dogs meet the sad fate of gradual emaciation and eventual death by starvation.

292 In addition to game, the fruit of the Araucaria constitutes one
481 of their basic foods for a considerable part of the year. During the months of April, May and June the Indians proceed in groups to the pine woods. They scale the trees with the help of a leather strap and a cord of bamboo fiber, which they tie in a loop around the trunk. They place the cord under the armpits and rest their body against it, while their feet are held against the trunk by the leather strap. They climb by alternately lifting the cord while their feet are secure, and

222 raising their feet while their body rests against the cord. [121] In
481 this fashion they scale the straight trunk of the Araucaria with wonderful rapidity and skill. Once they have reached the top, they climb among the branches and shake them to make the cones fall.

252 The seeds [pinhões] are simply roasted in the fire, crushed in a mortar, and reduced to a mush which is used to prepare a broth cooked with water. With this paste they also make small cakes, round and flat, the size of a saucer, which are roasted on the embers. The seeds cannot be stored very long when fresh because they soon become infested with worms. To preserve them, the Indians place
251 the pinhões in special baskets, well sealed and previously lined with cactus leaves. These baskets are immersed in small streams at especially selected locations for a month and a half. This preserves the nuts, which retain their nutritive qualities for a long period of time. Obviously, they are all but appetizing when removed from the water; they exude a powerful and unpleasant odor and their taste is repulsive and intolerable to our stomach. The Indians, however, are not upset in the least by these new characteristics of the pinhões, which they still prize very highly. The broths and cakes described above are largely made from the preserved nut.

222 Wild honey also plays an important part in their diet, and they
262 cannot do without it. Their ability time and again to discover a bee nest in the midst of the forest, nearly always at the top of a high tree, could only be described as an instinct or an additional sense. Once the nest has been sighted, they scale the tree by means of the process described above, with cord and strap, which they use [once on top] to steady themselves against the tree. This leaves their arms free to wield the short-handled axe with remarkable sureness and skill. They split the wood exactly in the right place and make an opening in the shape of a perfect triangle. Every part of the bee nest is utilized: the chrysalids are eaten along with the honey and comb, and every bit of the wax is gathered for various purposes.

They do not merely eat the chrysalids of bees but also those of other insects such as wasps, hornets, etc., the nests of which they seek out eagerly.

262 Apparently the dearth of game in these southern woods forced the Indians to resort to every possible means of satisfying their hunger.

262 They acquired the habit of eating chrysalids and larvae of all kinds, especially the maggot found in rotting wood [coró] which they eat raw as well as roasted, or cooked on the fire inside a bamboo sprout. Then necessity turned into habit; although the need no longer remains, the Indians continue to seek out chrysalids and larvae as refined changes of diet.

224 When the warriors are gone for long periods of time, the women catch small game by means of snares and traps, for they do not wield any weapons.

226 Curiously enough, the Botocudo are not familiar with fishing, even in its most primitive form, though rivers abounding with fish are to be found in their area.

262 177 Before the time of peaceful contact, they were already familiar with maize, squash and manioc flour, which they obtained in the course of their raids on civilized communities. But they were altogether unfamiliar with potatoes, the manioc tuber, beans, rice, yams, the taro root, etc., which they have since come to know and which they greatly value.

342 The Botocudo set up their shelters by driving slender stakes close together into the ground. [122] These sticks are bent in the shape of a bow, and their tip secured to a heavy horizontal rod which is usually fastened in two trees at the height of a man. The resulting dome-shaped roof is covered with palm leaves, brush, or ferns. A lateral area of about one meter is always left open to permit observation toward the rear and thus avoid any surprises. The fire is lit on the exposed side of the shelter, and the Indians watch over it continually to make sure that it does not go out.

Each of these huts is utilized by a single family.

[361] The shelters are lined evenly in parallel groups of two to eight huts which together form a camp.

When circumstances such as celebrations or the Araucaria seed harvest compel them to remain in the same place for a longer period of time, they build their huts with greater care and make them larger. Two shelters are built face to face and their roofing connected so that the curved sticks are secured to each other instead of being fastened to a horizontal rod. This results in a perfect vault. Each of these enlarged

342 shelters holds several couples belonging to the same family. Each couple has its own fire in the center of the hut. These shelters, like the smaller ones, remain open laterally about one meter from the ground.

Inside the shelter, on either side, a broad earth shelf is laid to serve as a pillow.

[513] The floor of the hut is completely covered with fern leaves. The related couples lie down upon it to sleep side by side, their head on the elevated earth shelf and their feet toward the fire.

352 Weapons, baskets, clothes and utensils are hung from the ceiling of the shelter, and smaller objects are kept in the thatch.

291 The warriors' attire consists of several "loin cords" which they use as belts and which are ornaments rather than true breechcloths.

[283] These cords, called masêna, are braided in two varieties: dark, made of imbó liana bark fibers; and white, made of palm fibers.

The same palm fiber cords are also worn tightly fastened above the ankles.

The women's attire consists of an apron 1.60 meters in width and 1.50 meters in length.

It does not take them long to dress, for they simply fold the apron in two and wrap it around the waist.

[284] These aprons are woven with the fiber of a special kind of wild [531] nettle, and adorned with linear figures drawn preferably in red or blue.

302 Their hair is cut on the forehead in a semicircle which extends to the parietal region, where it is shaved at an acute angle toward the ear. In the back it is clipped above the shoulders. An even circle five centimeters in diameter is shaved on the crown and kept in good trim.

This hairdo is worn by all adults, male and female.

301 On festive occasions the warriors make headdresses with the 292 feathers of a bird they call cocolina (Aquila?), which they connect 237 by means of a network of thin [123] embira fibers. When decked in these ornaments, their head, face and chest painted with red and black stripes, they acquire a very impressive appearance.

On these formal occasions, the women and a few of the warriors tangle into their hair the delicate multicolored feathers of various small birds.

302 When important battles are to be waged, the warriors of this tribe have the custom of painting their face and trunk with broad strokes of a special black dye, meant to induce greater terror in their enemies. This is why several members of civilized communities attacked by these Indians maintained that they had "recognized" Negroes among them, alleged criminals who had joined the Indians to escape the law...

301 They also adorn themselves with necklaces, which prior to the time of peaceful contact they made with various seeds, the teeth and claws of animals, hooves of small deer and tapir, etc. [177] In addition, they made use of all the objects they managed to acquire in the course of their raids, such as harness rings, buckles, strainers, buttons, inner pieces of clocks (which they invariably destroyed), coins, empty or full cartridges, etc. Suffice it to say that these necklaces, which often weigh as much as two or three kilograms, are veritable show cases of whatever has come into their hands.

311 The Botocudo bow, vôio, is always made of the tough and elastic cabiuna [the black rosewood, Dalbergia nigra--Translator] wood, catangára in the native tongue, which belongs to the same family (Leguminosae) as ipê. The latter was named pau d'arco [bow wood] by the Portuguese because it was used for this purpose by all the coastal tribes (Tupi, Guarani). The arrows are of three kinds: war arrows with metal blades; hunting arrows with tips of hard wood barbed on one side; and the short arrows [virotes] used exclusively to hunt birds, which kill by impact and inflict no open wound.

In addition to these weapons, they own impressive spears with metal blades measuring up to ten or twelve centimeters in width and thirty or forty in length, and shaped like the tip of the war arrows. The consummate skill with which they handle this formidable weapon is nearly incredible. They use it in a sort of fencing struggle by holding it with both hands in the center of the shaft. The tip of the shaft is used to parry and avert blows, and the blade to attack the adversary with lunges which cause instant death if not parried in time. Enemy heads have been severed at one blow. In the course of fencing bouts the Botocudo use downward as well as upward strokes, and leap constantly with great skill, to the front as well as to the rear.

411 Another weapon is the kõuan, a club 1.50 centimeters [sic] in length. Its cylindrical handle extends into a broadening lozenge [prism] with very sharp edges.

These clubs as well as the spears (lõng-lõma, kõlẽdma) are ornamented with burned-in linear figures, and the latter are also adorned where the blade joins the shaft with an attractive strip plaited in two colors.

712 When fearing a possible attack, they fortify the vicinity of their camp with pitfalls which may be as deep as two meters and even more. The walls are covered with sharpened spikes, and in the center [124] they place a spear. Whoever falls into one of these holds invariably dies a horrible death.

They conceal these pits so skilfully, covering them with light sticks and foliage, that without previous knowledge even the Indians fail to discern them.

A lamentable accident occurred at the Post shortly after peaceful contact began. An Indian who had reached the camp at night from another location fell into one of the pits and died a few hours later from the horrible wounds lacerating his body.

In addition to these pits, the camps are always protected with barricades [trincheiras] built in the most propitious spots. When danger threatens, these barriers are manned day and night by experienced warriors.

198 They possess an efficient whistle language made up of various bird calls, through which they communicate remarkably well by exchanging signals and warnings when they keep watch around the camps, at night or in the daytime, whenever the need arises.

372 They make fire in the usual manner of Brazilian tribes--by rubbing two sticks, one of them hard wood and the other softer.

They proceed by steadying with their toes a piece of soft wood with a notch in the center, where they rest the tip of a rod made of very hard wood.

The rotating motion imparted to this stick with the palm of the hands produces a very fine dust which eventually catches fire. When a tenuous spiral of blue smoke begins to wind around the stick, the rotation is further accelerated and the dust begins to burn. Then minute fragments of dry grated wood are carefully piled together, and repeated blowing produces a small flame which is gradually enlarged.

372 This process, which involves a tremendous expenditure of time and careful labor, is only used as a last resort.

The Indians exercise the greatest care to keep their fires burning, and watch them constantly so they will not die out.

When they are on the move, a woman or child always accompanies them with the task of watching over the fire, which is carried in the form of lighted sticks.

325 Before the time of peaceful contact, the Botocudo had secured iron in the course of their raids. In view of its advantages over chipped stone, this material has become precious to them and indispensable to the manufacture of their weapons. They do not work it by heating the metal but by beating it cold with hard rounded stones which they gather in shallow river waters. It is easy to imagine how much patience and perseverance are needed to shape a piece of iron into an object of completely different form and size. Suffice it to say that the making of a spearhead demands more than three months of daily labor.

They also use iron to make small knives, graters, and various other small implements. [125]

283 As already mentioned, their aprons are woven with a kind of wild nettle. This is done as follows. The women pound the plants with small clubs on every side until all the leaves and larger thorns are removed. When this is done, they make small cuts in the stem, just above the roots, and peel off the outer layer in longitudinal strips.

These strips are joined into a large bundle and placed in the water for a certain period of time. When retrieved, they are pounded hard between two sticks until only the fibers remain, free from the ligneous parts. This procedure is repeated over and again; then the fiber is dried and spun by hand upon the naked thigh, and the
286 yarn coiled into a ball. They build a very primitive loom which consists of two sticks stuck obliquely into the ground, with two other sticks fastened upon them horizontally. Squatting before this loom, the women plait in various ways, with comparative ease, the threads they have secured to the frame.

285 Their large loading baskets, kan-nha; the smaller waxed
315 baskets used to carry water; and the little ones, also waxed, which serve various purposes, are all plaited of taquara mansa [a bamboo,

285 Chusquea pinifolia--Translator] strips which vary only in their width
415 and thickness.

The larger waxed baskets are used as a sort of pail to convey water and honey. The small baskets, also waterproof, are used as vessels--mugs of a sort--for water and for mong-ma on festive occasions.

286 The Botocudo do not plait fans or mats. But they do weave a
482 strap, eight centimeters in width, tied at the ends with a special slipping knot which permits its shortening or lengthening. These straps are woven, sometimes in two colors, of embira fiber. The women use
[54] them placed against the forehead, or against the top of the head, to carry children. The Botocudo carry everything in this fashion, with the weight steadied against the head and resting along the back.

412 These Indians use large tongs made of taquaruçu [a large bamboo, Guadua superba--Translator] or hard wood. These pincers are used to remove food from the fire and from boiling pots. They are called ko-pama, "wooden hand."

619 The Botocudo make up a single tribe composed of various families with equal rights.

622 Power rests with a single chief, pahi, who steers the destinies of the tribe and usually rules on all its actions.

The chief wields this power as long as his worth as a brave and fearless warrior is recognized by all. In his absence the most experienced and courageous warriors take over and exert authority upon the other members of the tribe.

When elderly the chief transfers his command to a worthy warrior, without losing his ascendancy over the tribe. He becomes its respected and venerated counselor.

595 The Botocudo are polygamous. According to his worth, the warrior usually marries two or three women; the chiefs always take more than three wives. [126]

304 On reaching adulthood the youths are tattooed on the arm with a warrior's badge, which consists of two dots laid horizontally. As they prove their manly qualities they are granted another two marks,
[52] tattooed similarly underneath the first. Once thus admitted among the warriors, they are considered ready to marry.

585 As a general rule, the young warrior builds himself a hut where he takes the girl of his choice, who lives henceforth as his wife. Sometimes, when the girl's family is small, he goes to live with his wife in her parents' hut. Incest does not occur among them, for [835] marriage is forbidden among close relatives. It is the custom of the tribe to respect marriage; adultery is unamously condemned and rarely occurs.

595 The warrior chooses his second wife with no more formality than the first. Both women enjoy the same rights. The additional wives are often sisters of the first one.

551 Male children are given the name of an outstanding ancestor, to which is added as a surname that of their father and of his lineage. The name of female children is chosen freely by the mother, whose own name is added as surname along with the name of her lineage.

This explains the great length of their names, such as for instance: Korikrã-Lãksi-Layondési, Vaikõidn-Ungrósima-Póa-Tupi-Vaimusima.

764 Dead adults, men as well as women, are cremated in large fires built with selected woods. Pubescent children of both sexes are granted the same procedure, while young children are buried.

A warrior's weapons and other personal implements are burned along with his body. The ashes are gathered the following day and placed in a round pit, previously lined with tree bark and leaves, which is then filled with earth, covered with fragments of wood, and surmounted with a shelter.

765 The death of a chief or outstanding warrior is lamented by the whole tribe; his exploits are sung in a sort of litany for several days. Then the women recount in similar chants the virtues of the dead man in the domestic life of the tribe.

It is to be noted that on such occasions the Botocudo are seized by a profound sadness. Absorbed in their great sorrow, they become sullen and indifferent to everything and observe for several days a rigorous fast.

476 The social rule of the Botocudo is mutual aid, for which they were naturally trained by the insecure nomadic existence which has always been their lot.

476 The hunter who kills an animal is not forced to share it, nor
224 do the others demand this from him.

Yet it is a natural thing among them, and they cannot conceive of any course of action other than to share the proceeds of the hunt, no matter how small, with everyone else.

727 [127] This same "instinctive" rule also applied to the distribution of plunder following their raids on civilized communities.

618 They have no judges to solve their disagreements, but attempt
[59] to reach a decision first through words and then through a duel.

If a man happens to be killed in the course of such a fight, his close relatives nearly always try to avenge him. Such "vendettas" have often led to the subdivision of the tribe into mutually hostile groups, frequently numerous, which exterminated each other in mass slaughters. This is the main reason for the decimation of this tribe, which used to be quite large and which numbered great quantities of warriors.

511 The Botocudo manifest their artistic taste in the carefully woven spear ornaments which surround the junction of the blade and shaft; in the manufacture of their arrows; and in the embellishment of the small waterproof baskets used within the huts. They also express it in their multicolored linear drawings and the fringes of their aprons, as well as in the ornamentation carved or burned in, which adorn many of their implements.

524 Their gourd rattles are heavily decorated. The handle is
521 covered with a cross-braiding made with the black fibers of imbõ-mirim bark; the base of the gourd is surrounded with multicolored hair and feathers; the gourd itself is covered with carved designs; and the tip of the handle is ornamented in the same fashion as its base.

Like all primitive peoples, the Botocudo are familiar with the rudiments of those sciences directly related to their daily needs.

86 They recognize three yearly seasons: summer (limbang), the time of great heat; winter (konschõma), the time of cold weather; and autumn (kõzõiõ-to-kutõma), the time when trees shed their leaves.

The lunar month is called kutschã and calculated from one full moon to another. Their recognition of seasons provides them with the concept of a yearly cycle; they are also guided by the flowering of certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

000 certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

802 These Indians count from one to five on the fingers of one hand, and continue up to ten on the other hand. They indicate other quantities with both hands.

757 They treat diseases with the juice of various plants, nearly always applied externally by means of rubbing and massage. Some organic products such as deer stomachs [buxo] etc. are also used [There is a Brazilian plant, Amaiova cryptocarpa, which is popularly called "deer stomach" (bucho de veado). As some of the information in this article may have been obtained second-hand, the above might be the result of erroneous interpretation. --Translator]

They have the habit of tightly binding up all painful body areas, not only in case of snake bite but of any disease as well.

323 177 They formerly used various objects of fired clay, such as pots of different sizes and shapes and small vessels of varying form which they utilized to prepare and cook their food.

In the course of their later raids on civilized populations, however, they found similar utensils of iron and other metals [128] which they naturally came to prefer. As a result the art of ceramics declined sharply, especially following their contact with us. Prior to this contact, some of the older members of the tribe still made pottery.

821 323 It is obvious that they need a special clay for the manufacture of these objects. They believe that rainbows point to deposits of this clay, and call them kukron-ndouma--"pot arrows"--on account of this belief. They never buried their dead in earthen jars nor do they do so now, but dispose of the bodies in the manner described above.

744

852 Every year, toward the end of December or the beginning of January--during the lambang-uan season, at the height of our southern summer--they carry out important celebrations for the baptism of children.

273 852 The Botocudo prepare a drink for the occasion which they call mdog-ma. Its basic element is wild honey, and the preparation is a rather lengthy process. One moon before the event, the Indians have already started on various specialized tasks. The fathers of the children to be baptized are entrusted with the building of large troughs

273 where the liquid is laid to ferment. These vessels are built master-
952 fully with the greatest patience and skill.

The thick trunks of old cedars are selected for the purpose, felled, and cut into pieces from one and a half to two meters long, which are stripped of their bark.

Then a longitudinal opening is made in the wood, eighteen to twenty centimeters wide, and the inside of the log is hollowed out until the sid walls are from three to four centimeters and the end walls from eight to ten centimeters in thickness.

They achieve this by means of fire and also with a sort of chisel which was formerly made of stone and which is now made of iron.

Once the log has been carefully hollowed, its end walls are thickly waxed to make them completely waterproof.

While the children's fathers carry out this task, the other relatives go out in search of honey. Small groups of Indians enter the forest in every direction, happy with the prospect of the feast and singing and jesting along the way. They return laden with honey and game.

The honey is laid out in the troughs along with water and with the juice extracted from ferns and from the stems of young palm trees. Then the openings of the troughs, kakõgma, are covered with large pieces of cedar bark and topped with heavy weights.

The liquid rests thus for two weeks, at the end of which some round stones, previously heated in large fires, are plunged in to accelerate the process of fermentation. This procedure is repeated several times, until the liquid grows very warm. Then the troughs are covered once more, and when the stones grow cold they are replaced by hot ones.

This process is repeated for three days, and then interrupted for another three days. In this manner the drink ferments quickly and easily. [129]

952 In the meantime, the rest of the tribe, with the help of the women, make ornaments for the celebration, and prepare ground for dancing and games.

They select an appropriate site which they clear, level out and clean carefully in the shape of a vast circle. All around it small shelters are built, facing in. On the day of the celebration, an

852 enormous fire is built in the middle of the circle, and the warriors begin their chanting very early in the morning. At dawn they adorn themselves with all their warrior's badges and perform certain movements in unison around the fire.

[535] Then the women make their entrance, with rattles in both hands; singing, they begin to dance with the warriors. This dance consists of a rhythmic stepping to the regular muffled beat of spears upon the ground and the rattling of gourds.

852 After several hours of continuous dancing, and only then, the
273 troughs are opened and the drinking begins.

The men drink immoderately, as do the women, and the children to be baptized are forced to take some of the liquid. They are revolted by it and refuse to drink it, but the warriors force them to swallow until the children are completely dazed.

When nearly senseless, they are shaken in every conceivable manner by their fathers and relatives to stun them even more. This is done brutally, the children being held by the legs and flung through the air from one man to another until they become totally insensible.

304 The Indians finally proceed to perforate the lips of the
852 neophytes. This is done with a special awl made of very hard wood and hardened further by means of fire.

As soon as the perforation is made, a small labret [Portuguese botoque, hence Botocudo, "labretted."--Translator] ngrókozñdma, is inserted through it; as the child grows, this is gradually exchanged for a thicker one in order to enlarge the hole.

[543] Female children are not endowed with lip plugs, but with two incisions made with the same instrument just below the kneecap.

Once these operations have been performed, the warriors resume drinking even more immoderately and go back to their dancing. Later, various games are played.

All the various groups of the Botocudo tribe get together for these important celebrations, which can only be carried out in the presence of all the warriors and never separately.

526 The groups break up along lines of kinship and interests to match their strength and skill in various games.

Ngréda is one of their most interesting games. It consists in catching or parrying a round stone enclosed in a bag of finely woven embira fiber.

526 They fling this sort of ball from one group to another with all their strength, trying to hit a warrior on the other side. Since all the projectiles are thrown at once, the man who is a target for more than one cannot easily avoid the blow.

The game consists in intercepting the pellet in flight and immediately flinging it back. Since many are thrown at once, the Indian parries with a short club those he cannot catch. Although several [130] warriors are hit and hurt by these stones, they nevertheless keep up this game for hours on end with great turbulence and enthusiasm.

Another interesting game consists of a sort of fencing with clubs, where two men match their agility and skill.

[131] Botocudo Word List

192

Gathered in the settlement of Taio-Plate (Itajaí, Santa Catarina)

[Translator's note: English words in brackets offer a closer definition of the term or an alternative meaning; double definitions without brackets and additions in parentheses are the author's own; # indicates unknown meaning. All footnotes are by translator.]

A

1 bee - Móagma
water - Ngoyo
tomorrow - Kulágma
bitter - Kólákê
to tie up - Iêdn
tapir - Õyôle
anus - Engéno
macaw - Kóyoimbãng
bow [weapon] - Vũyo, uỹma
to tear up - Kunúkê
to roast - Nglánkê
araponga* - Tangdãma
high [height, top] - Téiê
to put out [a fire or light] - Yudema
friend - Káikáma
here - Tôkané
spider - Xukréng
bird - Xáng-gôima
tree - Vãema
to frighten - Kománghádn
to cross [go across] - Katalópkê
grandfather - Yũgtoteyugma
grandmother - Yántotesinóma
blue - Taigmo
sour - Yô

*A bird, Procnias nudicollis.

1 [notes word list is given in the original Portuguese word order -- see foreign text -- Analyst]

Botocudo Word List (continued)

192

B

small basket [balaio] - Krẽ
facial hair [beard] - Yũvama
abdomen - Ndũnma
to drink - Kãkla
butterfly - Tutĩma
labret: ngrokossũna; katyéma when carved out of a pine knot - Ngrokossũna, katyéma, quando de nó de pinho
arm - Pãn
white [adj.] - Kuprima
to quarrel - Tõ yõnho
howler monkey - Ngũgma
hole (in the ground) - (na terra) Ngõkãdma

C

head - Krẽng
horn - Nekãma
to fall - Kutãma
path [way] - Yãmin
canoe - Kãkẽma
fence - [cêrca] - Déyẽ
drinking mug - Petkũma
field - Leprũru
dense forest - tuxũma
capybara - Krẽndjõi
house - Iman
tail - Mbãma
tick [bug] - Tire
fruit pit - Konãma
basket - Petkãma
"that's enough" - Riquétõvãin
rain - Dãnkutãma
snake - Poonema
jararacuçu snake * - Krẽnnoyábu
jararaca snake * - Kigékugrũma
to eat - Cõyẽ
long - Téyẽ
"I know" - Végnomõ
to run - Colõma
to cut - Kub
agouti - Kãtxõ
to cook - Nõéi
short - Kãtxidn

* Both of the Bothrops genus.

[132]

D

to dance, celebration - Uvãingrẽdma
finger - Ningãzeic
"throw it away!" [deite fora] - Zõudnio
tooth - Nhãma
day - Kõlan
"tell me!" - Tõ
sick - Kõngõma
sweet - [adj. or noun] - Ngrãa
to sleep - Nhõro
hard, tough - Tuyõio

E

to write, to trace - Nõéd-lãdn
"wait!" - Vẽ
star - Gliksãnc
thorn - Txõi
road - Yãmin-m'blang

192 E (cont'd)
excrement - Nõnã
mirror - Vẽdn-vẽdn

F
beech [faia] - Kãinyã
hunger - Kõlẽre
to do [to make] - Hõdn
flour - Mbanã
"it smells bad" [fede] - Ngẽrclõ
son [offspring] - Krãn
fire - Prẽma
weak - Krõyõma
fruit - Nõẽdkonãma
arrow - Djõma
cold - Kũtxẽle
deep [bottom] - Digtxẽ

G
cat - Ngrũdma
frost - Kubrule
son-in-law - Jambrẽ
giesara
fat [adj.] - Tanhẽngũ
large - Mbõgma

H
today - Uri
man - Kõingãng
yesterday - Lãquẽt

I
sister - Vẽtima, numgnkẽsima
brother - Nunkẽdma, hangrẽma

J
jaboticaba* - Mãu

* Fruit of Myciaria cauliflora.

alligator - Lẽtadma
guan [jacu] - Koũ
jacutinga * Pẽigma
jaguatirica ** - Ngrũdema
queenpalm [jerivá] - Tãinma
knee - Nyondũma
together [close] - Mbrẽ

* A guan, Pipile jacutinga.
** A spotted wildcat, Leopardus pardalis chibiguazu.

L
over there - Takanẽ
lake, laguna - Ngõlokatxidn
spear - Lõnglõma
lecenço *Quiñi
milk - Nõngnhẽkumbõma
clean-- Hẽe, kupẽe
"get up!" - Nẽnlõ
light [opposite of heavy] - Kaytí
nimble, quick - Tũle
to wash - Kũpẽie
tongue - Numãma
yarn - Nanẽ
far away - Ambautãma
otter - Zoukzẽio
moon - Koitxãma

* Perhaps a typographical distortion of lenço, "handkerchief."

M
hand - Nengã
monkey - Kankãre
axe - Mbẽgma
tinamou - Ũvõ

192

M (cont'd)

thin [lean] - Kãĩõ
manioc - Kõngrẽ
[133]
lame - Tenkolég
gentle [tame] - Lãni
husband - Mbédn
to kill - Tõnh
forest - Kõhan
mother - Ian
bad - Kolégma
physician - Vaikokrõma
to measure - (N'dẽd) - kumbõdma
fear - Kõmáng
honey - Mõngma
boy - Kõigãngkatxidn
lie [falsehood] - Õxtxóro
plunge [dip] - Pũtkẽma
my [mine] - Iããtõn, itxõn
maize - Nghára, nghãiakonáma
small, fine - Kãtxidn
young man [young] - Kolãnghãdno
wet - Nakpẽma
mountain - Krẽn
to bite - Prãgnh
much - Kámbãng
woman - Prõn
young woman - Tentágma

N

to swim - Mbiõma
north - Tũ
no [adv.] - Ih, ndẽya
"I don't want to": Tõ uvãinlõ (absolute negation) tón
night - Kutũgma

O

eye - Kunáma
ear - Ningráma
bone - Kukóma
egg - Krãn

P

paca - Krulãn
father - Yũgma
piece of cloth [pano] - Kũla, kũru
little bird - Xangõima
duck - Kuika
pot [pan] - Kukrẽn
parrot - Tangrõdma
kinsman, friend - Kãikã
stick [wood] - Kóma
foot - Pãnema
stone - Kazũma
fish - Vung-vungma
hair [of animal] - Zãre
hair - Kẽkẽma
feather - Zãĩẽ
comb - Uvãkurẽia
small - Kãtxidn
partridge - Kokũiva
heavy - Kuzãke
neck - Ndũie
pine tree - Zãngma
painted - Lẽ
to plant - Krãn
pigeon [dove] - Pentkũima
lazy - Nhanhãra
black - Txẽ
to seek [search for] - Konánten
wild pig - Ũgm

192

Q

to break - Kabque
coati - Xéma
to burn - Ponro
warm [hot] - Layõgũma

R

tail - Mbũba
rat [mouse] - Kãtxin
level [close-cropped] - Palẽma
medicine [remédio] - Vaikoktõ
agricultural plot [roça] - Iapan
river - Ngoyõma

S

father-in-law - Kãkran
waterfall - Krong
"sit down!" - Nẽnlõ
[134]
woman's breast - Nũnhẽ
yes - Hõn
sun - Lã
dirty - Kõuvẽi
deaf - Kutũdn, manketone

T

#tateto - Okxã
bamboo -Vaugvãma
earth - Ngõma
tiger - Menguma
crooked - Pandoma
to work - N'dédhádno
thunder - Todotõnema
tucan - Nglũma

U

uru partridge - Putpũleklãma
urine - Jõin

V

brave - Komangtãn
"let's go!" [vamos] - Tõdn
"I'm coming (along)" - Ihã mbrẽtom
deer - Kambẽha
"come (here)!" * - Katẽnglõ
"come!" - Kãtong
"come to me!" - Itxõ katẽng
wind - Konkã
red - Kutxõn

* Here the form venha is employed; the next two entries list vem, which might be considered a more informal type of address.

Botocudo Word List

192 Gathered in the settlement of Palmas (State of Paraná)

tomorrow - Kulagma
friend - Kulakama
to ride on horseback - Cavalú Takrenê
tapir - Ojoro
forearm - Einjaksi
"dismount!" [apeie] - Katolé xuk
bow [weapon] - Corichara, Einvula
tree - Poinbang
grandfather - Ijungn tchuma

sheath of large knife [facão] - Tipá
bench - Koiukôro
facial hair [beard] - Eijuvá
abdomen - Eijú
arm - Pan, eipan
ember - Tatapui
to drink - Kakrá
(any) drink - Kiki
mustache - Einjuvá
butterfly - Purukundá
labret - Eigrokosê
howler monkey - Ungugma

head - Cren, licren
hair - Eicren kaki
club - Zunti
piece of lumber - Tipandê

heat ("it's hot") - Kakapugug
drinking mug - Patku
field - Leetou, leema
shin [canela] - Eitô
to sing - Einjadma
meat [flesh] - Tiné
cabybara - Krendjoi
horse - Cavalú
sky - Koiká
basket - Kaitumê or Kaituinê
(unwaxed) basket - Canha
flame - Zaikora
hat - Eikeipongré
rain - Toonjonkedn
five - Ulangledna ulangledna upi
blanket - Curo coxôn
coati - Chê
snake - Poon
to eat - Eijokô (Krognê)
to run - Tilalá
back of the hand - Einhenkanglo

to dance - Enjongrá
finger - Einhengaiai
toe - Eipançai
tooth - Einjá
two - Ulanglêdna
to sleep: Tinoro tianecron ("he is asleep") -

to stand - Tinhãma
prop [support] - Kranjá
star - Gliksane

192 large knife [facão] - Kranjã
war arrow - Machaipũ-dulan
hunting arrow - lingõ
son [offspring] - nheere
daughter - Iguxi
fire - Tatã
leaf - Tisaia
cold - Cuxoko

hen [chicken] - Kukêve
rooster - Kukêve
wildcat - Men-caxid
frost - Kukrêregma

man - Koingang

brother - Nhonhedn
enemy [foe] - Comblédgma

jaguatirica* - Ungrudma
*(See note p. 21)
window - Zaatkakaxi
knee - Eijokren

lip - Einhkê
firewood - Pen
yarn - Zooteji
moon - Cooxok

monkey - Couara
maitaca parrot - Coojui

mother - Nhon
maracanã macaw - Cuuja
husband - Einbadn
forest - Kotokle pruulma
boy - Ugnere
unmarried girl - Totee takn
young man [young] - Kaalun
woman - Taã
married woman - Inpronsima
old woman - Unbatun

night - Kutugma

puma - Men cuxon
eye - Eikonan
bone - Kukõ
egg - Tinglã

paca - Crirlon
father - Iuugn
palm of the hand - Einhenkakã
parrot - Tanglad
little bird - Chaankoi
foot - Eipan
chest [breast] - Eisepalõ
fish - Kakrõa
neck - Einjui
sting [insect bite] - Oomêne
woodpecker - Uujakeingõ
pine cone - Zaaklê
[araucaria] pine seed - Zaaksu
pine tree - Zaagma
domestic pig - Unpê
wild pig - Ungma
door - Zaatka

four - Uglanglêdna, Ulanglêdna
cheese - Einhõ

192 branch - Tipaama
foliage shelter - Tapui
trail [spoor] - Eipan
river - Goiobang
stream - Goio caxidn
clothing - Curo
blue clothing - Curo looma
green clothing - Curo jorokotonema
white clothing - Curo cupri
black clothing - Curo chaama

[137]
eyebrow - Eicujukê
"get out!" ("go away!") - Titen
shoe - Eipanpá
toad [frog] - Pupõ
"sit down!" - Nêro
sun - Loõgma

board [plank] - Zaakpõgma
bamboo - Vuadma
tateto - Ukxá
forehead - Eicocá
tiger - Unmen
toca * - Ukrêlo
traga ** - Bolocoten
three - Taktun or Ulangledna upi

* Here only the form venha is used (see note p. 23).
** Either "animal burrow" or "Touch this!"

nail [claw] - Einhengá
Kreinkrũ
one - Pirê or upi

cow - Cavalũ, tinekõ
"let's go!" [vamos] - Tatoro
deer - Cambê
old [old man] - Tchiima
"come!" * - Kamun
"come here!" - Catanglõ
"come and sit down!" - Noonek
"come sit on the bench!" - Koinkõro takrenê
"I'm going down on horse-back" - Cavalũ takrenê katalen

* Either "Bring it!" or Swallow it!"

SM2 Aweikoma

[Material on the group listed in the Outline of World Cultures as SM2 Aweikoma has been filed under SM3 Caingang.]

4: Paula SM3 Caingang

ANNAES

DO

XX CONGRESSO INTERNACIONAL

DE

AMERICANISTAS

REALIZADO NO RIO DE JANEIRO, DE 20 A 30 DE AGOSTO DE 1922

ORGANIZADOS PELOS SECRETARIOS

Drs. Léon F. Clérot e Paulo José Pires Brandão

VOL. I

[Title page]

RIO DE JANEIRO
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Memoria sobre os botocudos do Paraná e Santa Catharina organisada pelo serviço de protecção aos selvicolas sob a inspecção

DO

DR. JOSÉ MARIA DE PAULA

Os botocudos de Santa Catharina são os descendentes dos aborigenes primitivos que habitavam todo o interior do Brasil meridional: os Tapuias, pertencentes á grande nação dos Aymorés. Esta é a opinião que mais nos parece acertada, sendo elles, portanto, os ultimos sobreviventes d'aquella numerosa e guerreira nação, hoje representada por este grupo, que agora permanece nos acampamentos do Rio Plate.

Percorria esta tribu a vasta zona comprehendida entre os rios Yguassú e Uruguay e o oceano, mantendo gigantesca lucta contra os civilizados que desbravavam suas mattas e exterminavam o seu principal alimento: a caça.

As primeiras noticias registradas de assalto de indios datam do anno de 1830.

Afim de proteger os colonos nas zonas em que mais perigos corriam por parte dos indios, eram então enviados os «Pedestres», tropa creada em 1836. Essa tropa tinha por funcção afugentar os indios, perseguindo-os, não logrando porém que com isso cessassem os assaltos.

Diz o presidente da Provincia, Dr. João José Coutinho, em a sua «falla» do anno de 1856, que "a unica medida realmente efficaz seria obrigar estes «assassinos e filhos de barbaros» deixarem a floresta localisando-os em logares dos quaes não pudessem fugir.

Recrudesceu o «perigo indigena», exigindo sérias providencias. Organisou então o Governo turmas de sertanejos experimentados, que deviam procurar se approximar dos indios e, caso não fosse possivel tornal-os amigos, afugental-os, sem porém lhes fazer mal.

No municipio de Blumenau, onde o perigo sempre augmentava, foi nomeado capitão do matto Frederico Decke, homem de grande coragem e circunspecção, que em suas expedições pela floresta procurou por todas as formas attrahir os indios, para que estes se tornassem pacificos e amigos.

Nada, porém, se conseguiu; continuavam com a mesma frequencia os assaltos praticados pelos inidios e, em 1879, como medida de economia, foi extincta essa turma de sertanejos.

Até esta data tinham ordem estas expedições de expressamente não fazer mal aos indios, onde os encontrassem.

Encontrava-se porém, agora, o regimen das «batidas», visando o exterminio completo dos indios.

Sempre por occasião de um assalto de indios organisavam-se grandes turmas de expedicionarios, tanto por iniciativa particular, como até official, que em suas «batidas», pelo modo mais barbaro, assassinavam centenas de indios. Em seu regresso, exhibiam nos centros populosos mu-

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lheres e muitas creanças de suas pobres victimas, como «trophéo heroico», e prova incontestavel de que a chacina de um acampamento de indios havia sido completa. Traziam, destes pobres sobreviventes, armas e utensilios de toda a especie, que pertenciam ás suas infelizes victimas, surprehendidas quando no mais profundo somnno.

Ainda mesmo assim, o resultado fôra negativo: não só atacavam os indios movidos pela necessidade, em virtude da colonisação progressiva que se realisava por todos os lados, como tambem ainda impellidos agora pelo mais justo espirito de vingança e verdadeiro odio.

Como se divulgassem crassamente os horrores perpetrados contra os indios nessas «batidas», sempre almas houve que, piedosas, levantassem protestos contra estas ignobeis crueldades.

Fundou-se então em Florianopolis uma liga denominada: «Liga Patriotica», creada com o fim exclusivo de resolver a questão indigena, pacificando os botocudos do Estado.

Foi nomeado «Pacificador», José Bernardino da Silveira, que, com duas mulheres indias, das que haviam sido trazidas em captura de uma destas batidas, seguiu para a região do Rio das Pombas, com o intuito de ali fundar uma pequena «Aldeia de Attracção».

Foi o resultado inteiramente nullo, pois que, como havia sido facil prever, as indias, ao chegarem ao matto, fugiram, sem que dellas mais se conseguisse saber noticias.

Identico insuccesso teve outro emissario da «Liga», o «Pacificador» Alberto Fric, que seguira para um affluente do Rio Itajahy do Norte, e que se limitava apenas em colleccionar objectos de indios entre os moradores civilisados.

Tentativas de «catechese», feitas em 1868, pelos padres capuchinhos Virgilio do Amplar, e Estevão de Vicenza, tanto em Lages como em Itajahy, não lograram o minimo successo, cousa aliás por si evidente: pois que estes religiosos jamais se embrenharam nos sertões, para estabelar relações com os indios.

Em 1885, o mesmo fiasco fizera o padre capuchinho, Luiz de Comitila, com suas novas tentativas de «catechese» dos indios botocudos de Santa Catharina.

Em nova e decisiva phase entrou o problema com a creação do Serviço Federal de Protecção aos Indios, que em 1914, a 22 de setembro, finalmente conseguiu o primeiro contacto pacifico com os «ferozes e indomaveis» botocudos deste Estado.

Os indios botocudos de Santa Catharina são em geral de estatura mediana, bem conformados, e as mulheres são pequenas.

O seu physico, é muito desenvolvido, dispondo elles de uma resistencia e força musculares extraordinarias.

O indio, fóra do matto, principalmente quando vestido, jamais dá a impressão do que na realidade elle é. A nossa vestimenta occulta inteiramente a extrema agilidade, força e precisão de que dispõem, dando-lhes a apparencia de serem homens abrutalhados e somnos.

Para poder fazer-se uma ideia exacta das suas aptidões, é necessario conviver com elles no matto, e acompanhal-os em suas peripecias de caçadas, colheitas de fructas, perfuração de abelheiras e seus multiplos outros affazeres. Estas são as occasiões em que se podem admirar a presteza, acerto e segurança de cada movimento, do qual muitas vezes depende a vida do indio.

Verifica-se o mesmo em as mulheres, que, não obstante sua pequena estatura, são de uma resistencia physica fóra do commum.

4: Paula SM3 Caingang

Carregam ellas durante semanas consecutivas, em suas peregrinações pela floresta, enormes cestos com carga de grande peso; montando ainda sobre os mesmos, quasi sempre, uma creança. Além disso tudo, levam nas mãos objectos pesados, como machados, panellas de ferro, etc., etc. São ellas, por assim dizer, os verdadeiros cargueiros da tribu, carregando os guerreiros carga unicamente quando longe das mulheres.

A sua tez apresenta uma côr bronzeada escura, que nas mulheres é mais clara.

Os cabellos são negros, grossos e corredios.

Commum é entre ellas a carie dos dentes, possuindo, já quando creanças, dentaduras defeituosas. Entrám o dente immediatamente, assim que se torne dolorido, processo este que, como é natural, mui cedo os deixa quasi sem dentes. Devéras curioso é o facto que os guerreiros exigem que suas mulheres (pelo acto de serem mais jovens, possuem melhores dentes que estes) mastiguem para si todos os alimentos, cabendo-lhes apenas o trabalho de engulir, o que fazem, commodamente deitadas junto ao fogo.

Não existem molestias peculiares aos indios botocudos. Têm sido, porém, muito atacados pela mortifera grippe e suas complicações, como bronchite, pneumonia, etc. Soffrem tambem de rheumatismo articular e muscular.

E' sobremodo digna de nota a extrema facilidade com que nelles cicatrisam todos os ferimentos, muitas vezes gravissimos.

Inteiramente desconhecidas entre ellas são as molestias venereas, de qualquer especie.

A sua fecundidade é grande, o que assegura a perpetuação da tribu.

E' uma tribu que vive essencialmente da caça e, portanto, nomade, sempre em transito pelas florestas, á procura e perseguição da mesma. Preferem a anta, não só pelo sabor da sua carne, como pela quantidade de carne. Caçam-na dos seguintes modos: procuram rasto fresco no qual soltam os seus cães, acompanhando-os na carreira até o levante da anta. Orientando-se em seguida da direcção tomada pela mesma, que sempre segue os seus habituaes carreiros, por elles conhecidos, atalham pela floresta, esperando adiante a sua passagem. Atropelada pelos cães, vem a anta em vertiginosa corrida, sendo então atacada e morta a lançaços.

Admiravel a segurança do primeiro golpe, que nunca falha, fazendo desmunhecar instantaneamente o animal, que é então carneado.

Antigamente, e hoje ainda, na falta de cães, procuram o rasto, seguindo-o depois, cautelosamente, com uma pericia inegualavel, chegando mansamente e surprehendendo a anta na «cama» onde a flecham.

Chamam-na «yóléma», «niá-mbang», em sua linguagem.

Em a caçada dos veados, «Cambéma», procedem identicamente, cercando-os ou surprehendendo-os. Cousa bem difficil, pois, como é sabido, o veado é a caça mais fugaz e mais arisca das nossas mattas.

Caçada de grande monta para ellas representa a dos porcos do matto, «ógma». Além de muito apreciarem a sua carne, enthusiasma-os a especulativa de matal-os sempre em grande numero. Encontrando vestigios de porcada, seguem-os cuidadosamente até encontral-os, atacando-os. Feito isto, em se tratando de uma grande manada, os indios, com mulheres, creanças e tudo que lhes pertence, seguem-n'a ás vezes muitas semanas consecutivas. Atacam os porcos sempre que podem, matando sempre tanto quanto lhes é possivel.

No demais, nada escapa ás suas certeiras e mortiferas flechas e á sua excellente digestão. Desde a feroz onça, «mêngmã», até o gracioso e delicado tirú, «pupulêma», não são poupados.

Gostam sobremodo da carne do macaco, «Conhãrema» e da dos bugios, «grima», ás quaes attribuem qualidades excepcionaes, crença esta talvez oriunda da lenda adiante narrada.

Com maximo orgulho contam os guerreiros o numero das onças por elles mortas, o que muito contribue para augmentar o seu valor entre os demais da tribu. A bravura consiste em atacar a onça acuada em terra, occasião essa a mais perigosa para o caçador. Matam-n'a então á flecha e á lança, conforme a posição do felino. Compete então ao bravo caçador comer o coração da sua victima, repartindo com os demais presentes o resto da carne.

Assam a carne fazendo um largo buraco na terra, o qual forram com pedras do rio, fazendo sobre ellas um fogo durante muito tempo, até que as mesmas se tornam rubras de calor. Retiram em seguida os restos do fogo, forrando as pedras, no interior do buraco, com pedaços de madeira e folhas de palmeira (ndótoió), sobre as quaes collocam então os pedaços de carne, com o couro. Cobrem tudo com outra camada de folhas de palmeira, sobre a qual depositam ainda uma espessa camada de terra. Cosinha-se deste modo a carne lentamente, durante mais ou menos 12 horas, sendo notavel o saber que por este processo adquire.

Desconheciam inteiramente, até a pacificação, o uso do sal, e durante muito tempo rejeitavam todas as comidas que nós lhes offerecíamos contendo sal. Assim ainda hoje os guerreiros mais edosos não acceitam comida nossa por estar salgada.

Além de não conhecerem o sal, não usam tão pouco condimento de especie alguma, detestando-o sob todas as formas.

Interessante o modo de ensinarem os cães a caçar; quando conseguem apossar-se de um cão, tratam-n'o, nos primeiros tempos, afim de tornal-o apegado a si, com todo o carinho. O cão é amarrado com uma tira de embira, sempre ao lado do seu novo dono, que o trata só com carne em fartissimas e amiudadas rações. Entretem-se então o dono durante todo o tempo quasi que exclusivamente com o cão: ora fazendo-lhe festas e agrados, ora fallando-lhe ao ouvido como si fôra a uma pessôa, no intuito de conquistar sua inteira fidelidade, o que, de facto, consegue em pouco tempo, e a ponto tal que o cão chega até a detestar as demais pessôas, tornando-se muito arisco.

Uma vez alcançando este objectivo, muda inteiramente a sorte do pobre cão: o indio em suas peregrinações pela matta, não lhe dá mais a minima alimentação, obrigando-o assim a caçar, ainda mais, não para si proprio e sim para o seu dono. E' este o processo que empregam para tornar qualquer cão um excellente caçador, sendo lamentavel pela cruel procedimento, que aliás redunda em seu proprio prejuizo, pois todos os seus cães têm o triste fim de definhar lentamente e morrer finalmente á mingua.

Além da caça, uma das principaes bases da sua alimentação, durante espaçado tempo, são os fructos da Araucaria. Nos mezes de abril, maio e junho seguem, em grupos, para a região dos pinheiraes. Escalam ahi os pinheiros por meio de uma peia e de uma laçada feita de trama de taquara, que passam pelo tronco do pinheiro. Enfia-se o indio na laçada, que passa por debaixo dos braços, e contra a qual firma o corpo, apoiando os pés contra o pinheiro, ligados pela péia. Deste modo alternativamente, ora firme nos pés levanta a laçada, ora firme na laçada ergue os pés e com

rapidez e destreza admiraveis escalam o tronco erecto da Araucaria até a sua copa. Ahi avançam pelos galhos e apiando-os fortemente fazem cahir as pinhas.

Os pinhões são simplesmente tostados ao fogo e triturados depois em pilões, reduzidos assim a uma verdadeira massa, com a qual preparam um caldo cozido com agua. Fazem tambem da mesma massa pequenos bolos, de forma redonda e chata, do tamanho de um pires, que são depois assados sobre brazas. Não podendo conservar os pinhões por muito tempo frescos, pois que bicham mui facilmente, usam o seguinte processo: enchem com pinhões cestos apropriados e previamente forrados com folhas de cactú, perfeitamente tampados. Estes cestos são immersos nas aguas de pequenos corregos em logares para isto escolhidos. Ahi permanecem estes cestos durante um mez e meio e tornam-se os pinhões perfeitamente cortidos, conservando suas qualidades alimenticias por um longo espaço de tempo. Como é evidente, o pinhão, depois de retirado d'agua, nada tem de appetitoso, exhalando fortissimo cheiro bem desagradavel, tendo um gosto repugnante, não sendo tolerado pelos nossos estomagos. Aos indios, porém, em nada incommodam estas qualidades adquiridas com este processo, e, mesmo assim, muito o apreciam. Principalmente deste pinhão cortido é que fazem suas sopas e bolos, como acima foi explicado.

Toma parte saliente na sua alimentação tambem o mel silvestre, que para elles é indispensavel. Não se pode senão averbar de verdadeiro instincto, ou de mais um sentido, o tino que possuem para descobrir, volta e meia, uma abelheira no matto, quasi sempre no alto de grandes arvores. Divisada a colmeia escalam a arvore, pelo systema já descripto, com a peia e a laçoda, nas quaes se firmam de encontro á arvore. Têm elles assim os braços livres, manejando com admiravel segurança e certeza o seu machado de cabo curto. Fendem a madeira exactamente no logar necessario, fazendo uma abertura em forma de perfeito triangulo. Aproveitam da abelheira *simplesmente tudo: mel, favo, comendo com muito gosto* as chrysalidas; tambem a cêra é sempre toda recolhida para diversos outros fins.

Não só das abelhas com as chrysalidas como tambem de outros insectos, como vespas, marimbondos, etc., cuja colmeia procuram com avidez.

Evidentemente a escassez existente de caça nas mattas aqui do sul obrigou os indios a recorrerem a todos os meios para saciar a fome. Assim, pois, habituaram-se a comer chrysalidas e larvas de toda especie, principalmente o assim chamado «coró», bicho do pau podre, que saboreiam tanto crú como assado, ou cozido em um gomo de taquara posto ao fogo. Tornára-se assim a necessidade um habito, e não obstante não subsistir hoje a necessidade, os botocudos procuram as chrysalidas e larvas para uma especie de variação fina de alimento.

Na ausencia dos guerreiros durante longo tempo, é uso da tribu que as mulheres cacem por meio de laços e armadilhas, com que apanham pequena caça para sua alimentação, por não usarem estas nenhuma arma.

Facto interessantissimo é não conhecer a tribu dos botocudos a pesca, mesmo na sua forma mais primitiva, não havendo falta de rios muito piscosos na zona por elles habitada.

Conheciam antes da pacificação o milho, aboboras e a farinha de mandioca, alimentos estes que obtinham por occasião dos assaltos que perpetravam contra os civilisados. Desconheciam porém inteiramente as batatas, aipim ou mandioca, feijão, arroz, taiá, inhame etc., alimentos estes que hoje conhecem e muito apreciam.

Constroem os botocudos seus acampamentos com ranchos de varas finas, umas fincadas ao lado das outras, a pouca distancia, que são ver-

gadas em forma de arco e presas suas pontas em uma pesada vara horizontal, geralmente fixa em duas arvores na altura de um homem. A fórma do tecto é o de abobeda, sendo coberto com folhas de coqueiro, cabeté ou xaxim; deixam sempre um vão lateral de mais ou menos um metro sem folhas para que possam observar tambem o que se passa atrás do rancho, evitando assim uma possivel surpreza. O fogo sempre é feito sob a parte aberta do rancho, selando continuamente os indios para que este não se apague.

Destina-se cada um destes ranchos para uma só familia.

Todos os demais ranchos são distribuidos regularmente em linha, agrupados parallelamente de dois a dois, formando assim o acampamento.

Quando ha circunstancias que os obrigam a permanecer em um determinado ponto por maior espaço de tempo (colheitas de pinhões, festas, etc.), constróem seus ranchos com mais perfeição e capricho, em maior tamanho, ligando as coberturas de dois ranchos fronteiros, de modo que as varas arcadas de cada rancho não fiquem ligadas a uma vara horizontal, mas umas ás outras, formando então uma abobeda perfeita. Nestes grandes ranchos habitam varios casaes pertencentes á mesma familia, tendo para si cada casal o seu fogo, que fica situado no meio do grande rancho. Como os pequenos, tambem estes, á altura de approximadamente um metro do solo, ficam abertos lateralmente.

Forma-lhes o travesseiro uma larga faixa de terra que acamam no interior dos ranchos, de ambos os lados.

Todo o chão dos ranchos é forrado com folhas de xaxim, sobre as quaes se deitam. Dormem os casaes parentes uns ao lado dos outros, descançando a cabeça sobre a alta faixa de terra já referida, e com os pés sempre voltados para o fogo.

No tecto dos ranchos, penduram suas armas, cestos, roupas e demais utensilios sendo os pequenos objectos guardados na palha.

A vestimenta dos guerreiros compõe-se de varios cordões-tangas, que usam á guisa de cinto e que representam mais um enfeite do que verdadeiramente tangas. Estes cordões, ornatos, trançam-n'os de duas qualidades; uns, de côr escura, são feitos com fibras da casca de cipó imbé, outros, brancos, de fibras de palmeira.

Os mesmos cordões de fibra de palmeira usam-nos tambem, fortemente ligados, acima dos torreselos.

A vestimenta das mulheres resume-se ao uso de uma tanga, larga de um metro e 60 centimetros, e no comprimento de um metro e 50 centimetros.

A sua *toilette* é a mais rapida possivel, pois simplesmente dobram a tanga ao meio, envolvendo-a em seguida na cintura.

Essas tangas são tecidas com a fibra de uma certa especie de urtiga brava e ornada com desenhos lineares que, de preferencia, são de côr encarnada ou azul.

Usam o cabello tosado na testa em forma de semi-circulo até a região parietal, de onde o raspam em angulo agudo em direcção á orelha. Atrás é o cabello longo, sendo aparado acima dos hombros. Raspam, no alto do craneo, um circulo perfeito de cinco centimetros de diametro, circulo este que trazem sempre bem cuidado.

Este modo de usar o cabello é commum tanto aos homens como ás mulheres, quando adultos.

Em occasiões de festas fazem os guerreiros cosares de pennas de «Cocolinos» (Aquilla ?), ligando-as entre si por meio de um trançado de

embiras finas. Com estes ornamentos na cabeça, rosto e peito pintados com estrias vermelhas e negras, tomam, por occasião de suas festas, um aspecto de grande imponencia.

As mulheres, e mesmo alguns guerreiros, por essas occasiões solemnes, desgrenham os cabellos, emmaranhando-os com a finissima pennugem multicôr de differentes passarinhos.

E' uso desta tribu, por occasião de grandes combates contra inimigos, pintarem os guerreiros, tanto o rosto como todo o tronco, com largos traços de uma tinta especial negra, com o fito de infundir mais pavor. Dahi terem diversas vezes asseverado civilisados, que por elles foram atacados, o «reconhecimento» de negros entre elles, que, diziam mais, eram bandidos que, no intuito de fugirem á justiça, se tinham juntado aos indios. Fica, com isto, explicada essa lenda...

Ornamentam-se tambem com collares que, antes da pacificação, confeccionavam de diversas sementes, dentes e garras de varios animaes, casco de pequenos veados, de antinhas, etc. Não deixavam porém de aproveitar tambem todo e qualquer objecto que conseguiam em seus assaltos, taes como: argolas de arreios, fivelas, passadores, botões, partes de mechanismos de relogios (que sempre destruiam), moedas, cartuchos detonados ou não, etc., etc. Emfim, basta dizer que um destes collares, é um verdadeiro mostruario de tudo quanto lhes passou pelas mãos, pesando muitas vezes de dois até tres kilos.

As armas dos botocudos, compõem-se de arco «vôio», sempre feito da elastica e rija cabiuna, «Catangára» da mesma familia (Leguminosa) do [illegible], o «pão d'arco» dos portuguezes, por ser usado para este fim por [illegible] as tribus do nosso litoral (Tupis, Guaranys). As flechas são de tres especies: as de guerra, com lamina de aço; as de caça, com ponta de uma [illegible] madeira farpada unilateralmente; e, finalmente, os virotes, para a caça exclusiva de passaros, occasionando a morte pelo choque, e não por ferimento aberto.

Portanto, além destas armas, a imponente lança, com uma lamina de aço que mede até dez e doze centimetros de largura por trinta a quarenta de comprimento, tendo a mesma forma da ponta da flecha de guerra. Incrivel, quasi, a extrema destreza com que manejam esta formidavel arma, em uma especial esgrima, em a qual a brandem com as duas mãos em meio da haste. Servem-se da ponta da haste para aparar e rebater glopes, e da lamina para atacar o inimigo, pontaço e golpes que, não defendidos, occasionam a morte instantanea do combatente. Um só talhaço tem feito saltar a cabeça do inimigo. Nesta esgrima desferem os botocudos golpes tanto de cima para baixo, como de baixo para cima, executando, a meúdo, saltos de extrema destreza, tanto para frente, como para retaguarda.

Entra para o rol de suas armas, tambem, o «Kóuan», clava de 1,50 centimetros de comprimento, cujo cabo é roliço, sendo a parte restante, talhada em losango crescente, até a extremidade, e cujas quinas são sobremodo agudas.

Enfeitam estas clavas, assim como as lanças, «lóng-lôma», «Kólôdma», com desenhos lineares, a fogo, sendo que as ultimas, no engate da lamina na haste, com um bello trançado feito em duas côres.

Guarnecem as immediações dos seus acampamentos, quando suspeitam uma possivel aggressão, escavando profundos fojos até dois metros e mais crivados de agudissimos estrepes nas paredes, e fixando ainda, no centro

uma lança. O incauto que se precipitar num destes fojos, infallivelmente morrerá de uma fórma simplesmente horrorosa.

E' tal a arte com que disfarçam estes fojos por meio de frageis varinhas, que são cobertas com folhagem, que aos proprios indios não é possivel reconhecel-os sem prévia sciencia.

Assim, já se deu no Posto, nos primeiros dias após a pacificação, o lamentavel incidente de cahir um indio, que á noite chegára de outro lugar, no acampamento, em um dos fojos, fallecendo poucas horas depois em consequencia dos horriveis ferimentos que lhe tinham dilacerado o corpo.

Além destes fojos, são os seus acampamentos sempre guarnecidos de trincheiras construidas, como é evidente, sempre em optimas posições. São estas trincheiras, em caso de perigo, guardadas durante noite e dia por guerreiros experimentados.

Possuem uma linguagem perfeita composta de assobios, imitados de diversos passaros, pela qual admiravelmente se entendem, trocando signaes e avisos, quando mantêm vigilancia a roda dos seus acampamentos, tanto durante a noite como de dia, nas occasiões em que isto se torna necessario.

O modo pelo qual conseguem o fogo é o usual entre as tribus brasileiras, — o da fricção de duas madeiras, sendo uma rija e a outra menos resistente.

Firmam elles, para este fim, um pedaço de madeira mole com os dedos dos pés, em cujo centro ha uma pequena cava na qual apoiam a extremidade de uma vareta feita de madeira mui rija.

Pelo movimento giratorio que imprimem a esta vareta, pela fricção das mãos, forma-se um pó finissimo, que é o primeiro a arder. Isto se nota por uma tenue espiral de fumaça azul que se enrola pela vareta. E' o momento em que tornam a fricção ainda mais rapida, começando o pó a arder. Amontoam então, cuidadosamente, pequenissimos fragmentos de madeira secca raspada, e continuamente soprando conseguem, afinal, uma pequena labareda, que, gradativamente, é augmentada.

Como é evidente, este processo, exige enorme dispendio de tempo e de trabalho cuidadoso, e só em ultimo caso a elle recorrem.

Têm os indios sempre o maximo cuidado em conservar o fogo, velando continuamente para que se não extinga em suas fogueiras.

Quando em viagem, acompanha-os sempre uma mulher ou creança, encarregada de guardar o fogo, que é levado em acha accesa.

O ferro obtinham os botocudos, antes da pacificação, nos assaltos que perpetravam contra os civilisados. Material summamente precioso este, pois que, desde das vantagens sobre a pedra lascada, tornou-se-lhes imprescindivel para a factura de seus armamentos. Trabalham elles o ferro não o aquecendo, mas sim malhando-o frio, com rijas pedras arredondadas que buscam nos baixios dos rios. Facil é avaliar qual a paciencia e a perseverança necessarias para dar a fórma desejada a um qualquer pedaço de ferro, cuja fórma e dimensões em nada correspondem ao modelo desejado. Basta dizer que, para aprompitar uma lamina para as suas lanças, empregam mais de tres mezes, trabalhando diariamente.

Aproveitam tambem o ferro para fazer pequenas facas, raspadores, e diversos outros pequenos instrumentos.

Para o tecido das suas tangas servem-se, como já foi dito, de uma especie de urtiga brava. Procedem da seguinte fórma: as mulheres, com pequenos cacetes, batem as plantas de todos os lados até que fiquem inteiramente desprovidas de folhas e dos maiores espinhos. Feito isto, dão pequenos talhos no caule, pouco acima das raizes, descascando-o em tiras longitudinaes.

Reunem estas tiras em um grande atado, que é collocado nagua durante certo tempo. Retiram-no mais tarde, para o bater fortemente entre dois páos, até que restem unicamente as fibras, sem as partes lenhosas. E' repetido esse processo mais vezes, sendo por fim a fibra secca e depois fiada com as mãos, o que executam sobre a coxa nua, enovelando em seguida o fio obtido. Constróem então uma especie de tear, muito primitivo, que se compõe de duas varas fixadas na terra obliquamente, sendo presas nestas duas outras varas horisontalmente. Sentadas sobre os pés deante deste tear, traçam ellas de differentes maneiras, com relativa facilidade, os fios que nelle prenderam.

Os seus grandes cestos, «Kan-nha», para carga, bem como os menores, encerados, para agua, e os pequenos, tambem encerados, para diversos fins, são todos trançados de taquara mansa, variando apenas a largura e a grossura em que a racham.

Servem-se dos cestos maiores, encerados, para o transporte do mel e da agua, representando, por conseguinte, uma especie de «baldes». Os cestos pequenos, tambem impermeaveis, servem-lhes como vasilhas, especie de canecas, para agua e para tomar «mong-ma», por occasião de suas festas.

Não trançam os botocudos abanos nem tão pouco leques e esteiras.

Tramam, porém, uma faixa de oito centimetros de largura, unida nas pontas com um nó especial, corrediço, afim de encurtal-a ou augmental-a como se faça necessario, para o transporte das creanças. Com estas faixas, trançadas de embira, às vezes em duas côres, carregam as mulheres os filhos ás costas, prendendo a faixa ora na testa, ora no alto da cabeça. Por este processo carregam os botocudos tudo, sempre firmando o peso na cabeça e fazendo-o descançar sobre as costas.

Usam estes indios grandes pinças, feitas de taquarussú; em falta destá, fazem-nas tambem de madeira rija, com as quaes tiram os alimentos do fogo e das panellas quando em estado de ebulição. Chamam-nas «Ko-pama», mão de madeira.

Formam os botocudos uma só tribu, composta de differentes familias, todas com iguaes direitos.

O poder pertence a um só chefe, que dirige os destinos da tribu, e decide, em geral, sobre todos os actos da mesma.

Este chefe, «pahin», exerce o seu poder emquanto o seu valor como guerreiro destemido e audaz é reconhecido por todos. Em sua ausencia os guerreiros mais experimentados e mais corajosos tomam a si o mando, exercendo então maior influencia sobre os demais.

Um chefe idoso passa o mando a um guerreiro de qualidades, não pendendo, comtudo, a grande influencia que exercia sobre toda a tribu: ao contrario, torna-se então conselheiro da mesma, sendo respeitado e venerado por todos.

Os botocudos são polygamos; o guerreiro, de accôrdo com o seu valor, casa-se geralmente com duas e mais mulheres. Os chefes sempre com mais de tres.

Quando adultos, os jovens recebem, como distinctivo de guerreiro, uma tatuagem sobre o braço. São dois pontos, em sentido horizontal. A' medida que os mesmos sabem fazer valer as suas qualidades de varão, recebem, logo abaixo, mais duas tatuagens, no mesmo sentido. Depois de assim recebidos entre os guerreiros, estão elles aptos para se casar.

Em geral, constróem um rancho para si, para o qual levam a moça que escolheram para casar, e que então vive com elles maritalmente. Algumas vezes, quando a familia da moça é pouco numerosa, o joven guerreiro fica morando com sua esposa no mesmo rancho dos parentes desta. Não ha entre elles o incesto, pois que é vedado o casamento entre os parentes mais proximos. E' habito da tribu respeitar o casamento, e só raras vezes ha o adulterio, que é unanimemente reprovado.

Sem carecer de mais formalidades, escolhe o guerreiro tambem a sua segunda mulher, havendo, porém, para ambas, os mesmos direitos. E' commum serem as outras mulheres do mesmo guerreiro irmãs da primeira esposa.

Dão elles ás creanças masculinas, como pronome, o de um notavel antepassado, ao qual ajuntam como sobrenome o nome do pae e de sua descendencia. Para a creança do sexo feminino escolhe a mãe o pronome a seu gosto, ficando como sobrenome o nome da mãe e de sua descendencia.

Assim se explica terem elles os mais longos nomes possiveis, como por exemplo: Korikrã-Láksi-Layondési, Vaikôidn-Ungrôsima-Pôa-Tupí-Vaimusima.

Os mortos adultos, tanto os homens como as mulheres, são incinerados em grandes fogueiras feitas de madeira escolhida com esmêro. O mesmo fazem com as creanças de ambos os sexos, quando puberes; quando pequenas, porém, são enterradas.

Conjunctamente com o guerreiro são queimadas todas as suas armas e demais utensilios do seu uso pessoal. Incinerado o corpo, recolhem, no sol seguinte, as cinzas, que depositam em um buraco redondo, préviamente forrado com cascas e folhas de arvores; sendo então tampado com terra e sobre o qual collocam rachões de madeira, construindo, por cima de tudo, um rancho.

A morte de um chefe ou de um guerreiro emerito é chorada pela tribu inteira, que em uma especie de ladainha, cantam seus feitos durante alguns dias. Salientam então as mulheres, nos mesmos cantos, as bôas qualidades do morto na vida intima da tribu.

Nota-se que os botocudos, por estas occasiões, são tomados de profunda tristeza, tornando-se taciturnos e indifferentes a tudo, entregues só á sua grande dôr, guardando, durante dias consecutivos, jejum absoluto.

O regimen social dos botocudos é o do auxilio mutuo, no qual foram naturalmente educados pela vida incerta de povo nomade, que sempre levaram.

O caçador que abate uma caça não é obrigado a repartil-a, assim como tambem os outros não o exigem.

E', porém, entre elles, simplesmente natural, não o concebem mesmo de outra fórma senão em repartindo a caça, por menor que seja, para com todos.

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Este mesmo regimen, «instinctivo», é tambem extensivo á distribuição da pilhagem após os assaltos que faziam antigamente aos civilisados.

Em casos de desavenças entre elles, não ha juiz: procuram os contendores decidir a questão entre si, primeiro, por palavras, depois, em duello.

No caso de ser morto um delles em uma dessas rixas, os parentes mais proximos do vencido procuram, quasi sempre, tirar uma desforra. E de uma *vedetta* destas muitas vezes se originou a subdivisão da tribu em grupos que mutuamente se hostilisavam, havendo verdadeiras chacinas entre estes, que muitas vezes foram numerosos, sendo inteiramente exterminados. Dahi, a principal causa da dizimação desta tribu, que foi bem consideravel, contando avultado numero de guerreiros.

Verifica-se já a manifestação de gosto artistico entre os botocudos no esmerado enfeite dos trançados á roda do encastoado das suas lanças, na confecção de suas flechas e nos embellezamentos com que enfeitam o trançado dos seus pequenos cestos impermeaveis para o uso interno dos seus ranchos.

Nota-se tambem nos enfeites de côres differentes em desenhos lineares e nas franjas de suas tangas, bem como em varios outros enfeites que adornam multiplos outros objectos de seu uso, com desenhos entalhados ou feitos a fogo.

O maracá é muito enfeitado, sendo a sua haste coberta de uma trança feita em cruz, com fibras pretas de casca de imbó-mirim. O chocalho, em seu engaste, é cercado de pellos e pennas multicôres, sendo o porongo lavrado com multiplos desenhos, repetindo-se em cima, na extremidade da haste, os mesmos enfeites do engaste.

Como todos os povos primitivos, os botocudos conhecem os elementos das sciencias que directamente se relacionam ás suas necessidades quotidianas.

Conhecem tres estações do anno; o verão (Lámbang), calor grande, o inverno (Kotschóma), frio, e o outomno (Kódió-tó-kutáma), tempo em que cahem as folhas.

O mez-lua chamam «Kutschá», contando de uma lua cheia a outra. Por estação têm os indios a noção do espaço de tempo que, para nós, representa o anno; accrescendo a esta observação a florescencia de certas arvores e o amadurecer de certos fructos.

Contam estes indios, pelos dedos da mão, de um até cinco; designando os dedos da outra mão, contam até dez; depois, pelo conjuncto dos dedos das duas mãos, enumeram uma quantidade qualquer.

No tratamento de suas molestias empregam o succo de differentes plantas, sendo o seu uso quasi sempre externo, em frioções e massagens; usam tambem algumas materias organicas, como o buxo do veado, etc.

E' seu habito atar fortemente as partes doloridas do corpo, não só nos casos de accidente ophidico, como nos de outra qualquer molestia.

Usavam, antigamente, varios objectos feitos de barro cosido, taes como panellas de varios tamanhos e feitios e pequenos vasos de differentes fórmas, que lhes serviam para o preparo e cosimento de suas comidas.

Com os assaltos, porém, que realizaram contra os civilisados, apossaram-se mais tarde dos mesmos objectos, de ferro e de outros metaes,

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que, naturalmente, ficaram preferidos, em prejuizo desta arte, que decahiu inteiramente, principalmente depois do contacto comnosco.

Anteriormente a esse contacto ainda alguns botocudos, os mais idosos, dedicavam-se á ceramica.

Evidente é que, para a factura destes objectos, necessitam elles de um barro especial; e acreditam os botocudos que o arco-iris é o indicador destas jazidas de barro especial, e por essa crença antiga denominam-n'o de «Kukron-ndouma» (flecha da panella), entendendo-se a que indica o lugar em que se encontra barro proprio para a ceramica. Nunca usaram e não usam enterrar os mortos em igaçabas, fazendo-o como já foi descripto acima.

Todos os annos, em fins de dezembro ou em janeiro, por conseguinte, na estação de «Lámbang-uan», no mais intenso verão daqui do sul, realiram as suas grandes festas para baptismo das creanças.

Para estas festas preparam os botocudos uma bebida, «Móng-ma», cuja base, como ingrediente principal, é o mel silvestre; requerendo o seu preparo bastante tempo. Por esse motivo, já uma lua antes, subdividem-se os indios, tomando cada um a si um affazer. Aos pais dos meninos a baptizar cabe a construcção dos grandes cochos para preparo da bebida. São estes cochos para a fermentação da bebida verdadeiras obras de mestre, exigindo maxima paciencia e habilidade.

Escolhem para isto grossos troncos de velhos cedros, que são derrubados e atorados no comprimento de um metro e cincoenta a dois metros.

Depois descascam-n'os convenientemente, abrindo, em seguida, uma fenda longitudinal de dezoito a vinte centimetros de largura, pela qual exavam o tronco completamente, deixando-o inteiramente oco, com paredes lateraes de tres a quatro centimetros sómente de espessura, tendo as cabeças do cocho a espessura de oito a dez centimetros.

Servem-se para este trabalho, além do fogo, de uma especie de formões, que antigamente eram feitos de pedra e que hoje fazem de ferro.

Cuidadosamente completada a escavação, são as duas partes em que o tronco foi atorado bem encaradas com uma grossa camada, que as torna perfeitamente impermeaveis.

Emquanto os paes se ocupam neste servio, os demais parentes sahem á procura de mel. Em todas as direcções embrenham-se na floresta pequenos grupos de indios que, muito alegres com a proxima festa, sahem cantando e galhofando entre si. Na sua volta, não só trazem mel em abundancia, como tambem o resultado de sua caça.

O mel é então todo depositado nos cochos, addicionando agua e o succo de xaxim e do caule de coqueiros novos. Cobrem, depois disso, as aberturas dos cochos, «Kakógma», com longos e largos pedaços de cascas da mesma madeira, collocando grandes pesos sobre estas.

Assim fica este liquido durante o espaço de duas semanas; findas as quaes, com intuito de accelerar a fermentação, immergem na bebida pedras redondas, préviamente aquecidas em grandes fogueiras. Esse processo é repetido seguidas vezes, até que o conteúdo dos cochos fique muito quente. Tapam então novamente os cochos, retirando as pedras, quando frias, para substituil-as por outras aquecidas.

E continuam neste processo durante o espaço de tres dias, deixando então de fazel-o por outros tres dias; ficando assim prompta e convenientemente fermentada a bebida.

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Emquanto isto, o resto da tribu se occupa em confeccionar os enfeites para a festa e preparar, conjunctamente com as mulheres, o terreiro para as dansas e jogos.

Escolhem um local adequado, que destocam, aplainam e limpam cuidadosamente, apresentando a fórma de um vasto circulo, á roda do qual constróem pequenos ranchos, tendo todos a frente para o circulo. No dia da festa, no meio deste, é feita uma enorme fogueira, entoando os guerreiros seus canticos desde alta madrugada. Ao nascer do sol ornamentam-se com todos os seus emblemas guerreiros e, reunidos, executam evoluções pelo terreiro, á roda da grande fogueira.

Entram então as mulheres com maracás em ambas as mãos e, cantando, encetam uma dança, conjunctamente com os guerreiros. Essa dança consiste em uma marcha rythmada, compassadamente marcada pelas pancadas surdas das lanças no sólo e acompanhadas com o chocalhar dos maracás.

Repetem-se estas dansas durante algumas horas, só depois das quaes abrem os cochos, começando então a tomar a bebida.

Tomam-n'a desbragadamente os homens e tambem as mulheres, emquanto que as creanças por baptizar só depois são obrigadas a tragal-a. A viva força fazem os guerreiros engulir esse liquido ás creanças, que repugnadas, o rejeitam, mas que, forçadas, engolem até ficarem completamente atordoadas.

Assim as creanças, já quasi insensiveis, são ainda pelos paes e parentes sacudidas de todos os modos, para accentuar ainda mais esse atordoamento. Fazem-n'o de um modo brutal, segurando os meninos pelas pernas, atirando-os para o ar e de um homem para outro, até tornar completa a insensibilidade.

Finalmente, procedem então á perfuração dos labios dos neophytos, o que executam com um furador especial feito de uma madeira muito rija e ainda endurecida ao fogo.

Praticado o orificio, collocam, immediatamente, um pequeno botoque «Ngrókozúdma», que, com a idade, é gradativamente substituido por um mais grosso, que dilata o orificio.

As creanças do sexo feminino não recebem botoque, porém duas incisões, logo abaixo da rotula, na perna esquerda. Incisões estas feitas com o mesmo instrumento acima descripto.

Terminadas estas cerimonias, redobra a bebedeira dos guerreiros, que depois recomeçam as suas danças, após as quaes encetam diversos jogos.

Por occasião destas grandes festas reunem-se todos os differentes grupos da tribu dos botocudos, pois que estas solemnidades devem ser assistidas por todos os guerreiros, sendo que, separadamente, não as realizam.

Os differentes grupos, segundo o seu parentesco e sympathias, separam-se para, nos differentes jogos, medirem suas forças e destreza.

Um dos mais interessantes é o «Ngréda», que consiste em aparar ou rebater uma pedra redonda que se acha dentro de uma bolsa feita de um fino trançado de embiras.

Arremessam esta especie de petéca de um grupo para outro com toda a força, visando acertar um guerreiro do outro partido. Atirando todos a um tempo, mui difficil é escapar illeso o guerreiro que é alvo de mais de uma petéca.

A arte consiste em aparar no ar a bolsa para, immediatamente, arremessal-a de volta. Sendo muitas a um tempo, o botocudo então, á medida que não póde aparar, rebate-as com um curto cacete. Apesar de diversos

guerreiros serem attingidos e machucados por estas pedras, continuam, com enorme algazarra e grande enthusiasmo, durante muitas horas, este jogo.

Outro jogo interessante é o do cacete, especie de esgrima ou jogo de páo, em que dois homens medem a sua agilidade e certeza.

VOCABULARIO BOTOCUDO

Colhido no aldeiamento de Taio-Plate — Itajahy — Santa Catharina

A

Abelha: Móngma.
Agua: Ngoyo.
Amanhã: Kulágma.
Amargo: Kóiákê.
Amarrar: Iêdn.
Anta: Óyôie.
Anus: Engéno.
Arara: Kóyoimbâng.
Arco: Vúyo, uỹma.
Arrancar: Kunánkê.
Assar: Nglánkê.
Araponga: Tangdâma.
Alto: Téiê.
Apagar: Yudema.
Amigo: Kálkáma.
Aqui: Tôkané.
Aranha: Xukréng.
Ave: Xáng-gôima.
Arvore: Vâsma.
Assustar: Komángháún.
Atravessar: Katalópkê.
Avô: Yúgtoteyugma.
Avó: Yántotesinóma.
Azul: Taigmo.
Azedo: Yô.

B

Balaio: Krê.
Barba: Yúvama.
Barriga: Nóánma.
Beber: Káklá.
Borboleta: Tutáma.
Bodoque: Ngrokussâna, katyéma, quando de nó de pinho.
Braço: Pân.
Branco: Kuprima.
Brigar: Iô yônho.
Bugio: Ngúgma.
Buraco: (na terra) Ngókáóma.

C

Cabeça: Krêng.
Chifre: Nekáma.
Cahir: Kutáma.
Caminho: Yámin.
Canôa: (Cacho) Kákéma.
Cerca: Déyê.
Caneca: Petkóma.
Campo: Leprúru.
Caété: tutûma.
Capivara: Kréndjôi.
Casa: Inuan.
Cauda: Mbâma.
Carrapato: Tire.
Caroço: Konáma.
Cesto: Petkáma.
Chega, basta: Riquétôváin.
Chuva: Dánkutáma.
Cobra: Poonema.
Cobra jararacussú: Krêntoyába.
Cobra jararaca: Kigékugréma.
Comer: Côyê.
Comprido: Téyê.
Conheço, sei: Végnomô.
Correr: Colóma.
Cortar: Kub.
Cotia: Kátnô.
Cosinhar: Nóêi.
Curto: Kátnién.

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D

Dançar, Festa: Uváingrédma.
Dedo: Ningázeic.
Deite fora: Zóudnlo.
Dente: Nhâma.
Dia: Kôlan.
Diga: Tó.
Doente: Kóngóma.
Doce: Ngráa.
Dormir: Nhôro.
Duro, forte: Tuyôio.

E

Escrever, riscar: Ndéd-lédo.
Espere: Vé.
Estrella: Gliksânc.
Espinho: Txôi.
Estrada: Yámin-m'blang.
Escremento: Nôzá.
Espelho: Védn-védn.

F

Faia: Káinyá.
Fome: Kólére.
Fazer: Hódn.
Farinha: Mbazá.
Fede: Ngêrckô.
Filho: Krân.
Fogo: Préma.
Fraco: Króyóma.
Fructa: Ndédkonâma.
Flecha: Djômalo.
Frio: Kútxôle.
Fundo: Digtnê.

G

Gato: Ngródma.
Gente: Kubrule.
Genro: Jambré.
Glesera: N'détayê.
Gordo: Tanhôngû.
Grande: Mbógma.

H

Hoje: Uri.
Homem: Kóingâng.
Hontem: Lâquét.

I

Irmã: Vêsima, nungnkêsima.
Irmão: Nunkédma, hangréma.

J

Jaboticaba: Máu.
Jacaré: Létadma.
Jacú: Koû.
Jacutinga: Pêigma.
Jaguatirica: Ngrôdeña.
Jerivá: (palmeira): Tâinma.
Joelho: Nyondúma.
Junto: Mbré.

L

Lá: Takané.
Lago, lagoa: Ngôlokatxiên.
Lança: Lónglôma.
Lecenço: Quiúi.
Leite: Nóngnhêkumbóma.
Limpo: Hêe, kuprêe.
Levante-se: Nênlô.
Leve: Kayúi.
Ligeiro, lesto: Tûle.
Lavar: Kúpêie.
Lingua: Numáma.
Linha: Nané.
Longe: Ambeutáma.
Lontra: Zouksélo.
Lua: Koltxáma.

M

Mão: Nengá.
Macaco: Kankáre.
Machado: Mbógma.
Macuco: Ûvô.
Magro: Kâló.
Mandioca: Kóngrê.

Manco: Tenkolég.
Manso: Lâni.
Marido: Mbédn.
Matar: Tônh.
Mato: Kóhan.
Mãe: Ian.
Máu, ruim: Kolégma.
Medico: Vaikoktóma.
Medir: (N'déd)-kumbódma.
Medo: Kômáng.
Mel: Móngma.
Menino: Kóigángkatxidn.
Mentira: Ógtxóro.
Mergulho: Pútkêma.
Meu: Iáátón, itxón.
Milho: Nghára, nghálakonáma.
Miudo, pequeno: Kátxidn.
Moço: Kolânghádno.
Molhado: Nakpêma.
Montanha: Krên.
Morder: Prágnh.
Muito: Kámbáng.
Mulher: Prón.
Moça: Tentégma.

N

Nadar: Mbióma.
Norte: Tú.
Não: Ih, udêya.
Não quero: Tô uváixiô (negação absoluta) tón.
Noite: Katûgma.

O

Olho: Kuxáma.
Ovelha: Ningráma.
Osso: Kukóma.
Ovo: Krân.

P

Paca: Kruiân.
Pae: Yágma.
Panno: Kúla, kúra.
Passarinho: Xangôima.
Pato: Kuika.
Panella: Kukrén.
Papagaio: Tangródma.
Parente, amigo: Káiká.
Páu: Kóma.
Pé: Pánema.
Pedra: Kazûma.
Peixe: Vung-vungma.
Pelle: Záre.
Pello: Kókêma.
Pena: Záiê.
Pente: Uvákuréia.
Pequeno: Kátxidn.
Perdiz: Kokóiva.
Pesado: Kuxáka.
Pescoço: Ndúie.
Pinheiro: Zângma.
Pintado: Lê.
Plantar: Krán.
Pombo: Pentkuima.
Preguiçoso: Nhanhára.
Preto: Tuê.
Procurar: Konántea.
Porco do matto: Úgm.

Q

Quebrar: Kabque.
Quati: Xéma.
Quimar: Ponro.
Quente: Layógúma.

R

Rabo: Mbûba.
Rato: Kátxio.
Raso: Palêma.
Remedio: Vaikoktô.
Roça: Ispen.
Rio: Ngoyóma.
Ruim: Kólégma.

S

Sogro: Kákran.
Salto, cachoeira: Krong.
Sente-se: Nêniô.

Selo: Núnhê.
Sim: Hón.
Sol: Lá.
Sujo: Kóuvêi.
Surdo: Kutúdn, mankefone.

T

Tateto: Okxá.
Taquárá: Vaugváma.
Terra: Ngóma.
Tigre: Mengma.
Torto: Pandoma.
Trabalhar: N'dédhádno.
Trovão: Todotónema.
Tucano: Nglũma.

U

Urú: Putpúleklãma.
Urina: Jóin.

V

Valente: Komangtán.
Vamos: Tódn.
Vou (eu vou junto): Ihá mbrétom.
Veado: Kambêha.
Venha (venha cá): Katénglô.
Vem: Kátong.
Vem ter commigo: Itxô katéng.
Vento: Konká.
Vermelho: Kutxón.

VOCABULARIO BOTOCUDO

Colhido no aldeiamento de Palmas — Paraná

A

Amanhã: Kulagma.
Amigo: Kuiakama.
Andar a cavallo: Cavalú Takrené.
Anta: Ojoro.
Ante-braço: Einjaksi.
Apele: Katolé xuk.
Arco: Corichara, Einvuia.
Arvore: Poinbang.
Avô: Ijungn tchuma.

B

Bainha de facão: Tipá.
Banco: Koiukôro.
Barba: Eijuvá.
Barriga: Eijú.
Braço: Pan, eipan.
Brasa: Tatapui.
Beber: Kakrá.
Bebida (qualquer) Kiki.
Bigode: Einjuvá.
Borboleta: Purukundá.
Botoque: Eigrokosê.
Bugio: Ungugma.

C

Cabeça: Creu, licren.
Cabello: Eicren kaki.
Cacete: Zunti.
Calhro: Tipondé.
Calor: (está quente) Kakapugug.
Canoa: Futka.
Campo: Leetou, leema.
Canella: Eitô.
Cantar: Einjadma.
Carne: Tiné.
Capivara: Krendjoi.
Cavallo: Cavalú.
Ceo: Koiká.
Cesto: Kaitumê ou Kaituinê.
Cesto: (não encerado) Canha.
Chamma: Zaikora.
Chapeu: Eikeipongré.
Chuva: Toonjonkedn.
Cinco: Ulangledna ulangledna upi.
Cobertor: Curo coxôn.
Coati: Chê.
Cobra: Poon.
Comer: Eijokô (Krognê).
Correr: Tilalá.
Costa da mão: Einhenkanglò.

D

Dansar: Enjongrá.
Dedo: Einhengasai.
Dedo do pé: Eipançai.
Dente: Einjá.
Dois: Ulanglêdna.
Dormir: Tinoro tianecron (está dormindo).

E

Estar de pé: Tinhâma.
Esteio: Tiunjôo.
Estrella: Gliksane.

F

Facão: Kranjá.
Flecha de guerra: Machaipè-dalan.

[p 135]

Flecha de caça: lingò.
Filho: Nheere.
Filha: Iguxi.
Fogo: Tatá.
Folha: Tisaia.
Frio: Cuxoko.

G

Gallinha: Kukéve.
Gallo: Kukéve.
Gato do matto: Men-caxid.
Geada: Kukrêregma.

H

Homem: Koingang.

I

Irmão: Nhonhedn.
Inimigo: Comblédgma.

J

Jaguaterica: Ungrudma.
Janella: Zaatkakaxi.
Joelho: Eijokaen.

L

Labio: Einbkê.
Lenha: Pen.
Linha: Zooteji.
Lua: Coaxok.

M

Macaco: Couara.
Maitaca: Coojui.
Mãe: Nhon.
Maracanã: Cauja.
Marido: Einbadn.
Matto: Kotokié prunima.
Menino: Ugnere.
Moça solteira: Totae taka.
Moço: Kaaiun.
Mulher: Taã.
Mulher casada: Inpronaina.
Mulher velha: Unbatun.

N

Noite: Kutugma.

O

Onça vermelha: Men cuxon.
Olho: Eikonan.
Osso: Kukó.
Ovo: Tinglá.

P

Paca: Crirlon.
Pai: Iuugn.
Palma da mão: Einhenkaká.
Papagalo: Tanglad.
Passarinho: Chaankoi.
Pé: Eipan.
Peito: Eisepalô.
Peixe: Kakrôa.
Pescoço: Einjui.
Picada: Ooméne.
Picapau: Uujakeingô.
Pinha: Zaaklê.
Pinhão: Zaaksu.
Pinheiro: Zaagma.
Porco de casa: Unpê.
Porco do matto: Ungma.
Porta: Zaatka.

Q

Quatro: Uglanglêdna, Ulanglêdna.
Queijo: Einbô.

R

Ramo: Tipaama.
Rancho de folhas: Tapui.
Rasio: Eipan.
Rio: Goiobáng.
Rio pequeno: Goio caxida.
Roupa: Curo
Roupa azul: Curo looma.
» verde: Curo jorekotoosma.
» branca: Curo cupri.
» preta: Curo chaama.

S

Sobrancelha: Eicujuké.
Saia: (retire-se) Titen.
Sapato: Eipanpá.
Sapo: Pupô.
Sente: Néro.
Sol: Loógma.

T

Taboa: Zaakpógma.
Taquara: Vuadma.
Tateto: Ukxá.
Testa: Eicocá.
Tigre: Unmen.
Toca: Uklêlo.
Traga: Boiocoten.
Tres: Taktun ou Ulangledna upi.

U

Unha: Einhengá Kreinkrú.
Um: Piré ou upi.

V

Vacca: Cavalú, tinekô.
Vamos: Tatoro.
Veado: Cambê.
Velho: Tchiima.
Venha: Kamun.
Venha cá: Catangló.
Venha sentar: Noonek.
Venha sentar no banco: Koinkôro takrené.
Vou a cavallo para baixo: Cavalú takrené katalen.

3:Henry E-5 (1932-1934)1935 SM3 Caingang SM3
A welkoma

[121] The data for this paper were obtained during my stay among the Kaingang Indians of Santa Catarina, Brazil, from December 1932 until January 1934. Although the object of the investigation was primarily ethnological enough data were obtained for an outline of the language. The language [124] was studied principally in order that I might learn to speak it — which I did — and the great bulk of my ethnological work was done in the native language. Nevertheless, since the language was utterly strange to me and there was no source from which I might learn it[3], except from the Indians, I found it necessary to make a certain amount of systematic analysis.

[101] There are several Indian tribes in southern Brazil that are called Kaingang: one in São Paulo, another in Paraná, and still others in Santa Catarina. Those that I studied are in

[122] [1] The field work was made possible by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to the Columbia University Department of Anthropology.

[2] I am indebted to Eduardo de Lima e Silva Hoerhan of the Serviço de Protecção aos Indios for assistance in the early days of the study.

[3] Formerly part of the Municipality of Blumenau.

[127] [4] Ehrenreich, *Archiv für Anthropologie*, NS. III, 1906, pp. 32, 33; Festschrift für Adolf

[p. 172 (5)]

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

SM3 Caingang SM3

Aweikoma

for linguistic purposes. None of the women speak Portuguese. Most of the ethnological data was obtained in the native language, which I learned to speak.[6]

Whatever merits this book may have are due primarily to the training I received from my teachers Franz Boas and Ruth Benedict. The specific suggestions they have made regarding Kaingáng culture have often provided far-reaching insights into its nature. Dr. Margaret Mead's lectures on field methods and her criticism of my manuscript have been of great help in the formulation of my ideas about Kaingáng culture. To Mr. Hans J. Uldall, ace of phoneticians, go my thanks for the excellent preparation that helped make it possible for me to master quickly the peculiarities of the Kaingáng language. The criticisms of my wife, Zunia Henry, have been most valuable.

The field work that supplied the basis for this book was made possible through an appropriation of the Department of Anthropology of Columbia University.

My gratitude is due to my two dear friends, Eduardo de Lima e Silva Hoerhan, and his wife, Dona Francisca whose kindness and solicitude made it possible to carry on under strange and difficult circumstances.

Brazilian officials, particularly Dr. Dulphe Pinheiro Machado, Minister of Labor, Dr. Bezerra Cavalcanti, now deceased, of the Indian Service, and Dr. Roquette-Pinto and Dona Heloise Torres of the National Museum, have also been immeasurably helpful and kind to me.

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[6] See Appendix IV.

[p. xviii is blank]

3:Henry E-5 (1932-1934)1935 SM3 Caingang SM3
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[P. 172 (5)]

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

177 Until 1914 the Kaingáng robbed and killed the Brazilian colonists, but now they live in peace. Under government instruction they have learned to till the soil. Both men and women have adopted the clothes of the whites and the men have cut their hair and discarded their typically male ornament, the lip plug. The young men use fire arms exclusively; one man about sixty uses only bow and arrow; the other men over forty alternate between bow and arrow and gun. Nowadays the Kaingáng attempt houses after the fashion of the poor white farmers of the region—mud walls, thatched roofs and dirt floors—but the Kaingáng often do not get beyond the roof, and even that leaks. Changes are also noticeable in ritual and social life. Some rituals have dropped out and the bloody feuds between the extended families are no longer carried on. Although polygyny is still practised polyandry has been given up.

In spite of change, however, many of the old ways of life are still followed and fundamental attitudes remain the same. The culture is far from dead. Because of their ferocity only the bugreiros—men hired by the colonists to kill the Indians—ever dared approach the Kaingáng before pacification. Since that time the government has steadily resisted all attempts to establish missions among them. Although there is a Catholic church about [197] five miles away from the reservation its effect on the Kaingáng has been practically nil.

● 123 I lived on the reservation from December 1932 to January 1934 and my house was in the center of the Kaingáng village.

Although the Kaingáng are now small farmers they still spend about half their time hunting. They are great week-enders. Every Friday some of them plunge into the jungle and turn up on Monday with a few quarters of tapir, deer or wild pig, or some birds. From time to time I joined them on these trips but with the exception of a five week expedition I made with them into the jungle my work was largely limited to wandering about the village, in and out of houses, sitting by fires and talking, working with paid informants, and, of course, treating their ailments.

114 Frei Mansueto Barcatta de Val Floriana has published a grammar[6] of the language of the Kaingáng of São Paulo but no systematic study of the language of any of the Kaingáng speaking tribes of Santa Catarina had appeared in print prior to my "A Kaingáng Text."[7]

191 Although today Kaingáng males between 20 and 30 years of age know some Portuguese there was only one whose Portuguese was good enough

[6] "Esboço de Grammatica Kaingang," *Revista do Museu Paulista*, Volume X, São Paulo, 1918. Frei Mansueto's grammar suffers from an attempt to impose Indo-European grammatical categories on the Kaingáng language. His "Diccionarios Kaingang-Portuguez e Portuguez-Kaingang," *Revista do Museu Paulista*, Volume XII, São Paulo, 1920, is excellent.

[7] *International Journal of American Linguistics*, Volume VIII, 1935, pp. 179-218.

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[p. 172 (B)]

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

THE CAINGANG

By Alfred Métraux

TRIBAL DIVISIONS AND HISTORY

101 The name *Caingang* (map 1, *No. 10*) was introduced in 1882 by
131 Telemaco Morocines Borba to designate the non-*Guaraní* Indians of the States of São Paulo, Paraná, Santa Catarina, and Rio Grande do Sul, who previously were known as *Guayaná*, *Coroado*, *Bugre*, *Shokleng*, *Tupí*, *Botocudo*, etc., but who are all linguistically and culturally related to one another and form the southern branch of the *Ge* family (long. 50° W. between lat. 20° to 30° S.).

101 **Guayaná.**—These Indians appear for the first time in the literature
619 under the name of *Guayaná* (*Goyaná*, *Goaianas*, *Guayná*, *Wayannas*, etc.). Staden (1925, part 2, chap. 3) mentions them in the Capitania of São Vicente. Early documents assign to them the plains of Piratininga and the region where São Paulo was founded. According to Soares de Souza (1851, pp. 99–100) they were the masters of the entire coast of the present State of São Paulo, from Angra dos Reis to Cananéia. Actually, they shared the seashore with the *Guaraní*-speaking *Tupinikin*. The Portuguese chronicler describes them as noncannibalistic people with softer dispositions than the *Tupinamba*, living in the open country, and shunning the forest where they were worsted by their *Tupinamba* neighbors. Tebyreçá, who played such an important part in the early history of São Paulo, was a *Guayaná* chief. The settlement of Pinheiros, near old São Paulo, was formed by Indians of that tribe. Since the toponymy of this region is *Guaraní*, some authors consider the *Guayaná* a *Tupí-Guaraní* tribe. Though it is possible that the *Guayaná* of Piratininga spoke *Tupí*, there is little doubt that the majority of *Guayaná* belonged to a different family and were the ancestors of the modern *Caingang*. In the last century the name *Guayaná* was still applied in the State of São Paulo to a group of 200 *Caingang* who were settled in 1843 near Itapeva (Saint-Hilaire, 1830–51, 2:439–461; Machado de Oliveira, 1846, pp. 248–254).

The chronicler Rui Díaz de Guzmán (1914, p. 14) speaks of *Guayaná*, *Pattes* (*Basas?*), *Chouas*, and *Chouacas*, who spoke related languages and had their habitat on the Piquirý River and on the Rio Negro.[1]

[1] Xarque (1900, 4:284) states that the "Guañana" were situated on the Piquirý River, near the missions of San Pedro, São Paulo, and Concepción.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoena

Preface

●131 Tribes speaking Kaingáng dialects inhabit the highlands of southeastern South America from the state of São Paulo, Brazil to Argentina. Although no thorough study has previously been made of any of these tribes enough has appeared in print[1] to indicate that they differ in language and culture. The group I studied[2] is localized on the government reservation of Duque de Caxias in the municipality of Dalbergia in the state of Santa Catarina, Brazil. It is one extended family.[3] A handful of fellow tribesmen, probably another extended family, is living on a reservation at Palmas[4] in the state of Santa Catarina, and as late as 1934 a small group of Kaingáng, thought to be tribesmen of those at Duque de Caxias, was reported to be wandering wild and causing damage in the southern part of the state.

177 [73] [61] Since 1914 when the Kaingáng were pacified and localized at Duque de Caxias epidemics have reduced their number from between three and four hundred to 106,[5] and a number of changes have come over their culture.

[1] A summary of data on the Kaingáng tribes is given in "La civilisation matérielle et la vie sociale et religieuse des Zé des Brésil meridional et oriental," by Dr. Hermann Ploetz and Dr. A. Metraux, *Revista del Instituto de Etnologia de la Universidad de Tucuman* (Argentina). Tucuman 1930. Volume 1, Entrega 2a, pp. 107-238.

[2] They have also been called Bororado. This is unfortunate for it confuses this Kaingáng speaking tribe with the linguistically unrelated Bororado of Minas Geraes, Brazil. Dr. José Maria de Paula has published a vocabulary and some remarks on the Kaingáng of Duque de Caxias in "Memoria Sobre os Bororados do Paraná e Santa Catarina . . ." in *Congresso Internacional de Americanistes*, Rio de Janeiro, 1922. 20 Session, Volume 1: pp. 117-137.

[3] This term is explained in the body of the book.

[4] Herbert Baldus has a vocabulary and some remarks on these Indians in *Anthropos*, Volume 30, 1, 2. January-April 1935, p. 191.

[5] 40 children (19 males, 21 females); 9 males and 15 females over thirty; 27 males and 13 females over fifty.

G-5
4: Paula--1 / (ca. 1914-1920) 1924 SM3 Caingang SM3
Botocudo

Memoir on the Botocudo of Paraná and Santa Catarina, Organized by the Indian Protection Service Under the Direction of Dr. José Maria de Paula

101 The Botocudo of Santa Catarina are descendants of the primitive aborigines who were formerly scattered all over the interior of southern Brazil--the Tapuya, members of the great Aimore nation. According to this view, which seems to us the most appropriate, the Botocudo now remaining in the camps of the Plate River are the last survivors of that large and warlike nation.

648 This tribe used to roam the vast area bounded by the Iguaçu
[31] and Uruguay rivers and the ocean, waging a colossal struggle against the civilized populations who were clearing their forests and exterminating their major source of food--their game.

The first verified notices of Indian attack date from the year 1830.

In order to protect the colonists in those areas most severely threatened by the Indians, a troop of so-called pedestres [foot soldiers] was created in 1836. Their function was to set the aborigines to flight and to pursue them; but this did not put an end to the raids.

In his speech of 1856, the president of the province, Dr. João José Coutinho, suggests that the only truly effective measure would be to force these "murderers and sons of barbarians" to leave the forest and settle in locations from which they could not escape.

Translator's Note

104 The spelling of Portuguese words and geographical names has been changed in accordance with the 1943 orthography reform. All Indian words have been left as in the original owing to their doubtful phonetic rendition.

It may be stated that (´) marks stress, (^) indicates a close vowel sound, and x stands for English sh.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

I

The Forest and Its People

The Kaingáng were forest nomads. For perhaps three hundred years that was the only life they knew, and they resented it. The forest was not their original home, for they were driven into it from their farms on the savannahs to the west by their enemies. They speak with nostalgia of the time long ago when they lived in little fenced villages and planted corn, beans and pumpkins. Before the pacification they had no villages and instead of dividing their time between cultivating their crops and hunting in the forest as they used to do, they wandered forever in the forest and planted no crops at all.

The forests of Santa Catarina are vast and mighty; they are rich and well watered, tall and gloomy. Saplings and trees six feet in diameter crowd close upon one another. Bushes cluster about the trees, and the whole is woven into one solid mass by the vines that hang from trees, twine about bushes, and creep along the ground. The forest everywhere grows right down to the edges of the rivers and looms on both sides like the walls of a great corridor, silent and lovely, impenetrable except with knife or club. Flocks of geese, taboo to the Indians, for those landlocked creatures may not touch these timid and agile waterfowl, skim above the surface of the rivers, and wherever a lichen-covered cliff rises from the river's edge it throws their calls echoing back and forth across the water.

I used to joke with the Brazilians telling them that their beautiful state of Santa Catarina was not a land but a solution, for it is indeed a country of ten thousand water courses. Innumerable little streams undermine the earth, and during the rainy season in August and September, when it sometimes rains for a month without cease, when day after day thunder rolls about the mountain tops and the wind blows and the forest rocks until you

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

imagine it is going to crash solidly on your head, these subterranean streams cast great sections of the earth into the rivers. Then streams that were sluggish and clear become turgid and rushing. Rivers that moved slowly and whose bottoms you could easily see through their few feet of clear water rise almost four feet overnight, and their purling shallows become dangerous rapids, pouring tons of muddy red water down toward the sea. Then all day long the shouts of the Indians—"Storm, go away, I am afraid of you; so stop!"—go up among the camps, rising faintly above the roar of the river, the rush of the rain, and the ceaseless rumble of the thunder.

Water is everywhere in Santa Catarina, and it literally grows on trees, or at least in bamboo, the hollow stems of which are filled with it. You cannot walk far without coming across at least a brook, and the Indians use the streams as short cuts, sometimes walking in the water for half a mile. In nine days a pair of rubber-soled tennis shoes rotted off my feet; by the end of my five-weeks' hunting trip the seams of my waterproof leather boots had rotted. Yet in this land where a hundred thousand terraces bear witness to ages of slow erosion and the winding streams interlace like silver bands, the Kaingáng are without boats or rafts. They have every other technique for crossing a stream that ingenuity and resourcefulness might suggest: they knock down a tree on one side of a stream so that it will fall on the other and form a bridge, and they also build crude bridges. Men who have supernatural power obtained from some water animal may even brave a turbulent stream to carry a line across so that other people may pull themselves across on it. But before they came to Duque de Caxias the Kaingáng knew nothing of navigation, and the one instance in folklore of an attempt at it ended in a fiasco. Of course the Kaingáng were land nomads. It would have been too much work to build a canoe or even a raft just to cross a stream and it was much easier for them to wait until the river went down; for the Kaingáng never felt a pressing need to be anywhere at any particular time. They might just as well have been on one side of the river as on the other.

To know how to walk in the bed of a stream, stepping unerringly from stone to slippery stone, is really a blessing, for a smarting body appreciates the respite from thorns, and the coldness of the water is soothing to one's battered and aching shins. The forest is no place for a pleasant stroll. The gait of the forest rover is unmistakable, for he never just steps; he *places his feet*. Where a thorn may prick, a vine slash, a fallen log batter; where the earth may crumble underfoot or a snake strike from the concealment of a pile of leaves or a low bush overhanging the trail, every move must be a maneuver. When an Indian is scratched or bruised, he stops and removes the cause so that those who follow will not suffer as he did. He gropes for the thorn until he finds it and then carries it far away to dispose

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

SM3 Caingang SM3
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of it, or he carefully chops out the root or log until the path is clear; he never leaves a rough edge. 484

The forest has certain little peculiarities whose marks the Indians recognize when they see one of their number come back from the hunt with a bloody eye or a mass of little cuts on his legs. There is a kind of bamboo that the Indians call *kotkŝlo* which hangs like a vine from trees and whose mark on the human body is so specific that the Indians can always tell when one of them has fallen foul of it. *Kotkŝlo* has a surface like sandpaper and a long thorn that curves slightly upward like a tiny scimitar. If you escape the thorn the surface may rasp across your face and leave a stinging welt. There is also a tall strong grass that grows in the open places the Indians love so well and that cuts like a knife. No one dares just walk through it; the feet must swing out like scythes to beat it down. 824

The Indians are acutely aware of their mountain forests as something with which they have to struggle and which is full of pain for them. The forest is a mass of vines and thorns that cut and trip; it is alive with insects that suck and torment; and they make no bones about saying so. They divide the forest into "clean places," those in which there are no vines, thorns, or bamboo,—they also call them "pretty places"—and "dirty places," where the tangle is so thick that it obscures the light of day.

In the winter these mountain forests are cold and nights are gray with the mist that rises from the watercourses. The temperature often drops below freezing at night, and not even the thickest clothing will keep out the cold and damp. Yet for generations the only clothing the Indians had was a knee-length netlike robe of plant fiber, worn about the waist by the women, and a closely woven shirt of the same material, reaching to the hips, worn by the men in the winter. When they began to raid the Brazilians they stole vests and blankets and it was common to see an Indian naked except for a little belt around his waist to tie up his penis—and a vest. The vest kept the torso warm while it allowed freedom of motion to the arms. The Kaingáng never do anything more with an animal skin than make soup of it, and before they had blankets and vests they simply spread a few fern fronds on the ground at night and lay down on them to sleep, pulling a net-like robe over themselves if they were so fortunate as to possess one. 132 291 [281] [252] [513]

On winter nights they are miserable and often get up to warm themselves by the fire. One morning in May as I warmed my aching joints by the fire and watched my breath spiral upward, Chukembégn said to me: "Last night I slept all over the place. It was so cold nobody slept." Sometimes they fall asleep sitting by the fire, their arms on their drawn-up knees, their heads sunk forward. The scarcity of blankets brings the young men together in the sleeping parties they love, when a half dozen of them, 513 374

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Aweikoma

wrapped in each other's arms, lie under a couple of blankets. Children sleep almost anywhere that they can crawl under a blanket, and any solitary sleeper welcomes warm flesh that will help to shelter him against the cold. If children were not welcome sleeping companions it would go hard with them in families where scarcity of blankets would leave them absolutely unprotected.

The Kaingáng are hungry in winter and early spring. Then the tracks of animals are hard to interpret and the tapir can run far and fast, for it is no longer burdened with its young and the forest is cool. To the Kaingáng the tapir is not only the most important food, it is the very symbol of food. When they have no tapir meat there is very little meat of any kind, for the tapir is most plentiful when the wild fruits and nuts are ripe, and when these are gone the monkeys and birds, the rodents and pigs, the deer and the tapir that have fed on them for months, grow scarce or vanish altogether. Many primitive people who are faced with this seasonal scarcity have developed some technique of preservation, but not so the Kaingáng. They preserve only pine nuts and have nothing to support them in these times of hunger.

Summer, with its warmth, its dryness, and its plenty, brings comfort at last to these people who sew no skins and make no warm clothes against the winter, who have no knowledge of boats or rafts to carry them across the rivers that lie everywhere around them, and who, in a hungry land, preserve no food and make no traps. If necessity were the mother of invention the Kaingáng would have all these things, which would make their life easier. If people systematically adapted themselves to their environment the Kaingáng would not only be dogged and skillful hunters, but they would have the traps and the fishing techniques which they completely lack. The men would not only be untiring, uncomplaining providers, but they would have discovered how to preserve the food they obtain with so much effort, so that in the lean days of winter they would not grow weak and retch and vomit with hunger.

The Kaingáng are powerful and of tough physique.[2] The arms and legs of the full-grown men are thick and muscular, and the women, although shorter and less conspicuously muscular, are strong enough to carry heavy loads. Their hair is straight and black, their dark-brown eyes wide and level, their noses high-bridged and coarse, their lips thick. Their skin color ranges from a deep brown to a golden tan. Sometimes a sick person who has lain a long time by the fire, away from the sun, may be practically white. The men, who are about as tall as the average white European, are graceful in spite of their massiveness. It is a pleasure to see them walk—the tangled forest has never let them learn to run—with their high springing

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I

The Forest and Its People

174 The Kaingáng were forest nomads. For perhaps three hundred years that was the only life they knew, and they resented it. The forest was not their original home, for they were driven into it from their farms on the savannahs to the west by their enemies. They speak with nostalgia of the time long ago when they lived in little fenced villages and planted corn, beans and pumpkins. Before the pacification they had no villages and instead of dividing their time between cultivating their crops and hunting in the forest as they used to do, they wandered forever in the forest and planted no crops at all.

137 The forests of Santa Catarina are vast and mighty; they are rich and well watered, tall and gloomy. Saplings and trees six feet in diameter crowd close upon one another. Bushes cluster about the trees, and the whole is woven into one solid mass by the vines that hang from trees, twine about bushes, and creep along the ground. The forest everywhere grows right down to the edges of the rivers and looms on both sides like the walls of a great corridor, silent and lovely, impenetrable except with knife or club. Flocks of geese, taboo to the Indians, for those landlocked creatures may not touch these timid and agile waterfowl, skim above the surface of the rivers, and wherever a lichen-covered cliff rises from the river's edge it throws their calls echoing back and forth across the water.

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132 of Santa Catarina was not a land but a solution, for it is indeed a country of ten thousand water courses. Innumerable little streams undermine the earth, and during the rainy season in August and September, when it sometimes rains for a month without cease, when day after day thunder rolls about the mountain tops and the wind blows and the forest rocks until you

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imagine it is going to crash solidly on your head, these subterranean streams
cast great sections of the earth into the rivers. Then streams that were
sluggish and clear become turgid and rushing. Rivers that moved slowly
and whose bottoms you could easily see through their few feet of clear
water rise almost four feet overnight, and their purling shallows become
dangerous rapids, pouring tons of muddy red water down toward the sea.
Then all day long the shouts of the Indians—"Storm, go away, I am afraid
of you; so stop!"—go up among the camps, rising faintly above the roar of
the river, the rush of the rain, and the ceaseless rumble of the thunder.

Water is everywhere in Santa Catarina, and it literally grows on trees, or
at least in bamboo, the hollow stems of which are filled with it. You cannot
walk far without coming across at least a brook, and the Indians use the
streams as short cuts, sometimes walking in the water for half a mile. In
nine days a pair of rubber-soled tennis shoes rotted off my feet; by the end
of my five-weeks' hunting trip the seams of my waterproof leather boots
had rotted. Yet in this land where a hundred thousand terraces bear witness
to ages of slow erosion and the winding streams interlace like silver bands,
the Kaingáng are without boats or rafts. They have every other technique
for crossing a stream that ingenuity and resourcefulness might suggest:
they knock down a tree on one side of a stream so that it will fall on the
other and form a bridge, and they also build crude bridges. Men who have
supernatural power obtained from some water animal may even brave a
turbulent stream to carry a line across so that other people may pull them-
selves across on it. But before they came to Duque de Caxias the Kaingáng
knew nothing of navigation, and the one instance in folklore of an attempt
at it ended in a fiasco. Of course the Kaingáng were land nomads. It would
have been too much work to build a canoe or even a raft just to cross a
stream and it was much easier for them to wait until the river went down;
for the Kaingáng never felt a pressing need to be anywhere at any par-
ticular time. They might just as well have been on one side of the river as
on the other.

To know how to walk in the bed of a stream, stepping unerringly from
stone to slippery stone, is really a blessing, for a smarting body appreciates
the respite from thorns, and the coldness of the water is soothing to one's
battered and aching shins. The forest is no place for a pleasant stroll.
The gait of the forest rover is unmistakable, for he never just steps; he
places his feet. Where a thorn may prick, a vine slash, a fallen log batter;
where the earth may crumble underfoot or a snake strike from the concealment of a pile of leaves or a low bush overhanging the trail, every move
must be a maneuver. When an Indian is scratched or bruised, he stops and
removes the cause so that those who follow will not suffer as he did. He
gropes for the thorn until he finds it and then carries it far away to dispose

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133

[facing p. 12]

x 193 is the simplest proof among several that we are dealing with the participial form, or
x 539 the nominal-participial form of the verb in a construction like

mŏk	tʃi	tɛ̃	tɔ̃	kɔ·θeye	tɛ̃	ŋgɛnɲ	ŋa
Honey	insect			flower		gather	

This is literally "by the bee flower's-gathering".

tɔ̃ is an instrumental the function of which will be described elsewhere.

There is no difference of sense between the active and the participial forms.

8 ɛɛu is the untranslatable particle that is associated with the active form of the verb. It is to be considered together with ŋa.

9 kũ is a connective. It may be translated as "and" generally. It is used solely as a connective between clauses. It is never used as the English "and" to connect nouns, as in "the book and the pencil and the pen". Together with tɛ̃ (see note 6) kũ has the effect of "and so" or "and then".

● [136] 10 Tucan. A bird about the size of a very large parrot. It is black with a red and yellow throat and an enormous yellow bill.

11 him.

There are two sets of pronouns, subjective and objective. The subjective occur as subjects of those verbal constructions treated as active or expressing condition or location; the objective pronouns are objects of transitive verbs and postpositions, but are also subjects of verbal constructions that are treated as nominal. They also occur independently. I have called the subjective pronouns *verbal* because they occur only with verbs, and the objective pronouns *independent* pronouns.

Objective or Independent Pronouns:

It is I	ɛŋ·haŋa
It is you (sing. and plur.)	a·haŋa
It is non-feminine	ti·haŋa
It is she	ði·haŋa
It is we	aŋ·haŋa
It is they	ɔŋ·haŋa

[p.136(N)]

193 In the following sentence there are 2
539 subjects but one of them has no verb:

eŋ'ha nā yuk tā ŋu tā
I I father negative

I have no father. "Father" is the subject of a sentence the best translation of which is "My father is not", but we are prevented from stating this as the actual translation because *nā* is the verbal first person singular pronoun.

mbæ tā nā ne
husband negative I sit

"I have no husband". As soon as any other person as subject is substituted for the 3rd person the *ŋu* disappears.

18 Active form of the singular verb, "to arrive". Participial form, *ta'vi*. Plural, active: *'yulu*. Plural participial, *'yulu*.

19 To say. Participial and active forms are the same. It is used only as a verb of reference to something that has just been said. In the question, "What did he say?" the verb *taŋ* (participial) *tu* (active), "to tell" is used. The reply to the question is given, and terminated by the expression *'ke ŋu tā mu*, as seen in the text.

[136] 20 Baitaka. A small green bird that eats the corn.

21 Same.

22 To do. A verb of very irregular behaviour. This text example is an excellent instance of its extreme irregularity, for this is the only case in which this verb has this particular form.

Other Irregularities.

Verbs that change the stem in the active form also take the active form with the indefinite future particle *yæ*, with the definite future partivle *tā*, and with the contingent future particles *va.....ho*. Verbs that have the same form in both participial and active constructions do not change under any conditions. But the verb "to do" constitutes an exception to this rule.

[p.139(B)]

193 in that *ɲaŋ* is used to form the latter's plural
539 only when *no* means "to lie".

Examples:

'kũ ŋɔ kĩ ɲaŋ 'no
then on top lie
Then they lay down on (them).

ti 'plũ tĩ ɔŋ ŋɔ lɯŋ'le ɲaŋ ne
his wife they two sit
He had two wives.

But also:

ti plũ ɔŋ ŋɔ lɯŋ'le nonde
his wife them two are
He had two wives.

no is used arbitrarily to form the plural of *ne* and *ɲa*.

Examples:

ɛŋ 'ha nũ kɔ'yo ɲa kɯ'ke mu
I I thin stand habitually
I am always thin.

ɔŋ ha ŋɔ kɔ'yo no kɯ'ke mu
they thin are habitually
They are always thin.

nde to a ne nũ ŋa
what beside your sit
What are you sitting beside? (What are you doing there?)

kũ ɔk ti to no
then they him beside are
Then they stayed beside him.

[136] 53 A woodpecker.

54 The woman who treats one's umbilical cord ceremonially.

55 The feminine particle, which also means "she" and "her", follows all human feminine nouns and personal names.

[412] 56 Stone pestle.

57 Cloth. Any piece of fabric is called generically by this term.

58 Covered over. The first two syllables of a number of verbs are identical with the first two syllables of this one.

[p. 204 (A)]

X 193 *kũ tã ˈvaŋ nɛ*
then he see

X 539 Then he was watching.

ŋŋuŋ ŋɔ ˈkɔ̃ ŋɛ
a monkey (bujin) call

A bujin[1] was calling.

ɲaˈdɔ ŋɔ ði nɔ
nurse she

She (the infant) was nursing.

ɲaˈdɔ ŋɔ ði ɲa
nurse she

She (i. e. the infant) was nursing.

ɲaŋ has both participial and active (*ɲa*) forms.

72 To approach. This verb overlaps *kaˈtɛŋ*, to come. The former, however, is less general in meaning. *ka ˈtɛ̃* has this one form only.

73 When a nasal consonant occurs in accented position or immediately after an accented syllable it is sometimes exploded nasally.

74 Together with, a postposition.

75 The subject is sometimes repeated in a long clause or series of clauses.

76 To eat honey.

77 This *mu* frequently occurs before *ɲaŋlɔ* without changing its meaning. It is the verbal particle that is repeated with a rhetorical accent.

78 In the meanwhile. A disjunctive like *kaɲaŋlɔ*. *kaɲaŋlɔ*, however, is an adversitive.

[136] 79 Humming bird.

80 To give or to place. The general term *ði* refers to long objects when they are given or when they are placed horizontally; *ðaŋ* refers to objects that are generally set on the ground. When long objects are stood up this verb is also used.

81 An idiomatic use of the postposition that generally means "in front of" or "before". It is the reverse of the postposition

[1] The bujin is the Brazilian name for the howler monkey.

[p. 211(8)]

[x193] *kũ ɔk ti ɲat ki ũ ˈtʃuɪ mu*
then they his mouth in other pour
[x539] Then they pour some into his mouth.

[136] *ˈkũ ŋv kɛˈlõ tẽ vˈyolo tẽtõ e ɲat ka ˈkle*
then paca[1] tapir his mouth in escape
tẽkũ
and so....
Then, when the tapir escaped from the paca.....

When a person is dying he says things about those around him, usually fortelling death. This is called *ɲatkɔŋˈna*, where *kɔŋˈna* means "to err". But *ɲatkiˈðɔlɔ* means "mouth skin" or "lip". These examples are too few for the derivation of a rule.

88 Active form of the verb "to be dry". Participial form *kaˈŋga*. *kuŋˈŋguŋ*, used of herbage seems to be related to it, although I do not know in what way.

89 Near by.

[194] 90 No! I have marked a low rising tone here because the peculiar musical character of the Kaingang negation is so striking. It is what singing teachers call "a scooped tone".

91 Far away. Used also of distance in time.

92 A predicating element. Elements associated with *kɔ* can take only the independent pronouns.

A large number of expressions of sensation and feeling occur in constructions with *kɔ*.

Examples:

(1) It is hot. *lõ kɔ*
hot

(2) I am cold. *kuˈtʃɔ kɔ*
cold

(3) I want to go. *e tʃẽk ˈtʃvlv kɔ*
my go to be desirous

(4) I am hungry. *e kuˈyɛle kɔ*
my hunger

(5) It is strong (drink or odor). *ˈðɔ kɔ*
strong

(6) It stinks. *ˈŋgɛle kɔ*
odor

[1] A rodent. It is amphibious.

[p.212 (B)]

I

The Forest and Its People

174 THE KAINGÁNG WERE FOREST NOMADS. For perhaps three hundred years that was the only life they knew, and they resented it. The forest was not their original home, for they were driven into it from their farms on the savannahs to the west by their enemies. They speak with nostalgia of the time long ago when they lived in little fenced villages and planted corn, beans and pumpkins. Before the pacification they had no villages and instead of dividing their time between cultivating their crops and hunting in the forest as they used to do, they wandered forever in the forest and planted no crops at all.

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wrapped in each other's arms, lie under a couple of blankets. Children sleep almost anywhere that they can crawl under a blanket, and any solitary sleeper welcomes warm flesh that will help to shelter him against the cold. If children were not welcome sleeping companions it would go hard with them in families where scarcity of blankets would leave them absolutely unprotected.

The Kaingáng are hungry in winter and early spring. Then the tracks of animals are hard to interpret and the tapir can run far and fast, for it is no longer burdened with its young and the forest is cool. To the Kaingáng the tapir is not only the most important food, it is the very symbol of food. When they have no tapir meat there is very little meat of any kind, for the tapir is most plentiful when the wild fruits and nuts are ripe, and when these are gone the monkeys and birds, the rodents and pigs, the deer and the tapir that have fed on them for months, grow scarce or vanish altogether. Many primitive people who are faced with this seasonal scarcity have developed some technique of preservation, but not so the Kaingáng. They preserve only pine nuts and have nothing to support them in these times of hunger.

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The Kaingáng are powerful and of tough physique.[1] The arms and legs of the full-grown men are thick and muscular, and the women, although shorter and less conspicuously muscular, are strong enough to carry heavy loads. Their hair is straight and black, their dark-brown eyes wide and level, their noses high-bridged and coarse, their lips thick. Their skin color ranges from a deep brown to a golden tan. Sometimes a sick person who has lain a long time by the fire, away from the sun, may be practically white. The men, who are about as tall as the average white European, are graceful in spite of their massiveness. It is a pleasure to see them walk—the tangled forest has never let them learn to run—with their high springing

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step, or balance themselves incredibly on a narrow tree six feet above a stream while hundred-and-fifty-pound loads hang from their heads.

All their lives these people pitted their strength, intelligence, and persistence against the forest, against their ancient enemies the Kangdjá, against the Brazilians, whom they hated and feared, and even against some of their own relatives, of whom they lived in constant terror—eager to avenge murders and sleepless for fear of reprisals. The characteristics of the typical Kaingáng male, tough, resourceful within the limits of his intelligence and experience, dogged and hard to kill, were summed up in one-legged Thuyídn, who died some years ago. In the words of a Kaingáng: "He was not old. In spite of the fact that he had only one leg he used to knock down pine nuts. He would make a loop and climb up.[2] He chopped out honey and killed tapirs. He would run after the dogs. He leaned on a stick in front of him. He had abscesses on the buttocks, back, and hands—he was sick, but he went with them. He was hard to kill. The Brazilians stabbed him in the back and it came out in front. It pierced his lung. Another pierced him below the ribs. He had been shot twice. Once he was cut in the head. He fought. He had seized a knife by the blade and lost two fingers."

There can be no doubt that the Kaingáng bred individuals fit for survival. Certainly men like Thuyídn were born to survive. But for a society to perpetuate itself it must also be able to cope with internal conflicts that might destroy it, and this, Kaingáng society was not able to do. Composed as it was of hundreds of Thuyídns it was nevertheless unable to stay the destruction that certainly would have overtaken it had not the Kaingáng at last established friendly relations with the Brazilians.[3]

As the pattern of Kaingáng culture unfolds in the pages that follow we shall see how this group, excellently suited in their physical and psychological endowments to cope with the rigors of their natural environment, were yet unable to withstand the internal forces that were disrupting their society, and, having no culturally standardized devices to deal with them, were committing social suicide.

[2] Full-grown Santa Catarina pine trees have no limbs within thirty feet of the ground.

[3] In September 1914 the Serviço de Protecção aos Indios accomplished the pacification of the ferocious Kaingáng through the heroism of Eduardo de Lima e Silva Hoerhan.

[p. 8 is blank]

648 An organization was formed in Florianópolis by the name of Liga Patriótica [Patriotic League], with the exclusive aim of solving the Indian problem and pacifying the Botocudo of the state [of Santa Catarina].

José Bernardino da Silveira was appointed "Peacemaker." Accompanied by two Indian women who had been captured on one of the batidas, he proceeded to the vicinity of the Rio das Pombas with the intention of establishing there a small "model village" [aldeia de atração]

The results were altogether null; as could easily be foreseen, the Indian women ran away as soon as they reached the woods and were not heard of again.

"Peacemaker" Alberto Fric, another envoy sent by the League, met with the same lack of success. He proceeded to a tributary of the Itajaí do Norte River, but merely collected Indian objects among the civilized settlers.

797 Attempts at "catechism" carried out in 1868 by the Capuchin fathers Virgilio do Amplar and Estevão de Vicenza in Lages and Itajaí did not meet with the slightest success. This was not surprising, for they never penetrated into the interior to establish relations with the Indians.

In 1885, the Capuchin father Luiz de Comitila failed in a new attempt to "catequize" the Botocudo Indians of Santa Catarina.

648 The problem entered a new and decisive phase with the creation of the Federal Indian Protection Service, which on September 22, 1914, finally managed to establish the first peaceful contact with the "ferocious and indomitable" Botocudo of this state.

●142 The Botocudo Indians of Santa Catarina are usually of medium height and well built; the women are short.

147 Their physique is highly developed; their muscular strength and endurance are extraordinary.

Out of their woods, especially when dressed, the Indians never convey a reliable impression of what they truly are. Our clothing altogether conceals the great agility, strength and skill they possess and makes them appear clumsy and sluggish.

To form an accurate idea of their abilities, it is necessary to live with them in the forest and to accompany them on their perilous tasks of hunting, gathering fruit, opening bee nests, and their many

147 other activities. At such times the speed, skill and sureness of each motion, upon which the Indian's life so often depends, come fully to the fore.

The same is true of the women; in spite of their short stature, they are endowed with unusual physical endurance. [119]

452 In the course of their wanderings through the forest, they carry for several weeks at a time enormous baskets filled with heavy loads, with a child nearly always sitting on the top. In addition to all this, they bear in their hands heavy objects such as axes, iron pans, etc. They are, so to speak, the true bearers of the tribe; the warriors carry loads only when away from the women.

●142 Their skin is of a dark tan color, lighter among the women. Their hair is black, coarse and sleek.

164 [752] Dental caries are widespread among them; as children their teeth are already defective. They pull out a tooth as soon as it hurts, and this leaves them almost toothless quite early in life. It is a [64] curious fact that the warriors demand their wives (who are younger, and thus have better teeth) to masticate all their food; this leaves them only the effort of swallowing, which they do while lying comfortably by the fire.

There are no diseases peculiar to the Botocudo Indians. They have, however, been widely attacked by the deadly influenza and its complications, such as bronchitis, pneumonia, etc. They also suffer from rheumatism of the joints and muscles.

[147] The great ease with which their wounds are healed, even when extremely serious, is eminently worthy of note.

Venereal diseases of any sort are altogether unknown among them.

[163] Their high fecundity insures the perpetuation of the tribe.

224 This tribe subsists primarily on the proceeds of the hunt and is therefore nomadic, ever on the move through the woods in search of game. The tapir is preferred on account of the quantity and flavor of its flesh. It is hunted in the following way. The Indians look for a fresh spoor, set their dogs loose, and follow them on the run until the tapir is roused. Then they determine the direction taken by the animal, which always follows its habitual trails, known to the hunters; they take a shortcut through the woods and wait. Spurred on madly by the dogs, the tapir runs toward them and is attacked and killed with the spears.

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224 I have never seen a deer killed except in this way. It is child's play and was obviously learnt from the whites.[5] In the old days they were killed only by stalking or through a sudden encounter in the forest. They are rarely mentioned in folklore. After deer the pig-like *tateti* is the next largest game animal. I never heard of its being stalked, and the *tateti* that were taken during my stay among the Kaingáng were all killed cooperatively. Dogs drove them into their burrows, and a number of men combined to get them out. One day my dogs drove a *tateti* into a burrow on the side of a hill; while one man shoved into the burrow a bundle of flaming bamboo on the end of a long pole the others stood around with loaded guns, and when the beast emerged it was shot. Sometimes men wait above the entrance to the burrow and club the *tateti* when it emerges.

Peccary hunting I know only by hearsay. Although a couple of troops of peccary (called "pig of the forest" by the settlers) passed by while I was among the Kaingáng I took no part in their pursuit. The Indians, however, tell me that they surround and shoot them or stab them with knives on the ends of poles. Sometimes, however, they are pursued by one man alone. They are very dangerous animals when brought to bay, and it is well to keep one's distance. Formerly peccary were an important item of Kaingáng diet, but nowadays they have grown scarce in the vicinity of Duque de Caxias and are not found even far up the river. "*Nggĩyúdn* has become angry with us," the Indians say, "and has closed up the pigs in his corral."

223 The Kaingáng have no bird snares, and all birds are shot individually with the bow and arrow where they are encountered.

Subsistence Figures

262 The following discussion is based on the data which I collected during 146a five weeks' hunting trip into the forests with the Indians. During that time it was possible for me to keep a fairly accurate check on the distribution of meat because the population was concentrated in one spot, and the entire organization of the camp was directed toward getting meat for everyone. Conditions at the post, however, are quite different. There the 361 population is scattered along a half-mile trail and on both sides of the river, and it is therefore impossible to keep a day-to-day check even were such a check valuable—which I doubt, for in the region of the post game is ex-

[5] Waiting in a canoe for animals to fall into the river seems hardly removed from waiting at the termination of or along a *carreiro*—a further suggestion that the entire technique was taken over from the settlers. The agent used to tell me: "When I first came into this region all you had to do was turn your dogs loose in the forest, and the animals would come tumbling into your canoe."

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extremely scarce, and the Indians, instead of spending their time hunting, spend a great part of it tilling the soil.

The data that I offer present problems rather than solve them. They were collected at a particular time of the year: when the most important wild crop of the region, pine nuts, was ripe; when it was still warm and the tapirs ran slowly; when the females were heavy with young; when some wild fruits other than the pine nut were ripe and on the trees; when the bees were still making honey and their young had not yet begun to devour it. In other words, it was the most nearly perfect time of the year in the region where the Kaingáng would find it easiest to get food. Pine trees were abundant, which meant not only food for the Indians but also food for monkeys and all the four-footed animals that might live on the fallen nuts, particularly the peccary. Besides this the region was cut by many streams into which the dogs might drive the tapir so that the hunter could kill it easily. The difference that such a terrain makes in hunting tapir is amazing. Time after time dogs have been taken a little way up the river and turned loose on fresh tapir tracks only to run fruitlessly all day long because the lie of the land was such that the tapir need never drive toward a stream. The flat top of the ridge stretched for miles unintersected by any streams until it ended three hours journey to the northwest in the Deniker River. It was one of my grievances against the Indians that they would take my dogs to such a place against my will and let them run after a tapir until night overtook them, far out of reach of anyone, whereupon the Indians would return, leaving the dogs in the forest. Days later they would wander in, their snouts full of porcupine quills and their hides cut by the teeth of *quati*.

At the time of my study the Indians had hunted over the same area for almost twenty years. It is vast, and tapir are still to be found there; yet persistent hunting in one area must affect the number of animals, particularly when the favorite season for hunting tapir is the time of the pine nuts, i.e. when the females are heavy with young. Hunting by the settlers, although not very frequent, nevertheless occurs and may affect the quantity of game animals. On the other hand, during the five weeks' hunt the Indians had the use of my dogs—two well-trained tapir hunters—which I managed to keep fairly well fed. Under aboriginal conditions it would be rare for the Indians to have specially trained tapir-hunters, and they would never be well fed. This, of course, reduces the dog's efficiency.

Not all of the adult or adolescent males were armed during the trip, which, of course, reduced the efficiency of the group. Nowadays the young men never learn to shoot with bow and arrow, and if they are too poor to buy a gun they cannot hunt.

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Figures for Five Weeks' Trip

Tapirs Killed: 7[6] × *Average Weight* 200 lbs. = 1400 lbs.		262
Average population during 5 weeks	18 (not including infants)	146
Pounds of meat per person for 5 weeks	77	
Pounds of meat per person per day	2⅕	

The figures are self-explanatory as far as tapir are concerned. During this time about ten monkeys were killed and a number of birds of varying sizes of which I could not keep track. The weight of the monkeys as compared to the combined weights of the tapirs is so small that I shall not include them in the figures.

The figure of two and a fifth pounds of meat per day should be modified, as allowance must be made for the heavy hide, bones, and internal waste. Such an allowance would bring the weight per person down to less than two pounds. Not all of this meat remained in camp, for a considerable portion of it was taken away by Indians returning to the post. In addition to this meat the Indians were plentifully supplied with pine nuts most of the time and they sometimes had a fair supply of *tai*, a yellow fruit with a tasty pulp of very doubtful nutritive value. The quantities of other kinds of fruits consumed was negligible. The Indians also had along with them on this trip small quantities of corn and manioc meal and beans, and the new arrivals would bring food from the post. With all this, at no time could it be said that there was a surplus of anything but pine nuts. These were buried in a stream bottom to preserve them.

The Indians ate moderately; yet rarely did any kill seem to last us more than three days. This would mean about fourteen meatless days out of thirty-five. Fourteen meatless days would indicate that if the Kaingáng had eaten all the meat they killed they would have consumed not 2.2 pounds per person daily but 3.7 pounds. But probably as much or more than a third of the meat was taken back to the post. This would leave the original figure of about two pounds per person daily. To us two pounds of meat a day seems an extremely large quantity, but we do not view meat, as the Kaingáng do, as our principal food. To the Kaingáng, meat is the principal article of diet; everything else is garnish.[7]

Gathering Pine Nuts

An Indian selects several flawless bamboo stems,[8] cuts them down, splits them carefully from end to end into four strips about an inch wide, exam- 222 481

[6] An eighth tapir was killed the day before we returned to the post.

[7] This also makes quite a different picture from most of Melanesia, where vegetable foods are most important and meat is the garnish.

[8] Full-grown bamboo stems are about 15 feet in length.

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wrapped in each other's arms, lie under a couple of blankets. Children sleep almost anywhere that they can crawl under a blanket, and any solitary sleeper welcomes warm flesh that will help to shelter him against the cold. If children were not welcome sleeping companions it would go hard with them in families where scarcity of blankets would leave them absolutely unprotected.

The Kaingáng are hungry in winter and early spring. Then the tracks of animals are hard to interpret and the tapir can run far and fast, for it is no longer burdened with its young and the forest is cool. To the Kaingáng the tapir is not only the most important food, it is the very symbol of food. When they have no tapir meat there is very little meat of any kind, for the tapir is most plentiful when the wild fruits and nuts are ripe, and when these are gone the monkeys and birds, the rodents and pigs, the deer and the tapir that have fed on them for months, grow scarce or vanish altogether. Many primitive people who are faced with this seasonal scarcity have developed some technique of preservation, but not so the Kaingáng. They preserve only pine nuts and have nothing to support them in these times of hunger.

Summer, with its warmth, its dryness, and its plenty, brings comfort at last to these people who sew no skins and make no warm clothes against the winter, who have no knowledge of boats or rafts to carry them across the rivers that lie everywhere around them, and who, in a hungry land, preserve no food and make no traps. If necessity were the mother of invention the Kaingáng would have all these things, which would make their life easier. If people systematically adapted themselves to their environment the Kaingáng would not only be dogged and skillful hunters, but they would have the traps and the fishing techniques which they completely lack. The men would not only be untiring, uncomplaining providers, but they would have discovered how to preserve the food they obtain with so much effort, so that in the lean days of winter they would not grow weak and retch and vomit with hunger.

The Kaingáng are powerful and of tough physique.[1] The arms and legs of the full-grown men are thick and muscular, and the women, although shorter and less conspicuously muscular, are strong enough to carry heavy loads. Their hair is straight and black, their dark-brown eyes wide and level, their noses high-bridged and coarse, their lips thick. Their skin color ranges from a deep brown to a golden tan. Sometimes a sick person who has lain a long time by the fire, away from the sun, may be practically white. The men, who are about as tall as the average white European, are graceful in spite of their massiveness. It is a pleasure to see them walk—the tangled forest has never let them learn to run—with their high springing

[1] They have very bad teeth.

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either a masculine or a feminine object. The vulgar English terms can take only feminine objects, and thus reveal in the very grammatical form of our vulgarisms the feeling that the male is the active and aggressive partner. But among the Kaingáng if Chukembégn picks up his hundred and fifty pound wife by the ears and thumps her down with tears of pain starting from her eyes, she may get up immediately and pound him as the tears trickle down her laughing face, and he roars with delight. Sexual approaches range all the way from the unobtrusive contact of bare legs beside the evening fires to open, ribald, and aggressive onslaughts by both men and women.

Although I never put it to the test, I have a strong feeling that the widowed Kundídn, like many of her sex, was stronger than I. Her amorous pinches, punches, and pushes were a trial to me. Kundídn's aggressiveness stopped only at direct snatches at the sexual organs.

Anggló, who was having a passionate affair with Kanyahé, was not averse to pressing another suit on the side. While she did not square off in the boxerlike manner of Kundídn, she was aggressive enough in her own mild way. She did not pinch so hard nor call so loud, but if there were no one around, her quiet "I should like to talk to you and see the inside of your house" would set me thinking how I could best avoid her without hurting her feelings. But I might have spared myself worry on that score, for in this society, which lays no stress on man's aggressiveness as against woman's passivity, a woman who makes advances feels no vindictive anger at a repulse. In our society a woman who temporarily steps out of her culturally decreed role of the attacked to become the attacker feels shame that quickly becomes resentment against the desired object if she is rebuffed. The shame that she feels at reversing her part in the drama of the sexes is forgotten if she obtains her desire and turns to anger if she does not. But the Kaingáng women are able to make the same jocular approaches day after day without a change of attitude.

When a husband goes away his wife becomes fair game for anyone who is interested, and she is generally willing prey for the enterprising hunter. I must often have served all unwittingly as a chaperon to some man's wife while he was away hunting, but although my naive presence may have seriously handicaped the pair I was left to chaperon, it did not always inhibit them entirely. One day while Chukembégn, his wife Chantágn, Kanggúin, and I were on a hillside feasting on wasp's larvae, the bark of the dogs in pursuit of a tapir came faintly from the distance. Chukembégn seized his gun and was away in a flash, leaving his wife, Kanggúin, and me alone. When he had gone Kanggúin began to boast of his love affairs and to remark how curious it was that he never married. On the way back to camp he kept singing all the way, stopping every once in a while to say:

648 An organization was formed in Florianópolis by the name of Liga Patriótica [Patriotic League], with the exclusive aim of solving the Indian problem and pacifying the Botocudo of the state [of Santa Catarina].

José Bernardino da Silveira was appointed "Peacemaker." Accompanied by two Indian women who had been captured on one of the batidas, he proceeded to the vicinity of the Rio das Pombas with the intention of establishing there a small "model village" [aldeia de atração]

The results were altogether null; as could easily be foreseen, the Indian women ran away as soon as they reached the woods and were not heard of again.

"Peacemaker" Alberto Fric, another envoy sent by the League, met with the same lack of success. He proceeded to a tributary of the Itajaí do Norte River, but merely collected Indian objects among the civilized settlers.

797 Attempts at "catechism" carried out in 1868 by the Capuchin fathers Virgilio do Amplar and Estevão de Vicenza in Lages and Itajaí did not meet with the slightest success. This was not surprising, for they never penetrated into the interior to establish relations with the Indians.

In 1885, the Capuchin father Luiz de Comitila failed in a new attempt to "catequize" the Botocudo Indians of Santa Catarina.

648 The problem entered a new and decisive phase with the creation of the Federal Indian Protection Service, which on September 22, 1914, finally managed to establish the first peaceful contact with the "ferocious and indomitable" Botocudo of this state.

142 The Botocudo Indians of Santa Catarina are usually of medium height and well built; the women are short.

147 Their physique is highly developed; their muscular strength and endurance are extraordinary.

Out of their woods, especially when dressed, the Indians never convey a reliable impression of what they truly are. Our clothing altogether conceals the great agility, strength and skill they possess and makes them appear clumsy and sluggish.

To form an accurate idea of their abilities, it is necessary to live with them in the forest and to accompany them on their perilous tasks of hunting, gathering fruit, opening bee nests, and their many

147 other activities. At such times the speed, skill and sureness of each motion, upon which the Indian's life so often depends, come fully to the fore.

The same is true of the women; in spite of their short stature, they are endowed with unusual physical endurance. [119]

482 In the course of their wanderings through the forest, they carry for several weeks at a time enormous baskets filled with heavy loads, with a child nearly always sitting on the top. In addition to all this, they bear in their hands heavy objects such as axes, iron pans, etc. They are, so to speak, the true bearers of the tribe; the warriors carry loads only when away from the women.

142 Their skin is of a dark tan color, lighter among the women. Their hair is black, coarse and sleek.

164 Dental caries are widespread among them; as children their [753] teeth are already defective. They pull out a tooth as soon as it hurts, and this leaves them almost toothless quite early in life. It is a [364] curious fact that the warriors demand their wives (who are younger, and thus have better teeth) to masticate all their food; this leaves them only the effort of swallowing, which they do while lying comfortably by the fire.

There are no diseases peculiar to the Botocudo Indians. They have, however, been widely attacked by the deadly influenza and its complications, such as bronchitis, pneumonia, etc. They also suffer from rheumatism of the joints and muscles.

[147] The great ease with which their wounds are healed, even when extremely serious, is eminently worthy of note.

Venereal diseases of any sort are altogether unknown among them.

[163] Their high fecundity insures the perpetuation of the tribe.

224 This tribe subsists primarily on the proceeds of the hunt and is therefore nomadic, ever on the move through the woods in search of game. The tapir is preferred on account of the quantity and flavor of its flesh. It is hunted in the following way. The Indians look for a fresh spoor, set their dogs loose, and follow them on the run until the tapir is roused. Then they determine the direction taken by the animal, which always follows its habitual trails, known to the hunters; they take a shortcut through the woods and wait. Spurred on madly by the dogs, the tapir runs toward them and is attacked and killed with the spears.

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the actual security it affords make them seek it eagerly, and in spite of the lightness with which they seem to take it no marriage can be broken without some kind of mild stir and an early effort on the part of the principals to form another alliance, while their relatives try to patch up the old one. When Chantágn only felt that she *might* lose her husband she was already at my door asking whether I would be her next. However, unstable it may be, particularly in the beginning, marriage nevertheless is one of the ideal pillars of security on which the Kaingáng personality seeks ever to support itself. They have built their society on warm personal attachments, and anyone without such attachments makes them uneasy and perplexed. No one is spoken of more sadly than a mature person who is alone. "For a long time," said Vomblé sadly, "my father wandered around all over without a wife. At last when his brother died he married his wives." The women who did not try to interest me in themselves or in their children besought me to marry someone else—anyone—and one day even Yokó, a matron who was generally too shy to speak much to me, quizzed me uncomprehendingly on my bachelorhood and advised me to marry—not so that I could have someone to cook for me and mend my clothes, but just in order to be married. "Why? Why?" she kept repeating, "why do you live thus without a wife? Get a wife." "Whom shall I marry?" said I. "Marry anybody. Why go around unmarried?" Even the children found it hard to believe that I was single and they used to question me interminably: "Have you a wife in your country?" "Have you a sweetheart in your country?" "Will you marry her when you go back?" "Do you intend to marry?"

Once a couple are married they do not drop the liaisons formed before marriage. Their long training in philandering and the absence of an ideal of faithfulness have not suited them to the stability that marriage implies. Furthermore the absence of binding legal forms or big property stakes, as well as the knowledge that a meal can always be found at one's father's or brother's fire, that one's mother or sister-in-law is ready to cook the food and spread the bed, makes marriage brittle and its rupture not sharply felt. Yet, in an utterly contradictory manner, the Kaingáng believe that a man and woman, once they are "sitting together," belong to each other, and they use the same word to designate this possession as they use for the exclusive possession of material objects. This theoretical possessiveness comes into constant conflict with the actual sharing in which the young people have taken part all their lives. The young man who for years before his marriage has dallied with the wife of anyone from his father to his second cousin, who has day in and day out enjoyed adultery with an equally delighted adulteress, decides suddenly, once he is married, that his possession should be exclusive. "I left my wife," Yuvén said to me, "because she took Kanyahé and Kundágn as lovers. She sleeps with everyone. All the women

IV

Polyandry and Joint Marriages

152 The Kaingáng are ridden by hunger and swayed by the strength of their libidinal ties, and they have in some degree overcome the one by building on the other. Food and sex have become so closely interwoven in the Kaingáng mind that they even use the same term for eating as they do for coitus. In human relationships the overt, articulate emphasis is always upon food, and the strongest bond that one man can have with another is that he suffered hunger with him. When the soul of the deceased is sped on its way the dead man's relative, tormented by the fear that he might be taken along by the ghost, shouts as he pounds the dead body on the chest: "Leave me and go! You and I suffered great hunger together; so leave me and go!" Now, since men are the principal sources of food supply, talk of marriage centers primarily on their value as providers for the girls and their parents and brothers and sisters. When a man speaks of his marriage he does not discuss the qualities of his wife nor the material advantage to him of the alliance, but of feeding his wife and her relatives. "First I married Kulú," said Vomblé. "Then I left her and married Kulá. My father's brother sent her to me. At the same time Wanenggló sent his sister Waikíli to me, but I sent her to my brother Ndíli. When she left him he married Kulú. I lived only with Kulá. I went hunting with Waikíli but sent her to Ndíli. Two women have many children, and my wives had no families that were capable of giving me food. Yet I had to feed my children. I was hungry. My father [Thunder Storm] had three wives, but they had brothers who could give him food. I have to give things to Kulá's brothers and sisters, but they could give nothing because they were so small. Waikíli had only one brother."

Through her marriage Kulá's family gained Vomblé as an ally in the

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since he had clubbed the deer he should have the skin. But when I went to hand it to him, Ndili said, "I want the skin," to which Dung replied, "He wants it; so give it to him." The willingness to yield to aggressiveness, coupled with the indifference to trouble unless it faces one squarely, operates to reduce enormously the number and severity of conflicts within the extended family.

The obsessive interest of the Kaingáng in destruction and murder was all externalized against the "other people," and it was this ability to externalize their obsession that was in part responsible for whatever coherence and security the families preserved. The overpowering urge toward destruction that manifests itself still in the wanton gashing of trees and the killing of the tiniest bird that happens to perch on a limb where stick or stone may reach it is never directed inward against the family but always outward. The function of the feuds, therefore, was twofold, for they served both to gratify the need to destroy and to direct it away from the extended family; and this duality contributed to their perpetuation.

The overwhelming bulk of Kaingáng folklore is murder stories—murder committed in every imaginable way and on all relatives except sons. Stories begin with murders committed for no reason and rehearse over and over again the whole wearisome theme of treachery and retaliation. The interest in the feuds has suffocated any other mythological theme, and instead of the elaborate variations on widespread mythological elements that are so common among many primitive peoples we find that when these elements actually do appear in Kaingáng folklore they are bare, fossilized, neglected plots which the literary imagination has never developed. The one elaborate art form that the Kaingáng have, their folklore, is overwhelmingly concerned with their own destruction.

Perhaps the best proof of the obsessive nature of this trait lies in a split within an extended family which occurred after the Kaingáng were localized on the reservation and which culminated in the murder of Thechá. For years the Kaingáng had committed no murder. Their vendetta enemies had been killed or driven far away, and now the group that had lived in harmony for generations was isolated from the dangers of attack and settled peacefully on the reservation. But Thechá took to saying that he wasn't afraid of anyone, and he was angry at everyone; so "since he was angry with them they became angry with him." They decided to kill him, and one of the plotters was his own first cousin, his father's sister's son, Kovĩ. Now Thechá was a most unusual Kaingáng, for he could not swim. That simplified matters, and one day when he was crossing the river with a number of people—"nine people and five women," as one informant put it—"the canoe tipped over." Nobody tipped it, for such baldness of statement would offend Kaingáng good taste, but "the canoe tipped over" and

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Thechá went to the bottom. "He stayed there six days and when they brought him up he was dead!" Thechá paid the penalty for being too *weikayá*, but it must be borne in mind that this is the first time in two hundred years that such a murder has occurred within the extended family on any grounds whatever.

It was this same obsession with murder that led Yakwá to say to me one night, "Kovĺ wants to kill me," because he wanted to kill Kovĺ. The Kaingáng have a long tradition of slaughter, and twenty years have passed since they murdered their last Brazilian. When they can they vent their urge to destruction on dogs and on trees, but they occasionally need a human object. The last one was Thechá—the next may be Kovĺ.

[p. 64 is blank]

763 Ndíli handed her some medicine, a pounded
75 herb mixed with water, and she tried to force that between the child's lips; but it only trickled down its chin. Some of the women sought to help her by heating their hands over the fire and laying them on the baby.

763 When it seemed that the child must surely die, Waipó left camp to call the others of our hunting party, for when the ghost-souls are about they may take away the living; and the Kaingáng feel the need for each other's protection and "live piled up."

When I climbed into my hammock that night, there had been a lull in the weeping, but I was awakened several hours before dawn by the frantic keening of Waikomé. One by one, others joined her, and I knew then that the baby was dead. As I watched, the emotion gradually grew more intense; and some went to join the group mourning around the child. There was no play-acting here, no singling out of those whom relationship obliged to weep from those who could just look on. Those who were not affected kept aloof and performed their daily tasks, but those who felt an identification with the bereaved parents mourned with them. Ndíli's second cousin sat with his arm around him and wept, but Ndíli's brother seemed entirely untouched and soon went off to get honey. At last, late in the morning, the parents took up their little bundle and went away, and the sound of their keening came back to us through the forest.

795 That day no one went hunting even though there was no meat in camp.
763 Toward noon Waipó said to me, his voice intense with fear: "You'd better pack your things, because we're going away from here right away. We thought we would stay and kill another tapir, but the baby died; and now we have to move." Who knows what might have happened if they had remained? The ghost-soul of the baby might have taken someone along with it or the ghost-soul which had killed it might kill again. It really does the Kaingáng no good to flee from the ghost-soul, for although it has a tendency to lurk about the place where the bones of its dead body are buried, it also is nomadic like the Kaingáng and may dog their footsteps wherever they go.

763 If we think of death among ourselves and the demonstrations that
152 accompany it among the less inhibited members of our own society; if we disregard for a moment the wild surroundings, the rhythmic keening, the fear of the ghost-soul, and even, perhaps, the useless medicine that was forced between the choking child's lips (although, Heaven knows, that too might be easily duplicated in our society), we cannot but see a striking resemblance between the grief of Waikomé and Ndíli and the members of their group and similar displays in our own society. Among ourselves, anger is generally thrust into the background and often disappears entirely when grief is sincere, but among the Kaingáng it pervades the entire scene and manifests itself in an irritability that may easily become anger. It is

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difficult to talk to many of the Kaingáng on these occasions because they are so easily enraged, and the ethnologist had best hold his tongue and try to appear as small as possible. In death the Kaingáng feel a threat to their security. As they put it, "We are afraid of the ghost-souls; so we come together and live piled up." As in the feuds, no one knows when the deaths will cease. The presence of death lays bare the very fiber of the Kaingáng personality, for it is in terms of this emotional amalgam in which anger and fear are indistinguishably fused that we must understand all of their behavior in times of stress.

In 1918 when the first wave of the grippe struck the Kaingáng, killing them in such numbers that their bodies lay about unburied until the dogs ate them, Thunder Storm rose up in his rage and fear and beat the air and trees with a club. "When disease came," said his son to me, "my father beat the trees because he was afraid of the supernatural beings (*nggĭyúdn*). He said, 'If I see you, I'll kill you. You are *waikayú*[1] and kill us all the time. So if I see you come to me, I'll kill you! The Brazilians kill my relatives; so out of revenge I destroy them when I see them! When I see them, I kill them, and I'll do the same to you—when I see you, I'll kill you!' He spoke thus as he beat the trees." Nothing could express this side of the Kaingáng character and world-view better. Here is condensed the Kaingáng frantic fear and anger at the forces of death, the equation of the supernatural with any other enemy, and the identification of the situation created by death with the vendetta tradition and revenge.

The Kaingáng not only fight with death; they also fly from it. That is why Waipó told me that we must move on when Ndíli's baby died, and that is why old Kakthí moved out of her house when the grippe descended again in 1933. "Why has she left her house?" said I to her son-in-law. "She is afraid of our sickness. She said, 'If I stay there, I'll get sick'; so she went away. She is in the forest to get away from it. She went to another place so our sickness would not see her." Poor Kakthí fled in vain, for she soon fell ill and died. "Her [dead] husband called her, and that is why she died. Our ghost-souls led her off, and that is why she died. Her husband's ghost-soul led her away, and that is why she died. She lay there telling about it, and then she died. The supernatural beings and her husband's soul led her away. He [her husband] led her away so that he might go with her."

The ghost-soul loves and pities the living whom it has deserted, but the latter fear and abhor the ghost-soul. The ghost-soul longs for those it has left behind, but they remain cold to its longing. "One pities one's children and therefore goes with them [i.e. takes them] when one dies. One loves [literally, lives in] one's children, and dies and goes with one's children, and one [i.e. the child] dies." The dead pity those they have left alone with

[1] Vicious, aggressive.

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killed you. When they killed you, I wandered around suffering, but you come to call me!" When the ghost-soul at last went away, she was "all green. She stood there without saying anything. He [her husband] said to her, 'Why are you green?' But she said nothing. She sat down holding on to a post. Then he asked if she was sick—if she had a pain in the belly. But she did not talk. Wanenggló [her husband] asked her whether she had seen a ghost-soul. Probably she saw a ghost-soul. But she did not say anything." Like vendetta enemies, the ghost-souls are "other things"—it is the only category the Kaingáng have for those who dwell outside the limits of the extended families—and for people in this category they know only one emotion, fear-anger.

When the Kaingáng are drunk, their malevolent and fearsome impulses rise to the surface, and the memory of death plays its part in this. Festa time, when the beer troughs are brimming with the steaming, sourish, honey beer, is a special occasion for remembering the dead. It is also the occasion when recollections of adultery unpunished or of slights unrequited surge into consciousness. While some dance, sing, or brawl, others sit around the edge of the dance circle with their heads in their hands and tears streaming down their faces, and their sobs and high rhythmic keening mingle with the noise of quarreling and disordered singing. When they have done with their hour or so of weeping, they rise and fill their baskets or gourds with beer and join in the festa. No recollection of the dead can occur without unleashing fear, and fear cannot be liberated without the eruption of anger, so the memory of the dead only adds to the disruptive forces that are set in motion by the beer. The more one knows about the Kaingáng, the more one is struck by the extent to which the very roots of their being have been undermined and torn by impulses to violence. This is all the more amazing when we remember what affectionate people they seem to be—how much they love to multiply a hundredfold all kinds of personal attachments. Nevertheless, when drunkenness uncovers the Kaingáng personality, it does not bubble over in rivulets of tenderness, but pours out in torrents of violence. The only outlet is murder, and that is why festas, if not actually the scene of murders, used to be almost always the forerunners of raids on the Brazilians or on vendetta enemies. The Kaingáng themselves understand, in a way, what the festa meant to them, for they say, "We had festas in order to go to attack the Brazilians." Of course not every festa is characterized by violence, but many are.[3]

[3] Although the Kaingáng held an old-time beer festa at my request the aboriginal beer troughs have been superseded by jugs of sugar cane whiskey, and the tumultuous singing by the music of an accordion played by a white man. These changes, however, have not curbed the essential temper of the Indians, and fights still occur at festas.

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837 581 are that way. When their husbands go away they sleep with others. That is why I want to marry a Brazilian woman."

837 The conflict between the sharing that is experienced and absolutely exclusive possession, which is simply and unqualifiedly theory, is far more fundamental in Kaingáng society than it is in our own. Adultery in Kaingáng society is not a circumstance of some marriages but a condition of practically all. Yet, although husband and wife live in constant suspicion of each other's loyalty, it rarely becomes desperate. Husbands do not as a rule follow their wives about, nor wives their husbands, although if there are good grounds for suspicion a husband may beat his wife or a wife her husband. He often leaves her for days at a time even when he knows that there are enterprising men still in camp and no one to chaperon her. This attitude really saves the culture from becoming a nightmare. In a society in which everyone believes that everybody else is engaged in seducing his neighbor's wife, suspicion backed by intense jealousy would drive people to desperation. But when Waipó leaves his wife to go across the river to make manioc all she has to say to him is a laughing, "You're going over there where everyone is living in very close quarters," and with a rough caress he is gone. One evening when Chukembégn and I were coming from the manioc mill I said to him, "Now that you've left your wife alone she may sleep with someone else." "I don't care; let her," said he. There is something more than mere bravado in this statement. It expresses the typical determination not to see what is not forced on one.

582 Since hunting is the most vital occupation, it might be supposed that a good hunter would be the most desirable husband. It might be felt also that since the Kaingáng used to be perpetually at war with the Brazilians, with the Kangdjá, and with their vendetta enemies, they would place a high premium on ferocity, daring, bravery, enterprise, and intelligence and that these traits would influence a woman in the choice of a husband. Nevertheless a number of attitudes combined to render all these qualities almost completely inoperative.

224 554 Although hunting is the very basis of their economy the Kaingáng, curiously enough, do not recognize differences in hunting skill. If a man returns empty-handed from the hunt he and his wife may share their relatives' food without shame. In all the time I was among the Kaingáng I never heard an unsuccessful hunter spoken of with scorn nor saw one overcome with shame, and although she may scold him roundly, no wife ever leaves her husband for coming home without meat.

828 167 Just as they assume that all men are practically equals in hunting skill the Kaingáng assume that all men are brave. Special emphasis is laid on this trait, therefore, only in exceptional cases. This holds also for intelligence, for the Kaingáng have a strong tendency to think of wisdom

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and courage together. Today no one among them could be classed as outstanding in accordance with the fundamental feelings of Kaingáng society as it existed twenty years ago, for localization on the reservation, with its automatic suppression of feuds and raids on the Brazilians, has almost eliminated the necessity for making important decisions that call for the exercise of judgment and aggressiveness and has made considerations of ferocity and daring irrelevant. For an example of a really vital personality in Kaingáng society we must turn to the culture of twenty years ago when attacks on Brazilian settlements and pack trains raised daring and enterprise to the first importance and when dangers of surprise or the planning of a vendetta massacre enhanced the value of shrewdness, aggressiveness, ferocity, and wakefulness. Vomblé's father Kuthúgn, whom the Brazilians called Thunder Storm because he had a voice like thunder, was a dominating figure. Even the Indian agent spoke of him with profound respect, singling him out above all the others. When Vomblé sings his praises we can understand that it is not merely glorification of his own father. In one of his long feud stories Vomblé has Yatí, an old woman, say to an arrogant young man: "You think that you are men. If Kuthúgn heard what you were saying about him he would be angry. He is *waikayú*,[8] and therefore my in-laws listen to his counsel and go with him. That is why my in-laws give their women to him." Even the young man's brother reproved him for his arrogance, saying: "When I was young I used to go about with Kuthúgn and I have seen how wonderfully agile and vigorous he is. And he is exactly that way now. His relatives tell how he kills Brazilians. See his property beside him!" Kuthúgn's property was not a measure of his importance as a wealthy man but a sign that he had made many raids on the Brazilians. The equation of *waikayú* and wisdom is borne out by other remarks of Vomblé about his father: "He was a thinker. He always spoke to people when there was anger. He was like a captain. If the people did not do the right thing he always spoke to them. Therefore he killed many Brazilians."

This, then, was the ideal man: swift as lightning in the handling of his weapons and the shifting of his massive body, enterprising and daring in raids, shrewd in judgment—*waikayú*. Kuthúgn was all of fifty years old when Yatí made this judgment of him. The great warriors among the Kaingáng were not the young men but the middle-aged—the men between fifty and sixty. The *kĕlá*, the young men between fifteen and thirty-five could marry and have children, they could go on raids, and they might kill,

[8] The literal meaning of *waikayú* is "self-love." Any daring, ferocious, quarrelsome, enduring person is *waikayú*. These characteristics are directly related to a Kaingáng's opinion of himself and the good impression which he has tried to make on others, and which he dares not jeopardize.

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157 but they were never the equals in accomplishment of the men of middle age and over. So positive judgments were not made of young men. They were just *kĕlú*, who had yet to make many attacks on the Brazilians and who had yet to bathe their spoon-shaped lance blades in the blood of a vendetta enemy. We can understand now why a man's *waikayú* did not influence a young woman in the choice of a husband, for all men were assumed to be *waikayú* and only the warriors of middle age or over could be adjudged as outstanding.

682 If the absence of emphasis on hunting skill, the knowledge that relatives will always feed them, and the lack of expectation of great deeds from *kĕlú* effectually muffled all estimates of young men, the concentration of vital effort in the hands of males and the scarcity of women with a number of brothers eliminated the necessity for judging of *tĕtágn*,[9] young women. After all, what could they do? What techniques did they have that men had not? Only the increasingly unimportant techniques of textile weaving and pottery. The most important occupations, hunting and basketry, were masculine. As for brothers-in-law, they were good to have, and polygyny that did not provide them was to be avoided, but the small and scattered populations made it impossible to demand brothers-in-law as one of the conditions of marriage. Marriage among the young people was and still is, therefore, largely a matter of chance. It is the crystallizing-out of informal sexual relations, which may be due solely to their own initiative, when the couple feel that their needs will be satisfied by the relationship or when they may be instigated by some one of their relatives who sees that they are lovers and decides that they ought to live together.

593 If human beings followed our ideas of consistency the ethnologist's task
584 of investigation and understanding would be simple. If the Kaingáng were eager to marry off the daughters for whom they have such a difficult time in providing, it would be perfectly understandable. But the Kaingáng see parents as so attached to their daughters, so full of misgivings at the fate that might await them at the hands of their husbands, that they sometimes have fits of anger when they are approached by a go-between. They are sometimes pictured as clinging to a daughter so strongly that they must be asked to "let her alone." Not the parents, but some other member of the family, a brother or an uncle, is often the one who is concerned because a son or daughter is without a spouse. With certain reservations, the following conversation is typical of a dozen others that I recorded.

When Tondúin became interested in marrying off his cousin's son Vomblé, he went to the latter's father and said, "I am going to ask Kemblén

[9] *tĕ*, woman. *tágn*, fat (noun or adjective), said of animals; hence desirable; also, new or fresh, said of tracks or weapons.

VIII

Psychic Structure

●157 ONE OF THE GREAT DIFFICULTIES that any society has to face is the necessity for building up attitudes that will preserve those within its limits but will destroy its enemies. Not only must such attitudes be created and fostered; they must be properly controlled and directed, for it is equally dangerous to cherish the enemy and to destroy the friend; one must help and trust friends but suspect and undo dangerous outsiders. But a society must develop within its very borders behavior trends that will at once cherish *and* destroy, according as the behavior is directed toward the in- or toward the inimical out-group. It is not enough to develop only cherishing behavior in the in-group and to tell its members that they must hate and kill everyone outside. People do not kill because they are told[1] to kill. Such destructive aggression must have an in-group behavior analogue, the expression of which must be salutary to the in-group. An example from our own culture is that of extremely destructive individuals who like to order their friends and families around. In this case the *control* of friends is the reciprocal of *destruction* of all non-friends, like servants (who are frequently discharged) and people not particularly liked (who are snubbed or insulted). Similarly, societies that are destructive to outsiders often exercise that impulse to destruction at home, but in some socialized way.

Such an impulse in Kaingáng society was expressed in the many-sided concept of *waikayú*, self-love, which, when controlled, found its in-group expression in initiative, care for others, and staying awake all night to watch for vendetta enemies, and its out-group expression in attacks on Brazilians and on other extended families, but which when uncontrolled

[1] It seems unnecessary to argue that the men in the vast armies of modern times do not kill because they are told to but because they are driven.

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found an outlet in attacks or designs on members of the same extended family.

The Development of Waikayú

When a male is *kĕlú* he lies about caressing his hunting companions and spends his nights seeking young women. This is the period when he is childless, when he follows leaders, and when no specific judgments are made of him. But as he grows older, becomes *chôi chí*, grown old, he becomes *waikayú*. This gradual acquisition of the traditional stamp of approval is accompanied by two significant events. First, the growing man relinquishes his youthful caressing—men of forty or more rarely caress other men. Second, he acquires children of his own and need no longer satisfy himself through playing with the babies of others. After three children have been born to his wife the union is stabilized. By this time the man had taken active part in several raids on the Brazilians and might even have slaughtered some vendetta enemies. He was *waikayú;* he loved himself. Now he began to boast to his children of his capacity for beer and of his prowess in killing Brazilians.

The process of actually turning away from others physically may go quite far in some individuals. Klendó said to me, "Since I did not want *to have intercourse* I told my belly to my children."[2] It is significant that the introduction to a discussion of boasting should contain a statement regarding a reduction in sex interests.

157 831 Sexual relations, although enjoyable, are felt as obstacles to the achievement of *waikayú*, and any weakness or failure in social obligations may be ridiculed in terms of preoccupation with sex. In a story Vomblé kills Kuichó's relatives, but when Kuichó asks him where they are he replies, " 'They have forgotten all about you because they are too much taken up with copulating in the buttock-hole.'[3] They copulated so much that they forgot their father. Then Kuichó said, 'I thought so! They have been copulating so much in the buttock-hole . . . that they do not think of me.' " In similar terms Kundágn ridicules an enemy who manages to escape him: "You showed your manliness by setting women on their heads!"[4] The Kaingáng are the only primitive people known to me who made a special point of boasting to their own children, and this, too, is significant when seen against the general background of self-interest. One's children are extensions of oneself, one lives in them, and boasting to them is almost like boasting to oneself.

[2] This refers to his drinking beer.

[3] This is a Kaingáng vulgarism. The remark is readily understood as a reference to the customary Kaingáng manner of intercourse from behind.

[4] Another vulgarism. He is describing the position assumed by dogs.

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157 It was in times of great danger such as this that the two forces that are most dynamic in the integration of Kaingáng society, love of self[6] and love of others,[7] came into the foreground. The appeal to *waikayú* played its role side by side with the appeal through *ka lfélé nyá*. The accusation "You are deserting me" would always bring back the fleeing Indian, even though to his own death. During the same battle in which Tondúin and Thukúgn lost their lives Kemblén was shot in the leg. When Kuklé made as if to go Kemblén called after him, " 'Affinal relative, you are deserting me!' So he [Kuklé] came back shooting, and the enemy went away. When Kuklé's arrows became exhausted, the enemy captured Kemblén. They tried to capture Kuklé but he ran away." Kuikégn lost his life under similar circumstances. He was about to leave after having slaughtered some of the enemy, but his wife, who had been taken captive, called to him, " 'You are leaving me!' So he came back and fought with them for her sake. He thrust her behind him and shot at them for her sake. Whenever he started to go she would say, 'You are deserting me!' and he would come back and shoot at them, until at last they killed him."

888 Like all nomads the Kaingáng were handicapped by those who were too old to move about easily. Yet they carried on their backs both men and women when they could no longer walk or walked too slowly. Kanyahé was so old that he tottered along on sticks and so nearly blind that he had to be led at the end of a bow. Yet he was not deserted. Even when they once seemed to have made up their minds to leave old Waimogué to her fate they took pity on her and returned and fetched her in carrying-bands like an infant. Few of the Kaingáng lived to a ripe old age under aboriginal conditions but when they did they were cherished to the last.

157 The typically *waikayú* individual was "dangerous" to outsiders. He was vicious, quarrelsome, and even, from our point of view, brave, for he would attack the Brazilians in the face of great danger and he was a great killer of tigers, the symbol of *waikayú* in the animal world. Aggressiveness finds mild expression within the extended families in the taking of the initiative, but initiative has a rather mild range. Movements of the hunting bands are determined almost entirely by the prevalence of game tracks in the region, and when anyone returns with the news that he has seen tracks somewhere the whole camp moves in the direction of the game. If the people are so far away from the pine forest that many days' journey would be necessary in order to reach it, some individual will suggest that they go there. His suggestion, however, has particular influence only over his own brothers and sisters and his close affinal relatives. Other people may choose to listen

[6] *Waikayú.*
[7] *Ka lflé nyá.*

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to someone else. No Kaingáng has the right to take the initiative because of war exploits, hunting ability, or physical strength. Initiative springs from the same soil as *waikayú* and is its in-group expression. Many men who are murderous enough in their behavior toward "other men" and toward Brazilians, however, have never been known to take the initiative. When suggestions were made, they were the ones who just "listened and went along" with the others. It is also not without significance that the men who showed outstanding initiative were those who lived alone with their wives —who did not form part of a polyandrous or joint household.

Such a man was Kanyahé, who finally brought about the slaughter of Patklé and his male children. At one time Kanyahé had two wives, but after his early joint marriage experience with Yuvén and also with his own brother Waipó, he shared them with no one. He exercised considerable influence over his brothers, hunting companions, and in-laws. A description of the organization of an expedition against the Brazilians makes clear the extent of Kanyahé's influence in his own circle. "He said to his father, 'Father, I am going to command them to attack the Brazilians' camp site, for it is there that I am going to lie in wait for the Brazilians and kill them.' So when they [his relatives] returned from their hunting he said to them, 'Did you shoot any tapirs?' and they replied, 'Yes.' So he said: 'Shoot some more that your wives may stay by them and eat. In the meanwhile lie in wait for the Brazilians at their camp site where the roads cross, and when they stop on their way, slaughter them and take their goods. Then leave their things here and go where there are Brazilians' houses in the forest. There attack them and take their goods and we will make beer for our children['s blackening].' So Wanyekí[8] said, 'So you are saying that you are going to lie in wait for them?' 'Yes. I said I was going to lie in wait for them.' When Waipó[9] heard this he said, 'Well, then, lie in wait for them. I'll lie in wait for them with you.' Then Wanyekí said, 'Well, then, I'll lie in wait for them with him and you.' " In this way Kanyahé organized the arrangements and sentiment for the attack. The conclusion of the raid was characteristic enough—Kanyahé gave the knife he got to his half-brother Waipó, and Wanyekí received a knife from his co-husband.

But even those who "command" yield to the commands of others who happen to take the initiative, so that all aggressive personalities are at some time under the sway of others. It was remarkable to see how my informant, the blustering Vomblé, a man about fifty, yielded to the request of a crippled[10] boy of twenty-five who chanced to be interested in influencing

[8] The husband of Amendó. See p. 30. Amendó was sister to one of Kanyahé's wives.
[9] Kanyahé's half-brother. He was older than Kanyahé.
[10] He fell from a horse.

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his behavior. One day the Kaingáng were planning a big hunting trip: they had got hold of a fine tapir dog and were all going up the river to try it out. "Are you going too?" I asked Vomblé. "If they command me to go I shall go," he replied. And when the cripple appeared at my window and said that they were all going up the river, Vomblé left me and went along.

The Disruptive Aspect of Waikayú

It is characteristic of the extremely *waikayú* individual that he directs his hostility toward his own group. He becomes quarrelsome and threatening and the hate against him grows to white heat. Vomblé sat for days with the picture of Nenggachá's family in his hands, gazing at it through half-shut eyes, while curious yelps grew and died in his throat. Nenggachá must have been long dead, but his offspring had been localized on a reservation in Palmas, and the agent, whom they later murdered, had sent their picture to the agent at Duque de Caxias. Although Vomblé was a baby when Nenggachá finally escaped, his memory was still vivid among the Kaingáng, for Nenggachá was *waikayú* to the extreme. He was "dangerous," he was "very *waikayú*," he was "no good," he was everything hateful. And as Vomblé regarded his picture he would say to it: "You were very *waikayú;* you wanted to kill me. No-good Nenggachá." The picture had an overwhelming fascination for him—it was the only thing he ever tried to help himself to in my house.

Nenggachá is famous in recent Kaingáng history—it is only of him that deeds of violence within the extended family are told, and the stories about him give considerable insight into his personality.

Nenggachá was one of Amendó's lovers, and like every lover he thought himself suspected by his mistress's husband. But to think a thing like this is, to the Kaingáng, the same as knowing it, and he projected into the mind of her husband Wanyekí the knowledge of his adultery and anger against himself. But anger against himself meant a threat to himself. Thus Nenggachá felt himself threatened, and he spoke angrily to the husband. Then the husband became angry with his mouth.[11] His co-husband was sitting next to him and he arose and danced. He jabbed Nenggachá with his club and he fell. Nenggachá's father Wanenggló came over and was about to strike the co-husband whose club was also raised when Wanenggló's brother-in-law seized the co-husband's club; so Wanenggló struck the co-husband and he fell. In this quarrel two families were pitted against each other, the family of Wanenggló and the family of Wanyekí, and at last Nenggachá ran off to his own camp, leaving his father beaten and bleeding on the field. When the two met again Wanenggló became angry with his

[11] He only spoke angrily—he did not strike a blow.

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deserting son and said: "'That is your practice! Even when they do not drink beer they become jealous of you and beat you. Then something[12] spoke up for you and they beat him, and when you saw him beaten you ran away.' When Wanenggló and Nenggachá went away the others did not follow him, for Nenggachá was very *waikayú*, and he was very dangerous."

In spite of the fact that the Kaingáng agree that Nenggachá was extraordinarily dangerous, this story leaves us with the feeling that he was not nearly as formidable physically as the people around him, but that he was singled out, for some obscure and dreadful reason, to be the focus of the concentrated viciousness of the group in which he lived. Another story makes Nenggachá the center of violence, and here again it is difficult to discover why the fault lay entirely with him. During a festa everybody was drunk, and Yuvén and his co-husband Klendó were walking about. "Then Nenggachá said to Klendó, 'You are talking about me—I am angry.' 'I said nothing at all about you. What are you up to . . .?' Then Yuvén said to Klendó, 'Hit Nenggachá—I am angry at what he says.' Then Yuvén said [to Nenggachá], 'I am going to beat you,' and Nenggachá said: 'You deserted me. You said that you had been remembering me, and now you want to beat me.' Then Nenggachá became angry and sat up, struck Yuvén in the chest, jumped over the fire, and ran off, crying, 'In that way be angry with me!' Yuvén chased him and seized Nenggachá's lance and beat him over the head with the handle. Then Nenggachá ran off with Yuvén in pursuit." The affair ended in a brawl, with Nenggachá supported by his half-brothers and Yuvén by his brother-in-law. When some more of Yuvén's brothers-in-law returned from the hunt they wanted to go in pursuit of Nenggachá, but his mistress Amendó dissuaded them. "She was afraid that Thechá [another of her husbands] would fight with Nenggachá. He was going in pursuit of Nenggachá when Amendó lied. Nenggachá used to make love to Amendó, and therefore she lied. But Kopaké [Yuvén's brother-in-law] was angry with Nenggachá and [later] said this to him, 'Am I a child that you beat Yuvén and I let you all go without beating one of you?' But Nenggachá said nothing—he was probably afraid."

When the extended family of Kanyahé, of which Nenggachá was a member, later encountered that of Patklé, Nenggachá married two of Patklé's daughters and joined forces with him. When Patklé was killed by Kanyahé the only things that saved Nenggachá were his link with his old mistress Amendó and the fact that he had married a half-sister of Kanyahé. When she died he again feared for his life and fled, never to be heard of more.

[12] Meaning himself, Wanenggló.

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157 In general, the Kaingáng feeling about *waiḳayú* individuals is that they are quarrelsome, vicious, and brave, but it does not appear from the preceding examples that Nenggachá possessed these qualities to a conspicuous degree. Indeed, what seems to be his most striking characteristic is his developed capacity for projection, which tends to get out of hand and find expression in threatening demeanor. In other words the cause of Nenggachá's antisocial behavior is an outlook in which the men around him are seen as living reproaches, perpetually storing up resentments against him. In this society, whose very vitals are torn by projected anxiety it is extremely difficult to prove that one individual has developed this characteristic more than any other individual. Nenggachá happened to be singled out as dangerous above all the others, and the beatings which he suffered were provoked by his anxiety rages. His extraordinary capacity for projection is what made him unbearable. Nenggachá is simply an exacerbated case of failure to project all resentment and guilt outside—against other extended families.

The feeling of being arrayed against the massed forces of destruction is hypostatized in *lų*, the concept of doom. "I shall go dancing to meet my *lų*" { *éng lų ḳótó ngglá tálé* / my doom meet dance go }, is the striking phrase that appears in the origin myths. The Kaingáng say: "They are referring to death, and they say that something is killing them. That is what they call, 'I am going dancing to meet my *lų*.' When they first came out into the world they said in their strange language, 'I am going to meet my *lų* dancing.' They refer to their death as *lų*. My *lų* kills me and I die. When they are killed and they die they say, 'My *lų* killed me.' When a person goes to meet the approaching enemy—they are about to be killed. This is what they call my *lų*. 'Your *lų* is looking at you.'"

Thus the ultimate expression of the Kaingáng feeling of insecurity is *lų*, doom, the threatening world. The following diagram may make the Kaingáng psychic structure clearer:

MYSELF AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF MY EXTENDED FAMILY[18]

What I think	*What I think they think*
1) My body is my fortress	
2) I live in them (*ḳa lḛ́lḛ́ nya*)	3) We live in you
4) But I desert you and meddle with your wives	5) You have deserted us and have been meddling with our wives
6) so I feel guilt (*yókthḛ́*)	7) so we are angry with you
8) If you are angry with me I'll be angry with you too.	

[18] Read in numerical order. The language is my own.

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MYSELF AND THE WORLD OUTSIDE OF ME (i.e. OTHER EXTENDED FAMILIES AND THE REST OF THE NATURAL WORLD) [13] 157

My body

1) My body and those of my close relatives give security
3) My body is in constant danger of destruction
5) Contemplation I feel guilt

Outside of My Body

2) Everything outside threatens. This is my *lų*, my doom
4) and I must take action against the threat
6) Feeling guilt I project: "The other person fears me because he knows what is in my mind."
7) He fears me and therefore wishes to destroy me. This is my *lų*.
8) I must take action to prevent it.
9) I take action and feel guilt.

and I am so ridden by a sense of guilt that my very formulation of the customs of my tribe is expressed by *yõkthẽ*, guilt. When Klendó first came to me as an informant he wished to assure me that he would tell me everything faithfully, and so he said, "I shall tell you all about our *yõkthẽ*," meaning that he was going to tell me all about their customs. But *yõkthẽ* is used constantly to mean not only a person's habitual behavior but also his fault and guilt. A condition necessary to a healthy mind is that once it has embarked on a course it follow it through without remorse. It matters not how foul such a course may be, it is only necessary that the mind that has chosen it have no misgivings regarding its rectitude. Far from being content with the destruction they accomplished from time to time on members of enemy families, the Kaingáng were oppressed by a sense of guilt that often created conflicts within the ranks of the victorious extended families themselves. It was no abstract sense of inherent wrong in killing that gave rise to this feeling of guilt. The multitudinous cross-cuttings of relationship ties made almost any slaughter the source of guilt, for in all massacres some relatives had to be destroyed. The annihilation of Patklé and his offspring produced such strong feelings of guilt in Kanyahé and his offspring that a general quarrel ensued. The day after the slaughter Kanyahé's offspring went in pursuit of a man who had escaped. "Then Kanyahé became angry and said to Kuthúgn[14] and the other men,[14] 'Let him die alone.[15] You killed my in-laws; so stop your slaughter.' Then Kuthúgn[14] said, 'It was you yourself who ordered me to kill them, your in-laws, and I killed them; and now you're angry with me!' Then Kanyahé

[13] Read in numerical order. The language is my own.
[14] Kanyahé's offspring.
[15] The Kaingáng way of saying, "Don't kill him; let him die from other causes."

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157 kept quiet. The men[14] were angry with Kanyahé." Soon after the fight Kuthúgn and Kanyahé quarreled over the pot of one of the dead men, and Kuthúgn burst out: "Those things[16] used to shoot animals for you, and then you told me to kill them, and when I did so you became angry. Let the pot be!"

Some of the men of Kanyahé's group had been loath to kill Yuplú, one of Patklé's sons, and this too was a source of ill feeling among the offspring of Kanyahé: "Kuthúgn went to invite them after Kanyahé ordered the slaughter. Now Kuthúgn [and several of the others] wanted to live with Patklé and his offspring, but Kanyahé ordered the slaughter, so that Kanyahé became angry with them and they became angry with Kanyahé. They were angry with Kanyahé because of the death of Yuplú. Kuthúgn said: 'Yuplú had seen me and came to look for me, and he talked nicely to me. He shot animals for me, and so I pitied him, but you told me to kill him; so because I thought that he would kill me if he knew about it, I did it to him. But you are angry with me!' Then Kanyahé became silent." Kanyahé's guilt-feeling found expression in anger against the members of his own extended family, and they relieved theirs by protesting that they had been asked to commit murder. There are a number of instances of this kind, all given in considerable conversational detail, but there is one that is so striking for its barrenness of such detail that it is worth describing. The entire situation was characterized by such extreme behavior and the men were killed in such cold blood and with so little provocation that it cannot but be significant that both my informants overlooked the murders in the description of the feuds and mentioned them only in passing. It was only through prying that I was able to obtain the descriptions that follow.

When the offspring of Vomblé[17] raided the camp of Kumbló and killed a number of women and children they also captured some boys. Long after, when these boys had grown to manhood and had hunted and raided with the grandchildren of Vomblé, one of Vomblé's grandsons was killed by a member of Kumbló's group who made good his escape. "Then the dead man's widow said to Kuthúgn[18]: 'Kill Kuvén and Wanyekí.[19] Their *nyungnyén*[20] [relative] killed him. When they see this they may go away. Kill them.' The murderer had no relatives, but Kuvén and Wanyekí had

[14] Kanyahé's offspring.

[16] The dead men.

[17] This Vomblé was one of the male ancestors of the victorious extended family in the feud described in Chapter V.

[18] A grandson of Vomblé.

[19] Two of the captives, now grown to manhood.

[20] For the exact meaning of this term see p. 177, Appendix II.

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wandered around with him; so she called them his *nyungnyén*. So Kuthúgn and his brother-in-law Kiyitá went hunting with Kuvén. They went a long way but saw no tapir. Nightfall. Kuthúgn came along behind Kuvén and hit him with an axe and he fell. Then Kuthúgn said to his brother-in-law, 'Hit him!' So Kiyitá hit him." Wanyekí was killed in the same manner. Two other relatives of the widow went hunting with Wanyekí; one went in front of him and the other came along behind. One of them seized the victim and sat down on him, calling to the other, "'Come here!' And he hit Wanyekí with an axe and killed him. Then they returned to camp."

Later the death of Monyá, another of the captives, was ordered, but "Kuthúgn heard and said: 'Don't! I killed one; so let him [Monyá] alone. He's alone; so let him be!' So they let him alone. 'I did not see the one who killed her husband; so I became angry and killed a substitute.[21] So let the other one [Monyá] alone and live with him. Let him shoot animals for you. Go with him to the Brazilians who killed your *nyǫ*[22] and let him kill some of them out of revenge for her.' That is what he said." And Monyá lived with them at the post until he died of influenza.

None of the murderers of Kuvén and Wanyekí would perform the act alone but insisted on collaboration. This insistence that someone else complete a murder is quite common in Kaingáng killings. In some cultures such an unwillingness to bear the full responsibility is associated with fear of punishment, but in Kaingáng society, where the entire group is always held responsible the aversion to committing the deed alone implies a feeling of guilt. The case in question is particularly significant in view of Kuthúgn's anxious protection of Monyá.

It is not enough that the Kaingáng should feel guilty about the people they have killed, but they must feel guilt because their own relatives have been killed by others. They sometimes feel that their relatives have died because they were not there to protect them. Kuthúgn and Koví went hunting together and separated, and when Kuthúgn returned he found Koví dead, for while Kuthúgn was away Koví was overwhelmed by vendetta enemies and killed. "Kuthúgn saw the place where Koví was killed and waited there all night for the enemy. Next day he met one of his relatives and asked him, 'Well, what happened?' 'The enemy killed him.' Then Kuthúgn became angry because of Koví [and said]: 'Now! I said to him, "Stay here," but he went just as I did and the things killed him.'" What had actually happened was that Kuthúgn had told Koví to cut out a beehive and had gone on, leaving Koví alone. The sense of guilt that op-

[21] The wording of the original has been slightly altered here for the sake of clarity.

[22] Any woman very much older than a person. See p. 177, Appendix II. In this instance, however, he is referring to a particular woman who had been killed recently by the Brazilians.

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157 presses the Kaingáng is sometimes, as in the quarrel of Kanyahé and his offspring, absorbed into the extended families and digested in undercurrents of resentment, but in other cases, such as that of Kuthúgn, it finds expression in outbursts of anger which are rooted in a sense of personal guilt.

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or subtribes. The *Dorin*, who lived on the river of the same name, and the *Taven* (see above), whose habitat was bounded by the Paraná, the Piquirý, and the Itatú Rivers, were true *Caingang* subgroups different from the subtribe of the Guarapuava region. 101 619

The first settlers of the Campos of Guarapuava found these plains in 1810 entirely occupied by *Caingang*. These Indians were placed in aldeas under the care of Father das Chagas Lima, who wrote the first eye-witness account of them. In order to prevent constant clashes between the *Caingang* and the first colonists, the Brazilian Government made various attempts to settle them in aldeamentos. In 1855–56, the settlements of São Pedro de Alcántara, San Jeronymo, and Jatahý were founded for them on the Tibagý River. However, many *Caingang* groups remained independent in the forests between the Piquirý, upper Ivahý, and the Iguassú Rivers. 101 619 648

A census of the *Caingang* of the Guarapuava region taken in 1827 by Father das Chagas Lima (1842, p. 62) gave: Kamé, 152; Votóro, 120; *Dorin*, 400; *Shocren*, 60; and *Taven*, 240. In 1905, Koenigswald (1908 a, p. 47) estimated the *Caingang* of the State of Paraná at about 2,000. 101 619 [161]

Coroado.—From the 18th century to the present day, the *Caingang* of São Paulo, Paraná, and Rio Grande do Sul have frequently been designated as *Coronado* or *Coroado* (The Crowned Ones) because of their typical Franciscan-like tonsure, a hairdress which they have abandoned only in recent years. This unfortunate term is responsible for the confusion between the *Caingang-Coroado* and the *Purí-Coroado*, who seem linguistically unrelated.

Coronado, Gualacho, and Caagua.—Lozano (1873, 1:69) applies the name "*Coronados*" to the Indians of the open plains or Campos de los Camperos, del Guarayru, del Cayyu, de los Cabelludos, and de los Coronados between the Huibay (Ivahí) and Iguassú Rivers. These *Coronados*, who were certainly *Caingang*, were the same as the *Gualacho* (*Gualachí*), *Chiqui*,[1] and *Cabelludo*, who lived in the same region. As a matter of fact, Lozano himself considers these names to be synonyms of *Guañaná* (i. e., *Guayaná*). In the Cartas Anuas of 1628 (Cartas Anuas, 1927–29, 20:344), the *Gualacho* who did not speak *Guaraní* lived 4 days' travel from the mission of San Pablo, that is to say, in the basin of the Tibagý River in the very heart of the *Caingang* region. Likewise, the *Caagua* (*Caaigua*, "Forest Dwellers") of the Jesuits who roved between the Paraná and Uruguay Rivers, near Acaray in the region of La Guaira, were undoubtedly representatives of the *Caingang* subfamily. Jesuit maps indicate other *Caagua* in the

[1] According to Xarque (1900, 3:62), the *Chiqui* lived between the Iguassú and Itatí (Ibata) Rivers.

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Preface

131 TRIBES SPEAKING KAINGÁNG DIALECTS inhabit the highlands of southeastern South America from the state of São Paulo, Brazil to Argentina. Although no thorough study has previously been made of any of these tribes enough has appeared in print[1] to indicate that they differ in language and culture. The group I studied[2] is localized on the government reservation of Duque de Caxias in the municipality of Dalbergia in the state of Santa Catarina, Brazil. It is one extended family.[3] A handful of fellow tribesmen, probably another extended family, is living on a reservation at Palmas[4] in the state of Santa Catarina, and as late as 1934 a small group of Kaingáng, thought to be tribesmen of those at Duque de Caxias, was reported to be wandering wild and causing damage in the southern part of the state.

177 [73] 161 Since 1914 when the Kaingáng were pacified and localized at Duque de Caxias epidemics have reduced their number from between three and four hundred to 106,[5] and a number of changes have come over their culture.

[1] A summary of data on the Kaingáng tribes is given in "La civilisation materielle et la vie sociale et religieuse des Ẑe du Brésil meridional et oriental," by Dr. Hermann Ploetz and Dr. A. Metraux, *Revista del Instituto de Etnologia de la Universidad de Tucuman* (Argentina), Tucuman 1930. Volume 1, Entrega 2a, pp. 107-238.

[2] They have also been called Botocudo. This is unfortunate for it confuses this Kaingáng speaking tribe with the linguistically unrelated Botocudo of Minas Geraes, Brazil. Dr. Jose Maria de Paula has published a vocabulary and some remarks on the Kaingáng of Duque de Caxias in "Memoria Sobre os Botocudos do Paraná e Santa Catarina . . ." in *Congreso Internacional de Americanists*, Rio de Janeiro, 1922. 20 Session, Volume 1; pp. 117-137.

[3] This term is explained in the body of the book.

[4] Herbert Baldus has a vocabulary and some remarks on these Indians in *Anthropos*, Volume 30, 1, 2. January-April 1935, p. 191.

[5] 40 children (19 males, 21 females); 9 males and 15 females over thirty; 27 males and 15 females over fifty.

147 other activities. At such times the speed, skill and sureness of each motion, upon which the Indian's life so often depends, come fully to the fore.

The same is true of the women; in spite of their short stature, they are endowed with unusual physical endurance. [119]

452 In the course of their wanderings through the forest, they carry for several weeks at a time enormous baskets filled with heavy loads, with a child nearly always sitting on the top. In addition to all this, they bear in their hands heavy objects such as axes, iron pans, etc. They are, so to speak, the true bearers of the tribe; the warriors carry loads only when away from the women.

142 Their skin is of a dark tan color, lighter among the women. Their hair is black, coarse and sleek.

164 Dental caries are widespread among them; as children their [752] teeth are already defective. They pull out a tooth as soon as it hurts, and this leaves them almost toothless quite early in life. It is a [64] curious fact that the warriors demand their wives (who are younger, and thus have better teeth) to masticate all their food; this leaves them only the effort of swallowing, which they do while lying comfortably by the fire.

There are no diseases peculiar to the Botocudo Indians. They have, however, been widely attacked by the deadly influenza and its complications, such as bronchitis, pneumonia, etc. They also suffer from rheumatism of the joints and muscles.

[147] The great ease with which their wounds are healed, even when extremely serious, is eminently worthy of note.

Venereal diseases of any sort are altogether unknown among them.

● [163] Their high fecundity insures the perpetuation of the tribe.
224 This tribe subsists primarily on the proceeds of the hunt and is therefore nomadic, ever on the move through the woods in search of game. The tapir is preferred on account of the quantity and flavor of its flesh. It is hunted in the following way. The Indians look for a fresh spoor, set their dogs loose, and follow them on the run until the tapir is roused. Then they determine the direction taken by the animal, which always follows its habitual trails, known to the hunters; they take a shortcut through the woods and wait. Spurred on madly by the dogs, the tapir runs toward them and is attacked and killed with the spears.

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Honey is got out of a "dangerous" bees' hive in much the same way. Two or more men cooperate in the chopping and handling of the fire, and the honey is divided among them. Honey is a kind of free food, for when a hive is discovered anyone who happens along may share it. On the other hand, honey that has been collected is the property of whoever has found it, and sometimes it is hidden so that other folks will not take it. Wasps are not a very important food item for the Kaingáng, but honey is, although it is somewhat of a delicacy. No one thinks of making a meal of honey, but it is a godsend in the middle of the day.

When the Kaingáng were first pacified, says the agent, they climbed up to a hive if it was out of reach, but in these degenerate days they chop the tree down rather than climb it. Although the Kaingáng did not always climb up to a hive that was too far up on the trunk to be reached from a scaffold, they certainly did it frequently, and 1 per cent of the total number of deaths was due to falls from beehives. It was a hazardous occupation, for the climbing-loop might break or slip. Nowadays the most the Kaingáng do in this way is to build little scaffolds from which they chop out hives that may be six or seven feet above the ground. These scaffolds are made by lashing and cross-lashing posts to adjacent trees. Sometimes the scaffold consists only of a few steeply sloping posts that are tied together and leaned against a tree. The Indian stands on this uncertain perch and sinks his axe precisely around the edges of the hive so that it scarcely touches the delicate honey-laden cells. When the hive has been laid bare he places it entire in his wax-lined basket and sponges up with tree hair, a mosslike growth that clings to most of the trees in the forest, whatever honey has escaped.

Honey Beer

A man and his cousins or brothers decide to make beer for his in-laws. They cut down cedars, hollow them for troughs, and go to look for honey. After several days they have enough. Then they send their wives for water to fill the troughs. The honey is poured into the water, and the water is heated with hot stones. The stones are placed in special cylindrical baskets which are submerged in the water and suspended from rods placed across the mouth of the trough and moved from one end of it to the other. The woody stem of a fern called *nggign* is pounded and titrated and the red infusion mixed in the trough. This is to "make the beer red"; without *nggign*, say the Kaingáng, the beer would not ferment. This goes on for days, and then the mouth of the trough is covered with strips of bark and the beer is left standing several days longer. When it begins to bubble the Indians decide that it is *thô*, intoxicating or bitter, and ready to drink. The Indians say that instead of water the milk of a kind of palm is some-

Unlike their neighbors in Paraná the Kaingáng have no love magic. They are, in general, a very practical and aggressive people and not given to the use of charms. They view all people but little children as spontaneously, vigorously and indiscriminately sexual, and act accordingly.

The young man who, urged at last by his desire for a woman to cook and keep house for him, and the young woman who, impelled by her wish to have someone who will constantly care for her, at last settle down with a spouse, have this background of philandering, jesting and frequently adulterous sexual experience that will color married life into old age. Kaingáng men and women are not advised by their parents to be faithful to one another. The only case I heard of is that of Amendó who was one of the wives of Wanyekí. When she and her sisters married him her mother said to her: "Live with him. If they leave him, you remain with him." And she always did.[2]

In our society the traditional, the ideal stabilizer of marriage is love—an exclusive sex interest in one person. The Kaingáng have no tradition, no background for the development of such an interest. Marriage in other primitive societies is sometimes stabilized by a large payment for the bride, but in Kaingáng society there is no such payment. If a woman leaves her husband she can always find a relative who will take care of her. Her brother or her cousin or her sister will always take her in, and although she lacks the full security that marriage gave her she need not starve, for there are any number of men who will accept her as an added responsibility without complaint, even boasting a little that they took care of her and that she called them *yãgn*.[3] Besides having this dependable bulwark to her security a woman's own aggressiveness makes it far easier for her to get another husband than for a woman in a similar position in our society. When a woman is left without a husband the liaisons which she has established surreptitiously serve her in good stead, for then one of her lovers may become her new husband.[4]

Chukembégn had been having some trouble with his wife, Chantágn. When he left her for a few days to go hunting he told his hunting companions that he was going to leave his wife. News got back to the post before he returned. One day Chantágn, who had previously amused herself by casual approaches to me, called me. I came out of my house and sat down where anyone who happened to be around could see us. "What do

[2] See p. 30. These people have been long dead.

[3] See Appendix II, p. 177. Such a woman can partially earn her keep by gathering fruit and wood, helping with the cooking and the children, and clearing the ground for camp sites. If she has lovers they will contribute to the family larder.

[4] Sometimes, though rarely, former husbands may become lovers, but this does not occur where the woman herself has rejected them as husbands.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

Dances.—The members of a *Caingang* subgroup dance together. The dancers, about 3 feet (1 m.) apart, form two concentric circles around a line of fires, the men inside and the women outside. A singer in the center first shakes his rattle and, placing each foot alternately before and behind, dances sideways. At this signal, the other performers shake their rattles, and both circles begin to turn in one direction, following the rhythm of the song and rattle. Men without rattles strike the ground with stamping tubes. Behind them, women lift their forearms and move their empty hands slightly to each side in a kind of "blessing" gesture. When the leader is back to the starting point, he stops, and the others wait quietly until he is rested or is replaced by another leader.

Toys and games.—*Caingang* children are very skillful at filliping sticks, maize kernels, and small arrows resting on the bent arm. Maize shuttlecocks are batted with the palm of the hand. Children spin tops made of a clay whorl or a lump of wax on a stick.

The favorite *Caingang* adult sport is a mock battle between members of two communities, who hurl small clubs or, at night, firebrands at each other. Although these weapons may wound or even kill, casualties are not resented and do not call for blood revenge. This sport is played on open ground where heaps of clubs have previously been deposited. Women, protecting themselves with bark shields, run among the players to pick up and hand the clubs to their men. The *Aweikoma* throw stones wrapped in small fiber bags, which are parried with short clubs. The *Caingang* are also fond of wrestling.

Narcotics.—A great many stone pipes have been found in the *Caingang* area—a puzzling fact since smoking has not been observed among these Indians.

Drinking and intoxicants.—The *Caingang* prepare intoxicants from maize, sweet potatoes, pine nuts, honey, and the fruit of several species of palm, especially buriti (*Mauritia vinifera*) and jussara (*Euterpe* sp.). Maize is slightly roasted over ashes, ground, and boiled in large pots for about a night. The next day part of the mass is chewed, then boiled again with the remainder. Shortly before the feast, the liquid is transferred to a huge trough made of a tree trunk and half buried in the ground. The liquor is heated by a fire built around the trough or by red-hot stones or potsherds which are thrown into it. During 2 or 3 days of fermentation, men dance around the beer, singing, shaking their rattles, and beating the ground with the stamping tubes.[6] The beer is often mixed with honey.

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* start to prepare their mead a month before its consumption. A mixture of honey and water, to which they add

[6] Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 45) distinguishes three kinds of beer: Goya-fá, made of naturally fermented maize meal; quequi (Kiki), prepared with maize and honey; and goya-kupri, made of chewed maize.

I

The Forest and Its People

●174 THE KAINGÁNG WERE FOREST NOMADS. For perhaps three hundred years that was the only life they knew, and they resented it. The forest was not their original home, for they were driven into it from their farms on the savannahs to the west by their enemies. They speak with nostalgia of the time long ago when they lived in little fenced villages and planted corn, beans and pumpkins. Before the pacification they had no villages and instead of dividing their time between cultivating their crops and hunting in the forest as they used to do, they wandered forever in the forest and planted no crops at all.

137 The forests of Santa Catarina are vast and mighty; they are rich and well watered, tall and gloomy. Saplings and trees six feet in diameter crowd close upon one another. Bushes cluster about the trees, and the whole is woven into one solid mass by the vines that hang from trees, twine about bushes, and creep along the ground. The forest everywhere grows right down to the edges of the rivers and looms on both sides like the walls of a great corridor, silent and lovely, impenetrable except with knife or club. Flocks of geese, taboo to the Indians, for those landlocked creatures may not touch these timid and agile waterfowl, skim above the surface of the rivers, and wherever a lichen-covered cliff rises from the river's edge it throws their calls echoing back and forth across the water.

133 I used to joke with the Brazilians telling them that their beautiful state
132 of Santa Catarina was not a land but a solution, for it is indeed a country of ten thousand water courses. Innumerable little streams undermine the earth, and during the rainy season in August and September, when it sometimes rains for a month without cease, when day after day thunder rolls about the mountain tops and the wind blows and the forest rocks until you

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

Vomblé, killing of his wife, wounding of Kangguin and killing of his son, 628
followed by the flight of some of the sons of Mumbégn together with their relatives by marriage and their hunting companions.

Third. Suspicion, followed by murder, breaks out among the murderers of Nduichá *et al.*

Fourth. Final disruption of the forces of the murderers (i.e. separation of Kumbló and Patklé).

Fifth. Slaughter of the women of Kumbló's group by Nduichá's group.

Sixth. Slaughter of men, women, and children of Nduichá's group by Kumbló's group.

Seventh. Massacre of Patklé and his sons by their relatives by marriage.

Eighth. Massacre of Kumbló and his sons by the children of Kumbló's half-brother Wanyekí.

It is easy to see from this summary what the history of the Kaingáng vendettas has been: murder, followed by flight of the killers; then conflict within the ranks of the murderers themselves, with ensuing murder and splitting of the group. The murderers are hunted down by the relatives and companions of the dead men and women until not one is left. No society can stand such conflict, and the history of the Kaingáng shows clearly that they have been diminishing in numbers. Even they themselves are perfectly aware of the fact that their population has dwindled and that they have been split up into smaller and smaller groups because of the feuds.

Many societies must have gone to pieces and disappeared under the in- 628
fluence of disruptive forces within. In the course of the development of 174
social forms those that fostered severe conflicts must ultimately have destroyed the societies in which they developed. The result would obviously be the gradual weeding out of such societies, and we would have left only such as could maintain themselves by satisfactorily reconciling the disintegrating forces within them. But from time to time in some societies situations develop that are incapable of adjustment, and that of the Kaingáng is one of these. In its otiose social theories and a curious system of body paints Kaingáng society shows traces of what may once have been a more complex social system. Their history goes back to a time when they lived in villages and cultivated the soil, but even then there were feuds. It is impossible to tell at present whether the development of the feuds brought about the destruction of a more complex social life or whether the contradictory social theories that we hear of today were ever more than notions picked up from contact with other cultures and never fully understood. But even in those very early times the Kaingáng were busily killing their affinal relatives and raiding the villages of "other" groups of their "own people."

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

771 Kaingáng have attempted the same extension of their positive emotional
787 relationships, but with little success. The supernatural, to them, is an embodiment of terrors; for it is burdened with portents of death, and no matter what benefits the Kaingáng derive from the supernatural, death always dominates their outlook. In *vayú*, divining by belching, the great preoccupation is escape from death; *kumbĕdn*, divining by insects in the ashes of the dead, is completely devoted to omens of death; *kŏplĕgn*, divining with charcoal, is concerned with the location of animals that may be hunted and killed, or with the impending death of human beings, and the meteorological omens of rain, darkness, tempest, and flood are all portents of death.

787 The oral functions of biting, spitting, and blowing form part of supernatural curing techniques, but belching has been elevated to prophetic dignity. Through *vayú*, divining by belching, the Kaingáng obtain many important insights. Any adult who feels that he can divine by belching may take this function on himself, and he or she may be sought out and asked to drink an infusion of *matte*[26] so that his belches may give some information about the chances of death from the enemy, the hunting prospects in a given direction, or the whereabouts of a lost dog. The oracular belch always comes in answer to a request that is usually put to the practitioner in a form like this: "Belch to see whether, if I go to look for my wife and child, the enemy will see me." Then the practitioner drinks the infusion, and if he belches strongly it means "No"; and if weakly, "Yes."

787 *Kumbĕdn*, divining by insects, is connected with the exogamous system
303 which the Kaingáng say they possessed far back in ancient times. Accord-
619 ing to this tradition the Kaingáng were divided into five groups, with each
174 of which was associated a set of personal names and a design with which its members used to paint their bodies.[27] The Kaingáng still use these designs, but their only functions for two hundred years or more have been to protect the wearers against *kuplĕng* and supposedly to provide a point of reference for this system of divining by insects. To each group belong certain insects, the presence of which in funeral ashes betokened the impending death of a member of the group. A certain fly and a little butterfly called *toto*, for example, indicated the future death of those who use the dot pattern; and other insects, among them all the different varieties of bees, a wasp, and insects that the Indians call *ûpá* and *thathakumbĕdn* foretold the death of someone who bore the line pattern.

787 In spite of the precise way in which the Kaingáng formulate it, they

[26] This is the familiar *yerba maté* or *matte* that grows wild in southeastern South America, particularly in Brazil, Argentina, and Paraguay.

[27] See Appendix II for full explanation of this scheme.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

some other tribe, the ancient *Caingang* were improvident and consumed their crops as they matured, storing none for the lean months ahead. On the other hand, Horta Barboza (1913, p. 34) states that maize was as important to them as "wheat for the Europeans." The *Caingang* of the region of San Pedro (Misiones), observed by Ambrosetti (1895, p. 337), opened their clearings in tracts covered with bamboo or sparse bush. They broke the small trees with cudgels or by hand. When the dead trees were dry, they burned them and waited until the beginning of the rainy season for sowing. Women planted crops with digging sticks; they also harvested the crops and carried them home. Men do all the farming in the reservation of Palmas.

In modern groups the tiller of a field is recognized as its exclusive owner; if he dies before harvest, the seedlings are destroyed.

Collecting.—When the *Caingang* were still living in their aboriginal condition, pine nuts of *Araucaria angustifolia*, a tree which has a distribution coinciding more or less with that of the tribe, was fundamental to the native diet. From April to June the Indians gathered in the forests to climb the trees and knock down the ripened fruits, which the women helped to pick up. The climbing technique—also used in getting honey or in robbing birds' nests—was to pass one noose around the feet, another around the tree and the climber's back, and alternately move the two bands up the trunk. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* used only a noose of bamboo strips.

The *Caingang* also collected wild tubers (*Dioscorea* sp.) and a great many wild fruits, such as jaboticaba (*Myrciaria* sp.), pitanga (Myrtaceae sp.), articú (*Annona montana*), pineapples, papaya (*Carica papaya*), caraguatá (*Bromelia* sp.), etc. The starchy pith of the pindo palm (*Cocos romanzoffiana*) was formerly an important food item, but today has been supplanted by manioc flour.

Honey and the larvae of bees and especially the larvae of the tambú beetle, which abound in decayed palm and bamboo trunks, are prized delicacies. It is also reported in some sources that the ancient *Caingang* did not despise snakes or lizards.

Hunting.—The *Caingang* spend a large portion of their time hunting alone or in small parties. The dog, treated by some groups as an indispensable auxiliary, is a recent acquisition. Some *Caingang* groups lacked it as late as 1912. To develop the smelling powers of their dogs, the Indians expose them to the smoke of the burnt skin of the game which they are to stalk. They never give them the bones of game animals to gnaw, taking great precaution lest the game be offended.

An entire band participates in a peccary hunt. Old and young, preceded by dogs, endeavor to drive the animals toward hunters, who shoot them with arrows. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* follow droves

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

Preface

131 TRIBES SPEAKING KAINGÁNG DIALECTS inhabit the highlands of southeastern South America from the state of São Paulo, Brazil to Argentina. Although no thorough study has previously been made of any of these tribes enough has appeared in print[1] to indicate that they differ in language and culture. The group I studied[2] is localized on the government reservation of Duque de Caxias in the municipality of Dalbergia in the state of Santa Catarina, Brazil. It is one extended family.[3] A handful of fellow tribesmen, probably another extended family, is living on a reservation at Palmas[4] in the state of Santa Catarina, and as late as 1934 a small group of Kaingáng, thought to be tribesmen of those at Duque de Caxias, was reported to be wandering wild and causing damage in the southern part of the state.

177 Since 1914 when the Kaingáng were pacified and localized at Duque de [73] Caxias epidemics have reduced their number from between three and four [61] hundred to 106,[5] and a number of changes have come over their culture.

[1] A summary of data on the Kaingáng tribes is given in "La civilisation materielle et la vie sociale et religieuse des Îe du Brésil meridional et oriental," by Dr. Hermann Ploetz and Dr. A. Metraux, *Revista del Instituto de Etnologia de la Universidad de Tucuman* (Argentina), Tucuman 1930. Volume 1, Entrega 2a, pp. 107-238.

[2] They have also been called Botocudo. This is unfortunate for it confuses this Kaingáng speaking tribe with the linguistically unrelated Botocudo of Minas Gerses, Brazil. Dr. Jose Maria de Paula has published a vocabulary and some remarks on the Kaingáng of Duque de Caxias in: "Memoria Sobre os Botocudos do Paraná e Santa Catarina . . ." in *Congresso Internacional de Americanistes*, Rio de Janeiro, 1922. 20 Session, Volume 1; pp. 117-137.

[3] This term is explained in the body of the book.

[4] Herbert Baldus has a vocabulary and some remarks on these Indians in *Anthropos*, Volume 30, 1, 2. January-April 1935, p. 191.

[5] 40 children (19 males, 21 females); 9 males and 13 females over thirty; 27 males and 15 females over fifty.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

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●177 Until 1914 the Kaingáng robbed and killed the Brazilian colonists, but now they live in peace. Under government instruction they have learned to till the soil. Both men and women have adopted the clothes of the whites and the men have cut their hair and discarded their typically male ornament, the lip plug. The young men use fire arms exclusively; one man about sixty uses only bow and arrow; the other men over forty alternate between bow and arrow and gun. Nowadays the Kaingáng attempt houses after the fashion of the poor white farmers of the region—mud walls, thatched roofs and dirt floors—but the Kaingáng often do not get beyond the roof, and even that leaks. Changes are also noticeable in ritual and social life. Some rituals have dropped out and the bloody feuds between the extended families are no longer carried on. Although polygyny is still practised polyandry has been given up.

In spite of change, however, many of the old ways of life are still followed and fundamental attitudes remain the same. The culture is far from dead. Because of their ferocity only the bugreiros—men hired by the colonists to kill the Indians—ever dared approach the Kaingáng before pacification. Since that time the government has steadily resisted all attempts to establish missions among them. Although there is a Catholic church about [197] five miles away from the reservation its effect on the Kaingáng has been practically nil.

123 I lived on the reservation from December 1932 to January 1934 and my house was in the center of the Kaingáng village.

Although the Kaingáng are now small farmers they still spend about half their time hunting. They are great week-enders. Every Friday some of them plunge into the jungle and turn up on Monday with a few quarters of tapir, deer or wild pig, or some birds. From time to time I joined them on these trips but with the exception of a five week expedition I made with them into the jungle my work was largely limited to wandering about the village, in and out of houses, sitting by fires and talking, working with paid informants, and, of course, treating their ailments.

114 Frae Mansueto Barcatta de Val Floriana has published a grammar[6] of the language of the Kaingáng of São Paulo but no systematic study of the language of any of the Kaingáng speaking tribes of Santa Catarina had appeared in print prior to my "A Kaingáng Text."[7]

191 Although today Kaingáng males between 20 and 30 years of age know some Portuguese there was only one whose Portuguese was good enough

[6] "Ensaio de Grammatica Kaingang," *Revista do Museu Paulista*, Volume X, São Paulo, 1918. Frae Mansueto's grammar suffers from an attempt to impose Indo-European grammatical categories on the Kaingáng language. His "Diccionario Kaingang-Portuguez e Portuguez-Kaingang," *Revista do Museu Paulista*, Volume XII, São Paulo, 1920, is excellent.

[7] *International Journal of American Linguistics*, Volume VIII, 1935, pp. 170-218.

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to chop out the hives that are far above the ground, and it is they who ascend the lofty pines to knock down the all-important nuts. The women stay below to gather up the nuts which their husbands have knocked down; yet very often two men cooperate in the enterprise. The women used to take ages to make robes and shirts and carrying-bands for their babies, but ever since the men began to raid the whites, blankets have largely replaced robes, fiber shirts have given way to vests, and the heavy iron Brazilian pot has become the "real" pot, while the ancient badly made clay one which the women made has become "my no-good pot" and completely disappeared. But there is no substitute for the strong, well-made baskets that the men make with such care. The men are even as good at spinning cord as the women are. The women cook, but Kaingáng cooking is simple and any child could do it. Besides, it is no disgrace for a man to cook or do anything a woman does, and a man often cooks his own supper if he is alone. Even the carrying of burdens is shared by the hard-working men, and I have seen them carrying their babies when the trail was long and burdens heavy.

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killed you. When they killed you, I wandered around suffering, but you 768
come to call me!" When the ghost-soul at last went away, she was "all 775
green. She stood there without saying anything. He [her husband] said to her, 'Why are you green?' But she said nothing. She sat down holding on to a post. Then he asked if she was sick—if she had a pain in the belly. But she did not talk. Wanenggló [her husband] asked her whether she had seen a ghost-soul. Probably she saw a ghost-soul. But she did not say anything." Like vendetta enemies, the ghost-souls are "other things"—it is the only category the Kaingáng have for those who dwell outside the limits of the extended families—and for people in this category they know only one emotion, fear-anger.

When the Kaingáng are drunk, their malevolent and fearsome impulses 152
rise to the surface, and the memory of death plays its part in this. Festa 579
time, when the beer troughs are brimming with the steaming, sourish, honey beer, is a special occasion for remembering the dead. It is also the occasion when recollections of adultery unpunished or of slights unrequited surge into consciousness. While some dance, sing, or brawl, others sit around the edge of the dance circle with their heads in their hands and tears streaming down their faces, and their sobs and high rhythmic keening mingle with the noise of quarreling and disordered singing. When they have done with their hour or so of weeping, they rise and fill their baskets or gourds with beer and join in the festa. No recollection of the dead can occur without unleashing fear, and fear cannot be liberated without the eruption of anger, so the memory of the dead only adds to the disruptive forces that are set in motion by the beer. The more one knows about the Kaingáng, the more one is struck by the extent to which the very roots of their being have been undermined and torn by impulses to violence. This is all the more amazing when we remember what affectionate people they seem to be—how much they love to multiply a hundredfold all kinds of personal attachments. Nevertheless, when drunkenness uncovers the Kaingáng personality, it does not bubble over in rivulets of tenderness, but pours out in torrents of violence. The only outlet is murder, and that is why festas, if not actually the scene of murders, used to be almost always the forerunners of raids on the Brazilians or on vendetta enemies. The Kaingáng themselves understand, in a way, what the festa meant to them, for they say, "We had festas in order to go to attack the Brazilians." Of course not every festa is characterized by violence, but many are.[3]

[3] Although the Kaingáng held an old-time beer festa at my request the aboriginal beer troughs have been superseded by jugs of sugar cane whiskey, and the tumultuous singing by the music of an accordion played by a white man. These changes, however, have not curbed the essential temper of the Indians, and fights still occur at festas. [534] [273] [171]

262 They acquired the habit of eating chrysalids and larvae of all kinds, especially the maggot found in rotting wood [coró] which they eat raw as well as roasted, or cooked on the fire inside a bamboo sprout. Then necessity turned into habit; although the need no longer remains, the Indians continue to seek out chrysalids and larvae as refined changes of diet.

224 When the warriors are gone for long periods of time, the women catch small game by means of snares and traps, for they do not wield any weapons.

226 Curiously enough, the Botocudo are not familiar with fishing, even in its most primitive form, though rivers abounding with fish are to be found in their area.

262 177 Before the time of peaceful contact, they were already familiar with maize, squash and manioc flour, which they obtained in the course of their raids on civilized communities. But they were altogether unfamiliar with potatoes, the manioc tuber, beans, rice, yams, the taro root, etc., which they have since come to know and which they greatly value.

342 The Botocudo set up their shelters by driving slender stakes close together into the ground. [122] These sticks are bent in the shape of a bow, and their tip secured to a heavy horizontal rod which is usually fastened in two trees at the height of a man. The resulting dome-shaped roof is covered with palm leaves, brush, or ferns. A lateral area of about one meter is always left open to permit observation toward the rear and thus avoid any surprises. The fire is lit on the exposed side of the shelter, and the Indians watch over it continually to make sure that it does not go out.

Each of these huts is utilized by a single family.

[361] The shelters are lined evenly in parallel groups of two to eight huts which together form a camp.

When circumstances such as celebrations or the Araucaria seed harvest compel them to remain in the same place for a longer period of time, they build their huts with greater care and make them larger. Two shelters are built face to face and their roofing connected so that the curved sticks are secured to each other instead of being fastened to a horizontal rod. This results in a perfect vault. Each of these enlarged

302 When important battles are to be waged, the warriors of this tribe have the custom of painting their face and trunk with broad strokes of a special black dye, meant to induce greater terror in their enemies. This is why several members of civilized communities attacked by these Indians maintained that they had "recognized" Negroes among them, alleged criminals who had joined the Indians to escape the law...

301 They also adorn themselves with necklaces, which prior to the time of peaceful contact they made with various seeds, the teeth and claws of animals, hooves of small deer and tapir, etc. [177] In addition, they made use of all the objects they managed to acquire in the course of their raids, such as harness rings, buckles, strainers, buttons, inner pieces of clocks (which they invariably destroyed), coins, empty or full cartridges, etc. Suffice it to say that these necklaces, which often weigh as much as two or three kilograms, are veritable show cases of whatever has come into their hands.

411 The Botocudo bow, vôio, is always made of the tough and elastic cabiuna [the black rosewood, Dalbergia nigra--Translator] wood, catangára in the native tongue, which belongs to the same family (Leguminosae) as ipê. The latter was named pau d'arco [bow wood] by the Portuguese because it was used for this purpose by all the coastal tribes (Tupi, Guarani). The arrows are of three kinds: war arrows with metal blades; hunting arrows with tips of hard wood barbed on one side; and the short arrows [virotes] used exclusively to hunt birds, which kill by impact and inflict no open wound.

In addition to these weapons, they own impressive spears with metal blades measuring up to ten or twelve centimeters in width and thirty or forty in length, and shaped like the tip of the war arrows. The consummate skill with which they handle this formidable weapon is nearly incredible. They use it in a sort of fencing struggle by holding it with both hands in the center of the shaft. The tip of the shaft is used to parry and avert blows, and the blade to attack the adversary with lunges which cause instant death if not parried in time. Enemy heads have been severed at one blow. In the course of fencing bouts the Botocudo use downward as well as upward strokes, and leap constantly with great skill, to the front as well as to the rear.

000 certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

802 These Indians count from one to five on the fingers of one hand, and continue up to ten on the other hand. They indicate other quantities with both hands.

757 They treat diseases with the juice of various plants, nearly always applied externally by means of rubbing and massage. Some organic products such as deer stomachs [buxo] etc. are also used [There is a Brazilian plant, Amaiova cryptocarpa, which is popularly called "deer stomach" (bucho de veado). As some of the information in this article may have been obtained second-hand, the above might be the result of erroneous interpretation. --Translator]

They have the habit of tightly binding up all painful body areas, not only in case of snake bite but of any disease as well.

323 177 They formerly used various objects of fired clay, such as pots of different sizes and shapes and small vessels of varying form which they utilized to prepare and cook their food.

In the course of their later raids on civilized populations, however, they found similar utensils of iron and other metals [128] which they naturally came to prefer. As a result the art of ceramics declined sharply, especially following their contact with us. Prior to this contact, some of the older members of the tribe still made pottery.

821 323 It is obvious that they need a special clay for the manufacture of these objects. They believe that rainbows point to deposits of this clay, and call them kukron-ndouma--"pot arrows"--on account [764] of this belief. They never buried their dead in earthen jars nor do they do so now, but dispose of the bodies in the manner described above.

852 Every year, toward the end of December or the beginning of January--during the lambang-uan season, at the height of our southern summer--they carry out important celebrations for the baptism of children.

273 852 The Botocudo prepare a drink for the occasion which they call mong-ma. Its basic element is wild honey, and the preparation is a rather lengthy process. One moon before the event, the Indians have already started on various specialized tasks. The fathers of the children to be baptized are entrusted with the building of large troughs

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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the actual security it affords make them seek it eagerly, and in spite of the lightness with which they seem to take it no marriage can be broken without some kind of mild stir and an early effort on the part of the principals to form another alliance, while their relatives try to patch up the old one. When Chantágn only felt that she *might* lose her husband she was already at my door asking whether I would be her next. However, unstable it may be, particularly in the beginning, marriage nevertheless is one of the ideal pillars of security on which the Kaingáng personality seeks ever to support itself. They have built their society on warm personal attachments, and anyone without such attachments makes them uneasy and perplexed. No one is spoken of more sadly than a mature person who is alone. "For a long time," said Vomblé sadly, "my father wandered around all over without a wife. At last when his brother died he married his wives." The women who did not try to interest me in themselves or in their children besought me to marry someone else—anyone—and one day even Yokó, a matron who was generally too shy to speak much to me, quizzed me uncomprehendingly on my bachelorhood and advised me to marry—not so that I could have someone to cook for me and mend my clothes, but just in order to be married. "Why? Why?" she kept repeating, "why do you live thus without a wife? Get a wife." "Whom shall I marry?" said I. "Marry anybody. Why go around unmarried?" Even the children found it hard to believe that I was single and they used to question me interminably: "Have you a wife in your country?" "Have you a sweetheart in your country?" "Will you marry her when you go back?" "Do you intend to marry?"

Once a couple are married they do not drop the liaisons formed before marriage. Their long training in philandering and the absence of an ideal of faithfulness have not suited them to the stability that marriage implies. Furthermore the absence of binding legal forms or big property stakes, as well as the knowledge that a meal can always be found at one's father's or brother's fire, that one's mother or sister-in-law is ready to cook the food and spread the bed, makes marriage brittle and its rupture not sharply felt. Yet, in an utterly contradictory manner, the Kaingáng believe that a man and woman, once they are "sitting together," belong to each other, and they use the same word to designate this possession as they use for the exclusive possession of material objects. This theoretical possessiveness comes into constant conflict with the actual sharing in which the young people have taken part all their lives. The young man who for years before his marriage has dallied with the wife of anyone from his father to his second cousin, who has day in and day out enjoyed adultery with an equally delighted adulteress, decides suddenly, once he is married, that his possession should be exclusive. "I left my wife," Yuvén said to me, "because she took Kanyahé and Kundágn as lovers. She sleeps with everyone. All the women

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the little they have they do not keep for themselves, but distribute among 581
their relatives. My greatest trouble with them was that they could never 556
understand "what you want with all that stuff" that I kept for trading, nor with the wood I accumulated against the rainy season. And they have carried the same attitudes into their marital relations.

Several wives are not a mark of prestige but the result of special events. 595
Love as the nucleus of sexual relations implies loyalty in our culture, for 581
loyalty is an essential part of love. Even where marriage lacks the essence 181
but preserves the ideal it may still have a certain amount of loyalty left in it if other factors such as security and power make loyalty expedient, and early education has conditioned spouses to be loyal when they do not love. But the Kaingáng have never been educated to sexual loyalty, their *ethos* is not built on the twin columns of wealth and power, and no one starves among them as long as there is an ungnawed piece of tapir hide or a pine nut in camp. So in their informal, almost casual marriages they are not loyal to one another in the special sexual way in which we think of marriage loyalty—as an exclusive sex interest in one person. And because they are not fixated in their sexual interests and because there are no social forms and few economic considerations to stabilize marriage, it is extremely brittle until several children are born. Even then the stability that marriage achieves does not fix sexual interest.

The Kaingáng are a people with no sense of social form. As an artist 181
with a fine feeling for form will communicate that sensitivity, that sense 595
and realization of an "inner harmony," as one artist put it to me, to everything he does, a people with a feeling for or an interest in social form will do most of the things that are important to them in a highly stylized way.[12] If they are particularly interested in following lines of kinship or some other rules of organization almost everything will be done in accordance with their feelings of fitness as determined by these rules, and not a hunting party or a husking bee will be undertaken without its having been planned along the lines of this organization. If their interest runs to dancing and ceremonious display instead, they will manage to bring in dancing and ceremony on every occasion. But the Kaingáng have no interest in social forms of any kind. They have no pattern that will exclude one kind of relationship while permitting another. So their sexual relations show the same formlessness, excluding only parents and blood siblings and admitting every kind of marriage known to anthropology. The Kaingáng are not only monogamous and polygynous; but they were polyandrous too and they also established what I shall call "joint marriages" in which several men lived together with several women in mutual cohabitation. These last two types will be discussed in the following chapter.

[12] This refers, of course, to societies which are more highly structuralized.

[p. 34 is blank]

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Analysis

628 The most striking single feature of Kaingáng disintegration is the contrast between the warm, highly affective relationships within the "families" and the uninhibited ferocity of the behavior of the members toward all outsiders. Within their own circle of relatives and companions the Kaingáng will endure a high degree of personal discomfort to avoid a quarrel, but toward "other" groups of their "own people" their overwhelming desire is to shed blood. The result of the nervous insistence on the preservation of internal peace is that serious quarrels scarcely arise, and when they do they are swiftly forgotten or their effects muted. In quarrels over adultery within the extended family the entire brunt of the squabble is usually shifted on to the shoulders of the defaulting spouse, with the result that amity among the men—the very cornerstone of Kaingáng society—is preserved. But adultery by "other men" was fuel to the smoldering flames of long-cherished hate and always precipitated murder. The sexual aggressiveness of man against man never finds full expression within the family, spending itself, at the most, in secret intrigues and surreptitious "home-breaking." But with "other men" it broke out into the frank "taking away" of their women—the deliberate asking for wives who were never refused.

The taking away of wives was a kind of dangerous play indulged in by groups of "other men" when they met. The deadly consequences of such open preempting of sexual rights were known, but they never acted as deterrents. The taking away of women created an atmosphere of fearfulness that formed a perfect medium for the development of states of mind leading to murder. When the children of Wanenggló met with the children of Yokégn the children of Wanenggló took away their wives; but when they had "led them away," the children of Wanenggló feared that their victims wished to kill them to regain their wives and to wipe out the shame of the experience. The children of Yokégn really were secretly enraged and eager to kill their wives' new husbands. The two families dwelt in fear of each other, and it soon became a question only of who would be clever enough to strike the first blow. It turned out that Yokégn was the slyest and in a single night he destroyed Wanenggló and all his children. But nothing like this ever happens within the extended family, where peaceful relations have been the rule for generations.

181 627 Another aspect of this same insistence on preserving peace within the family at any cost is the reluctance to look for trouble. The Kaingáng are utterly unwilling to face a situation pregnant with conflict unless it is thrust under their noses. That is why husbands do not follow their wives around but are content to leave them in camp alone for weeks while they go hunting, and that is why when things are stolen no one prowls around

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181 627 to find who took them. Unless he is confronted with his stolen property a Kaingáng is content to murmur in secret rather than precipitate a quarrel by accusing the thief and demanding the return of the property. The same attitude leads them to make concessions rather than to back their demands with vigorous self-assertion. An aggressive individual can usually obtain his ends simply by asserting his wishes with vigor and insistence—provided he is driven to that extreme. But generally people get what they want if they ask for it, and it is only the aggressive people who ask. The rest take what they get and complain in secret if they are dissatisfied. The Kaingáng avoid any internal quarrel and run with headlong fury into an external one. They are by no means a passive, acquiescent people, but they cannot oppose self-assertion within the extended family.

One day while Chukembégn was out hunting, a few families arrived in camp, and one of them moved into Chukembégn's camp. He and his wife took this eviction without comment and simply moved into my tent. "Why do you let him put you out?" said I. "It's your camp, isn't it?" "Ah," he replied, "if I put him out there would be the deuce of a quarrel." If two self-assertive people happen to desire the same thing the Kaingáng are utterly confused, for generally that kind of situation does not arise. Before I went hunting up the river my cook asked me to get him a deer skin. As we drew near our destination a deer suddenly slipped into the river with that wild and quiet grace that is their special gift. All the Indians were caught unprepared, and before they could fire I slipped a cartridge into my rifle and shot the deer, breaking its leg. The swift current swept it downstream, and it was picked up by Ndíli and killed. In the old days the Kaingáng never used skins for anything, but now that they can sell them to the Brazilians for a few cents the Indians are eager to have them. The old pattern of gain through self-assertion still holds, and the person who gets the skin is the one who asks for it. The practice among the white Brazilians is to give the skin to the owner of the dogs that brought the animal to bay, but the Kaingáng rarely follow the Brazilians in this. Now both Ndíli and I wanted the skin, and Ndíli was a violent and aggressive person. In the past I had always given away the skins of the animals my dogs had flushed, but here was one skin I wanted. At last Chukembégn came over to me and said, "Why don't you give him that skin? He wants it." I refused to surrender. Had I not already given deer skins to Ndíli? Why shouldn't he give me this one? At last he yielded me the skin, only to steal it later.

The most striking feature of the dispute was Chukembégn's failure to understand why I should cling to the skin in the face of the obvious fact that Ndíli wanted it so badly. Another time I wanted to give the skin of a deer my dogs had flushed to the cripple they called Dung, for I felt that

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181 627 since he had clubbed the deer he should have the skin. But when I went to hand it to him, Ndíli said, "I want the skin," to which Dung replied, "He wants it; so give it to him." The willingness to yield to aggressiveness, coupled with the indifference to trouble unless it faces one squarely, operates to reduce enormously the number and severity of conflicts within the extended family.

182 152 The obsessive interest of the Kaingáng in destruction and murder was all externalized against the "other people," and it was this ability to externalize their obsession that was in part responsible for whatever coherence and security the families preserved. The overpowering urge toward destruction that manifests itself still in the wanton gashing of trees and the killing of the tiniest bird that happens to perch on a limb where stick or stone may reach it is never directed inward against the family but always outward. The function of the feuds, therefore, was twofold, for they served both to gratify the need to destroy and to direct it away from the extended family; and this duality contributed to their perpetuation.

538 152 The overwhelming bulk of Kaingáng folklore is murder stories—murder committed in every imaginable way and on all relatives except sons. Stories begin with murders committed for no reason and rehearse over and over again the whole wearisome theme of treachery and retaliation. The interest in the feuds has suffocated any other mythological theme, and instead of the elaborate variations on widespread mythological elements that are so common among many primitive peoples we find that when these elements actually do appear in Kaingáng folklore they are bare, fossilized, neglected plots which the literary imagination has never developed. The one elaborate art form that the Kaingáng have, their folklore, is overwhelmingly concerned with their own destruction.

152 Perhaps the best proof of the obsessive nature of this trait lies in a split within an extended family which occurred after the Kaingáng were localized on the reservation and which culminated in the murder of Thechá. For years the Kaingáng had committed no murder. Their vendetta enemies had been killed or driven far away, and now the group that had lived in harmony for generations was isolated from the dangers of attack and settled peacefully on the reservation. But Thechá took to saying that he wasn't afraid of anyone, and he was angry at everyone; so "since he was angry with them they became angry with him." They decided to kill him, and one of the plotters was his own first cousin, his father's sister's son, Kovĺ. Now Thechá was a most unusual Kaingáng, for he could not swim. That simplified matters, and one day when he was crossing the river with a number of people—"nine people and five women," as one informant put it—"the canoe tipped over." Nobody tipped it, for such baldness of statement would offend Kaingáng good taste, but "the canoe tipped over" and

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V

Disruptive Forces in Kaingáng Society

182 571 THE VERY FORMLESSNESS OF KAINGÁNG society makes us wonder what gave it coherence. There were no territorial boundaries to limit the range of the hunter, there was no chief or government to impose its will on the people, there were no binding marriage forms and incest restrictions were minimal. Marriage was brittle, and even the polyandrous and joint households, by far the most stable units in the society, included only 20 percent of the married population. Men were torn between the ties of blood and the ties of marriage; they spent their years fluctuating between groups of both kinds and haunted by a sense of insecurity.

619 182 571 578 The mechanism of kinship did not enforce cooperation among specific individuals, and there was no large unit of specific outline that might accomplish coordination of effort in some other way. The cooperation among in-laws might be broken almost without reproach, and the ties that bound children to their parents or to one another yielded to the strain of affinal relationships or to stronger bonds that grew up between men and their hunting companions. Yet, with all this, Kaingáng society could have held together, however haphazardly its bonds are slung, for the Kaingáng have a strong sense of being one people against other people. After all, they are all related to one another by blood, and they are all "*our* people" or "*our* living things" to one another, as opposed to all other "living things" that have no possessive pronoun to bring them within the group. They felt the need for renewing ever and again their informal contacts, and whoever let the years pass as he lived in isolation wandering thoughtlessly in a distant part of the forest risked a quarrel when he met again the people he had neglected. The very lack of fixity of relationships and the multitude of ways of forming them left the Kaingáng with no device for controlling a

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conflict. Once a feud arose there was nothing, neither dominating ties of blood nor the voice of chieftainship or government, to stop or limit it. Where the demands of kin by marriage conflicted with the claims of blood and where the call of a hunting companion whose bed one had shared clamored above the voices of blood and affinity the individual was pulled in a dozen directions, by a dozen magnets. Feuds spread, cleaving the society asunder like a deadly axe, blighting its life like the plague. Thus it came about that the very forces of integration carried the seeds of disruption within them. A man's link with his wife's people pulled him from his siblings; his bond with his sister's husband tore him from his wife's people; and his relationships with his hunting companions drew him from all.

The Kaingáng are divided into extended families ranging in numbers from 50 to 300 individuals. These families are made up of the descendants of two or more men who have intermarried and whose children have intermarried. Thus each family is closely inbred, and almost every member can trace his genealogy[1] to one of the two or more male ancestors. These ancestral males are real personalities, and the data on them is usually rather full, but there is always a point beyond which memory cannot go, and it is impossible to learn anything about any of their parents or siblings. Marriages with other extended families occurred, but marriages within the families far outnumber marriages between the families. This endogamy was brought about not by a specific taboo on marrying outside but by the hostility between the families which made them distrust one another and which kept them apart. When members of different families did marry it almost always caused a split in the ranks of one or both of the intermarrying groups. In such a case brother might be aligned against brother to the death. Those who shifted from one family to another either through marriage or through having been captured as youngsters were looked on as blood relatives of their new associates and hence as enemies to their former friends and were given no quarter in case of attack by members of the family to which they once belonged.

The Kaingáng call members of their own extended family "my own people," and the warm personal relationships that have been described in the preceding chapters exist only among one's "own people." For hundreds of years there have been several Kaingáng extended families and they have lived in a state of perpetual feud with one another. Whole lineages have been destroyed, and others, overcome by panic, have wandered away into the endless forests, never to be heard of again. Sometimes two extended families have come together and have been able to live in peace, but gen-

[1] The Kaingáng are minutely interested in their own genealogies, and they know who their father's father's father's son's wife's sister's daughter's husband is down to the last detail of all his names, what he died of, and how many children he had.

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1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

between the Taquarí and Cahy Rivers. Today their settlements lie between Inhacorá (Nucorá) (long. 54°15′ W.) and Lagoa Vermelha (long. 51°30′ W.).

The Caingang of Misiones, Argentina.—At the end of the 19th century about 60 *Caingang* lived in the Argentine Territory of Misiones on the eastern slopes of the Sierra Central, 3 miles (5 km.) from the town of San Pedro, near the Yabotí River. According to Ambrosetti (1895, p. 307), these Indians, who were known in the region as *Tupí*, had come from Palmas or Rio Grande by crossing the upper Uruguay River. A few years later (1902), some of them returned to Brazil.

Literature on the Caingang.—Few data on the *Caingang* can be gleaned from the Colonial literature. Though the *Caingang* are often mentioned in the Jesuit texts on the Paraguayan missions, Lozano (1873–74, 1:418–427) and Azara (1904, pp. 402–407) are the only authors who give short, but fairly accurate, descriptions of these Indians. The accounts of Father Luiz de Cemitille and of Telemaco Morocines Borba were for many years our best sources. Later, L. B. Horta Barboza (1913) published very exact observations on their customs, which were supplemented by Manizer (1930). Ambrosetti (1895) has written an interesting article on the *Caingang* of San Pedro, in Misiones. The social organization and funerary rites of the *Caingang* were the subject of a special monograph by Baldus (1937 c). Henry (1941) studied the decadent remnants of the *Aweikoma* group and described their culture in psychological terms. Their language is known mainly through an excellent dictionary by Father Mansueto Barcatta de Valfloriana (1918, 1920) and a linguistic analysis by Jules Henry (1935). Ploetz and Métraux (1930) have attempted to bring together most of the data about the *Caingang* contained in the literature up to 1928.

CULTURE

SUBSISTENCE ACTIVITIES

Farming.—The only *Caingang* who subsisted entirely by hunting and collecting were those of the State of Santa Catarina, the so-called *Botocudo or Aweikoma*. These Indians, however, remembered a time when they, like all other *Caingang* groups, practiced agriculture.

The ancient *Guayaná*, ancestors of the modern *Caingang*, are described as relatively sedentary agriculturists, though our sources stress the importance of hunting in their economy. This was also true for the *Caingang* at the end of the 19th century. All their groups raised maize (red, white, and violet varieties), pumpkins, and beans (a white variety), but perhaps depended less than their *Guaraní* neighbors on these crops. Like many Indians who had become acquainted with farming in recent times through the intermediary of

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

553 352 The child then receives a new name. Later, he may adopt names that refer to notable incidents of his life.

852 304 In the Santa Catarina group, the perforation of the boys' lower lip at the age of 2 or 3 is marked by great celebrations. Women, holding gourd rattles, dance with warriors, who beat the ground with their spears. The children are intoxicated with beer, and shaken until half unconscious, when their ceremonial fathers pierce their lips with a sharp stick (Henry, 1941, pp. 195–197).

582 **Marriage.**—According to Baldus' census (1937 c, p. 43), men are generally older than their wives, in some cases as much as 15 to 20 years; among 37 percent of the couples there was a difference of 10 years.

A man marries when 18 to 20 years of age. If his bride is not yet of age, he stays with her parents, waiting for the first signs of puberty. In case of child betrothal, the lad's parents have to provide for the girl's subsistence.

595 Polygyny is mentioned by all the early sources, but details vary. Some authors declare that it was an old man's privilege, others that it was restricted to the chiefs, good hunters, or famous warriors. There are also indications of sororal polygyny and of marriage simultaneously to a woman and her daughter (Teschauer, 1929, p. 350). In *Tupí-Guaraní* fashion, a girl often married her mother's brother.

[184] The *Caingang* of Palmas are, and claim always to have been monogamous.

Manizer (1930) states that though a man may not marry his cousin—he does not specify which—he usually takes her as a concubine until her own marriage. If pregnancy occurs meanwhile, the girl, as a rule, commits abortion. It often happened that a man grew fonder of his cousin than of his legal wife, and that he sometimes [578] resolutely opposed her marriage. The continuation of such relationship was bitterly resented by the legitimate wife.

For the *Aweikoma*, Henry infers that 60 percent of all marriages are monogamous, a fair proportion of the remainder being polyandrous.

585 A marriage ceremony witnessed by Manizer (1930, p. 776) took place during a drinking bout. Some old men seized the bridegroom and bride and pushed them toward each other in spite of the woman's resistance. Then they dragged them into the bridegroom's hut and left them there under a blanket. The following day the woman ran away, but was brought back by force.

591 Matrilocal residence, formerly the *Caingang* rule, is still frequent, though many couples set up their own households. Baldus (1937 c, p. 43) heard "that only lazy men lived in their father-in-law's house and that, should the father-in-law die, the husband would have to 'govern' his mother-in-law."

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177 Until 1914 the Kaingáng robbed and killed the Brazilian colonists, but now they live in peace. Under government instruction they have learned to till the soil. Both men and women have adopted the clothes of the whites and the men have cut their hair and discarded their typically male ornament, the lip plug. The young men use fire arms exclusively; one man about sixty uses only bow and arrow; the other men over forty alternate between bow and arrow and gun. Nowadays the Kaingáng attempt houses after the fashion of the poor white farmers of the region—mud walls, thatched roofs and dirt floors—but the Kaingáng often do not get beyond the roof, and even that leaks. Changes are also noticeable in ritual and social life. Some rituals have dropped out and the bloody feuds between the extended families are no longer carried on. Although polygyny is still practised polyandry has been given up.

In spite of change, however, many of the old ways of life are still followed and fundamental attitudes remain the same. The culture is far from dead. Because of their ferocity only the bugreiros—men hired by the colonists to kill the Indians—ever dared approach the Kaingáng before pacification. Since that time the government has steadily resisted all attempts to establish missions among them. Although there is a Catholic church about [997] five miles away from the reservation its effect on the Kaingáng has been practically nil.

123 I lived on the reservation from December 1932 to January 1934 and my house was in the center of the Kaingáng village.

Although the Kaingáng are now small farmers they still spend about half their time hunting. They are great week-enders. Every Friday some of them plunge into the jungle and turn up on Monday with a few quarters of tapir, deer or wild pig, or some birds. From time to time I joined them on these trips but with the exception of a five week expedition I made with them into the jungle my work was largely limited to wandering about the village, in and out of houses, sitting by fires and talking, working with paid informants, and, of course, treating their ailments.

114 Frae Mansueto Barcatta de Val Floriana has published a grammar[6] of the language of the Kaingáng of São Paulo but no systematic study of the language of any of the Kaingáng speaking tribes of Santa Catarina had appeared in print prior to my "A Kaingáng Text."[7]

● 191 Although today Kaingáng males between 20 and 30 years of age know some Portuguese there was only one whose Portuguese was good enough

[6] "Ensaio de Grammatica Kaingang," *Revista do Museu Paulista*, Volume X, São Paulo, 1918. Frae Mansueto's grammar suffers from an attempt to impose Indo-European grammatical categories on the Kaingáng language. His "Diccionario Kaingáng-Portuguez e Portuguez-Kaingáng," *Revista do Museu Paulista*, Volume XII, São Paulo, 1920, is excellent.

[7] *International Journal of American Linguistics*, Volume VIII, 1935, pp. 172-218.

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for linguistic purposes. None of the women speak Portuguese. Most of the ethnological data was obtained in the native language, which I learned to speak.[a]

Whatever merits this book may have are due primarily to the training I received from my teachers Franz Boas and Ruth Benedict. The specific suggestions they have made regarding Kaingáng culture have often provided far-reaching insights into its nature. Dr. Margaret Mead's lectures on field methods and her criticism of my manuscript have been of great help in the formulation of my ideas about Kaingáng culture. To Mr. Hans J. Uldall, ace of phoneticians, go my thanks for the excellent preparation that helped make it possible for me to master quickly the peculiarities of the Kaingáng language. The criticisms of my wife, Zunia Henry, have been most valuable.

The field work that supplied the basis for this book was made possible through an appropriation of the Department of Anthropology of Columbia University.

My gratitude is due to my two dear friends, Eduardo de Lima e Silva Hoerhan, and his wife, Dona Francisca whose kindness and solicitude made it possible to carry on under strange and difficult circumstances.

Brazilian officials, particularly Dr. Dulphe Pinheiro Machado, Minister of Labor, Dr. Bezerra Cavalcanti, now deceased, of the Indian Service, and Dr. Roquette-Pinto and Dona Heloise Torres of the National Museum, have also been immeasurably helpful and kind to me.

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[a] See Appendix IV.

[p. xviii is blank]

526 They fling this sort of ball from one group to another with all their strength, trying to hit a warrior on the other side. Since all the projectiles are thrown at once, the man who is a target for more than one cannot easily avoid the blow.

The game consists in intercepting the pellet in flight and immediately flinging it back. Since many are thrown at once, the Indian parries with a short club those he cannot catch. Although several [130] warriors are hit and hurt by these stones, they nevertheless keep up this game for hours on end with great turbulence and enthusiasm.

Another interesting game consists of a sort of fencing with clubs, where two men match their agility and skill.

[131] Botocudo Word List

192

Gathered in the settlement of Taio-Plate (Itajaí, Santa Catarina)

[Translator's note: English words in brackets offer a closer definition of the term or an alternative meaning; double definitions without brackets and additions in parentheses are the author's own; # indicates unknown meaning. All footnotes are by translator.]

A

1 bee - Móagma
water - Ngoyo
tomorrow - Kulágma
bitter - Kóiákê
to tie up - Iêdn
tapir - Ŏyôle
anus - Engéno
macaw - Kóyoimbãng
bow [weapon] - Vúyo, uỹma
to tear up - Kunúkê
to roast - Nglánkê
araponga* - Tangdãma
high [height, top] - Téiê
to put out [a fire or light] - Yudema
friend - Káikáma
here - Tôkané
spider - Xukréng
bird - Xáng-gôima
tree - Vâema
to frighten - Kománghádn
to cross [go across] - Katalópkê
grandfather - Yúgtoteyugma
grandmother - Yántotesinóma
blue - Taigmo
sour - Yô

*A bird, Procnias nudicollis.

1 [notes word list is given in the original Portuguese word order -- see foreign text -- Analyst]

Botocudo Word List (continued)

192

B

small basket [balaio] - Krẽ
facial hair [beard] - Yũvama
abdomen - Ndũnma
to drink - Kãklã
butterfly - Tutĩma
labret: ngrokosũna; katyéma when carved out of a pine knot - Ngrokosũna, katyéma, quando de nó de pinho
arm - Pãn
white [adj.] - Kuprima
to quarrel - Tõ yõnho
howler monkey - Ngũgma
hole (in the ground) - (na terra) Ngõkãdma

C

head - Krẽng
horn - Nekãma
to fall - Kutãma
path [way] - Yãmin
canoe - Kãkéma
fence - [cêrca] - Déyẽ
drinking mug - Petkãma
field - Leprũru
dense forest - tuzũma
capybara - Krẽndjõi
house - Iman
tail - Mbãma
tick [bug] - Tire
fruit pit - Konãma
basket - Petkãma
"that's enough" - Riquẽtõvãin
rain - Dãnkutãma
snake - Poonema
jararacuçu snake * - Krẽntoyábu
jararaca snake * - Kigékugrũma
to eat - Cõyẽ
long - Téyẽ
"I know" - Végnomõ
to run - Colõma
to cut - Kub
agouti - Kãtxõ
to cook - Nõéi
short - Kãtxidn

* Both of the Bothrops genus.

[132]

D

to dance, celebration - Uvãingrẽdma
finger - Ningãzeic
"throw it away!" [deite fora] - Zõudnio
tooth - Nhãma
day - Kõlan
"tell me!" - Tõ
sick - Kõngõma
sweet - [adj. or noun] - Ngrãa
to sleep - Nhõro
hard, tough - Tuyõio

E

to write, to trace - Nõéd-lõdn
"wait!" - Vẽ
star - Glikãinc
thorn - Txõi
road - Yãmin-m'blang

192

E (cont'd)

excrement - Nõzá
mirror - Vẽdn-vẽdn

F

beech [faia] - Káinyá
hunger - Kõiẽre
to do [to make] - Hõdn
flour - Mbazá
"it smells bad" [fede] - Ngẽrckõ
son [offspring] - Krãn
fire - Prẽma
weak - Krõyõma
fruit - Ndẽdkonãma
arrow - Djõma
cold - Kũtxõle
deep [bottom] - Digtxẽ

G

cat - Ngrũdma
frost - Kubrule
son-in-law - Jambré
giesara
fat [adj.] - Tanhõngũ
large - Mbõgma

H

today - Uri
man - Kõingãng
yesterday - Lãquẽt

I

sister - Vẽtima, nungnkẽtima
brother - Nunkẽdma, hangrẽma

J

jaboticaba* - Mãu

* Fruit of Myciaria cauliflora.

alligator - Lẽtadma
guan [jacu] - Koũ
jacutinga * Pẽigma
jaguatirica ** - Ngrũdema
queenpalm [jerivá] - Tãinma
knee - Nyondũma
together [close] - Mbré

* A guan, Pipile jacutinga.
** A spotted wildcat, Leopardus pardalis chibiguazu.

L

over there - Takané
lake, laguna - Ngõlokatxidn
spear - Lõnglõma
lecenço *Quiũi
milk - Nõngnhẽkumbõma
clean - Hẽe, kuprẽe
"get up!" - Nẽnĩõ
light [opposite of heavy] - Kayũi
nimble, quick - Tũle
to wash - Kũpẽie
tongue - Numãma
yarn - Nazé
far away - Ambautãma
otter - Zoukazẽio
moon - Koitxãma

* Perhaps a typographical distortion of lenço, "handkerchief."

M

hand - Nengá
monkey - Kankãre
axe - Mbẽgma
tinamou - Ũvõ

192

M (cont'd)

thin [lean] - Kãĩó
manioc - Kóngrẽ
[133]
lame - Tenkolég
gentle [tame] - Lãni
husband - Mbẽdn
to kill - Tõnh
forest - Kõhan
mother - Ian
bad - Kolégma
physician - Vaikoktõma
to measure - (N'dẽd) - kumbõdma
fear - Kõmáng
honey - Mõngma
boy - Kõigãngkatxidn
lie [falsehood] - Õxtxóro
plunge [dip] - Pũtkẽma
my [mine] - Iáátõn, itxõn
maize - Nghára, nghálakonáma
small, fine - Kátxidn
young man [young] - Kolãnghãdno
wet - Nakpẽma
mountain - Krẽn
to bite - Prágnh
much - Kámbãng
woman - Prõn
young woman - Tentágma

N

to swim - Mbiõma
north - Tũ
no [adv.] - Ih, ndẽya
"I don't want to": Tô uvãinlô (absolute negation) tõn
night - Kutũgma

O

eye - Kunáma
ear - Ningráma
bone - Kukõma
egg - Krãn

P

paca - Krulãn
father - Yũgma
piece of cloth [pano] - Kũla, kũru
little bird - Xangõima
duck - Kuika
pot [pan] - Kukrẽn
parrot - Tangrõdma
kinsman, friend - Káiká
stick [wood] - Kõma
foot - Pãnema
stone - Kazũma
fish - Vung-vungma
hair [of animal] - Zãre
hair - Kẽkẽma
feather - Zãĩê
comb - Uvãkurẽia
small - Kátxidn
patridge - Kokũĩva
heavy - Kunãke
neck - Ndẽie
pine tree - Zãngma
painted - Lê
to plant - Krãn
pigeon [dove] - Penkuima
lazy - Nhanhára
black - Txê
to seek [search for] - Konãmen
wild pig - Ũgm

192

Q

to break - Kabque
coati - Xẽma
to burn - Ponro
warm [hot] - Layõgũma

R

tail - Mbũba
rat [mouse] - Kãtxin
level [close-cropped] - Palẽma
medicine [remédio] - Vaikoktõ
agricultural plot [roça] - Iapan
river - Ngoyõma

S

father-in-law - Kãkran
waterfall - Krong
"sit down!" - Nẽnlõ
[134]
woman's breast - Nũnhẽ
yes - Hõn
sun - Lã
dirty - Kõuvẽi
deaf - Kutõdn, manketone

T

#tateto - Okxã
bamboo -Vaugvãma
earth - Ngõma
tiger - Menguma
crooked - Pandoma
to work - N'dédhãdno
thunder - Todotõnema
tucan - Nglũma

U

uru partridge - Putpũleklãma
urine - Jõin

V

brave - Komangtãn
"let's go!" [vamos] - Tõdn
"I'm coming (along)" -
Ihã mbrẽtom
deer - Kambẽha
"come (here)!" * - Katẽnglõ
"come!" - Kãtong
"come to me!" - Itxõ katẽng
wind - Konkã
red - Kutxõn

* Here the form venha is employed; the next two entries list vem, which might be considered a more informal type of address.

Botocudo Word List

192 Gathered in the settlement of Palmas (State of Paraná)

tomorrow - Kulagma
friend - Kuiakama
to ride on horseback - Cavalũ Takrenẽ
tapir - Ojoro
forearm - Einjaksi
"dismount!" [apeie] - Katolẽ xuk
bow [weapon] - Corichara, Einvuia
tree - Poinbang
grandfather - Ijungn tchuma

sheath of large knife [facão] - Tipã
bench - Koiukõro
facial hair [beard] - Eijuvã
abdomen - Eijũ
arm - Pan, eipan
ember - Tatapui
to drink - Kakrã
(any) drink - Kiki
mustache - Einjuvã
butterfly - Purukundã
labret - Eigrokosẽ
howler monkey - Ungugma

head - Cren, licren
hair - Eicren kaki
club - Zunti
piece of lumber - Tipandẽ

heat ("it's hot") - Kakapugug
drinking mug - Patku
field - Leetou, leema
shin [canela] - Eitõ
to sing - Einjadma
meat [flesh] - Tinẽ
cabybara - Krendjoi
horse - Cavalũ
sky - Koikã
basket - Kaitumẽ or Kaituinẽ
(unwaxed) basket - Canha
flame - Zaikora
hat - Eikeipongrẽ
rain - Toonjonkedn
five - Ulangledna ulangledna upi
blanket - Curo coxõn
coati - Chẽ
snake - Poon
to eat - Eijokõ (Krognẽ)
to run - Tilalã
back of the hand - Einhenkanglo

to dance - Enjongrã
finger - Einhengasai
toe - Eipançai
tooth - Einjã
two - Ulanglẽdna
to sleep: Tinoro tianecron ("he is asleep") -

to stand - Tinhãma
prop [support] - Kranjã
star - Gliksane

192

large knife [facão] - Kranjá
war arrow - Machaipũ-dulan
hunting arrow - lingõ
son [offspring] - nheere
daughter - Iguxi
fire - Tatá
leaf - Tisaia
cold - Cuxoko

hen [chicken] - Kukéve
rooster - Kukéve
wildcat - Men-caxid
frost - Kukrêregma

man - Koingang

brother - Nhonhedn
enemy [foe] - Comblédgma

jaguatirica* - Ungrudma
* (See note p. 21)
window - Zaatkakaxi
knee - Eijokren

lip - Einhkê
firewood - Pen
yarn - Zooteji
moon - Cooxok

monkey - Couara
maitaca parrot - Coojui

mother - Nhon
maracanã macaw - Cuuja
husband - Einbadn
forest - Kotoklê pruulma
boy - Ugnere
unmarried girl - Totee takn
young man [young] - Kaalun
woman - Taã
married woman - Inpronsima
old woman - Unbatun

night - Kutugma

puma - Men cuxon
eye - Eikonan
bone - Kukõ
egg - Tinglá

paca - Crirlon
father - Iuugn
palm of the hand - Einhenkaká
parrot - Tanglad
little bird - Chaankoi
foot - Eipan
chest [breast] - Eisepaîõ
fish - Kakrôa
neck - Einjui
sting [insect bite] - Ooméne
woodpecker - Uujakeingõ
pine cone - Zaaklê
[araucaria] pine seed - Zaaksu
pine tree - Zaagma
domestic pig - Unpê
wild pig - Ungma
door - Zaatka

four - Uglanglêdna, Ulanglêdna
cheese - Einhõ

192 branch - Tipaama
foliage shelter - Tapui
trail [spoor] - Eipan
river - Goiobang
stream - Goio caxidn
clothing - Curo
blue clothing - Curo looma
green clothing - Curo jorokotonema
white clothing - Curo cupri
black clothing - Curo chaama

[137]
eyebrow - Eicujukẽ
"get out!" ("go away!") - Titen
shoe - Eipanpã
toad [frog] - Pupõ
"sit down!" - Nẽro
sun - Loõgma

board [plank] - Zaakpõgma
bamboo - Vuadma
#tateto - Ukxã
forehead - Eicocã
tiger - Unmen
toca * - Uklẽlo
traga ** - Boiocoten
three - Taktun or Ulangledna upi

* Here only the form venha is used (see note p. 23).
** Either "animal burrow" or "Touch this!"

nail [claw] - Einhengã
Kreinkrũ
one - Pirẽ or upi

cow - Cavalũ, tinekõ
"let's go!" [vamos] - Tatoro
deer - Cambẽ
old [old man] - Tchiima
"come!" * - Kamun
"come here!" - Catanglõ
"come and sit down!" - Noonek
"come sit on the bench!" - Koinkõro takrenẽ
"I'm going down on horseback" - Cavalũ takrenẽ katalen

* Either "Bring it!" or Swallow it!"

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

gáng. Thus there is nothing completely strange in the phonetic structure/94
of the language.

The problem of grammar is more difficult. There are two fundamental/93
categories in Kaingáng, the static and the dynamic, and these are expressed by different particles and by changes in the verb. The category of number—singularity and plurality—is also expressed principally in the verb. Present and past time are expressed by identical verbal forms, but the ideas of futurity, contingency and continuity are conveyed by elements that directly follow the verb which is in the active form. There is no subjunctive, but all ideas that would be subjunctive in English are expressed by syntactic forms, i.e. by placing statements in intelligible juxtaposition. There is no sex gender, and there are no concepts of definiteness or indefiniteness. Thus, on the whole, what one has to do in Kaingáng is to satisfy oneself with a much reduced mechanism. As far as morphology is concerned Kaingáng is actually easier to learn than French and German. When one considers the whole battery of case forms in German and the elaborate devices for expressing time—the specific forms and their proper sequence in complex sentences—Kaingáng actually is simple. The categories of the static and dynamic are not foreign to the Indo-European languages, which generally express them in the verb.[6]

The sentence structure of Kaingáng is, on the whole, subject+object+modifier+verb. Subject and object are followed by one of those troublesome formal elements that are so hard to define, and the verb is always followed by the sign of the static or dynamic or by one of the modal particles (time, static or dynamic, continuative). These elements are always the same, and one learns to put them in automatically. Thus, the major change in syntactic form from English is in the position of the verb. But for the student familiar with German the shift of the verb's position should present no difficulties. The picture of sentence structure that I have given here is rather elementary, and there are, of course, a number of modifications; nevertheless, this is the form the beginner learns, and it is not difficult to master.

The only really difficult problem in Kaingáng is one of memory, for one 000
has to memorize the entire content of the language. Yet by recording large numbers of texts one can increase one's knowledge at a great rate.

People frequently ask me how long it took me to learn to talk Kaingáng, as if one had a period of complete ignorance from which one suddenly burst like a butterfly, splendidly articulate. But learning is gradual. Day by day as he watches the people, the student acquires a word here, an idiom

[6] In learning Kaingáng one quickly begins to feel the conceptual similarity of their static forms with the verb *to be*, and of their dynamic forms and ours with the transitive verb.

3: Henry
193

SM3 Caingang SM3

[For information on Caingang grammar, see category 116, pp. 178 (B) - 218 (B).]

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

possibility of gaining a working knowledge of a language in a short time, it is not really possible to satisfy these doubts unless something is known about the general structure of the language (phonetic, morphological, and syntactic) and its categories. It is also necessary to know what we mean when we speak of "easy" and "difficult." The morphology of a language may present overwhelming difficulties of analysis, but some of these difficulties may be quite irrelevant in learning to talk it. It may be almost impossible to get at the meaning of some troublesome elements, yet the elements themselves may be used in such a formal way that it is unnecessary to know their meaning. All one needs to do is to know where they occur and then to use them mechanically.

When all these factors are taken into consideration, however, the fact still remains that the language *is* utterly strange and that the possibility of mastering so much strangeness in time to use it as a tool in field work seems slight. I shall, therefore, give here an account of the precise nature of the conditions encountered in an attempt to learn to talk the Kaingáng language so that the reader may be able to form a just idea of the problem.

I outlined the general pattern of the Kaingáng language in a recent paper[3] and shall not, therefore, go into detail here. Of the eighteen consonants there is really only one that does not occur in English, a labio-dental *m*.[4] Of the vowels there are four that do not occur in English, but of these, two are familiar in French and German, and a third in Russian.[4] The fourth occurs nowhere else that I know of, but it is so much like the sound of the diphthong in English *sure* and *gourd* that it would be easy to produce an equivalent of it that would satisfy the natives. Most of these vowels can also be nasalized, but these nasalizations are familiar to students of French and Portuguese. There are no consonantic clusters[5] in Kain-

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estimate the importance of speaking grammatically, for some natives do not understand their language unless it is spoken with a high degree of grammatical precision. In regard to the limits of intelligibility each language is different, and in each tribe each individual is different. Some natives are so habituated to hearing their language spoken only by tribesmen that they never learn to understand a white man.

[3] "A Kaingáng Text," *International Journal of American Linguistics*, 8:3-4, p. 172.

[4] An *m* made by touching the upper teeth to the lower lip. A *d* and a *b* and a *g* in which the air is expelled through the nose instead of through the mouth occur in Kaingáng at the end of words, but these also occur in English. Examples: nasally exploded *d* in English "laden"; nasally exploded *b* in English "grab him" (grab'm); nasally exploded *g* in English "wagon" (in New York City). As a matter of fact the labio-dental *m* also occurs in English in words like "triumph" where the *m* is followed by a labio-dental consonant, but it is extremely difficult for English-speaking people to produce this consonant in other positions.

[4] As in the pronouns *Bïl*, you, and *Mïl*, we.

[5] Where three or four consonants come together at once.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

gáng. Thus there is nothing completely strange in the phonetic structure of the language. 194

The problem of grammar is more difficult. There are two fundamental categories in Kaingáng, the static and the dynamic, and these are expressed by different particles and by changes in the verb. The category of number—singularity and plurality—is also expressed principally in the verb. Present and past time are expressed by identical verbal forms, but the ideas of futurity, contingency and continuity are conveyed by elements that directly follow the verb which is in the active form. There is no subjunctive, but all ideas that would be subjunctive in English are expressed by syntactic forms, i.e. by placing statements in intelligible juxtaposition. There is no sex gender, and there are no concepts of definiteness or indefiniteness. Thus, on the whole, what one has to do in Kaingáng is to satisfy oneself with a much reduced mechanism. As far as morphology is concerned Kaingáng is actually easier to learn than French and German. When one considers the whole battery of case forms in German and the elaborate devices for expressing time—the specific forms and their proper sequence in complex sentences—Kaingáng actually is simple. The categories of the static and dynamic are not foreign to the Indo-European languages, which generally express them in the verb.[6] 193

The sentence structure of Kaingáng is, on the whole, subject+object+modifier+verb. Subject and object are followed by one of those troublesome formal elements that are so hard to define, and the verb is always followed by the sign of the static or dynamic or by one of the modal particles (time, static or dynamic, continuative). These elements are always the same, and one learns to put them in automatically. Thus, the major change in syntactic form from English is in the position of the verb. But for the student familiar with German the shift of the verb's position should present no difficulties. The picture of sentence structure that I have given here is rather elementary, and there are, of course, a number of modifications; nevertheless, this is the form the beginner learns, and it is not difficult to master.

The only really difficult problem in Kaingáng is one of memory, for one has to memorize the entire content of the language. Yet by recording large numbers of texts one can increase one's knowledge at a great rate. 200

People frequently ask me how long it took me to learn to talk Kaingáng, as if one had a period of complete ignorance from which one suddenly burst like a butterfly, splendidly articulate. But learning is gradual. Day by day as he watches the people, the student acquires a word here, an idiom

[6] In learning Kaingáng one quickly begins to feel the conceptual similarity of their static forms with the verb *to be*, and of their dynamic forms and ours with the transitive verb.

101 the latter state, in the Municipality of Dalbergia[3], at the Post of the Serviço de Proteccão aos Indios, "Duque de Caxias".

197 The Kaingang have been grouped in the Ges-Tapuya linguistic family with the Botocudo of the Rio Doce in the state of Minas Geraes[4]. I find, on comparing the available data that there is no justification for such grouping. It is desireable, therefore, to consider the Kaingang dialects alone until more material is forthcoming.

CONSONANTS.

194 The most striking single feature of the basic consonantic scheme is the large number of nasals: 9 out of 18 of the consonants are nasals or are accompanied by nasal voicing. These last are the mb, nd and ng in the plosive series.

Bastian. Also, following Chamberlain's map as best we can by latitude and longitude (AA. NS. V. 15; 1913, pp. 236—247) we see that he extends his Tapuyan group into Paraná and São Paulo without including Santa Catarina. If he includes the Kaingang speaking tribes of Paraná and São Paulo in his Tapuyan family he must extend its limits into Santa Catarina.

[p. 172 (c)]

3:Henry E-6 (1932-1934)1935SM3 Calngang SM3
Awelkoma

Consonants: Broad transcription.

	Bilabial	Labio-dental	Dental	Alveolar	Alveolar-Palatal	Palatal	Velar	Glottal
Plosives	p mb (m)		t nd (n)				k ŋg (ŋ)	
Nasal	m	ɱ	n			ɲ	ŋ	
Lateral				l				
Frictionaless								
Fricatives		v	ð			y		h
Affricatives					tʃ ndʒ			

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[p. 172 (b)]

3:Henry F-5 (1932-1934)1935 SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

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Vowels: Broad transcription

Pure Vowels

	Close			Open		
Front	i		e	ɛ	æ	a
Central	ɨ			ɜ		
Back	u	v	o	ɔ		

Nasalized Vowels

Front	ĩ			ɛ̃	ã
Central	ɨ̃				
Back	ũ		õ	ɔ̃	

Diphthongs

æi, ai, ɑi, ɜi, ui, vi, oi, ɔi

Plosives.

The dental plosives are interdental.

The voiceless plosives are aspirated. Under the influence of a phonetic law, which will be discussed in its proper place, a series of unexploded stops is produced. These stops, that I have called contact stops, exactly parallel the terminal *k*, *t* and *p* of the New York City pronunciation of back, cat and rope except that the Kaingang consonants are interdental.

I have placed *mb*, *nd*, and *ŋg* in the plosive series because they function like plosives in the language. That is to say they never occur terminally, and they may, with the exception of *nd*, be followed by *l*. All nasal consonants except *ŋ* may terminate syllables. Only *ŋ* may be followed by *l*.

The sounds that I have designated *m*, *n*, and *ŋ*[1] are really nasally exploded *b*, *d*, and *g* respectively. They seem logically to belong to the series of nasal consonants because of their occurence at the end of syllables. So, also, they obey the same phonetic law as do *n*, *m* and *ŋ* (see section on Retrogressive Changes), and effect *y* in exactly the same

[1] These sounds are made by an initial closure of the nares. The fact that at the beginning of my study I heard these consonants as *d*, *b*, and *g* would seem to support this belief.

[p.173 (A)]

3:Henry E-5 (1933-1934)1935SM3 Caingang SM3
Awelkoma

way as do n, m, and ŋ (see section on Progressive Changes). Nevertheless, the fact that these nasal plosives occur only terminally, whereas the corresponding oral plosives, mb, nd and ŋg occur only initially leads us to conclude that these two series are really one phoneme. Thus in terminal position mb becomes m, nd becomes n and ŋg becomes ŋ.

Nasals.

The dental nasals are interdental.

The labio-dental nasal, ɱ, is a true and stable phoneme. It is made by touching the upper teeth to the lower lip while the vocal chords are vibrating and the air is issuing through the nose. ɱ may be distinguished from the labio-dental fricative, v, by the fact that in the former there is no friction between the lips and the teeth while in the latter there is no nasal quality.

Lateral Frictionless.

Between vowels *l* is often replaced by *r*.

Fricatives.

v alternates with β. The principal element of this phoneme, v, is made by touching the upper teeth to the lower lip lightly. Now, most of the Kaingang above 15 years of age have lost their upper incisors. As they grow older they lose more of their teeth, especially the front uppers. In rapid speech, therefore, a person trying to produce a true v would often not do so. What he does produce is a bilabial fricative, β.

Because of the rounding of the lips preparatory to producing a rounded vowel the labio-dental fricative is often heard as a very fricative w. In this case there is friction not only between the lips and teeth but also between the lips.

ð is a mixture of the voiceless and voiced interdental fricative. The vocal cords do not start to vibrate until the air is already issuing from the mouth.

[p.173(3)]

3:Henry E-5 (1922-1934)1935 SM3 Caingang SM3
Awelkoma

Affricatives.

• 194 The voiceless affricative is sometimes heard as *ʃ*, particularly in unaccented position. It also occurs as */t/ʃ* and as *ɛ/t/ʃ* in unaccented position.

The voiced affricative has a *y* quality, particularly when it is the result of the change of *y* to *dʒ* (see Progressive Phonetic Changes).

VOWELS.

ɪ occurs only in diphthongs.

e and *ɛ* do not differ a great deal in quality, the *ɛ* being rather open.

PHONETIC CHANGES.

Consonantic.

There are two large groups of consonantic changes in Kaingang: Retrogressive and Progressive. The Retrogressive are by far the most common and are purely mechanical. The Progressive changes are in some instances dependent upon grammatical processes.

Retrogressive Consonantic Changes.

A nasal consonant that terminates a syllable must change to a voiceless contact stop if followed directly by a voiceless sound. These changes are dependent upon the speech flow. That is to say, in ordinary conversation if the speech becomes very slow, or if there is a stop for rhetorical phrasing, the changes may not take place at the points where the flow slows down or where the pause for phrasing occurs.

Since *ð* is a mixture of voiceless and voiced friction the nasals behave before *ð* as if it were a voiceless consonant.

Since all Kaingang syllables must end in either a vowel or in a nasal consonant these changes are encountered with great frequency. Nevertheless, in spite of their variety and the frequency of their occurrence, the rules are so simple that a foreign speaker of the language, like myself, very quickly develops a "feeling" for them and comes to use them automatically.

[p.174 (A)]

3;Henry E-5 (1932-1934)1935 SM3 Caingang SM3
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The retrogressive consonantic changes are as follows:

m and *ɱ* change to *p* before *t*, *k*, *ð*, and *tʃ*. When followed by *p* only the aspirated *p* is articulated.

n and *ɳ* change to *t* before *p*, *k*, and *ð*. When followed by *t* only the aspirated *t* is articulated. When followed by *tʃ* the *t* is often assimilated.

ɲ obeys the same rules as *n* and *ɳ*.

ŋ and *ŋ* change to *k* before *p*, *t*, *ð* and *tʃ*. Before *k* only the aspirated *k* is articulated.

It is thus seen that whenever a nasal consonant is followed by a voiceless sound it either disappears or is replaced by a contact stop that corresponds to its own physiological position. That is to say (1) The bilabial nasals become bilabial contact stops; (2) The interdental nasals become interdental contact stops; (3) The velar nasals become velar contact stops; (4) The palatal nasal also becomes a *t* just as the *n* and *ɳ* do, but I am unable to state whether it is a palatal or dental *t* that is produced.

Progressive Consonantic Changes.

When *y* is preceded by a nasal it changes to *dʒ*.

When *ɱ* is preceded by *m* or by *ɱ* it drops out.

The following changes may be considered as grammatical: When the verb *keɳ* is preceded, in any of its forms, by a nasal consonant the *k* becomes *ŋg*. The connective, *kũ*, with considerable irregularity, becomes *ŋgũ* after *ŋ* and *ŋ*. A large class of verbs ending in *ke* sometimes change the *k* to *ŋg* if the preceding syllable ends in a nasal consonant. The first person plural possessive pronoun *aŋ* changes an initial *k* in the possessed object to *ŋg*. Only one *ŋ* is pronounced in this case. Possessive pronouns are always directly prefixed to the possessed object.

The vitality of the nasal consonants in Kaingang is remarkable. Not only for their

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number but also for their activity do the nasals stand out as an extraordinary series. Every one of them not only changes itself but brings about changes in other consonants. The peculiar vigor of the nasal consonants of Kaingang must be looked upon as the fundamental phonetic characteristic of the language.

OTHER PHONETIC CHANGES.

A nasalized vowel if followed by a voiceless consonant may be followed directly by a contact *k*.

Vowel elision is rare. It is not dependent upon grammatical processes. When two vowels that are not part of one morphological element come together in discourse the first one is sometimes elided.

The first person singular pronoun, *sŋ* changes to *e* before voiceless sounds and *ð*. But when in contact with *t* it also changes the *t* to *tʃ*. *sŋ* changes the *n* in most nouns beginning with *n* to *ɲ*. Certain nouns beginning with *nd* change to *dʒ* after *sŋ*.

In Kaingang there are two kinds of diphthongs, those that are stable units and those that spring into existence in response to phonetic laws. Whenever a vowel precedes *tʃ* it is diphthongized by the insertion of of *ɩ* before the consonant. This is a mechanical phenomenon. When a vowel precedes the element *ke* which means "to be about to do (something)" it is diphthongized in the same way. This is a grammatical phenomenon.

The vowel preceding *ŋ* becomes nasalized when *ŋ* changes to *k*.

m, *n*, and *ɲ* may be converted into their corresponding nasally exploded plosives when they occur immediately after an accented syllable.

Certain vocalic changes occur in response to grammatical rules. Since these are comparatively rare they will not be discussed here.

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X539 came there and pierced it. When he pierced it for them he ate honey with them. But in the meanwhile they did not give any to *læɣ'dʂili*. When he saw this he stole the water from them. So when he stole the water he would always go away to drink. Now, when he saw that they did not give him any honey he did that to the water and so they were thirsty. Then they said to him, "Is the water near here?" That is what they said to *læɣ'dʂili*. Then he said, "No. Water is far away. I really have to travel, then I drink water." So, since they were thirsty they licked and sucked damp rocks. In the meanwhile *tʃó'tlæ* did the same as they and was walking around licking damp rocks. In the meanwhile *læɣ'dʂili* was coming along. When *tʃó'tlæ* heard this he hid himself. In the meanwhile *læɣ'dʂili* did not see *tʃó'tlæ*. So he tilted back big-turtle. In the meanwhile *tʃó'tlæ* was looking on from his hiding place. In the meanwhile *læɣ'dʂili* tilted back big-turtle and drank water. After drinking he closed it down on top. When he did this he went away. Then *tʃó'tlæ* came over and tilted up big-turtle. Then he went, "Hi hi hi hi hi! I see water! I see water! I see water!" That is what he said. When they heard this they came there. Every single one of them came. In the meanwhile *læɣ'dʂili* came there. Then he took his big-turtle and placed it over the water. But they payed no attention to it. They did the same as he and tilted it up again. When *læɣ'dʂili* saw this he stopped. In the meanwhile there were many of them in the water. Then they were all drinking. They were very thirsty that is why they looked for the water.

Notes.

194 X539 1 Honey or hive. Sometimes used also to mean bee. The word is *ɛɛɣ*, but under the influence of the following sound the *ɣ* has changed to *k* and the *ɛ* has become nasalized.

196 X539 2 Insect. Used most often with respect to the bee in order to distinguish the honey from

x 193 kū ɔk ti ɲat ki ū ʻtʃu mu
then they his mouth in other pour
x 539 Then they pour some into his mouth.

[136] ʻkū ɔɣ ki ʻlō tɛ ʻyolo tɛtɔ e ɲat ka ʻkle
then paca[1] tapir his mouth in escape
tɛkū
and so....
Then, when the tapir escaped from the paca.....

When a person is dying he says things about those around him, usually fortelling death. This is called ɲatkɔɣʻna, where kɔɣʻna means "to err". But ɲatkiʻdɔlɔ means "mouth skin" or "lip". These examples are too few for the derivation of a rule.

88 Active form of the verb "to be dry". Participial form kaʻɣɣa. kuɣʻɣuɣ, used of herbage seems to be related to it, although I do not know in what way.

89 Near by.

[194] 90 No! I have marked a low rising tone here because the peculiar musical character of the Kaingang negation is so striking. It is what singing teachers call "a scooped tone".

91 Far away. Used also of distance in time.

92 A predicating element. Elements associated with kɔ can take only the independent pronouns.

A large number of expressions of sensation and feeling occur in constructions with kɔ.

Examples:

(1) It is hot. lō kɔ
hot

(2) I am cold. kuʻtʃɔ kɔ
cold

(3) I want to go. e tʃɛk ʻtʃolo kɔ
my go to be desirous

(4) I am hungry. e kuʻɣele kɔ
my hunger

(5) It is strong (drink or odor). ʻdɔ kɔ
strong

(6) It stinks. ʻɣɣele kɔ
odor

[1] A rodent. It is amphibious.

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IV

Polyandry and Joint Marriages

The Kaingáng are ruled by hunger and swayed by the strength of their libidinal ties, and they have in some degree overcome the one by building on the other. Food and sex have become so closely interwoven in the Kaingáng mind that they even use the same term for eating as they do for coitus. In human relationships the overt, articulate emphasis is always upon food, and the strongest bond that one man can have with another is that he suffered hunger with him. When the soul of the deceased is sped on its way the dead man's relative, tormented by the fear that he might be taken along by the ghost, shouts as he pounds the dead body on the chest: "Leave me and go! You and I suffered great hunger together; so leave me and go!" Now, since men are the principal sources of food supply, talk of marriage centers primarily on their value as providers for the girls and their parents and brothers and sisters. When a man speaks of his marriage he does not discuss the qualities of his wife nor the material advantage to him of the alliance, but of feeding his wife and her relatives. "First I married Kulú," said Vomblé. "Then I left her and married Kulá. My father's brother sent her to me. At the same time Wanenggló sent his sister Waikfli to me, but I sent her to my brother Ndfli. When she left him he married Kulá. I lived only with Kulá. I went hunting with Waikfli but sent her to Ndfli. Two women have many children, and my wives had no families that were capable of giving me food. Yet I had to feed my children. I was hungry. My father [Thunder Storm] had three wives, but they had brothers who could give him food. I have to give things to Kulá's brothers and sisters, but they could give nothing because they were so small. Waikfli had only one brother."

Through her marriage Kulá's family gained Vomblé as an ally in the

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Then she went *hû hû hû hû*—she was imitating the macuca. She was saying in the song that the macuca was eating something. The food of the macuca is in its throat. That is what she meant by *nyatka vēlē*." A free translation of the little song is: "I dance in my customary dance place, and as I dance, the fruit tumbles into my mouth." The symbolism of the song and cry is transparent to the Kaingáng. "Probably," said my informant, "she is telling in her song about having seen macuca dancing. Probably she used to dance with them."

When Thalú had finished, she called to her former husband Chu: "'Come and look him over.' He came over and looked at Kukéye, who was lying on a robe. He rubbed his hands over him and then blew on him. Then he uttered the cry of the howler monkey, *nggû nggû nggû nggû*. He spat all over Kukéye." He prophesied that the patient would live, saying, "I have seen that my offspring will eat pine pollen." Now was the time for Chu to announce his bond with the supernatural, and he cried, "Am I the voice of the useful *cipo* [vine]!" meaning by that that he "was" the howler monkey that sits upon the cipo. "He was saying that he was a supernatural being. Then he stopped and said to his relatives, 'Wash him with some other remedy.' So they washed him with *tutolo*. Kukéye went *'He'* and vomited blood. He opened his eyes. Chu had thrown all the poison out of him."

English is poor in words indicating existence. In English we may say, "It is a tapir," and to us this simple statement will seem clear and definitive. But to a Kaingáng Indian the statement, "It is a tapir," would seem extraordinarily vague. He would want to know whether the tapir was standing up or lying down, whether it was walking around or standing still. In the Kaingáng language there are words meaning "to be" that convey in addition some such concepts as these. There is still another that implies probability and blurs the edges of existential categories. All of these can have but one translation in English—"to be." When Chu says, "Am I the voice of the useful cipo?" he frames his utterance in the category last mentioned and in this way does nothing more than indicate his bond with the howler monkey.[17] The expression itself is really untranslatable; but its general feeling is one of indefinite assertion. It by no means implies that Chu is a howler monkey.

A striking example of the close bond between a shaman and the phenomenon from whose spirit he once obtained supernatural powers was provided me one winter's day during a storm. Kemblén, who numbered wind among his many guardian spirits, has been dead a number of years, but still his *kuplêng*[18] is powerful and may influence the natural world to the injury

[17] Because the howler monkey holds on to the vine and makes a noise.

[18] Ghost-soul.

x539 came there and pierced it. When he pierced it for them he ate honey with them. But in the meanwhile they did not give any to *lœŋ'dʒili*. When he saw this he stole the water from them. So when he stole the water he would always go away to drink. Now, when he saw that they did not give him any honey he did that to the water and so they were thirsty. Then they said to him, "Is the water near here?" That is what they said to *lœŋ'dʒili*. Then he said, "No. Water is far away. I really have to travel, then I drink water." So, since they were thirsty they licked and sucked damp rocks. In the meanwhile *tʃi'klœ* did the same as they and was walking around licking damp rocks. In the meanwhile *lœŋ'dʒili* was coming along. When *tʃi'klœ* heard this he hid himself. In the meanwhile *lœŋ'dʒili* did not see *tʃi'klœ*. So he tilted back big-turtle. In the meanwhile *tʃi'klœ* was looking on from his hiding place. In the meanwhile *lœŋ'dʒili* tilted back big-turtle and drank water. After drinking he closed it down on top. When he did this he went away. Then *tʃi'klœ* came over and tilted up big-turtle. Then he went, "Hi hi hi hi! I see water! I see water! I see water!" That is what he said. When they heard this they came there. Every single one of them came. In the meanwhile *lœŋ'dzili* came there. Then he took his big-turtle and placed it over the water. But they payed no attention to it. They did the same as he and tilted it up again. When *lœŋ'dʒili* saw this he stopped. In the meanwhile there were many of them in the water. Then they were all drinking. They were very thirsty that is why they looked for the water.

Notes.

194 x539 1 Honey or hive. Sometimes used also to mean bee. The word is *moŋ*, but under the influence of the following sound the *ŋ* has changed to *k* and the *o* has become nasalized.

● 196 x539 2 Insect. Used most often with respect to the bee in order to distinguish the honey from

●196 the bee. Thus, what is meant here is the
x539 honey's insect, i. e. bee.

x539 3 An element of wide functions used in this case simply for emphasis. This is a common practise in opening a story. In l. 15 it is seen again accompanying the nominal subject *kāt'kāla*, marcaná, because here it is desired to emphasize the fact that it was the marcaná that found the honey. But in l. 12 although the subject is the same the *ha* does not appear because there is no particular reason for emphasizing it.

x193 But the element *ha* has other functions:
x539 (1) As a relative it refers to some object or event in a preceding clause or statement, as in l. 50.

(2) As a demonstrative it means both "here" and "there". In l. 56 it means "there". It often occurs, but with considerable irregularity, with other demonstratives as a prefixed element without modifying their meaning. It is prefixed to locatives however to form demonstrative ideas.

Examples.

tɔ	there
ha'tɔ	there
ki and *ka*	in or on
ha'ki and *ha'ka*	here or there

ha occurs frequently in combination with locatives and demonstratives; less often with postpositions. It rarely occurs alone as a demonstrative.

4 A particle that accompanies third person subjects in the active form of the verb.

5 Flower. *kɔ* means tree. *'ɔ̂ɛyɛ* means flower. Thus, tree's flowers.

6 *tɔ* occurs regularly after nominal subjects, direct and indirect objects of verbs and objects of postpositions. Kaingang is rich in etymologically unanalyzable and stable nouns. That is to say, these do not undergo far-reaching changes and cannot be confused with other forms. To this group belong all of the personal names and names of objects. Yet, in spite of the fact that the nouns

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The data for this paper were obtained during my stay among the Kaingang Indians of Santa Catarina, Brazil, from December 1932 until January 1934. Although the object of the investigation was primarily ethnological enough data were obtained for an outline of the language. The language was studied principally in order that I might learn to speak it — which I did — and the great bulk of my ethnological work was done in the native language. Nevertheless, since the language was utterly strange to me and there was no source from which I might learn it[2], except from the Indians, I found it necessary to make a certain amount of systematic analysis.

There are several Indian tribes in southern Brazil that are called Kaingang: one in São Paulo, another in Paraná, and still others in Santa Catarina. Those that I studied are in

[122] [1] The field work was made possible by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to the Columbia University Department of Anthropology.

[2] I am indebted to Eduardo de Lima e Silva Hoerhan of the Serviço de Protecção aos Indios for assistance in the early days of the study.

[3] Formerly part of the Municipality of Blumenau.

[197] [4] Ehrenreich, *Archiv für Anthropologie*, NS. III, 1905, pp. 52, 53; Festschrift für Adolf

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101 the latter state, in the Municipality of Dalbergia[3], at the Post of the Serviço de Protecção aos Indios, "Duque de Caxias".

197 The Kaingang have been grouped in the Ges-Tapuya linguistic family with the Botocudo of the Rio Doce in the state of Minas Geraes[4]. I find, on comparing the available data that there is no justification for such grouping. It is desireable, therefore, to consider the Kaingang dialects alone until more material is forthcoming.

CONSONANTS.

194 The most striking single feature of the basic consonantic scheme is the large number of nasals: 9 out of 18 of the consonants are nasals or are accompanied by nasal voicing. These last are the *mb*, *nd* and *ŋg* in the plosive series.

Bastian. Also, following Chamberlain's map as best we can by latitude and longitude (AA. NS. V. 15; 1913, pp. 236—247) we see that he extends his Tapuyan group into Paraná and São Paulo without including Santa Catarina. If he includes the Kaingang speaking tribes of Paraná and São Paulo in his Tapuyan family he must extend its limits into Santa Catarina.

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411 Another weapon is the kõuan, a club 1.50 centimeters [sic] in length. Its cylindrical handle extends into a broadening lozenge [prism] with very sharp edges.

These clubs as well as the spears (lõng-lõma, kõlẽdma) are ornamented with burned-in linear figures, and the latter are also adorned where the blade joins the shaft with an attractive strip plaited in two colors.

712 When fearing a possible attack, they fortify the vicinity of their camp with pitfalls which may be as deep as two meters and even more. The walls are covered with sharpened spikes, and in the center [124] they place a spear. Whoever falls into one of these holds invariably dies a horrible death.

They conceal these pits so skilfully, covering them with light sticks and foliage, that without previous knowledge even the Indians fail to discern them.

A lamentable accident occurred at the Post shortly after peaceful contact began. An Indian who had reached the camp at night from another location fell into one of the pits and died a few hours later from the horrible wounds lacerating his body.

In addition to these pits, the camps are always protected with barricades [trincheiras] built in the most propitious spots. When danger threatens, these barriers are manned day and night by experienced warriors.

● 198 They possess an efficient whistle language made up of various bird calls, through which they communicate remarkably well by exchanging signals and warnings when they keep watch around the camps, at night or in the daytime, whenever the need arises.

372 They make fire in the usual manner of Brazilian tribes--by rubbing two sticks, one of them hard wood and the other softer.

They proceed by steadying with their toes a piece of soft wood with a notch in the center, where they rest the tip of a rod made of very hard wood.

The rotating motion imparted to this stick with the palm of the hands produces a very fine dust which eventually catches fire. When a tenuous spiral of blue smoke begins to wind around the stick, the rotation is further accelerated and the dust begins to burn. Then minute fragments of dry grated wood are carefully piled together, and repeated blowing produces a small flame which is gradually enlarged.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

273 the juice of a fern to "make the beer red," is fermented in wooden troughs from 5 to 6 feet (1.5 to 1.8 m.) long made of tree stumps hollowed out by burning and chopping, then closed at both ends with wax. To accelerate fermentation, the beverage is heated every 3d day with red-hot stones and then covered with pieces of bark.

COMMUNICATION

● 202 The *Caingang* leave messages in symbolic code for those who will follow the same path. A stick with honey indicates where a bees nest has been found; dolls and sticks represent a feast to which some group is being invited; an inclined stick shows the time of day at which some event took place; feathers scattered on the ground tell of a successful hunting party, etc. (Maniser, 1930, p. 790). Lozano (1873, 1:458) stated that to declare war, the *Guayaná* (i. e., the *Caingang*) stuck an arrow into a tree near a path followed by their enemies. [574] A circle of maize cobs on the ground or hanging from a tree was an invitation to a drinking bout.

RELIGION

771 776 **Religious beliefs.**—The *Aweikoma* conceive the world to be strongly animistic, peopled with ghosts (kupling) and spirits (nggiyáin) of all sorts who dwell in trees, rocks, mountains, stars, winds, and in large and small animals. To meet a spirit is, as a rule, an ominous event. But spirits may be friendly and appear to a man to offer their aid. Those who are assisted in hunting by a guardian spirit share with it the game which they have killed. A man may even adopt a spirit child and place it in his wife's womb.

825 *Aweikoma-Caingang* share the widespread belief that all animals have "masters," that is to say, spirits that control and protect them. Such spirits are willing to give up some of their kin to satisfy men's needs, but are angered if people destroy them wantonly or if hunters refuse an animal "offered" to them.

756 **Shamanism.**—The *Caingang* shaman consults spirits at night, puffing his pipe until he is surrounded by a cloud of smoke. The spirits talk to him in long whistles and tell him where to find a favorable hunting ground or abundant honey. They may also reveal the outcome of an undertaking involving the band.

755 757 Shamans are also doctors, but this role is less conspicuous among the *Caingang* than elsewhere and is even absent among the *Caingang* of Palmas and of São Paulo. Among the decadent *Aweikoma-Caingang*, observed by Henry (1941, p. 76), shamans only treated members of their immediate family and did not receive a fee for their cures. The shaman knows many magic remedies, generally herbs, the virtues

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

224 of wild pigs for several days, killing all those which come within their reach.

The *Awelkoma-Caingang* concentrate on hunting tapirs, which seem to be abundant in their territory. They track them with dogs or follow the deep "runs" opened by the tapirs in the bush and pursue their prey until it is forced into a stream, where they can kill it with ease. Similarly, they drive deer into streams, where they shoot or club them.

To capture birds, hunters conceal themselves in a shelter built on a tree where the birds roost, and snare them with a noose at the end of a long pole. To catch parrots, they use a tame parrot as a decoy; for pigeons, they put corn out as bait (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 31).

The spring-pole traps were constructed like those of the *Caingang* or of the Chaco Indians. They consisted of a flexible sapling and a noose placed near a bait (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 30).

224 262 783 **Hunting ritual.**—As a rule a hunter never ate the meat of the game he had slain but gave it to some companion. He could not eat the flesh of a tapir he had killed before he had performed a rite in which he consumed prematicated tapir flesh and the charcoal of the burned tapir's windpipe wrapped in grass (Henry, 1941, p. 86). When the *Awelkoma-Caingang* killed a tapir they stewed "tapir grass" on it and placated its soul with friendly words lest it prevent other tapirs from being caught. Monkeys were also asked to come and share the food of the hunter. *Caingang of* São Paulo considered the jaguar and deer meat taboo (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 32); others refrain on some occasions from eating paca, capybara, and armadillo flesh.

226 **Fishing.**—The *Caingang*, although fond of fish, are very poor fishermen. They shoot fish with bows and arrows, impale them with two-pronged spears, or catch them by hand in the falls when shoals of fish ascend the river to spawn. They also capture them by hand in small lagoons formed by floods, which they drain (Horta Barbosa, 1913, pp. 32–33). The *Caingang* of Misiones blocked small streams with V-shaped stone dams. Against the openings they built a platform on which they placed a large mat folded and tied up at one end like a huge bag.

● 221 **Seasonal rhythm.**—After planting their fields, the *Caingang* of Misiones went fishing along the small tributaries of the Paraná River. Later they moved to the Sierra Central to collect pine nuts, and afterward returned to their fields for the harvest. During their wanderings they hunted and gathered fruits and larvae in the forest.

252 **Food preparation.**—The women do most of the cooking, though men generally prepare the game they kill. The *Caingang* generally roast the unskinned animal in ashes, on a spit, or on a rectangular babracot. The earth oven serves for baking large slices of meat,

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

some other tribe, the ancient *Caingang* were improvident and consumed their crops as they matured, storing none for the lean months ahead. On the other hand, Horta Barbosa (1913, p. 34) states that maize was as important to them as "wheat for the Europeans." The *Caingang* of the region of San Pedro (Misiones), observed by Ambrosetti (1896, p. 337), opened their clearings in tracts covered with bamboo or sparse bush. They broke the small trees with cudgels or by hand. When the dead trees were dry, they burned them and waited until the beginning of the rainy season for sowing. Women planted crops with digging sticks; they also harvested the crops and carried them home. Men do all the farming in the reservation of Palmas.

In modern groups the tiller of a field is recognized as its exclusive owner; if he dies before harvest, the seedlings are destroyed.

Collecting.—When the *Caingang* were still living in their aboriginal condition, pine nuts of *Araucaria angustifolia*, a tree which has a distribution coinciding more or less with that of the tribe, was fundamental to the native diet. From April to June the Indians gathered in the forests to climb the trees and knock down the ripened fruits, which the women helped to pick up. The climbing technique—also used in getting honey or in robbing birds' nests—was to pass one noose around the feet, another around the tree and the climber's back, and alternately move the two bands up the trunk. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* used only a noose of bamboo strips.

The *Caingang* also collected wild tubers (*Dioscorea* sp.) and a great many wild fruits, such as jaboticaba (*Myrciaria* sp.), pitanga (Myrtaceae sp.), articú (*Annona montana*), pineapples, papaya (*Carica papaya*), caraguatá (*Bromelia* sp.), etc. The starchy pith of the pindo palm (*Cocos romanzoffiana*) was formerly an important food item, but today has been supplanted by manioc flour.

Honey and the larvae of bees and especially the larvae of the també beetle, which abound in decayed palm and bamboo trunks, are prized delicacies. It is also reported in some sources that the ancient *Caingang* did not despise snakes or lizards.

Hunting.—The *Caingang* spend a large portion of their time hunting alone or in small parties. The dog, treated by some groups as an indispensable auxiliary, is a recent acquisition. Some *Caingang* groups lacked it as late as 1912. To develop the smelling powers of their dogs, the Indians expose them to the smoke of the burnt skin of the game which they are to stalk. They never give them the bones of game animals to gnaw, taking great precaution lest the game be offended.

An entire band participates in a peccary hunt. Old and young, preceded by dogs, endeavor to drive the animals toward hunters, who shoot them with arrows. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* follow droves

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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in the middle of the night and finds himself without food may, if he is brazen enough, get up, and while the owner is asleep, eat the leg of his howler monkey or the rib of his tapir. He must keep his tongue between his teeth, for to refuse food is the most frightful sin the Kaingáng can imagine. *Négn*, to refuse, has such an aura of destructive affect about it that every time I heard it it chilled my blood. To hear *négn* applied to food is to expect murder around the corner. In times of plenty it does not matter how much meat a man has; in times of hunger food passes through his fingers like water. Still, with all this each of the Kaingáng likes to take the biggest piece even when game is scarce. For one or two days the bellies of his children will be full, but soon the meat is all gone.

This possessive feeling about food applies with somewhat greater intensity to pine nuts. These are often gathered by a man and his wife. He climbs the tree and jumps around on the boughs until he dislodges the great five-pound cones; and then he descends and helps his wife gather them up and break them open to extract the nuts. They fill their yard-deep baskets, and what they cannot use immediately they bury in stream beds to preserve them. The theft of a full unburied basket is rare—I know of only one case—but the theft of nuts from the preservation beds is quite common. The nonchalance of the Kaingáng about these thefts is perplexing to the ethnologist steeped in the traditions of western culture and trained to expect conflicts after theft. Nevertheless I never knew the theft of a basket of nuts to create more than a one-day grumble. Indians would protest to me about property people had stolen, and they would tell me in no uncertain language what they thought of such people, but they never did anything about it. It is not possible to formulate precisely the movements of food in Kaingáng society. When one has said that the primary emphasis is on giving to affinal relatives, to parents and siblings, to hunting companions, and to the friends whom one has inherited from one's father, everything has been said that can be about the structuralization of food distribution.

Kaingáng property arrangements are not a matter of checks and balances which ensure that for every piece of meat which A gives to B he may expect a piece in return. It is impossible to make them understand any theory of exchange other than that of outright purchase which they have learnt from the whites. I tried in vain to make them understand that when I lent them a scythe to clear their fields they should give me a little corn when it became green. Their understanding of reciprocity is in terms of lifelong symbiosis, not in terms of balanced exchanges. No accounts are kept, but in the back of his mind each man knows who has been systematically helpful to him and who not. Many of the conflicts within the extended families arise out of some failure to live up to the ideal of constant

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Figures for Five Weeks' Trip

Tapirs Killed: 7[a] × *Average Weight* 200 lbs. = 1400 lbs.		262
Average population during 5 weeks	18 (not including infants)	146
Pounds of meat per person for 5 weeks	77	
Pounds of meat per person per day	2⅕	

The figures are self-explanatory as far as tapir are concerned. During this time about ten monkeys were killed and a number of birds of varying sizes of which I could not keep track. The weight of the monkeys as compared to the combined weights of the tapirs is so small that I shall not include them in the figures.

The figure of two and a fifth pounds of meat per day should be modified, as allowance must be made for the heavy hide, bones, and internal waste. Such an allowance would bring the weight per person down to less than two pounds. Not all of this meat remained in camp, for a considerable portion of it was taken away by Indians returning to the post. In addition to this meat the Indians were plentifully supplied with pine nuts most of the time and they sometimes had a fair supply of *tai*, a yellow fruit with a tasty pulp of very doubtful nutritive value. The quantities of other kinds of fruits consumed was negligible. The Indians also had along with them on this trip small quantities of corn and manioc meal and beans, and the new arrivals would bring food from the post. With all this, at no time could it be said that there was a surplus of anything but pine nuts. These were buried in a stream bottom to preserve them.

The Indians ate moderately; yet rarely did any kill seem to last us more than three days. This would mean about fourteen meatless days out of thirty-five. Fourteen meatless days would indicate that if the Kaingáng had eaten all the meat they killed they would have consumed not 2.2 pounds per person daily but 3.7 pounds. But probably as much or more than a third of the meat was taken back to the post. This would leave the original figure of about two pounds per person daily. To us two pounds of meat a day seems an extremely large quantity, but we do not view meat, as the Kaingáng do, as our principal food. To the Kaingáng, meat is the principal article of diet; everything else is garnish.[b]

Gathering Pine Nuts

An Indian selects several flawless bamboo stems,[c] cuts them down, splits 220
them carefully from end to end into four strips about an inch wide, exam- 481

[a] An eighth tapir was killed the day before we returned to the post.

[b] This also makes quite a different picture from most of Melanesia, where vegetable foods are more important and meat is the garnish.

[c] Full-grown bamboo stems are about 15 feet in length.

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223 491 lines them carefully for knots, and runs his knife along, chopping off the projecting nodes that divide the stem into short sections. This is done to make it all as smooth as possible. Now he throws one length of bamboo around the pine, inside out, and winds one end of the length around the other end, making a loop about four feet in diameter. While several feet of the first length are still unused he takes a second length of bamboo and slips it under the windings. Then he winds the first length around the second until he has exhausted the first length, whereupon he continues his winding with the second. Now he slips a third length under the second and continues the winding as before, and so with the fourth and last. He lets a short end dangle loose, flexes the loop about the tree to make it pliable, and gets inside of it. The loop is around him and the tree. He has an axe in one hand. He slides the loop up above his head, then throws his weight backward against it until it is taut. He places the soles of his feet against the rough bark of the pine and begins to walk up. Now his body is bent in an arc as his feet approach his hands which hold tight to the loop, and he shifts it upward again. Again he starts to walk, selecting spots on the bark where his feet will cling best. As he ascends he sinks the axe into the tree above his head so that he will not have to carry it. Each time he reaches the axe he again pulls it out and sinks it into the tree farther above his head. When he reaches the first little branch, twenty feet above the ground, he lops it off because he cannot stand on it and it impedes his progress. As he climbs he lops off one or two more such branches and at last reaches the first strong limb that projects horizontally. He climbs up on it and ties his loop to the branch by the loose end in such a way that he can step into it easily when he is ready to descend. Now he holds on to the trunk and cries, "Look out!" His wife moves a good thirty feet out of range of the cones that come hurtling down with skull-crushing force as her husband dances around on the branch thirty to fifty feet in the air above her and dislodges the cones with his weight. When the tree is emptied of its fruit he steps into his loop and descends rapidly in much the same way as he went up.

223 Now his wife and he begin the search for the cones among the brush. They gather them all together, break them open, and take out the nuts. A tree requires about half an hour. The amount of nuts obtained from a single tree is very variable. Then the couple go away, leaving the loop behind them, for it cannot be detached from the tree. A fresh loop must be made each time. Each person selects his trees as he wanders about. There are plenty of trees for all, and no quarrels arise. If a woman has no husband her brother or some other relative will knock down nuts for her. Sometimes two men help one another. Nuts are the property of the people who have gathered them. There is no pooling of the crop.

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Distribution of Population

At the time of their pacification the Kaingáng were distributed on both 361
sides of the Rio Plate within, at the most, three or four days' journey on foot from the pine forest. It is impossible to determine through questioning exactly what determined the movements of all of one extended family under conditions of minimum tension. It was not exclusively food. If it were we would expect all of the members of the family around the Rio Plate to have gone to the pine forest in the fall. But only certain groups would go. Within the extended families the movements were determined quite as much by the desire to attack or the necessity of fleeing from the Brazilians and the wish to look for one another as by the quest for food.

Fruit and Insect Foods

Other Fruit and Roots

While I was among the Kaingáng wild fruits were not important. They 222 ●
either gather fruit when it falls to the ground, climb up after it, or chop 262
the tree down.

I never heard of the Kaingáng using any roots for food.

Wasps and Bees

We can see the wasps buzzing about the opening to their nest twenty feet above the ground in a huge tree that looks as if it were made of three trees grown together. The trunk forms a kind of cavern, and when we step inside we see that the part in which the wasps have built their nest is hollow all the way up. We collect wood and build a big fire at the base of the trunk, and the smoke rises as if up a chimney. We build another fire outside the trunk so that the wasps will not come down to annoy us. As the smoke pours out of the opening to the nest the wasps come with it, and soon there is a hum like a buzzsaw as thousands of wasps buzz about the entrance to their nest. When my two companions are convinced that the wasps have been completely evicted they take axes and go to work on the tree. When it at last crashes the nest has fallen through an arc of twenty-foot radius. No wasps are in sight now, but a fire is set on top of the tree near the nest to keep any chance wanderers away. Again the axes cut, and soon the structure of the nest has been laid bare: tier on tier of cells full of larvae and pupae. We take out the layers of the paperlike structure and in our hunger eat the contents raw. They are sweet, rich, and juicy. Now we 252
build small fires and lay the cells against them to roast. Having eaten my fill, I receive no more. The two Indians divide the nest, the one who discovered it getting the larger share.

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Honey is got out of a "dangerous" bees' hive in much the same way. Two or more men cooperate in the chopping and handling of the fire, and the honey is divided among them. Honey is a kind of free food, for when a hive is discovered anyone who happens along may share it. On the other hand, honey that has been collected is the property of whoever has found it, and sometimes it is hidden so that other folks will not take it. Wasps are not a very important food item for the Kaingáng, but honey is, although it is somewhat of a delicacy. No one thinks of making a meal of honey, but it is a godsend in the middle of the day.

When the Kaingáng were first pacified, says the agent, they climbed up to a hive if it was out of reach, but in these degenerate days they chop the tree down rather than climb it. Although the Kaingáng did not always climb up to a hive that was too far up on the trunk to be reached from a scaffold, they certainly did it frequently, and 1 per cent of the total number of deaths was due to falls from beehives. It was a hazardous occupation, for the climbing-loop might break or slip. Nowadays the most the Kaingáng do in this way is to build little scaffolds from which they chop out hives that may be six or seven feet above the ground. These scaffolds are made by lashing and cross-lashing posts to adjacent trees. Sometimes the scaffold consists only of a few steeply sloping posts that are tied together and leaned against a tree. The Indian stands on this uncertain perch and sinks his axe precisely around the edges of the hive so that it scarcely touches the delicate honey-laden cells. When the hive has been laid bare he places it entire in his wax-lined basket and sponges up with tree hair, a mosslike growth that clings to most of the trees in the forest, whatever honey has escaped.

Honey Beer

A man and his cousins or brothers decide to make beer for his in-laws. They cut down cedars, hollow them for troughs, and go to look for honey. After several days they have enough. Then they send their wives for water to fill the troughs. The honey is poured into the water, and the water is heated with hot stones. The stones are placed in special cylindrical baskets which are submerged in the water and suspended from rods placed across the mouth of the trough and moved from one end of it to the other. The woody stem of a fern called *ngpigo* is pounded and titrated and the red infusion mixed in the trough. This is to "make the beer red"; without *ngpigo*, say the Kaingáng, the beer would not ferment. This goes on for days, and then the mouth of the trough is covered with strips of bark and the beer is left standing several days longer. When it begins to bubble the Indians decide that it is *tãñ*, intoxicating or bitter, and ready to drink. The Indians say that instead of water the milk of a kind of palm is some-

252 and the stones covered with pieces of wood and palm leaves (nddcnõ), where the chunks of meat are laid with the hide still attached. The whole thing is covered with another layer of palm leaves and a thick layer of earth. The meat cooks slowly in this fashion for about twelve hours, and the flavor it acquires in the process is remarkable.

263 The Botocudo were altogether unfamiliar with salt until the time of peaceful contact, and for a long time thereafter they refused all salted food from us. Even today the older warriors will not accept our food because it is salty.

Not only are they unfamiliar with salt, but they use no seasoning whatever and abhor it in all its forms.

231 Their manner of training dogs for the hunt is interesting. Whenever they manage to obtain a dog, they treat it at first with great affection in order to win its faithfulness. The dog is tied with an embira [a bast fiber yielded by various trees--Translator] cord by the side of its new master, who feeds it exclusively on meat in generous and frequent portions. The man spends nearly all his time with the dog: now petting it, now talking in its ear as though to a human being whose complete loyalty were to be won. This in fact he soon achieves, and to such a degree that the dog learns to detest everyone else and becomes watchful in the extreme.

This objective once reached, the lot of the poor dog changes completely: in the course of his wanderings through the forest, the Indian gives it absolutely nothing to eat, thus forcing it to hunt--and not for itself but for its master. Such is the means they use to turn any dog into an excellent hunter. It is a lamentably cruel procedure, and it works against their own interests in the long run, for all their dogs meet the sad fate of gradual emaciation and eventual death by starvation.

● 230 In addition to game, the fruit of the Araucaria constitutes one
441 of their basic foods for a considerable part of the year. During the months of April, May and June the Indians proceed in groups to the pine woods. They scale the trees with the help of a leather strap and a cord of bamboo fiber, which they tie in a loop around the trunk. They place the cord under the armpits and rest their body against it, while their feet are held against the trunk by the leather strap. They climb by alternately lifting the cord while their feet are secure, and

● 232 raising their feet while their body rests against the cord. [121] In
181 this fashion they scale the straight trunk of the Araucaria with wonderful rapidity and skill. Once they have reached the top, they climb among the branches and shake them to make the cones fall.

252 The seeds [pinhões] are simply roasted in the fire, crushed in a mortar, and reduced to a mush which is used to prepare a broth cooked with water. With this paste they also make small cakes, round and flat, the size of a saucer, which are roasted on the embers. The seeds cannot be stored very long when fresh because they soon become infested with worms. To preserve them, the Indians place
251 the pinhões in special baskets, well sealed and previously lined with cactus leaves. These baskets are immersed in small streams at especially selected locations for a month and a half. This preserves the nuts, which retain their nutritive qualities for a long period of time. Obviously, they are all but appetizing when removed from the water; they exude a powerful and unpleasant odor and their taste is repulsive and intolerable to our stomach. The Indians, however, are not upset in the least by these new characteristics of the pinhões, which they still prize very highly. The broths and cakes described above are largely made from the preserved nut.

232 Wild honey also plays an important part in their diet, and they
242 cannot do without it. Their ability time and again to discover a bee nest in the midst of the forest, nearly always at the top of a high tree, could only be described as an instinct or an additional sense. Once the nest has been sighted, they scale the tree by means of the process described above, with cord and strap, which they use [once on top] to steady themselves against the tree. This leaves their arms free to wield the short-handled axe with remarkable sureness and skill. They split the wood exactly in the right place and make an opening in the shape of a perfect triangle. Every part of the bee nest is utilized: the chrysalids are eaten along with the honey and comb, and every bit of the wax is gathered for various purposes.

They do not merely eat the chrysalids of bees but also those of other insects such as wasps, hornets, etc., the nests of which they seek out eagerly.

262 Apparently the dearth of game in these southern woods forced the Indians to resort to every possible means of satisfying their hunger.

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I have never seen a deer killed except in this way. It is child's play and was obviously learnt from the whites.[8] In the old days they were killed only by stalking or through a sudden encounter in the forest. They are rarely mentioned in folklore. After deer the pig-like *tateti* is the next largest game animal. I never heard of its being stalked, and the *tateti* that were taken during my stay among the Kaingáng were all killed cooperatively. Dogs drove them into their burrows, and a number of men combined to get them out. One day my dogs drove a *tateti* into a burrow on the side of a hill; while one man shoved into the burrow a bundle of flaming bamboo on the end of a long pole the others stood around with loaded guns, and when the beast emerged it was shot. Sometimes men wait above the entrance to the burrow and club the *tateti* when it emerges.

Peccary hunting I know only by hearsay. Although a couple of troops of peccary (called "pig of the forest" by the settlers) passed by while I was among the Kaingáng I took no part in their pursuit. The Indians, however, tell me that they surround and shoot them or stab them with knives on the ends of poles. Sometimes, however, they are pursued by one man alone. They are very dangerous animals when brought to bay, and it is well to keep one's distance. Formerly peccary were an important item of Kaingáng diet, but nowadays they have grown scarce in the vicinity of Duque de Caxias and are not found even far up the river. "*Nggiyádn* has become angry with us," the Indians say, "and has closed up the pigs in his corral."

The Kaingáng have no bird snares, and all birds are shot individually with the bow and arrow where they are encountered.

Subsistence Figures

The following discussion is based on the data which I collected during a five weeks' hunting trip into the forests with the Indians. During that time it was possible for me to keep a fairly accurate check on the distribution of meat because the population was concentrated in one spot, and the entire organization of the camp was directed toward getting meat for everyone. Conditions at the post, however, are quite different. There the population is scattered along a half-mile trail and on both sides of the river, and it is therefore impossible to keep a day-to-day check even were such a check valuable—which I doubt, for in the region of the post game is ex-

[8] Waiting in a canoe for animals to fall into the river seems hardly removed from waiting at the termination of or along a *corredor*—a further suggestion that the entire technique was taken over from the settlers. The agent used to tell me: "When I first came into this region all you had to do was turn your dogs loose in the forest, and the animals would come tumbling into your canoe."

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

between the Taquarí and Cahy Rivers. Today their settlements lie between Inhacorá (Nucorá) (long. 54°15′ W.) and Lagoa Vermelha (long. 51°30′ W.).

The Caingang of Misiones, Argentina.—At the end of the 19th century about 60 *Caingang* lived in the Argentine Territory of Misiones on the eastern slopes of the Sierra Central, 3 miles (5 km.) from the town of San Pedro, near the Yabotí River. According to Ambrosetti (1895, p. 307), these Indians, who were known in the region as *Tupí*, had come from Palmas or Rio Grande by crossing the upper Uruguay River. A few years later (1902), some of them returned to Brazil.

Literature on the Caingang.—Few data on the *Caingang* can be gleaned from the Colonial literature. Though the *Caingang* are often mentioned in the Jesuit texts on the Paraguayan missions, Lozano (1873–74, 1:418–427) and Azara (1904, pp. 402–407) are the only authors who give short, but fairly accurate, descriptions of these Indians. The accounts of Father Luiz de Cemitille and of Telemaco Morocines Borba were for many years our best sources. Later, L. B. Horta Barbosa (1913) published very exact observations on their customs, which were supplemented by Manizer (1930). Ambrosetti (1895) has written an interesting article on the *Caingang* of San Pedro, in Misiones. The social organization and funerary rites of the *Caingang* were the subject of a special monograph by Baldus (1937 c). Henry (1941) studied the decadent remnants of the *Aweikoma* group and described their culture in psychological terms. Their language is known mainly through an excellent dictionary by Father Mansueto Barcatta de Valfloriana (1918, 1920) and a linguistic analysis by Jules Henry (1935). Ploetz and Métraux (1930) have attempted to bring together most of the data about the *Caingang* contained in the literature up to 1928.

CULTURE

SUBSISTENCE ACTIVITIES

Farming.—The only *Caingang* who subsisted entirely by hunting and collecting were those of the State of Santa Catarina, the so-called *Botocudo or Aweikoma*. These Indians, however, remembered a time when they, like all other *Caingang* groups, practiced agriculture.

The ancient *Guayaná*, ancestors of the modern *Caingang*, are described as relatively sedentary agriculturists, though our sources stress the importance of hunting in their economy. This was also true for the *Caingang* at the end of the 19th century. All their groups raised maize (red, white, and violet varieties), pumpkins, and beans (a white variety), but perhaps depended less than their *Guayaná* neighbors on these crops. Like many Indians who had become acquainted with farming in recent times through the intermediary of

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

some other tribe, the ancient *Caingang* were improvident and consumed their crops as they matured, storing none for the lean months ahead. On the other hand, Horta Barbosa (1913, p. 34) states that maize was as important to them as "wheat for the Europeans." The *Caingang* of the region of San Pedro (Misiones), observed by Ambrosetti (1895, p. 337), opened their clearings in tracts covered with bamboo or sparse bush. They broke the small trees with cudgels or by hand. When the dead trees were dry, they burned them and waited until the beginning of the rainy season for sowing. Women planted crops with digging sticks; they also harvested the crops and carried them home. Men do all the farming in the reservation of Palmas.

In modern groups the tiller of a field is recognized as its exclusive owner; if he dies before harvest, the seedlings are destroyed.

Collecting.—When the *Caingang* were still living in their aboriginal condition, pine nuts of *Araucaria angustifolia*, a tree which has a distribution coinciding more or less with that of the tribe, was fundamental to the native diet. From April to June the Indians gathered in the forests to climb the trees and knock down the ripened fruits, which the women helped to pick up. The climbing technique—also used in getting honey or in robbing birds' nests—was to pass one noose around the feet, another around the tree and the climber's back, and alternately move the two bands up the trunk. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* used only a noose of bamboo strips.

The *Caingang* also collected wild tubers (*Dioscorea* sp.) and a great many wild fruits, such as jaboticaba (*Myrciaria* sp.), pitanga (Myrtaceae sp.), articú (*Annona montana*), pineapples, papaya (*Carica papaya*), caraguatá (*Bromelia* sp.), etc. The starchy pith of the pindo palm (*Cocos romanzoffiana*) was formerly an important food item, but today has been supplanted by manioc flour.

Honey and the larvae of bees and especially the larvae of the tambú beetle, which abound in decayed palm and bamboo trunks, are prized delicacies. It is also reported in some sources that the ancient *Caingang* did not despise snakes or lizards.

Hunting.—The *Caingang* spend a large portion of their time hunting alone or in small parties. The dog, treated by some groups as an indispensable auxiliary, is a recent acquisition. Some *Caingang* groups lacked it as late as 1912. To develop the smelling powers of their dogs, the Indians expose them to the smoke of the burnt skin of the game which they are to stalk. They never give them the bones of game animals to gnaw, taking great precaution lest the game be offended.

An entire band participates in a peccary hunt. Old and young, preceded by dogs, endeavor to drive the animals toward hunters, who shoot them with arrows. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* follow droves

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

224 of wild pigs for several days, killing all those which come within their reach.

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* concentrate on hunting tapirs, which seem to be abundant in their territory. They track them with dogs or follow the deep "runs" opened by the tapirs in the bush and pursue their prey until it is forced into a stream, where they can kill it with ease. Similarly, they drive deer into streams, where they shoot or club them.

To capture birds, hunters conceal themselves in a shelter built on a tree where the birds roost, and snare them with a noose at the end of a long pole. To catch parrots, they use a tame parrot as a decoy; for pigeons, they put corn out as bait (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 31).

The spring-pole traps were constructed like those of the *Caingué* or of the Chaco Indians. They consisted of a flexible sapling and a noose placed near a bait (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 30).

224 262 783 **Hunting ritual.**—As a rule a hunter never ate the meat of the game he had slain but gave it to some companion. He could not eat the flesh of a tapir he had killed before he had performed a rite in which he consumed premasticated tapir flesh and the charcoal of the burned tapir's windpipe wrapped in grass (Henry, 1941, p. 86). When the *Aweikoma-Caingang* killed a tapir they stewed "tapir grass" on it and placated its soul with friendly words lest it prevent other tapirs from being caught. Monkeys were also asked to come and share the food of the hunter. *Caingang* of São Paulo considered the jaguar and deer meat taboo (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 32); others refrain on some occasions from eating paca, capybara, and armadillo flesh.

226 **Fishing.**—The *Caingang*, although fond of fish, are very poor fishermen. They shoot fish with bows and arrows, impale them with two-pronged spears, or catch them by hand in the falls when shoals of fish ascend the river to spawn. They also capture them by hand in small lagoons formed by floods, which they drain (Horta Barbosa, 1913, pp. 32–33). The *Caingang* of Misiones blocked small streams with V-shaped stone dams. Against the openings they built a platform on which they placed a large mat folded and tied up at one end like a huge bag.

221 **Seasonal rhythm.**—After planting their fields, the *Caingang* of Misiones went fishing along the small tributaries of the Paraná River. Later they moved to the Sierra Central to collect pine nuts, and afterward returned to their fields for the harvest. During their wanderings they hunted and gathered fruits and larvae in the forest.

252 **Food preparation.**—The women do most of the cooking, though men generally prepare the game they kill. The *Caingang* generally roast the unskinned animal in ashes, on a spit, or on a rectangular babracot. The earth oven serves for baking large slices of meat,

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5/2 At last a word or a half-suggested idea decides the plan of the hunt, and they are ready to go. They are on their feet or sitting down with their weapons between their legs, stuffing the last bits of food into their mouths, for they will not eat again until long after sundown unless they are lucky enough to find a beehive. Finally, with a last hurried mouthful and a shout to his hollow-bellied dog, the hunter disappears in the forest.

5/2 224 The early sun slants through the trees. The ground is damp; the undergrowth is wet with dew, and the air is chilly. The Indian is strung to the highest pitch, for he must make of his mind a sensitive instrument responsive to the slightest influence around him: to the trembling of a leaf that may reveal a bird, to the faint marks on the trunks of trees that tell where honey is, or to the confused sounds of animal calls that betray the tapir or the monkey. Most birds are just black spots among the foliage for their lovely plumage is their protective coloring, and to the unpracticed eye they are lost among the leaves. A tiny, wax-covered hole—the entrance to a hive—the faint scratches of the claws of a honey-eating animal or his burrow at the base of a tree, or the pecking of the woodpecker, reveal where there is honey. The hunter must be on the alert for all these things, and he must look carefully underfoot for the tracks of animals for on these more than on anything else his life depends. This complete absorption in forest sounds and signals makes conversation almost impossible, and if the hunter talks at all it is in whispers and only about matters immediately at hand. Even if he has to shout a message to some companion it is in a Kaingáng whisper, a high tone of low intensity that floats through the forest like the most delicate topmost notes of a well-trained tenor.

As he plods uphill and down, uphill and down, almost always on a slope, rarely on level ground, the sun mounts higher, sharpening the shadows, intensifying the green. Suddenly there is a rush of wings as some *urumbi* fly to another perch. The hunter watches their short, low flight until they stop twenty feet away from their previous resting-place. Then he sets down his iron arrows and barbed ones and selects a couple with nothing but wooden knobs on the end. Now he steps forward carefully, parting the thick foliage as he slips through, although he need not be so careful, for the *urumbi* is a stupid bird. Now he stops and lays an arrow across his bow as he prepares to draw. The trees, the bushes, and the vines are thick around him, and a tangle of vines and bushes half hides the birds. With a branch jabbing him in the ribs and another tickling his ear he twists his body awkwardly as he bends his bow, pulling the string with his right hand and pushing the bow away from him with his left. The shoulders and the muscles of the back and chest are called into play when a Kaingáng bends his bow. His whole torso and his two arms suddenly expand like a spring as he draws the string back almost to his ear.

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512 224 When one of those great bows that the Kaingáng also use for clubs is bent, the strain is so great that a man's whole body tends to quake and shiver. The handling of a Kaingáng bow in the thick foliage where the ground is slippery underfoot and a dozen twigs and branches get in the way, where the light is dim and a mass of vines and leaves half obscure the target, calls for perfect coordination and the control of every muscle. The largest game bird, the jacutinga, appears generally as a black spot high up among the trembling leaves, and the branch on which it stands is almost always between the bird and the hunter. As it fills its maw with berries it turns nervously from side to side—it is a fluctuating spot in uncertain and gloomy surroundings. No wonder that our friend misses his *urumîs*, and that the Indians often miss. With a grunt of disgust he goes on, down the hill and across a brook, up the other slope, and then down through a mass of bamboo to a stream. He stands in the water up to his knees, undecided for a moment which way to go. Then he wanders along the stream, stepping with automatic and perfect balance from stone to stone until he finds a place to climb out. His powerful toes hook into the tough damp clay at the water's edge, and he lifts his two hundred pounds by his toes, as self-assured as a ballet dancer, on to the high bank. Now from far up on the side of the hill comes a macaco's whistle, faint and clear, and the hunter beats his way toward it, imitating almost perfectly the monkey's high and [225] penetrating whistle. I never learned to distinguish the macaco's whistle from the Indian's imitation.

As he nears the top of the hill, his breath whistling between his teeth, the monkeys are visible—little black bundles high up in a tree. "The sun is slanting," as he says, for it is growing late, and we have been out all day without a thing to eat. He climbs up past the tree so that he can shoot downhill. The first barbed wooden arrow hisses vainly through the leaves, to land somewhere far off down the hill. A second arrow pierces a monkey and knocks it from its tree. A third and fourth follow the first. The fifth sends the second monkey hurtling, and he falls dead in a tangle of brambles. Five arrows for two monkeys. The heads of the two arrows that found their marks are torn loose from the shaft and will have to be rebound. The three others are lost in the pathless tangle but it is too late to look for them. Next day he returns to search, following his own tracks back through the undergrowth that almost conceals them. The bush is so heavy that he cannot raise his arms or legs until he frees them from the vines that hold them like a net. Round and round he goes, looking about and up in the trees, for perhaps one of his arrows fell among the branches. After each circuit of the area he returns to the tree where the monkeys were and makes note of the trajectories of his arrows, pointing his arm along them. At last he finds [226] two, but where is the third? After almost three hours of constant searching

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he sees it high in another tree, and up he goes to get it, for if he left it there it would weep and weep until, perhaps, its soul would come and kill him.

All through the morning he climbs the hills. Ticks come upon him in clods like brown mud and he scrapes them off with a knife, but the ones he misses deploy over him until he itches all over from their bites. Early in the afternoon he finds a little hive, and the cool sweet honey quenches his thirst and takes the edge off his hunger. Soon he comes on another, but "dangerous" stinging bees live there; and since he will not stop to make a fire drill and build a fire to smoke them out, he must leave it and return tomorrow or send someone after it. Now the sky clouds over, and it begins to rain. He stands shivering under a fern for a while, but hunger drives him out again. As the afternoon drags on his mood grows blacker and blacker as he searches the ground restlessly for a tapir's track. Nothing less than a tapir will satisfy him. But where are they? Didn't Chukembégn see tracks here yesterday when he was hunting jacutingas? But wait! What's this? Certainly a tapir has been nibbling the shoots of this bush, and there is its track. It seems fresh, too, for it is damp, and the soil appears newly scraped by the tapir's hoof. But in the rain all tracks are damp, and he is not sure that the tapir didn't nibble that bush yesterday. As he goes farther along, however, he comes upon the fresh spoor and then on the place where the tapir moved about, eating red berries that had fallen from a tree.

Now there is no doubt that the track is fresh. Tense and serious, he puts down his axe and arrows, of which he selects two with short shafts and heavy iron heads that look like table knives, round at the point but sharpened to a razor edge. As he moves along following the tapir's track he mimics its curious shrieking whistle. The trail leads through a bamboo network where rotten twigs lie thick upon the ground and the bamboo grows so high and dense that the light is dim; some of the bamboos have toppled over and dried where they have fallen. Hundreds of them lie criss-cross in every direction so that the hunter has to pick his way, twisting and turning his heavy bow so that it will not clatter and jar. He makes noise—no one could avoid it in such a jungle. But the tapir too is noisy, and there is no mistaking when its big, heavy body comes plunging awkwardly through the brush. At last the hunter draws up on the animal that has stopped to wait for him, deceived by his call; but the forest is so thick that he must get close for a shot, and indeed, the heads of his arrows are so heavy that they cannot travel far with great accuracy. But when it does leap from the bow the arrow drives through the tough hide of the tapir right to its vitals. What supreme pleasure that gives to the Indian! What pride is in that smiling brown face!

512 Back in camp the hunter does not walk around and talk unless he has come back empty-handed, for then he feels he has to say something to ex-

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are that way. When their husbands go away they sleep with others. That is why I want to marry a Brazilian woman."

The conflict between the sharing that is experienced and absolutely exclusive possession, which is simply and unqualifiedly theory, is far more fundamental in Kaingáng society than it is in our own. Adultery in Kaingáng society is not a circumstance of some marriages but a condition of practically all. Yet, although husband and wife live in constant suspicion of each other's loyalty, it rarely becomes desperate. Husbands do not as a rule follow their wives about, nor wives their husbands, although if there are good grounds for suspicion a husband may beat his wife or a wife her husband. He often leaves her for days at a time even when he knows that there are enterprising men still in camp and no one to chaperon her. This attitude really saves the culture from becoming a nightmare. In a society in which everyone believes that everybody else is engaged in seducing his neighbor's wife, suspicion backed by intense jealousy would drive people to desperation. But when Waipó leaves his wife to go across the river to make manioc all she has to say to him in a laughing, "You're going over there where everyone is living in very close quarters," and with a rough caress he is gone. One evening when Chukembégn and I were coming from the manioc mill I said to him, "Now that you've left your wife alone she may sleep with someone else." "I don't care; let her," said he. There is something more than mere bravado in this statement. It expresses the typical determination not to see what is not forced on one.

Since hunting is the most vital occupation, it might be supposed that a good hunter would be the most desirable husband. It might be felt also that since the Kaingáng used to be perpetually at war with the Brazilians, with the Kangjá, and with their vendetta enemies, they would place a high premium on ferocity, daring, bravery, enterprise, and intelligence and that these traits would influence a woman in the choice of a husband. Nevertheless a number of attitudes combined to render all these qualities almost completely inoperative.

Although hunting is the very basis of their economy the Kaingáng, curiously enough, do not recognize differences in hunting skill. If a man returns empty-handed from the hunt he and his wife may share their relatives' food without shame. In all the time I was among the Kaingáng I never heard an unsuccessful hunter spoken of with scorn nor saw one overcome with shame, and although she may scold him roundly, no wife ever leaves her husband for coming home without meat.

Just as they assume that all men are practically equals in hunting skill the Kaingáng assume that all men are brave. Special emphasis is laid on this trait, therefore, only in exceptional cases. This holds also for intelligence, for the Kaingáng have a strong tendency to think of wisdom

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monsters at night have more definite content. This is consonant with the 976
fact that the Kaingáng have devoted much more interest and imagination to the elaboration of the fearful aspects of their supernatural world than to the benign.

With Ketédn's simple vision of Toad compare the following horrible dream that Vomblé had of the *nggiyúdn* before Véye died: "I was the first one to see that the *nggiyúdn* ate Véye. I saw the *nggiyúdn* come with Véye. I saw that they were going to kill him, and I said to them, 'Why do you want to kill Véye?' But they said nothing. Then they said, 'He is a pig.' 'It is Véye [said Vomblé]; I used to go around with him.' They took hoes and led Véye off. I said, 'Leave him alone.' But they killed Véye with hoes. 'Why did you kill him?' 'It is a pig.' 'It is a human being, and it is taboo for you to eat it.' They seized his feet and tore him apart. I protected him. I thought I was dreaming. They put salt on him and ate him. When they ate him, it was taboo. I almost vomited. 'Come and eat [they said], it is like tapir's marrow.' But it was capavary.[13] Then I vomited and sat up. I ate dirt and almost vomited. Next day I told Véye, 'They roasted your ribs with salt,' but Véye said I was lying. Three days later he died."

Horror and the impulses to murder and cannibalism which the Kain- 776
gáng constantly and compulsively express are much more congenial to 756
their imagination than the warm relationships with beneficent spirits of the 224
natural world. It is true that guardian spirits are often mentioned in Kain- [539]
gáng folklore, but most frequently simply as incidents in a murder tale. Stories whose central theme is a relationship with a guardian spirit are extremely rare. Being "shown" a spirit was as simple an experience as seeing it oneself. One day while an Indian was out with someone who had been seeing a spirit, the shaman would say to him casually, "Go over there and shoot those howler monkeys," and always after that the Indian would see supernatural Howler Monkey and find howler monkeys very easily. Such an experience might be accompanied by darkness and wind, but generally it was not.

"Yokégn was a shaman. He saw Fish and Wasp. He went hunting, and when he came back, he said to his wife: 'Let us go to the fish I saw. I'm going to get some for them [the children].' So his wife emptied a basket and carried it along with her. When they reached the spot, the water was shallow and there were some [fish] in it. Then he said to her, 'Come over here and have a look.' When she approached, she saw its men[14] in there. She stood there looking, and at last, he [her husband] asked, 'Did you see?' 'Yes,' she replied. 'Let us go now to the other fish that one eats all the time. They are good. Catch some of them.' So she took her basket and entered [the stream]. The shallow water came toward her in waves. She put her

[13] An amphibious rodent (*hydrochoerus capybara*) two feet long and twenty inches high.
[14] Fish in anthropomorphic form.

basket in the water for the fish, and they came along and plumped into it. He showed her so that he and she might both see it all the time." The essential features of this very mild incident are the simple nature of the instruction and the division of the fish species into supernatural untouchables and natural touchables. This was characteristic of every animal category—some of it was recognizable by the shaman as supernatural, and the rest was natural and might be killed and eaten. When we remember that the spirit a person sees constantly is his close friend and companion, we can readily understand this cautious examination of the scene by the shaman and his painstaking selection of the animals to be killed and those to be left alone. Some of them are children of his friend, and the rest are simply animals which the spirit gives to him for food.

Spirits control their species and keep them in inclosures from which they let them out from time to time. When they are angered, either because too many have been killed or because some have not been killed, they close them up again and animals become scarce. Failure to bring down an animal is an unfortunate occurrence which annoys the spirit, but refusal to take a tapir or deer or any other animal which the *nggiyádn* offers is tantamount to refusing food from a human benefactor and can have but one outcome, death. Whoever turns away from quarry pointed out by a spirit is bound to fall ill and die.

The more we examine the ways in which the Kaingáng maintained the bonds that united them with supernatural benefactors, the more we discover that they duplicated in any number of details the complex of relationships and feelings through which security was maintained in their own society. One more point may be added. Over and over again, malevolent supernaturals are referred to by the sinister term of "different thing," but guardian spirits were never called by this term; for "different things" are dangerous things, and guardian spirits were friendly and helpful.

Like most primitive peoples, the Kaingáng obtain from spirits some powers to cure disease, but this side of Kaingáng supernaturalism was very slightly developed. In many cultures in which religious values rate high, the powers to cure and kill supernaturally bring great rewards. But the Kaingáng never killed supernaturally; the most they did in this direction was to throw people into a deep sleep so that they could murder them with lance or club. They did cure through the agency of the supernatural, but the shaman received no pay for his efforts, and his practice was generally limited to his own immediate family. The ministerings of the shaman were viewed as attentions naturally received from a close relative. No shaman ever extended the benefits of his practice outside his own extended family. Kaingáng culture did not define achievement in supernatural terms—shamanistic powers of any kind were not even something to boast about or to plume oneself on. The most that a very powerful shaman got from his

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[illegible]-oo, when a new-born child's ceremonial mother and father place its umbilical cord and placenta in the water, they wrap them in tapir's raw food. Throughout life's crises, wherever the threat of death is great or where the greatest stakes lie, tapir's raw food appears as a symbol to help the Kaingáng over difficult transitions.

When we review the techniques which the Kaingáng employ to cure their sick, one in particular seems in perfect harmony with what we know of the Kaingáng personality and world-view—that is the laying on of hands which accompanies every curing, no matter what additional therapeusis is utilized. This is at once a way of reassuring the sick by reawakening in them deep-rooted intuitions of security and a device for bringing the "physician" into rapport with his patient. Even herb infusions are not so constantly resorted to as the laying on of hands. The ceremony used by Thalú to cure her son is of a type well known throughout the primitive world and particularly in the Americas. The most remarkable thing about it, however, is that there should be only one such story from the Kaingáng and that it is so well known and so outstanding that it is told almost like a folktale. There has been nothing like it for a hundred years. *Théyé* extractions also have been disappearing, for the last that the Kaingáng remember occurred fifty years ago. The disappearance of curings by singing and by extraction of *théyé* are examples of the gradual simplification of the culture, which has been going on for centuries and of which we have abundant evidence from social organization and folklore.

The techniques of biting, spitting, blowing, and singing were obtained from the *nggiyúdn*, but the laying on of hands anyone could practice. The application of warm infusions and warm hands has nothing to do with the supernatural, except in so far as everything in the Kaingáng world is supposed to have come from the supernatural. The history of Kaingáng society has been one of long-continued disruption and of gradual reduction in the circle of security. Thus, as the human world grew more and more hostile, the supernatural, which was already alive with monsters and charged with death, began to lose the modicum of beneficence that it had had and the Kaingáng came to rely more on things they received directly from those they had known since childhood. It is significant in this connection that the last *théyé* extraction was done just about the time of the last extermination of an extended family. The Kaingáng have not become sceptical of the supernatural, but have come to rely little on its goodness.

Hunting Practices[34]

Since the Kaingáng have placed their faith largely in the efficacy of personal contact with the supernatural and the element of rapport is rarely

[34] All that is said here regarding tapir applies equally to deer.

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missing in their dealings with it, the personal speech to the animal's *kuplêng* is almost always a feature of hunting rites, whatever other acts may be included in them. When a tapir has been killed and eaten, its windpipe (called "the tapir's heart-tube") is wrapped in vine and tapir's raw food; and before it is burnt, a short speech is addressed to the tapir's *kuplêng* in order that succeeding tapirs may stand still and allow themselves to be shot: "Look at your fine heart-bundle. I want to do the same to you—so stand looking at me!" The Kaingáng feel that when they are addressing one dead animal, they are addressing the species; for the *kuplêng* of the tapir will influence its brethren if it has been properly treated. The whole effort of the Kaingáng is directed toward pleasing the wild animals so that they will come and be killed. This technique parallels, on the one hand, that by which dead babies are induced to return to their mothers' wombs and, on the other, the treachery through which vendetta enemies are lured to their death.

There is a striking parallelism between the way in which dead children are caused to return to their parents and the way in which tapirs are prevailed on to come to the hunters. When a tapir is killed, it is set up crouching on its legs, and tapir's raw food is pounded and squeezed over its body and head, while the hunter says to it: "Look here at the nice remedy I am giving you. When I see you, stand looking at me and when I go *hii* [i.e. utter the tapir's cry] for you, listen and repeat it." When a child under twelve dies, it is placed in a grave in a sitting position (knees tucked up under chin, like a tapir's forepaws), and the very leaves and vines that are used for the tapir's "heart-tube bundle" are placed around it and an infusion of them rubbed over the child's body. "The *kuplêng* likes this and will come to the mother." In tempting the child's *kuplêng*, an offer of food is made much the same as to the temporarily wandering soul of an adult and to the *kuplêng* of dead howler monkeys. When a howler monkey has been killed, the hunter picks it up by the scruff of the neck and says in a conversational tone, directly into its face: "When the things I have planted, ripen, come and eat them. When the fruit is ripe on the trees, tell it to the howler monkeys and to the jacutingas and come with them to eat it. The fruit of the tree is good, and when you come I'll eat with you. Feel the warmth of my fire and defend me—defend me and my children." "I said this," Klendó told me, "so that it would protect me from the *aggiyádu*. When it becomes warm in my fire, it will like it and protect me." The offer of food and the promise of sharing it are amicable demonstrations similar to those which lured the ill-fated Patklé and his family to their doom.

Dogs are treated in an animistic fashion to ensure success in hunting. An infusion is made of the plants that are used for the tapir's heart-tube bundle, and this is rubbed on the dog's legs and poured into its mouth. "I

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have treated you for the tapir," they say to the dog. "When you see one, pursue it until, when you have exhausted it, you bring it to bay. I'll follow your trail all over, and when I see that you have brought it to bay, I'll kill it." The poor dog is not offered part of the kill as a lure, for the Kaingáng rarely think of feeding dogs at all, certainly not with a piece of the precious tapir. All other animals are induced to yield to the Kaingáng through pleasant treatment or through the offer of food, but not dogs. The Kaingáng feel that dogs should run long distances through scratching, slashing, buffeting jungle day after day without reward.

Even in making an arrow "sick" the Kaingáng are animistic. Sometimes an iron arrow head is placed in the tapir's heart-tube bundle with the words: "My arrow, be sick. I am treating you so that you will be sick." An arrow thus treated will kill even though the wound be superficial. The technique of making something sick does not extend beyond this—the Kaingáng have never developed techniques of sorcery. They feel that arrows have *kupléng*: not only do arrows weep and die if they are deserted or thrown away in the forest, but arrows can see when a man is threatened with death, and they will fall from their places in the house above him at night to warn him of his danger. "The arrows are with one all the time and can see what is going to happen."

One bit of hunting ritual has no reference to hunting efficiency. That is the ritualistic little meal the grown hunter eats with his closest relatives when he has at last reached the point where without fear of death from supernatural causes he may eat the tapir he has killed. Up to this point the *kélé* the fledgling male, must never eat of the tapir he has brought down himself, although he may share the kill of other men. When he becomes mature, "grown for a long time"—an extremely variable age—he eats a ritualistic dish of tapir meat, which someone who loves him has first thoroughly masticated and mixed with the charcoal of the tapir's heart-bundle. The preparation of this dish is essentially a service of love of one close blood relative to another. It comes at the time when the grown man is most likely to separate himself from the group with which he has spent years, and it marks the point at which he is no longer dependent on it for his food but may now launch out for himself. Previously, not being able to eat the meat of the tapir he had killed, he was dependent on others; no matter how great his prowess, he had to remain in the group or run the risk of starvation. This attitude is directed to the tapir alone; it does not apply even to the deer which is the next largest food animal. Other animals, particularly birds, are eaten in this ritualistic manner, but such meals come at any time at all and are repeated frequently throughout life. They are essentially techniques of imitative magic which are meant to increase the

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hunter's skill. A branch from a very thorny bush is burnt and the charcoal mixed with the meat of the animal and eaten "so the hunter's arrows will cut and tear like the thorn."

The bee, since it is a thing that lives and moves, is included in the animistic conceptualization of the world. When the Kaingáng chop out a hive, they say: "Bee, produce! I chopped you out to make beer of you! Yukúi's wife died, and I am making beer of you so that I can cut his hair." Or if they find that the larvae have eaten all the honey, they take the larvae and cry: "Bee, produce! It is I! I am alive! You ate up your honey and that is why you did not produce." And they throw a stick into the hive. After they have taken the honey they rub the sugar over the outside of the tree to show how high up the new hive should extend, and as they do so they exclaim, "Bee, make your honey go up along this way and leave off here" (at the limit of the sugar). The Yukúi mentioned in the formula is an imaginary person whom they use as an excuse for taking the honey. The implication is that since the post-mourning ceremony is extremely important, Bee certainly would not begrudge honey taken under pressure of such a necessity. When a Kaingáng cries, "It is I," he implies that the bee knows him, for such a statement can be intelligible only when the speaker is known.

Behind the requests, commands, and adjurations of the hunting and honey-seeking formulae of the Kaingáng lies not a faith in the magical power of words, but a deep conviction that people will do whatever they are asked and that any reason is sufficient in this society where reasons are unimportant and needs are everything. Whoever asks the Kaingáng to work for him must understand that they are motivated not only by hope of gain but particularly by their fear of refusing. Whoever stands his ground and asserts his rights can move mountains.[28]

Divining

There is scarcely a phenomenon in nature which has not at some time an immediate bearing on the small and insecure cosmos of the Kaingáng. But the feeling that things outside of a man's own body have direct reference to it is reduceable to a conception that most such things have a *destructive* reference. On the human level, the Kaingáng partially overcome this threat by extending their bodies through physical and emotional diffusion—the symbol of security is *ka lêšê nyá*, to live in someone else. But everything outside of this social personality, that is to say, members of other extended families, is destructive. In the realm of the supernatural the

[28] This compulsive obedience is at the bottom of the feud victims' attendance at festus which they know are held solely to entrap them.

maintained by yielding to the aggressor, by grumbling under one's breath, and, at last, by going away—that is the end of all tension.

When a hunter kills an animal he rarely keeps it—even though he has no meat himself, he gives it away to a member of the band. He knows, of course, that he will get a piece of it, but if it is a bird and the recipient's family is large, it may be a very little piece. Under such a system of distribution it would be impossible for anyone to hoard meat even if the Kaingáng knew how to preserve it. It is also of little importance who the best hunter is, for all live by his prowess—his kills are the property of all. Not he, but the man to whom he gives his kill, receives the lion's share—the head of the tapir with its succulent neck. Whoever cuts the tapir takes as large a piece as he wishes, and no one murmurs—within his hearing.

One day, when I understood, at last, that the Kaingáng felt this way about butchering, I saw Vomblé, who had received a delicious young tapir from his brother-in-law, carry off half of it. I was somewhat puzzled because, since I was keeping a minute check on the distribution of pieces of the kill, I thought that Vomblé might divide it somewhere else and I might miss some information. As he stalked off down the river with the head and front legs of the animal on his shoulder, I asked him, "Who's going to get that?" "This is mine," said Vomblé. "All of it?" I asked in amazement. "Well," said he, slightly embarrassed, "I may give some to someone else." He did give a leg to his sister-in-law, but that was all.

Once the butcher has taken the head and whatever other choice morsels he may select, he will cut out large pieces for his in-laws, his brothers and sisters, and his hunting companions—and give the rest to whoever asks for it. Or he may simply let the women carry it back to camp, where it will be divided by someone else. Sometimes the butcher is influenced by the amount of meat he knows to be in the hands of other people. If they have plenty he may give them none at all even though they are close relatives.

Sometimes meat is even appropriated by people who had no hand in its killing, but it is impossible to call this thieving, for thieving can occur only where there are clearly conceived ideas of property rights which are buttressed by strongly felt sanctions. But in Kaingáng culture the whole concept of property is most closely tied up with this desire to keep peace among relatives. One day Waipó and I shot a tapir, but since it was growing late we took only a little of the meat in the expectation of getting the rest the following day; but when we arrived at the scene of the kill the following morning we found that other people had come from an encampment near us and had already got the meat cut up. They had taken it into their heads to divide the animal among themselves, and no one opposed them. Of course, they had not bothered about me any more than they had bothered about anyone else in my camp. I suggested that I should like to have a leg,

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and when I pointed to one the woman to whom it had been apportioned abandoned it without a murmur. If it had been Ndîli he might never have done so. When I got back to camp Chukembégn growled over what had happened to the meat: "We did all the work and they took the meat. The women are always that way. Kundîdn probably took the penis and testicles —those who have no husbands always do that. Tomorrow we'll kill some animals just for ourselves." This was the last I heard of that tapir. There is really no great reason why the Kaingáng should quarrel over meat. Whoever gets none today will surely get some tomorrow, and in times of hunger the meat is divided among the whole group. Of course at these times the same emphasis prevails; close relatives are always thought of first, and the others get what is left over or nothing at all. When they are hungry, close relatives simply come and sit down where there is food, and he who has a quarter of tapir today may have none tomorrow, for his relatives may have eaten it all.

Students of primitive law frequently ask, "What happens if two men chase the same animal or if one man wounds it and another kills it?" Under certain conditions these are situations of potential conflict. For Kaingáng society the answer is that it depends on who the men are and even more on the native conception of the individual's role. Answers to questions of this kind can be given only in terms of the totality of native feeling and hunting technique. In Kaingáng society the individual is physically[1] part of a much larger group; he is trained to the suppression of counter-assertiveness, and his desire is to maintain peace almost at any price. He almost always hunts with a group of close kin, and the animal he kills is rarely his. If it is a tapir it is never his unless he lives alone. Thus, the interest in who killed the animal could be expressed only in terms of evaluation of the hunter. But skill in hunting is not stressed by the Kaingáng and plays no role in their judgments of individuals.

The basic tapir-hunting technique of the Kaingáng is stalking. One man tracks the animal without dogs and utters its cry until the deceived animal stops long enough to be shot. Under such conditions in the Brazilian jungle it is rare for two hunters to cross each other's trails during the day because they plan their hunts in different directions. I was able to find only one story of a dispute that arose over the crossed trails of two hunters. Characteristically enough, it goes back about a hundred and fifty years. One day Kongglúin wounded a tapir but lost its trail. Natkaé found it, however, and pursued the tapir until it fell into a stream, where he shot it again and killed it. When Kongglúin noticed his mistake he retraced his steps, and finding the tapir's track again, he followed it to where Natkaé had finally

[1] The strong sense of being one flesh and blood that the members of each extended family have justifies the use of this term. See Chapter IV, pp. 44-45.

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killed the animal. "Come here," said Natkaé, "and cut it up." "Then Konggblin said, 'As I came along after the tapir your trail crossed its track.' 'No, it didn't. I shot it over that way and pursued it. Probably the one you shot crossed this one's trail and went on.' Konggblin's arrow was inside the tapir, and he was about to take out the guts, but Natkaé anticipated him, and feeling the arrow, he swept all the internal organs into the water. But Konggblin was watching and said, 'What was it that fell into the water?' He came and pushed aside the insides and saw the arrow. As he took it he said: 'Look here! Here is my arrowhead!' To which Natkaé replied: 'Where then is the one [animal] I shot? Make a trail that way. I'm going to look for the one I shot.' He lied, saying that the one he had shot had gone in a different direction and that he had erred and followed the one Konggblin had shot. As Natkaé went away he said, 'It escaped!' He broke his arrow and rubbed tapir dung and the blood from his own scratches on it. When Konggblin arrived in camp he said, 'Did you see the trail of the one you shot?' 'Yes. I pursued it but it escaped.' 'Well, what happened?' 'I followed it and it went downstream and my arrow fell out. Here is the arrow I shot it with.' He had rubbed the arrow with the dung a tapir leaves in its trail. Next day Natkaé went out again. The others had gone to the tapir shot by Konggblin. They heard Natkaé shouting [in the distance], but he was lying. He reached them, carrying a broken arrow. 'I shot another tapir,' but he had rubbed his blood over it. That is the way he lied."

As an exposition of the point that to whoever shoots the animal first goes the *credit* for having killed it this little story is excellent, but it stands alone. Natkaé's interest in the tapir was not in the possession of it, for he had already given it to Konggblin before his deceit was discovered. What Natkaé wished was to be acknowledged the killer. His shame arose not out of his not having been the true killer but out of the discovery of his deceit.

The distribution of tapir may stand as a pattern for the distribution of all game. In the pig-surround[2] no hunter eats the animal he has killed, for he must distribute his catch to other people. Even if he has killed only one pig he gives it away and gets back another one exactly like it. Once an individual has received a piece of meat it is his with all the rights of possession we associate with *mine* and *thine*. No one but his spouse and relatives by marriage may take it without his permission, and he may do with it what he pleases. The meat a person has is his but his relatives may take it whenever they wish; other relatives must be fed when they are hungry; he must give to anyone who asks him, and he must always have regard to the demands of hospitality and courtesy. While his meat is roasting slowly over the coals anyone may nibble at it who wants to; whoever feels hungry

[2] See Appendix I.

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in the middle of the night and finds himself without food may, if he is brazen enough, get up, and while the owner is asleep, eat the leg of his howler monkey or the rib of his tapir. He must keep his tongue between his teeth, for to refuse food is the most frightful sin the Kaingáng can imagine. *Ndégu*, to refuse, has such an aura of destructive affect about it that every time I heard it it chilled my blood. To hear *ndégu* applied to food is to expect murder around the corner. In times of plenty it does not matter how much meat a man has; in times of hunger food passes through his fingers like water. Still, with all this each of the Kaingáng likes to take the biggest piece even when game is scarce. For one or two days the bellies of his children will be full, but soon the meat is all gone.

This possessive feeling about food applies with somewhat greater intensity to pine nuts. These are often gathered by a man and his wife. He climbs the tree and jumps around on the boughs until he dislodges the great five-pound cones; and then he descends and helps his wife gather them up and break them open to extract the nuts. They fill their yard-deep baskets, and what they cannot use immediately they bury in stream beds to preserve them. The theft of a full unburied basket is rare—I know of only one case—but the theft of nuts from the preservation beds is quite common. The nonchalance of the Kaingáng about these thefts is perplexing to the ethnologist steeped in the traditions of western culture and trained to expect conflicts after theft. Nevertheless I never knew the theft of a basket of nuts to create more than a one-day grumble. Indians would protest to me about property people had stolen, and they would tell me in no uncertain language what they thought of such people, but they never did anything about it. It is not possible to formulate precisely the movements of food in Kaingáng society. When one has said that the primary emphasis is on giving to affinal relatives, to parents and siblings, to hunting companions, and to the friends whom one has inherited from one's father, everything has been said that can be about the structuralization of food distribution.

Kaingáng property arrangements are not a matter of checks and balances which ensure that for every piece of meat which A gives to B he may expect a piece in return. It is impossible to make them understand any theory of exchange other than that of outright purchase which they have learnt from the whites. I tried in vain to make them understand that when I lent them a scythe to clear their fields they should give me a little corn when it became green. Their understanding of reciprocity is in terms of lifelong symbiosis, not [illegible] terms of balanced exchanges. No accounts are kept, but in the back of his mind each man knows who has been systematically helpful to him and who not. Many of the conflicts within the extended families arise out of some failure to live up to the ideal of constant

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Appendix I

Material Culture

Hunting

STALKING, THE BASIC KAINGÁNG TECHNIQUE for tapir hunting, was described in Chapter II. I have called this the basic technique because all other techniques of tapir hunting are built on it. The core of the stalking technique is *following* the animal, and the Kaingáng do this whether they hunt with or without dogs. When they hunt the tapir with dogs one of two possibilities is open: either they can pursue the tapir by following the bark of the dog, or they can lie in wait for it beside one of its well-known runs and kill it as the dogs drive it. Now these two different kinds of hunting involve entirely different intellectual orientations. When the hunter follows the bark of his dog he acts directly; he swings into motion the moment his dog disappears into the brush with a yelp, and he follows persistently until he overtakes the dog where it has brought the tapir to bay or until it becomes too dark, in which case he tries to pick up the trail again the following day and continue the pursuit. But the technique of waiting is entirely different and so much at variance with the habits of the Kaingáng that they have never been able to carry it actually into effect.

Tapir run for generations in the same trails, *carreiros*, until they sometimes wear them down a yard in depth. Since, when a tapir is pursued it invariably seeks one of these *carreiros*, it is clear that anyone who knows the different *carreiros* in his neighborhood is well equipped for hunting. In the summer the hunted tapir frequently takes a *carreiro* that leads to a stream, especially if the land is cut by many waterways and it is the habit of the white settlers to study the *carreiros* in the region carefully so that when they go hunting they can station men at all the spots where the *carreiros* debouche into the winding streams and can shoot the tapir when the dogs chase it into the water. This mode of hunting can, of course, be

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employed on land also; but there it is much more difficult, because as the tapir comes charging along it is extremely hard to get a good shot. In the water, however, with the dogs snapping at it, its movements are very much hampered and it becomes an easy target. Hunting the tapir in this way calls for careful planning, long residence in one region, and the cooperation of a number of men. From the Kaingáng point of view it means changing the unplanned, solitary stalking technique to one of planned cooperation. How have they met this situation? Perhaps a description of my personal experiences will suggest an answer to the question.

Early in the morning we lead the dogs out, and as we move slowly along we search the damp earth underfoot for tapir tracks, pushing the brush aside where it obscures the ground, talking in whispers, stopping every half minute to disentangle the dogs from the brush or from a fallen log where the bark or bamboo leashes have become tangled. We have a definite objective: we are going to find a tapir track, and we must hold the dogs in leash until we have found it. We do not let the dogs scamper aimlessly about where they may bark at any little bird that flashes above them and so frighten all the game within a quarter of a mile or where they may dash off wildly after some lesser animal like a *tatetí* or a deer.

At last the track is found, and the hunters begin to follow it methodically. They do not let the dogs go at once, for the tapir may have doubled several times in its rambling search for food, and it would be wasteful to let the dogs run over that unnecessary distance.[1] Perhaps the trail will show that the tapir has taken a route that would lead far off across a flat area where it might run and run indefinitely and never fall into a stream where it could be killed easily. The hunter who knows the land well seeks to control all these factors. At last when the hunters have become satisfied that it is well to let the dogs loose, they say to me, "Julio, you stay here. Here is a *carreiro*, and if the tapir comes along you shoot it." Perhaps one of their number stays there with me also. Then the hunters go off, still leading the dogs, and disappear. After a while we hear the sudden excited barks of the dogs. When my companion hears them, his eyes flash, his body grows tense, and with a "Julio, you wait here; we'll come back for you," he is gone. All through the warm afternoon I sit beside the trail. The bark of the dogs has long since died in the distance. Somewhere beyond those ridges and trees that lie around me piled skyward one upon the other, brown figures are moving through the jungle, tense with excitement,

[1] Since, from the point of view of the dog, the track of an animal extends indefinitely in both directions—the direction from which it came as well as the direction in which it is going—it might be asked how the dog knows which way to go. The answer is that as it follows the track the scent grows stronger the closer it gets to its prey and vice versa.

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listening with straining ears for the bark of the dogs which now seems lost, now appears close, now disappears in the distance as the driven tapir turns again in its path. Meanwhile I doze and slap mosquitoes. Never a sound but the calls of birds and the drone of insects.

At last as the sun begins to redden and slope steeply toward the west I hear the sound of breathless singing coming down the side of the hill before me. There in front is Kanggúin. From the distance I see that he is covered with blood and that something hangs from his back. Behind him, their faces beaming, their bodies blood-stained come the others. "Did you shoot a tapir?" I ask. "Yes. It was shot." "In the *carreira?*" "No. We followed the dogs and shot it." Now what has happened to all the elaborate planning? People are stationed in the *carreiras* but the tapir is not killed in any *carreira*. When this happens several times I decide on different tactics. Why keep my Winchester oiled and up to the minute? Why this endless fight against rust? Why lug two hundred rounds of ammunition along if all I am to do is sit sleepily beside the trail while others kill the tapir and I cannot even see what happens—who gives the tapir to whom and how they cut it up and divide it. Next time I insist on going along with the dogs and following the tapir.

When I make my revolutionary announcement the Indians are intrigued and somewhat disturbed. "Who will guard the *carreira*," they ask, "if you follow the dogs?" "Somebody else," say I vaguely. "Well, then, give your revolver to Drunken."[3] Next morning we find a track almost immediately. In fact there seem to be two tracks. So Véye leads off the dogs along one track and Waipó and I go in the direction of the other, not knowing what will happen when the dogs are loosed. We descend a short slope, leap a tiny stream, and begin to wander along the other side. Suddenly a sharp yelp! Then short staccato barks splinter the forest quiet. "This way, this way, Julio!" Waipó calls in a hoarse whisper. We wheel about, leap the stream again, fight upward along the opposite bank, bend to the left, to the left. The high yelps of the dogs are almost in our ears. The tapir is not running! They have brought it to bay almost immediately. As we rush along through the thickets Waipó says, "Julio, Julio, a tiger, a tiger!" I shove a cartridge into the rifle chamber and keep going. "Certainly my Winchester is a match for any tiger," I think. "Do tigers eat .44 calibre bullets?" I ask myself excitedly. But we have come out on the edge of a little gully, and there, in a little place where it cannot turn around the gray bulk of the tapir struggles with the two little dogs that nip wildly at

[3] Nájákemu, Drunken—So called because once when he wanted to sleep with Nandjá the young men hung around her door all night long so that he was ashamed to go in and next day was so fatigued from his vigil that he was like one drunk.

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its thick hide. Waipó and I shoot, and the tapir is dead. The tiger was a joke to frighten the tenderfoot.

So! The very first day that I decide not to watch the *carreira* but to follow the chase I kill a tapir. What does it mean? It means that the Indians have not learnt to wait. On my first hunting trip with the Indians we killed eight tapirs, and not one of them was killed in a *carreira*. How could they be? As soon as the Indians hear the bark of the dog they are off in pursuit. All the tapirs are killed by pursuers, not by watchers. Day after day the Indians start with the same plan in mind, and day after day as soon as the dogs bark they abandon it. Thus the waiting technique regresses to the level of stalking,[3] i.e. to the pursuit of the quarry. In stalking, the hunter works in isolation, unaccompanied by man or dog. But in Kaingáng society, hunting with dogs is bound to be another matter if there is more than one man in the same hunting band, as there usually is. For if Kanyahé goes west, Chuvái east, and Waipó and Padumbá in other directions, the moment they hear the dog bark they will start in pursuit. With the dog behind him the tapir may run far, and the farther he runs the more likely he is to meet with Kanyahé who went west or Waipó who went north. Thus, as soon as dogs are introduced the individual undertaking of the hunter becomes cooperative. What lies at the base of this cooperation is, in turn, the fundamentally non-individualistic orientation toward food. The tapir is eventually divided among close relatives anyway, and it makes little difference who kills it or whose dog brings it to bay.[4]

The small Brazilian deer is the animal next in size to the tapir. Nowadays deer are easily killed by turning dogs loose on their trail and waiting for the deer to fall into the river, where they are easily shot or clubbed.

[3] Leading dogs out on a leash is a thing the Indians do very unwillingly. They prefer to let the dog ramble about at will in the forest until it picks up a trail by itself and gives chase or, until the Indians having found a trail they call the dog and set it in pursuit. The only time they use the leash is in attempts to employ the waiting technique. Now since the waiting technique and leading the dogs on leash are both white methods *par excellence* and since the waiting technique is practically impossible for the Indians to follow out, it seems likely that the Indians learnt the entire procedure from the whites.

I believe that it is also significant in this connection that the magic formula to make the dog efficient makes no reference to the dog's driving the tapir along the *carreira* but only to the pursuit and the bringing to bay. See p. 83.

The Indians themselves say that they obtained their first dogs from the Brazilian settlers about two hundred years ago. It is striking how much the dog is treated like an outsider. See pp. 31 fn. and 86. There is no dog guardian spirit.

[4] Nowadays the pattern of division of the kill along relationship lines has been somewhat altered owing to certain practical considerations. Hunting parties may be organized on the basis of who has a canoe, who has dogs, and who has ammunition to lend. In this case the booty is divided in line with the contributions made to the organization of the party.

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229 I have never seen a deer killed except in this way. It is child's play and was obviously learnt from the whites.[8] In the old days they were killed only by stalking or through a sudden encounter in the forest. They are rarely mentioned in folklore. After deer the pig-like *sateti* is the next largest game animal. I never heard of its being stalked, and the *sateti* that were taken during my stay among the Kaingáng were all killed cooperatively. Dogs drove them into their burrows, and a number of men combined to get them out. One day my dogs drove a *sateti* into a burrow on the side of a hill; while one man shoved into the burrow a bundle of flaming bamboo on the end of a long pole the others stood around with loaded guns, and when the beast emerged it was shot. Sometimes men wait above the entrance to the burrow and club the *sateti* when it emerges.

Peccary hunting I know only by hearsay. Although a couple of troops of peccary (called "pig of the forest" by the settlers) passed by while I was among the Kaingáng I took no part in their pursuit. The Indians, however, tell me that they surround and shoot them or stab them with knives on the ends of poles. Sometimes, however, they are pursued by one man alone. They are very dangerous animals when brought to bay, and it is well to keep one's distance. Formerly peccary were an important item of Kaingáng diet, but nowadays they have grown scarce in the vicinity of Duque de Caxias and are not found even far up the river. "*Nggiyúán* has become angry with us," the Indians say, "and has closed up the pigs in his corral."

229 The Kaingáng have no bird snares, and all birds are shot individually with the bow and arrow where they are encountered.

Subsistence Figures

262 The following discussion is based on the data which I collected during
146 a five weeks' hunting trip into the forests with the Indians. During that time it was possible for me to keep a fairly accurate check on the distribution of meat because the population was concentrated in one spot, and the entire organization of the camp was directed toward getting meat for everyone. Conditions at the post, however, are quite different. There the
261 population is scattered along a half-mile trail and on both sides of the river, and it is therefore impossible to keep a day-to-day check even were such a check valuable—which I doubt, for in the region of the post game is ex-

[8] Waiting in a canoe for animals to fall into the river seems hardly removed from waiting at the termination of or along a *carreiro*—a further suggestion that the entire technique was taken over from the settlers. The agent used to tell me: "When I first came into this region all you had to do was turn your dogs loose in the forest, and the animals would come tumbling into your canoe."

other activities. At such times the speed, skill and sureness of each motion, upon which the Indian's life so often depends, come fully to the fore.

The same is true of the women: in spite of their short stature, they are endowed with unusual physical endurance. [119]

In the course of their wanderings through the forest, they carry for several weeks at a time enormous baskets filled with heavy loads, with a child nearly always sitting on the top. In addition to all this, they bear in their hands heavy objects such as axes, iron pans, etc. They are, so to speak, the true bearers of the tribe; the warriors carry loads only when away from the women.

Their skin is of a dark tan color, lighter among the women. Their hair is black, coarse and sleek.

Dental caries are widespread among them; as children their teeth are already defective. They pull out a tooth as soon as it hurts, and this leaves them almost toothless quite early in life. It is a curious fact that the warriors demand their wives (who are younger, and thus have better teeth) to masticate all their food; this leaves them only the effort of swallowing, which they do while lying comfortably by the fire.

There are no diseases peculiar to the Botocudo Indians. They have, however, been widely attacked by the deadly influenza and its complications, such as bronchitis, pneumonia, etc. They also suffer from rheumatism of the joints and muscles.

The great ease with which their wounds are healed, even when extremely serious, is eminently worthy of note.

Venereal diseases of any sort are altogether unknown among them.

Their high fecundity insures the perpetuation of the tribe.

This tribe subsists primarily on the proceeds of the hunt and is therefore nomadic, ever on the move through the woods in search of game. The tapir is preferred on account of the quantity and flavor of its flesh. It is hunted in the following way. The Indians look for a fresh spoor, set their dogs loose, and follow them on the run until the tapir is roused. Then they determine the direction taken by the animal, which always follows its habitual trails, known to the hunters; they take a shortcut through the woods and wait. Spurred on madly by the dogs, the tapir runs toward them and is attacked and killed with the spears.

224 The sureness of the first throw, which never misses its mark, is a wonderful thing to behold. The animal is killed instantly and its flesh prepared.

Formerly, and even today, if no dogs were available, the Indians would look for a spoor and follow it cautiously, with unequaled skill, until they came silently upon the tapir in its lair and killed it with their arrows.

They call this animal oyôlema or niã-mbang.

They follow the same procedure when hunting deer, cambêma, which they surround or take by surprise. This is not an easy task, for it is well known that the deer is the fleetest and most alert game to be found in our forests.

Another important game animal is the wild pig, ũgma. The Indians value its flesh greatly, and are particularly enthusiastic about the fact that it can always be killed in such large numbers. Whenever they chance upon the spoor of wild pigs, they follow it carefully until they find and attack the animals. If the herd is large, the Indians often follow it for weeks on end, taking along their wives, children, and all their belongings. They attack the pigs whenever they can, and always kill as many as possible. [120]

Actually, nothing escapes their sure and deadly arrows and their excellent digestion. From the ferocious jaguar, mêngma', to the graceful and dainty uru partridge, [Odontophorus genus--Translator] pupulêma, nothing is spared.

[225] They have a special liking for the flesh of monkeys, conhârema, and howlers, gũma. They believe that the meat of these animals is endowed with exceptional qualities, possibly on account of the legend related below.

[554] The warriors keep count with great pride of the jaguars they kill, for this adds considerably to their standing in the tribe. Bravery demands that a jaguar be attacked when cornered upon the ground; this is the most dangerous situation for the hunter, who kills the animal with arrows or spear, depending on its position. Then the courageous hunter eats the heart of his victim, and shares the rest of its flesh with those who are present.

252 To roast meat they dig a large pit in the ground and line it with river stones, on which a fire is kept burning until the stones become red-hot. At this point the remnants of the fire are removed

262 They acquired the habit of eating chrysalids and larvae of all kinds, especially the maggot found in rotting wood [cont] which they eat raw as well as roasted, or cooked on the fire inside a bamboo sprout. Then necessity turned into habit; although the need no longer remains, the Indians continue to seek out chrysalids and larvae as refined changes of diet.

● 224 When the warriors are gone for long periods of time, the women catch small game by means of snares and traps, for they do not wield any weapons.

226 Curiously enough, the Botocudo are not familiar with fishing, even in its most primitive form, though rivers abounding with fish are to be found in their area.

262 177 Before the time of peaceful contact, they were already familiar with maize, squash and manioc flour, which they obtained in the course of their raids on civilized communities. But they were altogether unfamiliar with potatoes, the manioc tuber, beans, rice, yams, the taro root, etc., which they have since come to know and which they greatly value.

342 The Botocudo set up their shelters by driving slender stakes close together into the ground. [172] These sticks are bent in the shape of a bow, and their tip secured to a heavy horizontal rod which is usually fastened in two trees at the height of a man. The resulting dome-shaped roof is covered with palm leaves, brush, or ferns. A lateral area of about one meter is always left open to permit observation toward the rear and thus avoid any surprises. The fire is lit on the exposed side of the shelter, and the Indians watch over it continually to make sure that it does not go out.

Each of these huts is utilized by a single family.

[261] The shelters are lined evenly in parallel groups of two to eight huts which together form a camp.

When circumstances such as celebrations or the Araucaria seed harvest compel them to remain in the same place for a longer period of time, they build their huts with greater care and make them larger. Two shelters are built face to face and their roofing connected so that the curved sticks are secured to each other instead of being fastened to a horizontal rod. This results in a perfect vault. Each of these enlarged

The hunter who kills an animal is not forced to share it, nor do the others demand this from him.

Yet it is a natural thing among them, and they cannot conceive of any course of action other than to share the proceeds of the hunt, no matter how small, with everyone else.

[127] This same "instinctive" rule also applied to the distribution of plunder following their raids on civilized communities.

They have no judges to solve their disagreements, but attempt to reach a decision first through words and then through a duel.

If a man happens to be killed in the course of such a fight, his close relatives nearly always try to avenge him. Such "vendettas" have often led to the subdivision of the tribe into mutually hostile groups, frequently numerous, which exterminated each other in mass slaughters. This is the main reason for the decimation of this tribe, which used to be quite large and which numbered great quantities of warriors.

The Botocudo manifest their artistic taste in the carefully woven spear ornaments which surround the junction of the blade and shaft; in the manufacture of their arrows; and in the embellishment of the small waterproof baskets used within the huts. They also express it in their multicolored linear drawings and the fringes of their aprons, as well as in the ornamentation carved or burned in, which adorn many of their implements.

Their gourd rattles are heavily decorated. The handle is covered with a cross-braiding made with the black fibers of imbó-mirim bark; the base of the gourd is surrounded with multicolored hair and feathers; the gourd itself is covered with carved designs; and the tip of the handle is ornamented in the same fashion as its base.

Like all primitive peoples, the Botocudo are familiar with the rudiments of those sciences directly related to their daily needs.

They recognize three yearly seasons: summer (lámbang), the time of great heat; winter (kotschóma), the time of cold weather; and autumn (kózóiô-to-kutáma), the time when trees shed their leaves.

The lunar month is called kutschá and calculated from one full moon to another. Their recognition of seasons provides them with the concept of a yearly cycle; they are also guided by the flowering of certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

224 of wild pigs for several days, killing all those which come within their reach.

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* concentrate on hunting tapirs, which seem to be abundant in their territory. They track them with dogs or follow the deep "runs" opened by the tapirs in the bush and pursue their prey until it is forced into a stream, where they can kill it with ease. Similarly, they drive deer into streams, where they shoot or club them.

To capture birds, hunters conceal themselves in a shelter built on a tree where the birds roost, and snare them with a noose at the end of a long pole. To catch parrots, they use a tame parrot as a decoy; for pigeons, they put corn out as bait (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 31).

The spring-pole traps were constructed like those of the *Caingué* or of the Chaco Indians. They consisted of a flexible sapling and a noose placed near a bait (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 30).

224 262 783 **Hunting ritual.**—As a rule a hunter never ate the meat of the game he had slain but gave it to some companion. He could not eat the flesh of a tapir he had killed before he had performed a rite in which he consumed premasticated tapir flesh and the charcoal of the burned tapir's windpipe wrapped in grass (Henry, 1941, p. 86). When the *Aweikoma-Caingang* killed a tapir they stewed "tapir grass" on it and placated its soul with friendly words lest it prevent other tapirs from being caught. Monkeys were also asked to come and share the food of the hunter. *Caingang* of São Paulo considered the jaguar and deer meat taboo (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 32); others refrain on some occasions from eating paca, capybara, and armadillo flesh.

●226 **Fishing.**—The *Caingang*, although fond of fish, are very poor fishermen. They shoot fish with bows and arrows, impale them with two-pronged spears, or catch them by hand in the falls when shoals of fish ascend the river to spawn. They also capture them by hand in small lagoons formed by floods, which they drain (Horta Barbosa, 1913, pp. 29–33). The *Caingang* of Misiones blocked small streams with V-shaped stone dams. Against the openings they built a platform on which they placed a large mat folded and tied up at one end like a huge bag.

221 **Seasonal rhythm.**—After planting their fields, the *Caingang* of Misiones went fishing along the small tributaries of the Paraná River. Later they moved to the Sierra Central to collect pine nuts, and afterward returned to their fields for the harvest. During their wanderings they hunted and gathered fruits and larvae in the forest.

252 **Food preparation.**—The women do most of the cooking, though men generally prepare the game they kill. The *Caingang* generally roast the unskinned animal in ashes, on a spit, or on a rectangular babracot. The earth oven serves for baking large slices of meat,

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An entire band participates in a peccary hunt. Old and young, preceded by dogs, endeavor to drive the animals toward hunters, who shoot them with arrows. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* follow droves

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

When a man dies, his most personal belongings, his bow and arrows and his lance and shirt and baskets, are destroyed. Theoretically everything else is, too, but actually the precious articles acquired from the Brazilians are kept—sometimes with apologies to the ghost. When Kakthí died during the epidemic of 1933 her son-in-law Yakwá could not endure to throw into her grave the beautiful steel knife she had inherited from her husband. So he kept it, and as she lay in her grave he spoke these words to her: "*Nyó*, give me your knife—I am going to make it my own. Protect me from your husband—tell your husband that I took your knife. I have no knife; so I took it. Do not be angry with me. Do not leave me. If I fall ill I will ask you to protect me. I have given you all of your property and taken only the knife."

Every death can be explained in terms of a ghost that has followed the owner of some bit of property that belonged to it while it dwelt in a living body and rapt him away to bear it company. Blankets and, in recent times, clothing are always thrown away, for they have been in close contact with the deceased. Dogs, in spite of their great value, are frequently killed, for "they always used to go around with him" and have become too closely associated with the dead person to make it wholesome for the living to keep them about. Dogs that habitually hunt with large groups of human beings have very diffuse loyalties and will obey almost anyone, so that the death of their owner still does not render them useless. The iron pots are generally abandoned, for to the Kaingáng pots are much more than simple cooking utensils—they are symbols of the living organism,[10] and when death comes much of its affect crystallizes around them. The *thápýa*, the widowed, must eat nothing from a pot until his isolation, his *waikómdag*, is terminated, nor could anyone who had killed a human being eat food cooked in a pot.[11] Thus, at death there is a general revulsion of feeling against those things that have been in close contact with the living, but the most valuable possessions are frequently kept in defiance of the *kuplúng*.[12] Knives, scissors, axes, and nowadays guns are the things most frequently kept, and the "inheritance" of these objects is most frequently within the immediate family, with the husband or the wife taking the greater part.[13] When an object has been "taken," however, its fate is by no means settled. Although Yakwá took Kakthí's knife, a few days later he had handed it over to Vomblé, his mother's brother's son.

But probably the most striking aspect of Kaingáng inheritance is the way

[10] See p. 184. The ancient clay pots were broken.

[11] For the further discussion of ideas and practices associated with death see Appendix III.

[12] Glossary.

[13] This has been inferred from a large number of specific instances collected by going through a hundred cases of inheritance.

252 and the stones covered with pieces of wood and palm leaves (ndõtoiõ), where the chunks of meat are laid with the hide still attached. The whole thing is covered with another layer of palm leaves and a thick layer of earth. The meat cooks slowly in this fashion for about twelve hours, and the flavor it acquires in the process is remarkable.

263 The Botocudo were altogether unfamiliar with salt until the time of peaceful contact, and for a long time thereafter they refused all salted food from us. Even today the older warriors will not accept our food because it is salty.

Not only are they unfamiliar with salt, but they use no seasoning whatever and abhor it in all its forms.

● 231 Their manner of training dogs for the hunt is interesting. Whenever they manage to obtain a dog, they treat it at first with great affection in order to win its faithfulness. The dog is tied with an embira [a bast fiber yielded by various trees--Translator] cord by the side of its new master, who feeds it exclusively on meat in generous and frequent portions. The man spends nearly all his time with the dog; now petting it, now talking in its ear as though to a human being whose complete loyalty were to be won. This in fact he soon achieves, and to such a degree that the dog learns to detest everyone else and becomes watchful in the extreme.

This objective once reached, the lot of the poor dog changes completely: in the course of his wanderings through the forest, the Indian gives it absolutely nothing to eat, thus forcing it to hunt--and not for itself but for its master. Such is the means they use to turn any dog into an excellent hunter. It is a lamentably cruel procedure, and it works against their own interests in the long run, for all their dogs meet the sad fate of gradual emaciation and eventual death by starvation.

232 431 In addition to game, the fruit of the Araucaria constitutes one of their basic foods for a considerable part of the year. During the months of April, May and June the Indians proceed in groups to the pine woods. They scale the trees with the help of a leather strap and a cord of bamboo fiber, which they tie in a loop around the trunk. They place the cord under the armpits and rest their body against it, while their feet are held against the trunk by the leather strap. They climb by alternately lifting the cord while their feet are secure, and

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

513 or skins. Their descendants, the *Caingang*, rest on large strips of bark or thick layers of palm fronds, but many groups have adopted platform beds.

DRESS AND ORNAMENTS

291 **Clothing.**—The wild *Caingang* go naked except for a belt—generally a skein of brilliant brown threads of the bark of the young *Philodendron* root or of palm twisted into a cord—and a square cloak (kurú) reserved for cold weather (fig. 58, *a*, *b*). This garment is passed under the right arm and fastened on the left shoulder so as to leave both arms free. Women wear a short skirt made of caraguatá fibers, secured around the waist by a wide belt of bark dyed a brilliant black. Both sexes wrap strips or strings of peccary hair or of bark around their ankles. Some *Caingang* tie up the foreskin of the penis and tuck it under their belts. On solemn occasions, *Caingang* women who were in contact with the *Guaraní* missions wore a narrow sleeveless shirt (tipoy) made of caraguatá fibers. Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 31) reproduces a feather apron which he describes as a women's garment. *Caingang* women are also said to have used a bark band passed between the legs and fastened to the belt.

301 **Ornaments.**—Some *Aweikoma-Caingang* of the State of Santa Catarina and of Rio Grande do Sul wear long rosin labrets like those of their *Guaraní* neighbors. Others have wooden lip sticks (generally made of pine knot) 2 inches (¾ cm.) long "in the shape of a nail." This usage is responsible for the name *Botocudo* given to the *Caingang* in these States.

301 292 237 Feather ornaments were common among the *Caingang*, but except for the small "visors" of short toucan feathers worn around the forehead, they are rarely described in our sources. Debret (1941, pls, 11 and 12) has endeavored to represent a "Coroado" (*Caingang*) chief displaying all his ornaments. The chief wears a fan-shaped feather headdress attached to his nape. Long feather tassels are tied to his upper arm and under his knees. The *Caingang* of the State of Paraná don, on festive occasions, a feather cape, that covers them from head to foot (Koenigswald, 1908 b, p. 27). If this ornament actually was used by these Indians, it may well represent a survival of the feather cloaks of the ancient *Guaraní*.

301 [235] During dances, men and women often strew down over their heads. Necklaces of seeds, animal teeth, bird bones, claws, and hoofs were generally slung around the shoulders; those composed entirely of monkey teeth were especially valued. The *Caingang* of Guarapuava and of Misiones had necklaces of small shell disks (*Orthalicus phogera*). Some *Caingang* wore necklaces which weighed nearly 6 pounds!

302 Until recently, the *Caingang* wore a circular tonsure on top of the head; the fashion disappeared among adults after their contact with

342 shelters holds several couples belonging to the same family. Each couple has its own fire in the center of the hut. These shelters, like the smaller ones, remain open laterally about one meter from the ground.

Inside the shelter, on either side, a broad earth shelf is laid to serve as a pillow.

[513] The floor of the hut is completely covered with fern leaves. The related couples lie down upon it to sleep side by side, their head on the elevated earth shelf and their feet toward the fire.

352 Weapons, baskets, clothes and utensils are hung from the ceiling of the shelter, and smaller objects are kept in the thatch.

291 The warriors' attire consists of several "loin cords" which they use as belts and which are ornaments rather than true breechcloths.

[583] These cords, called masêna, are braided in two varieties: dark, made of imbô liana bark fibers; and white, made of palm fibers.

The same palm fiber cords are also worn tightly fastened above the ankles.

The women's attire consists of an apron 1.60 meters in width and 1.50 meters in length.

It does not take them long to dress, for they simply fold the apron in two and wrap it around the waist.

[536] These aprons are woven with the fiber of a special kind of wild [531] nettle, and adorned with linear figures drawn preferably in red or blue.

302 Their hair is cut on the forehead in a semicircle which extends to the parietal region, where it is shaved at an acute angle toward the ear. In the back it is clipped above the shoulders. An even circle five centimeters in diameter is shaved on the crown and kept in good trim.

This hairdo is worn by all adults, male and female.

301 On festive occasions the warriors make headdresses with the 292 feathers of a bird they call cocolina (Aquila?), which they connect 287 by means of a network of thin [123] embira fibers. When decked in these ornaments, their head, face and chest painted with red and black stripes, they acquire a very impressive appearance.

On these formal occasions, the women and a few of the warriors tangle into their hair the delicate multicolored feathers of various small birds.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

between the Taquarí and Cahy Rivers. Today their settlements lie between Inhacorá (Nucorá) (long. 54°15′ W.) and Lagoa Vermelha (long. 51°30′ W.).

The Caingang of Misiones, Argentina.—At the end of the 19th century about 60 *Caingang* lived in the Argentine Territory of Misiones on the eastern slopes of the Sierra Central, 3 miles (5 km.) from the town of San Pedro, near the Yabotí River. According to Ambrosetti (1895, p. 307), these Indians, who were known in the region as *Tupí*, had come from Palmas or Rio Grande by crossing the upper Uruguay River. A few years later (1902), some of them returned to Brazil.

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Farming.—The only *Caingang* who subsisted entirely by hunting and collecting were those of the State of Santa Catarina, the so-called *Botocudo or Aweikoma*. These Indians, however, remembered a time when they, like all other *Caingang* groups, practiced agriculture.

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for example, tapir. A large pit is dug in the ground and lined with stones. A fire is built within the hole until the stones are glowing. The ashes and embers are then removed, the stones are covered with leaves, and the meat, carefully wrapped, is placed inside and buried under a thick layer of soil. Twelve hours later the meat is taken out, perfectly cooked. Fish are broiled on a babracot, then stored on an indoor platform. 252

Women pound maize with heavy wooden pestles in cylindrical wooden mortars, which are sometimes large enough to accommodate three workers at a time and too heavy to be moved (fig. 58, *d*). They also have smaller mortars with which they use stone pestles. Maize flour is prepared as mush or is kneaded into dough and baked in ashes. Maize kernels are often soaked in water to the point of rotting, mashed, kneaded into loaves with saliva added, and roasted in ashes.

The pith of pindo palms is crushed in a mortar, sifted, and roasted in a pan, just as with manioc flour.

Soup is made from husked, chewed, soaked, and pounded pine nuts. They are also roasted in the shell on the embers; pine-nut dough may also be kneaded into small loaves and baked in the ashes. Piñons are [251] preserved in tightly closed baskets soaked in water for a month and a half. In the past salt was unknown; tart malagüeta berries (*Capsicum frutescens*) were used instead. [263]

To stir the fire or lift food to and from it, the *Caingang* use a curved withe (Manizer, 1930, pp. 772, 774; Henry, 1941, pl. 2, *f*).

HOUSES

Lozano (1873, 1:424) describes the *Caingang* or *Guayaná* hut as follows: 342

> They stick in the ground a long forked pole against which they lean crosswise four other poles. In this way they make four divisions covered with palm leaves. In each division lives a family with the children. Each compartment communicates with the other by small doors. In each community there are five or six such huts placed at convenient distance from each other so that everyone can hunt and fish.

This type of house has entirely disappeared among modern *Caingang*, but a few years ago the *Aweikoma* remembered it as the house of the open savannas and were able to reconstruct one (Henry, 1941, p. 166).

The more recent *Caingang* dwelling was a lean-to (fig. 56), which often was made into a gable-roofed hut when two structures of this type were joined. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* live either in an arched lean-to which is open on three sides or in a hut composed of two such units, the arches being made to descend to the ground at both ends (Henry, 1941,

wrapped in each other's arms, lie under a couple of blankets. Children sleep almost anywhere that they can crawl under a blanket, and any solitary sleeper welcomes warm flesh that will help to shelter him against the cold. If children were not welcome sleeping companions it would go hard with them in families where scarcity of blankets would leave them absolutely unprotected.

The Kaingáng are hungry in winter and early spring. Then the tracks of animals are hard to interpret and the tapir can run far and fast, for it is no longer burdened with its young and the forest is cool. To the Kaingáng the tapir is not only the most important food, it is the very symbol of food. When they have no tapir meat there is very little meat of any kind, for the tapir is most plentiful when the wild fruits and nuts are ripe, and when these are gone the monkeys and birds, the rodents and pigs, the deer and the tapir that have fed on them for months, grow scarce or vanish altogether. Many primitive people who are faced with this seasonal scarcity have developed some technique of preservation, but not so the Kaingáng. They preserve only pine nuts and have nothing to support them in these times of hunger.

Summer, with its warmth, its dryness, and its plenty, brings comfort at last to these people who sew no skins and make no warm clothes against the winter, who have no knowledge of boats or rafts to carry them across the rivers that lie everywhere around them, and who, in a hungry land, preserve no food and make no traps. If necessity were the mother of invention the Kaingáng would have all these things, which would make their life easier. If people systematically adapted themselves to their environment the Kaingáng would not only be dogged and skillful hunters, but they would have the traps and the fishing techniques which they completely lack. The men would not only be untiring, uncomplaining providers, but they would have discovered how to preserve the food they obtain with so much effort, so that in the lean days of winter they would not grow weak and retch and vomit with hunger.

The Kaingáng are powerful and of tough physique.[1] The arms and legs of the full-grown men are thick and muscular, and the women, although shorter and less conspicuously muscular, are strong enough to carry heavy loads. Their hair is straight and black, their dark-brown eyes wide and level, their noses high-bridged and coarse, their lips thick. Their skin color ranges from a deep brown to a golden tan. Sometimes a sick person who has lain a long time by the fire, away from the sun, may be practically white. The men, who are about as tall as the average white European, are graceful in spite of their massiveness. It is a pleasure to see them walk—the tangled forest has never let them learn to run—with their high springing

[1] They have very bad teeth.

852 enormous fire is built in the middle of the circle, and the warriors begin their chanting very early in the morning. At dawn they adorn themselves with all their warrior's badges and perform certain movements in unison around the fire.

[535] Then the women make their entrance, with rattles in both hands; singing, they begin to dance with the warriors. This dance consists of a rhythmic stepping to the regular muffled beat of spears upon the ground and the rattling of gourds.

852 After several hours of continuous dancing, and only then, the 273 troughs are opened and the drinking begins.

The men drink immoderately, as do the women, and the children to be baptized are forced to take some of the liquid. They are revolted by it and refuse to drink it, but the warriors force them to swallow until the children are completely dazed.

When nearly senseless, they are shaken in every conceivable manner by their fathers and relatives to stun them even more. This is done brutally, the children being held by the legs and flung through the air from one man to another until they become totally insensible.

304 The Indians finally proceed to perforate the lips of the 852 neophytes. This is done with a special awl made of very hard wood and hardened further by means of fire.

As soon as the performation is made, a small labret [Portuguese botoque, hence Botocudo, "labretted."--Translator] ngrókozũdma, is inserted through it; as the child grows, this is gradually exchanged for a thicker one in order to enlarge the hole.

[563] Female children are not endowed with lip plugs, but with two incisions made with the same instrument just below the kneecap.

Once these operations have been performed, the warriors resume drinking even more immoderately and go back to their dancing. Later, various games are played.

All the various groups of the Botocudo tribe get together for these important celebrations, which can only be carried out in the presence of all the warriors and never separately.

526 The groups break up along lines of kinship and interests to match their strength and skill in various games.

Ngréda is one of their most interesting games. It consists in catching or parrying a round stone enclosed in a bag of finely woven embira fiber.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

in the middle of the night and finds himself without food may, if he is brazen enough, get up, and while the owner is asleep, eat the leg of his howler monkey or the rib of his tapir. He must keep his tongue between his teeth, for to refuse food is the most frightful sin the Kaingáng can imagine. *Ndegn*, to refuse, has such an aura of destructive affect about it that every time I heard it it chilled my blood. To hear *ndegn* applied to food is to expect murder around the corner. In times of plenty it does not matter how much meat a man has; in times of hunger food passes through his fingers like water. Still, with all this each of the Kaingáng likes to take the biggest piece even when game is scarce. For one or two days the bellies of his children will be full, but soon the meat is all gone.

This possessive feeling about food applies with somewhat greater intensity to pine nuts. These are often gathered by a man and his wife. He climbs the tree and jumps around on the boughs until he dislodges the great five-pound cones; and then he descends and helps his wife gather them up and break them open to extract the nuts. They fill their yard-deep baskets, and what they cannot use immediately they bury in stream beds to preserve them. The theft of a full unburied basket is rare—I know of only one case—but the theft of nuts from the preservation beds is quite common. The nonchalance of the Kaingáng about these thefts is perplexing to the ethnologist steeped in the traditions of western culture and trained to expect conflicts after theft. Nevertheless I never knew the theft of a basket of nuts to create more than a one-day grumble. Indians would protest to me about property people had stolen, and they would tell me in no uncertain language what they thought of such people, but they never did anything about it. It is not possible to formulate precisely the movements of food in Kaingáng society. When one has said that the primary emphasis is on giving to affinal relatives, to parents and siblings, to hunting companions, and to the friends whom one has inherited from one's father, everything has been said that can be about the structuralization of food distribution.

Kaingáng property arrangements are not a matter of checks and balances which ensure that for every piece of meat which A gives to B he may expect a piece in return. It is impossible to make them understand any theory of exchange other than that of outright purchase which they have learnt from the whites. I tried in vain to make them understand that when I lent them a scythe to clear their fields they should give me a little corn when it became green. Their understanding of reciprocity is in terms of lifelong symbiosis, not in terms of balanced exchanges. No accounts are kept, but in the back of his mind each man knows who has been systematically helpful to him and who not. Many of the conflicts within the extended families arise out of some failure to live up to the ideal of constant

222 raising their feet while their body rests against the cord. [121] In
481 this fashion they scale the straight trunk of the Araucaria with wonderful rapidity and skill. Once they have reached the top, they climb among the branches and shake them to make the cones fall.

252 The seeds [pinhões] are simply roasted in the fire, crushed in a mortar, and reduced to a mush which is used to prepare a broth cooked with water. With this paste they also make small cakes, round and flat, the size of a saucer, which are roasted on the embers. The seeds cannot be stored very long when fresh because they soon become infested with worms. To preserve them, the Indians place
251 the pinhões in special baskets, well sealed and previously lined with cactus leaves. These baskets are immersed in small streams at especially selected locations for a month and a half. This preserves the nuts, which retain their nutritive qualities for a long period of time. Obviously, they are all but appetizing when removed from the water; they exude a powerful and unpleasant odor and their taste is repulsive and intolerable to our stomach. The Indians, however, are not upset in the least by these new characteristics of the pinhões, which they still prize very highly. The broths and cakes described above are largely made from the preserved nut.

222 Wild honey also plays an important part in their diet, and they
262 cannot do without it. Their ability time and again to discover a bee nest in the midst of the forest, nearly always at the top of a high tree, could only be described as an instinct or an additional sense. Once the nest has been sighted, they scale the tree by means of the process described above, with cord and strap, which they use [once on top] to steady themselves against the tree. This leaves their arms free to wield the short-handled axe with remarkable sureness and skill. They split the wood exactly in the right place and make an opening in the shape of a perfect triangle. Every part of the bee nest is utilized: the chrysalids are eaten along with the honey and comb, and every bit of the wax is gathered for various purposes.

They do not merely eat the chrysalids of bees but also those of other insects such as wasps, hornets, etc., the nests of which they seek out eagerly.

262 Apparently the dearth of game in these southern woods forced the Indians to resort to every possible means of satisfying their hunger.

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224 of wild pigs for several days, killing all those which come within their reach.

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* concentrate on hunting tapirs, which seem to be abundant in their territory. They track them with dogs or follow the deep "runs" opened by the tapirs in the bush and pursue their prey until it is forced into a stream, where they can kill it with ease. Similarly, they drive deer into streams, where they shoot or club them.

To capture birds, hunters conceal themselves in a shelter built on a tree where the birds roost, and snare them with a noose at the end of a long pole. To catch parrots, they use a tame parrot as a decoy; for pigeons, they put corn out as bait (Horta Barboza, 1913, p. 31).

The spring-pole traps were constructed like those of the *Caingué* or of the Chaco Indians. They consisted of a flexible sapling and a noose placed near a bait (Horta Barboza, 1913, p. 30).

224 262 783 **Hunting ritual.**—As a rule a hunter never ate the meat of the game he had slain but gave it to some companion. He could not eat the flesh of a tapir he had killed before he had performed a rite in which he consumed premasticated tapir flesh and the charcoal of the burned tapir's windpipe wrapped in grass (Henry, 1941, p. 86). When the *Aweikoma-Caingang* killed a tapir they stewed "tapir grass" on it and placated its soul with friendly words lest it prevent other tapirs from being caught. Monkeys were also asked to come and share the food of the hunter. *Caingang* of São Paulo considered the jaguar and deer meat taboo (Horta Barboza, 1913, p. 32); others refrain on some occasions from eating paca, capybara, and armadillo flesh.

226 **Fishing.**—The *Caingang*, although fond of fish, are very poor fishermen. They shoot fish with bows and arrows, impale them with two-pronged spears, or catch them by hand in the falls when shoals of fish ascend the river to spawn. They also capture them by hand in small lagoons formed by floods, which they drain (Horta Barboza, 1913, pp. 32–33). The *Caingang* of Misiones blocked small streams with V-shaped stone dams. Against the openings they built a platform on which they placed a large mat folded and tied up at one end like a huge bag.

221 **Seasonal rhythm.**—After planting their fields, the *Caingang* of Misiones went fishing along the small tributaries of the Paraná River. Later they moved to the Sierra Central to collect pine nuts, and afterward returned to their fields for the harvest. During their wanderings they hunted and gathered fruits and larvae in the forest.

252 **Food preparation.**—The women do most of the cooking, though men generally prepare the game they kill. The *Caingang* generally roast the unskinned animal in ashes, on a spit, or on a rectangular babracot. The earth oven serves for baking large slices of meat,

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for example, tapir. A large pit is dug in the ground and lined with stones. A fire is built within the hole until the stones are glowing. The ashes and embers are then removed, the stones are covered with leaves, and the meat, carefully wrapped, is placed inside and buried under a thick layer of soil. Twelve hours later the meat is taken out, perfectly cooked. Fish are broiled on a babracot, then stored on an indoor platform. 252

Women pound maize with heavy wooden pestles in cylindrical wooden mortars, which are sometimes large enough to accommodate three workers at a time and too heavy to be moved (fig. 58, *d*). They also have smaller mortars with which they use stone pestles. Maize flour is prepared as mush or is kneaded into dough and baked in ashes. Maize kernels are often soaked in water to the point of rotting, mashed, kneaded into loaves with saliva added, and roasted in ashes.

The pith of pindo palms is crushed in a mortar, sifted, and roasted in a pan, just as with manioc flour.

Soup is made from husked, chewed, soaked, and pounded pine nuts. They are also roasted in the shell on the embers; pine-nut dough may also be kneaded into small loaves and baked in the ashes. Piñons are preserved in tightly closed baskets soaked in water for a month and a half. In the past salt was unknown; tart malagüeta berries (*Capsicum frutescens*) were used instead. [251] [263]

To stir the fire or lift food to and from it, the *Caingang* use a curved withe (Manizer, 1930, pp. 772, 774; Henry, 1941, pl. 2, *f*).

HOUSES

Lozano (1873, 1:424) describes the *Caingang* or *Guayaná* hut as follows: 342

> They stick in the ground a long forked pole against which they lean crosswise four other poles. In this way they make four divisions covered with palm leaves. In each division lives a family with the children. Each compartment communicates with the other by small doors. In each community there are five or six such huts placed at convenient distance from each other so that everyone can hunt and fish.

This type of house has entirely disappeared among modern *Caingang*, but a few years ago the *Aweikoma* remembered it as the house of the open savannas and were able to reconstruct one (Henry, 1941, p. 166).

The more recent *Caingang* dwelling was a lean-to (fig. 56), which often was made into a gable-roofed hut when two structures of this type were joined. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* live either in an arched lean-to which is open on three sides or in a hut composed of two such units, the arches being made to descend to the ground at both ends (Henry, 1941,

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of it, or he carefully chops out the root or log until the path is clear; he never leaves a rough edge.

The forest has certain little peculiarities whose marks the Indians recognize when they see one of their number come back from the hunt with a bloody eye or a mass of little cuts on his legs. There is a kind of bamboo that the Indians call *kǫtkólo* which hangs like a vine from trees and whose mark on the human body is so specific that the Indians can always tell when one of them has fallen foul of it. *Kǫtkólo* has a surface like sandpaper and a long thorn that curves slightly upward like a tiny scimitar. If you escape the thorn the surface may rasp across your face and leave a stinging welt. There is also a tall strong grass that grows in the open places the Indians love so well and that cuts like a knife. No one dares just walk through it; the feet must swing out like scythes to beat it down.

The Indians are acutely aware of their mountain forests as something with which they have to struggle and which is full of pain for them. The forest is a mass of vines and thorns that cut and trip; it is alive with insects that suck and torment; and they make no bones about saying so. They divide the forest into "clean places," those in which there are no vines, thorns, or bamboo,—they also call them "pretty places"—and "dirty places," where the tangle is so thick that it obscures the light of day.

In the winter these mountain forests are cold and nights are gray with the mist that rises from the watercourses. The temperature often drops below freezing at night, and not even the thickest clothing will keep out the cold and damp. Yet for generations the only clothing the Indians had was a knee-length netlike robe of plant fiber, worn about the waist by the women, and a closely woven shirt of the same material, reaching to the hips, worn by the men in the winter. When they began to raid the Brazilians they stole vests and blankets and it was common to see an Indian naked except for a little belt around his waist to tie up his penis—and a vest. The vest kept the torso warm while it allowed freedom of motion to the arms. The Kaingáng never do anything more with an animal skin than make soup of it, and before they had blankets and vests they simply spread a few fern fronds on the ground at night and lay down on them to sleep, pulling a net-like robe over themselves if they were so fortunate as to possess one.

On winter nights they are miserable and often get up to warm themselves by the fire. One morning in May as I warmed my aching joints by the fire and watched my breath spiral upward, Chukembégn said to me: "Last night I slept all over the place. It was so cold nobody slept." Sometimes they fall asleep sitting by the fire, their arms on their drawn-up knees, their heads sunk forward. The scarcity of blankets brings the young men together in the sleeping parties they love, when a half dozen of them,

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Distribution of Population

At the time of their pacification the Kaingáng were distributed on both sides of the Rio Plate within, at the most, three or four days' journey on foot from the pine forest. It is impossible to determine through questioning exactly what determined the movements of all of one extended family under conditions of minimum tension. It was not exclusively food. If it were we would expect all of the members of the family around the Rio Plate to have gone to the pine forest in the fall. But only certain groups would go. Within the extended families the movements were determined quite as much by the desire to attack or the necessity of fleeing from the Brazilians and the wish to look for one another as by the quest for food.

Fruit and Insect Foods

Other Fruit and Roots

While I was among the Kaingáng wild fruits were not important. They either gather fruit when it falls to the ground, climb up after it, or chop the tree down.

I never heard of the Kaingáng using any roots for food.

Wasps and Bees

We can see the wasps buzzing about the opening to their nest twenty feet above the ground in a huge tree that looks as if it were made of three trees grown together. The trunk forms a kind of cavern, and when we step inside we see that the part in which the wasps have built their nest is hollow all the way up. We collect wood and build a big fire at the base of the trunk, and the smoke rises as if up a chimney. We build another fire outside the trunk so that the wasps will not come down to annoy us. As the smoke pours out of the opening to the nest the wasps come with it, and soon there is a hum like a buzzsaw as thousands of wasps buzz about the entrance to their nest. When my two companions are convinced that the wasps have been completely evicted they take axes and go to work on the tree. When it at last crashes the nest has fallen through an arc of twenty-foot radius. No wasps are in sight now, but a fire is set on top of the tree near the nest to keep any chance wanderers away. Again the axes cut, and soon the structure of the nest has been laid bare: tier on tier of cells full of larvae and pupae. We take out the layers of the paperlike structure and in our hunger eat the contents raw. They are sweet, rich, and juicy. Now we build small fires and lay the cells against them to roast. Having eaten my fill, I receive no more. The two Indians divide the nest, the one who discovered it getting the larger share.

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times used and that this makes the beer particularly *thô*. Sometimes a little 273
medicine is added for the sake of general good health. From time to time the beer is stirred with a long rod of bamboo, and the scum that rises is scooped off with the hands.

Preparation of Food

The women make pine-nut soup. A woman chews the raw pine nuts to 252
a pulp, mixes them with water, and boils them. Sometimes they are pounded. The usual way of eating pine nuts is roasted in the shell in the coals.

Meats are sometimes boiled, and nowadays the broth is mixed with manioc meal and eaten. Most meat is roasted. This may be done in two ways. A scaffold of green branches is erected, a fire built under it, and the meat placed on it and roasted. Or a shallow pit is dug, a fire built in it, and green branches laid over it, the meat is then laid on the branches with leaves on top of it, and the whole covered with earth and left there for several hours. When the meat is taken off the branches it is juicy and delicious. The pit method is the best way to roast meat. In roasting meat in this way at least two people generally cooperate. One digs the hole while the other gets wood and leaves.

Small animals are spitted and broiled. Fish are broiled.

Palm shoots are boiled or eaten raw.

Kĕmé is made from the pith of the trunk of a certain palm. Leaves are laid on the ground and a cloth placed on top of them. The trunk is chopped vertically into strips; these are placed on a log and pounded with a stick. The mass is sifted in a basket, and the siftings are stuffed into a bamboo tube and roasted in the coals for five or ten minutes. The mass in the tube is then taken out, made into balls or cakes, and roasted in the coals. It tastes much like wet sawdust, and the Indians nowadays do not eat it even when they have the chance. Formerly it seems to have been fairly important in their diet. They mixed it with soup just as they do now with manioc meal. The Kaingáng say that in ancient times they used corn in the same way.

The Kaingáng used also to make a soup of the pollen of the pine tree. *Taí* fruit and wild *mamão* are roasted in the coals. Sometimes *taí* is pounded in a mortar and eaten.

FIRE

When the Kaingáng move camp the woman takes an ember[9] from the 372
last fire. Men carry no fire; so if they need it to roast nuts when they are hungry or to make fire to drive away wasps or "dangerous bees" they

[9] Any wood will do.

224 The sureness of the first throw, which never misses its mark, is a wonderful thing to behold. The animal is killed instantly and its flesh prepared.

Formerly, and even today, if no dogs were available, the Indians would look for a spoor and follow it cautiously, with unequaled skill, until they came silently upon the tapir in its lair and killed it with their arrows.

They call this animal oyólema or niá-mbang.

They follow the same procedure when hunting deer, cambêma, which they surround or take by surprise. This is not an easy task, for it is well known that the deer is the fleetest and most alert game to be found in our forests.

Another important game animal is the wild pig, ũgma. The Indians value its flesh greatly, and are particularly enthusiastic about the fact that it can always be killed in such large numbers. Whenever they chance upon the spoor of wild pigs, they follow it carefully until they find and attack the animals. If the herd is large, the Indians often follow it for weeks on end, taking along their wives, children, and all their belongings. They attack the pigs whenever they can, and always kill as many as possible. [120]

Actually, nothing escapes their sure and deadly arrows and their excellent digestion. From the ferocious jaguar, mêngma, to the graceful and dainty uru partridge, [Odontophorus genus--Translator] pupulêma, nothing is spared.

[525] They have a special liking for the flesh of monkeys, conhárema, and howlers, gũma. They believe that the meat of these animals is endowed with exceptional qualities, possibly on account of the legend related below.

[554] The warriors keep count with great pride of the jaguars they kill, for this adds considerably to their standing in the tribe. Bravery demands that a jaguar be attacked when cornered upon the ground; this is the most dangerous situation for the hunter, who kills the animal with arrows or spear, depending on its position. Then the courageous hunter eats the heart of his victim, and shares the rest of its flesh with those who are present.

252 To roast meat they dig a large pit in the ground and line it with river stones, on which a fire is kept burning until the stones become red-hot. At this point the remnants of the fire are removed

252 and the stones covered with pieces of wood and palm leaves (ndõtoiõ), where the chunks of meat are laid with the hide still attached. The whole thing is covered with another layer of palm leaves and a thick layer of earth. The meat cooks slowly in this fashion for about twelve hours, and the flavor it acquires in the process is remarkable.

263 The Botocudo were altogether unfamiliar with salt until the time of peaceful contact, and for a long time thereafter they refused all salted food from us. Even today the older warriors will not accept our food because it is salty.

Not only are they unfamiliar with salt, but they use no seasoning whatever and abhor it in all its forms.

231 Their manner of training dogs for the hunt is interesting. Whenever they manage to obtain a dog, they treat it at first with great affection in order to win its faithfulness. The dog is tied with an embira [a bast fiber yielded by various trees--Translator] cord by the side of its new master, who feeds it exclusively on meat in generous and frequent portions. The man spends nearly all his time with the dog: now petting it, now talking in its ear as though to a human being whose complete loyalty were to be won. This in fact he soon achieves, and to such a degree that the dog learns to detest everyone else and becomes watchful in the extreme.

This objective once reached, the lot of the poor dog changes completely: in the course of his wanderings through the forest, the Indian gives it absolutely nothing to eat, thus forcing it to hunt--and not for itself but for its master. Such is the means they use to turn any dog into an excellent hunter. It is a lamentably cruel procedure, and it works against their own interests in the long run, for all their dogs meet the sad fate of gradual emaciation and eventual death by starvation.

229 In addition to game, the fruit of the Araucaria constitutes one
481 of their basic foods for a considerable part of the year. During the months of April, May and June the Indians proceed in groups to the pine woods. They scale the trees with the help of a leather strap and a cord of bamboo fiber, which they tie in a loop around the trunk. They place the cord under the armpits and rest their body against it, while their feet are held against the trunk by the leather strap. They climb by alternately lifting the cord while their feet are secure, and

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wrapped in each other's arms, lie under a couple of blankets. Children sleep almost anywhere that they can crawl under a blanket, and any solitary sleeper welcomes warm flesh that will help to shelter him against the cold. If children were not welcome sleeping companions it would go hard with them in families where scarcity of blankets would leave them absolutely unprotected.

The Kaingáng are hungry in winter and early spring. Then the tracks of animals are hard to interpret and the tapir can run far and fast, for it is no longer burdened with its young and the forest is cool. To the Kaingáng the tapir is not only the most important food, it is the very symbol of food. When they have no tapir meat there is very little meat of any kind, for the tapir is most plentiful when the wild fruits and nuts are ripe, and when these are gone the monkeys and birds, the rodents and pigs, the deer and the tapir that have fed on them for months, grow scarce or vanish altogether. Many primitive people who are faced with this seasonal scarcity have developed some technique of preservation, but not so the Kaingáng. They preserve only pine nuts and have nothing to support them in these times of hunger.

Summer, with its warmth, its dryness, and its plenty, brings comfort at last to these people who sew no skins and make no warm clothes against the winter, who have no knowledge of boats or rafts to carry them across the rivers that lie everywhere around them, and who, in a hungry land, preserve no food and make no traps. If necessity were the mother of invention the Kaingáng would have all these things, which would make their life easier. If people systematically adapted themselves to their environment the Kaingáng would not only be dogged and skillful hunters, but they would have the traps and the fishing techniques which they completely lack. The men would not only be untiring, uncomplaining providers, but they would have discovered how to preserve the food they obtain with so much effort, so that in the lean days of winter they would not grow weak and retch and vomit with hunger.

The Kaingáng are powerful and of tough physique.[1] The arms and legs of the full-grown men are thick and muscular, and the women, although shorter and less conspicuously muscular, are strong enough to carry heavy loads. Their hair is straight and black, their dark-brown eyes wide and level, their noses high-bridged and coarse, their lips thick. Their skin color ranges from a deep brown to a golden tan. Sometimes a sick person who has lain a long time by the fire, away from the sun, may be practically white. The men, who are about as tall as the average white European, are graceful in spite of their massiveness. It is a pleasure to see them walk—the tangled forest has never let them learn to run—with their high springing

[1] They have very bad teeth.

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some other tribe, the ancient *Caingang* were improvident and consumed their crops as they matured, storing none for the lean months ahead. On the other hand, Horta Barboza (1913, p. 34) states that maize was as important to them as "wheat for the Europeans." The *Caingang* of the region of San Pedro (Misiones), observed by Ambrosetti (1895, p. 337), opened their clearings in tracts covered with bamboo or sparse bush. They broke the small trees with cudgels or by hand. When the dead trees were dry, they burned them and waited until the beginning of the rainy season for sowing. Women planted crops with digging sticks; they also harvested the crops and carried them home. Men do all the farming in the reservation of Palmas.

In modern groups the tiller of a field is recognized as its exclusive owner; if he dies before harvest, the seedlings are destroyed.

Collecting.—When the *Caingang* were still living in their aboriginal condition, pine nuts of *Araucaria angustifolia*, a tree which has a distribution coinciding more or less with that of the tribe, was fundamental to the native diet. From April to June the Indians gathered in the forests to climb the trees and knock down the ripened fruits, which the women helped to pick up. The climbing technique—also used in getting honey or in robbing birds' nests—was to pass one noose around the feet, another around the tree and the climber's back, and alternately move the two bands up the trunk. The *Awekoma-Caingang* used only a noose of bamboo strips.

The *Caingang* also collected wild tubers (*Dioscorea* sp.) and a great many wild fruits, such as jaboticaba (*Myrciaria* sp.), pitanga (Myrtaceae sp.), articú (*Annona montana*), pineapples, papaya (*Carica papaya*), caraguatá (*Bromelia* sp.), etc. The starchy pith of the pindo palm (*Cocos romanzoffiana*) was formerly an important food item, but today has been supplanted by manioc flour.

Honey and the larvae of bees and especially the larvae of the tambú beetle, which abound in decayed palm and bamboo trunks, are prized delicacies. It is also reported in some sources that the ancient *Caingang* did not despise snakes or lizards.

Hunting.—The *Caingang* spend a large portion of their time hunting alone or in small parties. The dog, treated by some groups as an indispensable auxiliary, is a recent acquisition. Some *Caingang* groups lacked it as late as 1912. To develop the smelling powers of their dogs, the Indians expose them to the smoke of the burnt skin of the game which they are to stalk. They never give them the bones of game animals to gnaw, taking great precaution lest the game be offended.

An entire band participates in a peccary hunt. Old and young, preceded by dogs, endeavor to drive the animals toward hunters, who shoot them with arrows. The *Awekoma-Caingang* follow droves

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783 flesh of a tapir he had killed before he had performed a rite in which he consumed premasticated tapir flesh and the charcoal of the burned tapir's windpipe wrapped in grass (Henry, 1941, p. 86). When the *Aweikoma-Caingang* killed a tapir they stewed "tapir grass" on it and placated its soul with friendly words lest it prevent other tapirs from being caught. Monkeys were also asked to come and share the food of the hunter. *Caingang* of São Paulo considered the jaguar and deer meat taboo (Horta Barboza, 1913, p. 32); others refrain on some occasions from eating paca, capybara, and armadillo flesh.

226 **Fishing.**—The *Caingang*, although fond of fish, are very poor fishermen. They shoot fish with bows and arrows, impale them with two-pronged spears, or catch them by hand in the falls when shoals of fish ascend the river to spawn. They also capture them by hand in small lagoons formed by floods, which they drain (Horta Barboza, 1913, pp. 32–33). The *Caingang* of Misiones blocked small streams with V-shaped stone dams. Against the openings they built a platform on which they placed a large mat folded and tied up at one end like a huge bag.

221 **Seasonal rhythm.**—After planting their fields, the *Caingang* of Misiones went fishing along the small tributaries of the Paraná River. Later they moved to the Sierra Central to collect pine nuts, and afterward returned to their fields for the harvest. During their wanderings they hunted and gathered fruits and larvae in the forest.

252 **Food preparation.**—The women do most of the cooking, though men generally prepare the game they kill. The *Caingang* generally roast the unskinned animal in ashes, on a spit, or on a rectangular babracot. The earth oven serves for baking large slices of meat,

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562 either a masculine or a feminine object. The vulgar English terms can take
822 only feminine objects, and thus reveal in the very grammatical form of our vulgarisms the feeling that the male is the active and aggressive partner. But among the Kaingáng if Chukembégn picks up his hundred and fifty pound wife by the ears and thumps her down with tears of pain starting from her eyes, she may get up immediately and pound him as the tears trickle down her laughing face, and he roars with delight. Sexual approaches range all the way from the unobtrusive contact of bare legs beside the evening fires to open, ribald, and aggressive onslaughts by both men and women.

[149] Although I never put it to the test, I have a strong feeling that the widowed Kundídn, like many of her sex, was stronger than I. Her amorous pinches, punches, and pushes were a trial to me. Kundídn's aggressiveness stopped only at direct snatches at the sexual organs.

Anggló, who was having a passionate affair with Kanyahé, was not averse to pressing another suit on the side. While she did not square off in the boxerlike manner of Kundídn, she was aggressive enough in her own mild way. She did not pinch so hard nor call so loud, but if there were no one around, her quiet "I should like to talk to you and see the inside of your house" would set me thinking how I could best avoid her without hurting her feelings. But I might have spared myself worry on that score, for in this society, which lays no stress on man's aggressiveness as against woman's passivity, a woman who makes advances feels no vindictive anger at a repulse. In our society a woman who temporarily steps out of her culturally decreed role of the attacked to become the attacker feels shame that quickly becomes resentment against the desired object if she is rebuffed. The shame that she feels at reversing her part in the drama of the sexes is forgotten if she obtains her desire and turns to anger if she does not. But the Kaingáng women are able to make the same jocular approaches day after day without a change of attitude.

837 When a husband goes away his wife becomes fair game for anyone who is interested, and she is generally willing prey for the enterprising hunter. I must often have served all unwittingly as a chaperon to some man's wife while he was away hunting, but although my naive presence may have seriously handicaped the pair I was left to chaperon, it did not always inhibit them entirely. One day while Chukembégn, his wife Chantágn, [150] Kanggúin, and I were on a hillside feasting on wasp's larvae, the bark of the dogs in pursuit of a tapir came faintly from the distance. Chukembégn seized his gun and was away in a flash, leaving his wife, Kanggúin, and me alone. When he had gone Kanggúin began to boast of his love affairs and to remark how curious it was that he never married. On the way back to camp he kept singing all the way, stopping every once in a while to say:

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761 Far from permitting them control over species of plants and animals, the pessimistic totemism of the Kaingáng simply adds one more gloomy trait to the prevailingly somber character of their supernaturalism. Their totems are solely omens of death, for "When the Klendó are about to die there is no honey—there are only bees. When the Wanyekí are about to die the tapirs are very thin, because they are Wanyekí's *mang*. The pine tree belongs to Thethé [the circle people], and when they are about to die there are no pine cones. When they die they burn them in a dry pine tree. Before Chulí fell there were no pine cones—and then he fell. They burnt him in a dry pine tree. Before the Brazilians killed Kuikégn, the pines were the same way."

262 Like most peoples the world over, the Kaingáng reject certain things as foods while they accept others. But their preferences have little to do with their totemic ideas. There is a story in an origin myth of one of the line people who swam about in the water so much that he became a capavary, so that now the line people do not eat capavary; if they were to do so it would be like eating their own people. But almost no one at all eats capavary, nor do they eat armadillo or paca, that delicious fat little rodent that eludes the hunter like a streak of light. Some people abstain from tiger, but others eat its heart to make them valiant like the tiger, which roams and fights alone. None of these taboos are observed by everyone. Some animals from which the Kaingáng abstain were practically impossible for them to kill under the conditions of their old life, in which they had no traps or boats. The capavary is taken by trapping, the paca by trapping or by pursuit in a boat from which the hunter may kill it with a trident in the shallow water where it has hidden. The swift-flying and hypersensitive wild ducks are extremely hard to approach, and the meat of anteater and certain water birds has a very bad flavor. There seems to be less reason for abstaining from the toad, the armadillo, and the tiger. The Kaingáng say that they do not eat the tiger because its fat is white (not yellow like other animals') and that they abstain from armadillo because its bones break so easily that they are afraid their own will break.

All of these things that the Kaingáng do not eat are called *thangglīgn*, which is the term they use for anything dirty. People who eat things that [753] are *thangglīgn* will lose their teeth, break their bones, or grow old prematurely.

Omens

787 The prevailing reason for the interest of the Kaingáng in omens is death. "I saw that before Padnmbá died it rained very heavily first," said Chukembégn. "Then the river rose after his death. The bees did not make honey—they just lived in the trees." All of this was because Padnmbá was

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224 I have never seen a deer killed except in this way. It is child's play and was obviously learnt from the whites.[5] In the old days they were killed only by stalking or through a sudden encounter in the forest. They are rarely mentioned in folklore. After deer the pig-like *tateti* is the next largest game animal. I never heard of its being stalked, and the *tateti* that were taken during my stay among the Kaingáng were all killed cooperatively. Dogs drove them into their burrows, and a number of men combined to get them out. One day my dogs drove a *tateti* into a burrow on the side of a hill; while one man shoved into the burrow a bundle of flaming bamboo on the end of a long pole the others stood around with loaded guns, and when the beast emerged it was shot. Sometimes men wait above the entrance to the burrow and club the *tateti* when it emerges.

Peccary hunting I know only by hearsay. Although a couple of troops of peccary (called "pig of the forest" by the settlers) passed by while I was among the Kaingáng I took no part in their pursuit. The Indians, however, tell me that they surround and shoot them or stab them with knives on the ends of poles. Sometimes, however, they are pursued by one man alone. They are very dangerous animals when brought to bay, and it is well to keep one's distance. Formerly peccary were an important item of Kaingáng diet, but nowadays they have grown scarce in the vicinity of Duque de Caxias and are not found even far up the river. *"Nggĩyúdn* has become angry with us," the Indians say, "and has closed up the pigs in his corral."

223 The Kaingáng have no bird snares, and all birds are shot individually with the bow and arrow where they are encountered.

Subsistence Figures

262 146a The following discussion is based on the data which I collected during five weeks' hunting trip into the forests with the Indians. During that time it was possible for me to keep a fairly accurate check on the distribution of meat because the population was concentrated in one spot, and the entire organization of the camp was directed toward getting meat for everyone. Conditions at the post, however, are quite different. There the [361] population is scattered along a half-mile trail and on both sides of the river, and it is therefore impossible to keep a day-to-day check even were such a check valuable—which I doubt, for in the region of the post game is ex-

[5] Waiting in a canoe for animals to fall into the river seems hardly removed from waiting at the termination of or along a *carreira*—a further suggestion that the entire technique was taken over from the settlers. The agent used to tell me: "When I first came into this region all you had to do was turn your dogs loose in the forest, and the animals would come tumbling into your canoe."

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extremely scarce, and the Indians, instead of spending their time hunting, spend a great part of it tilling the soil.

The data that I offer present problems rather than solve them. They were collected at a particular time of the year: when the most important wild crop of the region, pine nuts, was ripe; when it was still warm and the tapirs ran slowly; when the females were heavy with young; when some wild fruits other than the pine nut were ripe and on the trees; when the bees were still making honey and their young had not yet begun to devour it. In other words, it was the most nearly perfect time of the year in the region where the Kaingáng would find it easiest to get food. Pine trees were abundant, which meant not only food for the Indians but also food for monkeys and all the four-footed animals that might live on the fallen nuts, particularly the peccary. Besides this the region was cut by many streams into which the dogs might drive the tapir so that the hunter could kill it easily. The difference that such a terrain makes in hunting tapir is amazing. Time after time dogs have been taken a little way up the river and turned loose on fresh tapir tracks only to run fruitlessly all day long because the lie of the land was such that the tapir need never drive toward a stream. The flat top of the ridge stretched for miles unintersected by any streams until it ended three hours journey to the northwest in the Deniker River. It was one of my grievances against the Indians that they would take my dogs to such a place against my will and let them run after a tapir until night overtook them, far out of reach of anyone, whereupon the Indians would return, leaving the dogs in the forest. Days later they would wander in, their snouts full of porcupine quills and their hides cut by the teeth of *quatí*.

At the time of my study the Indians had hunted over the same area for almost twenty years. It is vast, and tapir are still to be found there; yet persistent hunting in one area must affect the number of animals, particularly when the favorite season for hunting tapir is the time of the pine nuts, i.e. when the females are heavy with young. Hunting by the settlers, although not very frequent, nevertheless occurs and may affect the quantity of game animals. On the other hand, during the five weeks' hunt the Indians had the use of my dogs—two well-trained tapir hunters—which I managed to keep fairly well fed. Under aboriginal conditions it would be rare for the Indians to have specially trained tapir-hunters, and they would never be well fed. This, of course, reduces the dog's efficiency.

Not all of the adult or adolescent males were armed during the trip, which, of course, reduced the efficiency of the group. Nowadays the young men never learn to shoot with bow and arrow, and if they are too poor to buy a gun they cannot hunt.

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Figures for Five Weeks' Trip

Tapirs Killed: 7[8] × *Average Weight* 200 lbs. =	1400 lbs.
Average population during 5 weeks	18 (not including infants)
Pounds of meat per person for 5 weeks	77
Pounds of meat per person per day	2⅕

The figures are self-explanatory as far as tapir are concerned. During this time about ten monkeys were killed and a number of birds of varying sizes of which I could not keep track. The weight of the monkeys as compared to the combined weights of the tapirs is so small that I shall not include them in the figures.

The figure of two and a fifth pounds of meat per day should be modified, as allowance must be made for the heavy hide, bones, and internal waste. Such an allowance would bring the weight per person down to less than two pounds. Not all of this meat remained in camp, for a considerable portion of it was taken away by Indians returning to the post. In addition to this meat the Indians were plentifully supplied with pine nuts most of the time and they sometimes had a fair supply of *tai*, a yellow fruit with a tasty pulp of very doubtful nutritive value. The quantities of other kinds of fruits consumed was negligible. The Indians also had along with them on this trip small quantities of corn and manioc meal and beans, and the new arrivals would bring food from the post. With all this, at no time could it be said that there was a surplus of anything but pine nuts. These were buried in a stream bottom to preserve them.

The Indians ate moderately; yet rarely did any kill seem to last us more than three days. This would mean about fourteen meatless days out of thirty-five. Fourteen meatless days would indicate that if the Kaingáng had eaten all the meat they killed they would have consumed not 2.2 pounds per person daily but 3.7 pounds. But probably as much or more than a third of the meat was taken back to the post. This would leave the original figure of about two pounds per person daily. To us two pounds of meat a day seems an extremely large quantity, but we do not view meat, as the Kaingáng do, as our principal food. To the Kaingáng, meat is the principal article of diet; everything else is garnish.[7]

Gathering Pine Nuts

An Indian selects several flawless bamboo stems,[8] cuts them down, splits them carefully from end to end into four strips about an inch wide, exam-

[8] An eighth tapir was killed the day before we returned to the post.

[7] This also makes quite a different picture from most of Melanesia, where vegetable foods are most important and meat is the garnish.

[8] Full-grown bamboo stems are about 15 feet in length.

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Distribution of Population

At the time of their pacification the Kaingáng were distributed on both 361
ides of the Rio Plate within, at the most, three or four days' journey on
oot from the pine forest. It is impossible to determine through question-
ng exactly what determined the movements of all of one extended family
nder conditions of minimum tension. It was not exclusively food. If it
were we would expect all of the members of the family around the Rio
Plate to have gone to the pine forest in the fall. But only certain groups
would go. Within the extended families the movements were determined
quite as much by the desire to attack or the necessity of fleeing from the
Brazilians and the wish to look for one another as by the quest for food.

Fruit and Insect Foods

Other Fruit and Roots

While I was among the Kaingáng wild fruits were not important. They 222
ither gather fruit when it falls to the ground, climb up after it, or chop 262
he tree down.

I never heard of the Kaingáng using any roots for food.

Wasps and Bees

We can see the wasps buzzing about the opening to their nest twenty
eet above the ground in a huge tree that looks as if it were made of three
rees grown together. The trunk forms a kind of cavern, and when we step
nside we see that the part in which the wasps have built their nest is
ollow all the way up. We collect wood and build a big fire at the base of
he trunk, and the smoke rises as if up a chimney. We build another fire
utside the trunk so that the wasps will not come down to annoy us. As
he smoke pours out of the opening to the nest the wasps come with it, and
oon there is a hum like a buzzsaw as thousands of wasps buzz about the
ntrance to their nest. When my two companions are convinced that the
wasps have been completely evicted they take axes and go to work on the
ree. When it at last crashes the nest has fallen through an arc of twenty-
oot radius. No wasps are in sight now, but a fire is set on top of the tree
ear the nest to keep any chance wanderers away. Again the axes cut, and
oon the structure of the nest has been laid bare: tier on tier of cells full of
arvae and pupae. We take out the layers of the paperlike structure and in
ur hunger eat the contents raw. They are sweet, rich, and juicy. Now we
uild small fires and lay the cells against them to roast. Having eaten my
ill, I receive no more. The two Indians divide the nest, the one who dis-
overed it getting the larger share.

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Honey is got out of a "dangerous" bees' hive in much the same way. Two or more men cooperate in the chopping and handling of the fire, and the honey is divided among them. Honey is a kind of free food, for when a hive is discovered anyone who happens along may share it. On the other hand, honey that has been collected is the property of whoever has found it, and sometimes it is hidden so that other folks will not take it. Wasps are not a very important food item for the Kaingáng, but honey is, although it is somewhat of a delicacy. No one thinks of making a meal of honey, but it is a godsend in the middle of the day.

When the Kaingáng were first pacified, says the agent, they climbed up to a hive if it was out of reach, but in these degenerate days they chop the tree down rather than climb it. Although the Kaingáng did not always climb up to a hive that was too far up on the trunk to be reached from a scaffold, they certainly did it frequently, and 1 per cent of the total number of deaths was due to falls from beehives. It was a hazardous occupation, for the climbing-loop might break or slip. Nowadays the most the Kaingáng do in this way is to build little scaffolds from which they chop out hives that may be six or seven feet above the ground. These scaffolds are made by lashing and cross-lashing posts to adjacent trees. Sometimes the scaffold consists only of a few steeply sloping posts that are tied together and leaned against a tree. The Indian stands on this uncertain perch and sinks his axe precisely around the edges of the hive so that it scarcely touches the delicate honey-laden cells. When the hive has been laid bare he places it entire in his wax-lined basket and sponges up with tree hair, a mosslike growth that clings to most of the trees in the forest, whatever honey has escaped.

Honey Beer

A man and his cousins or brothers decide to make beer for his in-laws. They cut down cedars, hollow them for troughs, and go to look for honey. After several days they have enough. Then they send their wives for water to fill the troughs. The honey is poured into the water, and the water is heated with hot stones. The stones are placed in special cylindrical baskets which are submerged in the water and suspended from rods placed across the mouth of the trough and moved from one end of it to the other. The woody stem of a fern called *nggign* is pounded and titrated and the red infusion mixed in the trough. This is to "make the beer red"; without *nggign*, say the Kaingáng, the beer would not ferment. This goes on for days, and then the mouth of the trough is covered with strips of bark and the beer is left standing several days longer. When it begins to bubble the Indians decide that it is *thó*, intoxicating or bitter, and ready to drink. The Indians say that instead of water the milk of a kind of palm is some-

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may not eat cooked food until they have completed the ritual series. If they did they would get hot inside and die. The *thûpáya* must refrain from all meat; all they are allowed to eat is honey and vegetable foods, and by the end of their *waikômáng* they may be very thin. If a widower encounters game he may shoot it, but he must not eat it. Instead he opens its belly and rubs the blood "all over himself to wash off[2] the hunting[3] that he used to do for his wife. This is called wiping[4] off and throwing away. He does the same with honey, bees' larvae, and bee sugar. He shoots tapir, pigs, deer, *tateti*, monkeys, jacutingas, howler monkeys, macucas, ururús [and a number of other birds]. He shoots several and does this wiping himself off."[5] By rubbing himself with the blood of game animals the husband removes one of the principal ties with his wife, for during her life he had shot game for her. Thus the whole ritual, including the fasting, is a transparent cleansing ceremony, in which the very terminology makes the psychological point clear. The Kaingáng do not feel that the dead are impure or that they contaminate, but that the *kuplêng* follows the vestiges of its earthly life, to the peril of survivors.

The *thûpáya* does not remain so far away from camp that he is completely out of contact. Under aboriginal conditions that would have put him in actual peril of his life from human enemies,[6] but always remains close enough for some woman to prepare a sleeping-place for him every night. There he sleeps alone with two stems of the *nggign* fern[7] in his arms "just as he used to hold his wife.[8] The *kuplêng* is afraid of these and goes away." Women remain nearer to camp than men, and if they have nursing infants they take them along. They do not always sleep alone, for often a woman who prepares the sleeping-place for the *thûpáya* and sprinkles it with protective herbs wraps her in her arms all night long in a protective embrace against her husband's *kuplêng*. If there have been a number of deaths at one time, as from a raid by the *bugreiros* or by ven-

[2] *Waikupé*, to wash oneself.

[3] *ê plụ thi mộ ê tộ pánúi yô*
his wife her for he (instrumental particle) shoot place

Literally, the place where he used to shoot for his wife.

[4] *Wainyekụ́i*, to wipe oneself. Without the reflexive it means "to wipe," as in cleansing the barrel of a gun.

[5] Women, since they have not the weapons with which to kill animals, simply rub themselves with honey.

[6] When the Brazilian Indian hunters, the *bugreiros*, were thought to be in the neighborhood, no one went on *waikômáng*.

[7] See p. 187 fn.

[8] Or husband.

X193
X539

(5) *kū ŋv kɔɪŋgɜk tɛ̄ vv'ŋgɔ tɛ̄ ka ɛ*
then man a larva during his
plū tɛ̄ ko 'vaɪ kū tɛ̄
wife coitus never and
So during the time of the *vv'ŋgɔ* men refrain from cohabiting with their wives.

(6) *kū ɔŋ ŋv ŋaɪka'ŋglɔ̃ŋ mu*
then imitate
Then they imitated.

(7) *kū ŋv ɔŋ paŋ ka'ŋglɔ̃ŋ mu*
then they shoot imitate
Then they experimented shooting.

In the following sentences, containing verbs similar in structure to the text example, we shall also see that when the verb has a direct object *ŋaɪ* disappears:

(1) *ɛŋ ha e tʃɔ̃ ɲɛŋga ku'pe e tʃɔ̃ ŋaɪɲɛ 'pe ŋa*
I I hand wash I wash
I am washing my hands.

(2) *ɛŋ ha e tʃɔ̃ ɛ tɛ̄ to ŋaɪɲɛ'pō ŋa*
I I house order
I ordered the house (to be made).

(3) *a ha mbæŋ dʒɔklā tɛ̄ to ɛŋ ɲɛ'pō ŋa*
you axe handle me order
You ordered me to make a handle for your axe; i. e. I was ordered to make a handle for your axe.

(4) *kū yi ŋv ŋanɛ'ŋglō tɛ̄*
then it is said a male personal name
ɛ ka'lɜ 'yɜlɜ ɛ tɔ̃ 'tu
his (own) lance cord he carry on the back
kū ŋaɪɲɛ'klæŋ nɛ
and recite the origin myths sit
Then *ŋanɛ'ŋglō* was sitting reciting the origin myths with his small lance (a small lance hung around the neck by a fibre strap) hanging down his back.

ko kɔ'ma ko 'klæŋ
eat fear (?) (ant eater) eat recite the
ŋa
origin myths
It is the origin myth about the eating of the ant-eater (a tabu animal).

[p.205(1)]

raising their feet while their body rests against the cord. [121] In this fashion they scale the straight trunk of the Araucaria with wonderful rapidity and skill. Once they have reached the top, they climb among the branches and shake them to make the cones fall.

The seeds [pinhões] are simply roasted in the fire, crushed in a mortar, and reduced to a mush which is used to prepare a broth cooked with water. With this paste they also make small cakes, round and flat, the size of a saucer, which are roasted on the embers. The seeds cannot be stored very long when fresh because they soon become infested with worms. To preserve them, the Indians place the pinhões in special baskets, well sealed and previously lined with cactus leaves. These baskets are immersed in small streams at especially selected locations for a month and a half. This preserves the nuts, which retain their nutritive qualities for a long period of time. Obviously, they are all but appetizing when removed from the water; they exude a powerful and unpleasant odor and their taste is repulsive and intolerable to our stomach. The Indians, however, are not upset in the least by these new characteristics of the pinhões, which they still prize very highly. The broths and cakes described above are largely made from the preserved nut.

Wild honey also plays an important part in their diet, and they cannot do without it. Their ability time and again to discover a bee nest in the midst of the forest, nearly always at the top of a high tree, could only be described as an instinct or an additional sense. Once the nest has been sighted, they scale the tree by means of the process described above, with cord and strap, which they use [once on top] to steady themselves against the tree. This leaves their arms free to wield the short-handled axe with remarkable sureness and skill. They split the wood exactly in the right place and make an opening in the shape of a perfect triangle. Every part of the bee nest is utilized: the chrysalids are eaten along with the honey and comb, and every bit of the wax is gathered for various purposes.

They do not merely eat the chrysalids of bees but also those of other insects such as wasps, hornets, etc., the nests of which they seek out eagerly.

Apparently the dearth of game in these southern woods forced the Indians to resort to every possible means of satisfying their hunger.

262 They acquired the habit of eating chrysalids and larvae of all kinds, especially the maggot found in rotting wood [coró] which they eat raw as well as roasted, or cooked on the fire inside a bamboo sprout. Then necessity turned into habit; although the need no longer remains, the Indians continue to seek out chrysalids and larvae as refined changes of diet.

224 When the warriors are gone for long periods of time, the women catch small game by means of snares and traps, for they do not wield any weapons.

226 Curiously enough, the Botocudo are not familiar with fishing, even in its most primitive form, though rivers abounding with fish are to be found in their area.

262 177 Before the time of peaceful contact, they were already familiar with maize, squash and manioc flour, which they obtained in the course of their raids on civilized communities. But they were altogether unfamiliar with potatoes, the manioc tuber, beans, rice, yams, the taro root, etc., which they have since come to know and which they greatly value.

342 The Botocudo set up their shelters by driving slender stakes close together into the ground. [122] These sticks are bent in the shape of a bow, and their tip secured to a heavy horizontal rod which is usually fastened in two trees at the height of a man. The resulting dome-shaped roof is covered with palm leaves, brush, or ferns. A lateral area of about one meter is always left open to permit observation toward the rear and thus avoid any surprises. The fire is lit on the exposed side of the shelter, and the Indians watch over it continually to make sure that it does not go out.

Each of these huts is utilized by a single family.

[361] The shelters are lined evenly in parallel groups of two to eight huts which together form a camp.

When circumstances such as celebrations or the Araucaria seed harvest compel them to remain in the same place for a longer period of time, they build their huts with greater care and make them larger. Two shelters are built face to face and their roofing connected so that the curved sticks are secured to each other instead of being fastened to a horizontal rod. This results in a perfect vault. Each of these enlarged

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for example, tapir. A large pit is dug in the ground and lined with stones. A fire is built within the hole until the stones are glowing. The ashes and embers are then removed, the stones are covered with leaves, and the meat, carefully wrapped, is placed inside and buried under a thick layer of soil. Twelve hours later the meat is taken out, perfectly cooked. Fish are broiled on a babracot, then stored on an indoor platform. 252

Women pound maize with heavy wooden pestles in cylindrical wooden mortars, which are sometimes large enough to accommodate three workers at a time and too heavy to be moved (fig. 58, *d*). They also have smaller mortars with which they use stone pestles. Maize flour is prepared as mush or is kneaded into dough and baked in ashes. Maize kernels are often soaked in water to the point of rotting, mashed, kneaded into loaves with saliva added, and roasted in ashes.

The pith of pindo palms is crushed in a mortar, sifted, and roasted in a pan, just as with manioc flour.

Soup is made from husked, chewed, soaked, and pounded pine nuts. They are also roasted in the shell on the embers; pine-nut dough may also be kneaded into small loaves and baked in the ashes. Piñons are preserved in tightly closed baskets soaked in water for a month and a half. In the past salt was unknown; tart malagüeta berries (*Capsicum frutescens*) were used instead. [251] [263]

To stir the fire or lift food to and from it, the *Caingang* use a curved withe (Manizer, 1930, pp. 772, 774; Henry, 1941, pl. 2, *f*).

HOUSES

Lozano (1873, 1:424) describes the *Caingang* or *Guayaná* hut as follows: 342

> They stick in the ground a long forked pole against which they lean crosswise four other poles. In this way they make four divisions covered with palm leaves. In each division lives a family with the children. Each compartment communicates with the other by small doors. In each community there are five or six such huts placed at convenient distance from each other so that everyone can hunt and fish.

This type of house has entirely disappeared among modern *Caingang*, but a few years ago the *Aweikoma* remembered it as the house of the open savannas and were able to reconstruct one (Henry, 1941, p. 166).

The more recent *Caingang* dwelling was a lean-to (fig. 56), which often was made into a gable-roofed hut when two structures of this type were joined. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* live either in an arched lean-to which is open on three sides or in a hut composed of two such units, the arches being made to descend to the ground at both ends (Henry, 1941,

252 and the stones covered with pieces of wood and palm leaves (ndõtoiõ), where the chunks of meat are laid with the hide still attached. The whole thing is covered with another layer of palm leaves and a thick layer of earth. The meat cooks slowly in this fashion for about twelve hours, and the flavor it acquires in the process is remarkable.

263 The Botocudo were altogether unfamiliar with salt until the time of peaceful contact, and for a long time thereafter they refused all salted food from us. Even today the older warriors will not accept our food because it is salty.

Not only are they unfamiliar with salt, but they use no seasoning whatever and abhor it in all its forms.

231 Their manner of training dogs for the hunt is interesting. Whenever they manage to obtain a dog, they treat it at first with great affection in order to win its faithfulness. The dog is tied with an embira [a bast fiber yielded by various trees--Translator] cord by the side of its new master, who feeds it exclusively on meat in generous and frequent portions. The man spends nearly all his time with the dog: now petting it, now talking in its ear as though to a human being whose complete loyalty were to be won. This in fact he soon achieves, and to such a degree that the dog learns to detest everyone else and becomes watchful in the extreme.

This objective once reached, the lot of the poor dog changes completely: in the course of his wanderings through the forest, the Indian gives it absolutely nothing to eat, thus forcing it to hunt--and not for itself but for its master. Such is the means they use to turn any dog into an excellent hunter. It is a lamentably cruel procedure, and it works against their own interests in the long run, for all their dogs meet the sad fate of gradual emaciation and eventual death by starvation.

228 In addition to game, the fruit of the Araucaria constitutes one
481 of their basic foods for a considerable part of the year. During the months of April, May and June the Indians proceed in groups to the pine woods. They scale the trees with the help of a leather strap and a cord of bamboo fiber, which they tie in a loop around the trunk. They place the cord under the armpits and rest their body against it, while their feet are held against the trunk by the leather strap. They climb by alternately lifting the cord while their feet are secure, and

147 other activities. At such times the speed, skill and sureness of each motion, upon which the Indian's life so often depends, come fully to the fore.

The same is true of the women; in spite of their short stature, they are endowed with unusual physical endurance. [119]

482 In the course of their wanderings through the forest, they carry for several weeks at a time enormous baskets filled with heavy loads, with a child nearly always sitting on the top. In addition to all this, they bear in their hands heavy objects such as axes, iron pans, etc. They are, so to speak, the true bearers of the tribe; the warriors carry loads only when away from the women.

142 Their skin is of a dark tan color, lighter among the women.

Their hair is black, coarse and sleek.

164 [753] Dental caries are widespread among them; as children their teeth are already defective. They pull out a tooth as soon as it hurts, and this leaves them almost toothless quite early in life. It is a [164] curious fact that the warriors demand their wives (who are younger, and thus have better teeth) to masticate all their food; this leaves them only the effort of swallowing, which they do while lying comfortably by the fire.

There are no diseases peculiar to the Botocudo Indians. They have, however, been widely attacked by the deadly influenza and its complications, such as bronchitis, pneumonia, etc. They also suffer from rheumatism of the joints and muscles.

[147] The great ease with which their wounds are healed, even when extremely serious, is eminently worthy of note.

Venereal diseases of any sort are altogether unknown among them.

[163] 224 Their high fecundity insures the perpetuation of the tribe.

This tribe subsists primarily on the proceeds of the hunt and is therefore nomadic, ever on the move through the woods in search of game. The tapir is preferred on account of the quantity and flavor of its flesh. It is hunted in the following way. The Indians look for a fresh spoor, set their dogs loose, and follow them on the run until the tapir is roused. Then they determine the direction taken by the animal, which always follows its habitual trails, known to the hunters; they take a shortcut through the woods and wait. Spurred on madly by the dogs, the tapir runs toward them and is attacked and killed with the spears.

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Dances.—The members of a *Caingang* subgroup dance together. The dancers, about 3 feet (1 m.) apart, form two concentric circles around a line of fires, the men inside and the women outside. A singer in the center first shakes his rattle and, placing each foot alternately before and behind, dances sideways. At this signal, the other performers shake their rattles, and both circles begin to turn in one direction, following the rhythm of the song and rattle. Men without rattles strike the ground with stamping tubes. Behind them, women lift their forearms and move their empty hands slightly to each side in a kind of "blessing" gesture. When the leader is back to the starting point, he stops, and the others wait quietly until he is rested or is replaced by another leader. 535

Toys and games.—*Caingang* children are very skillful at filliping sticks, maize kernels, and small arrows resting on the bent arm. Maize shuttlecocks are batted with the palm of the hand. Children spin tops made of a clay whorl or a lump of wax on a stick. 524 857

The favorite *Caingang* adult sport is a mock battle between members of two communities, who hurl small clubs or, at night, firebrands at each other. Although these weapons may wound or even kill, casualties are not resented and do not call for blood revenge. This sport is played on open ground where heaps of clubs have previously been deposited. Women, protecting themselves with bark shields, run among the players to pick up and hand the clubs to their men. The *Aweikoma* throw stones wrapped in small fiber bags, which are parried with short clubs. The *Caingang* are also fond of wrestling. 526

Narcotics.—A great many stone pipes have been found in the *Caingang* area—a puzzling fact since smoking has not been observed among these Indians. 172 276

Drinking and intoxicants.—The *Caingang* prepare intoxicants from maize, sweet potatoes, pine nuts, honey, and the fruit of several species of palm, especially buriti (*Mauritia vinifera*) and jussara (*Euterpe* sp.). Maize is slightly roasted over ashes, ground, and boiled in large pots for about a night. The next day part of the mass is chewed, then boiled again with the remainder. Shortly before the feast, the liquid is transferred to a huge trough made of a tree trunk and half buried in the ground. The liquor is heated by a fire built around the trough or by red-hot stones or potsherds which are thrown into it. During 2 or 3 days of fermentation, men dance around the beer, singing, shaking their rattles, and beating the ground with the stamping tubes.[6] The beer is often mixed with honey. 273

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* start to prepare their mead a month before its consumption. A mixture of honey and water, to which they add

[6] Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 45) distinguishes three kinds of beer: Goya-fá, made of naturally fermented maize meal; quequi (Kiki), prepared with maize and honey; and goya-kupri, made of chewed maize.

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273 the juice of a fern to "make the beer red," is fermented in wooden troughs from 5 to 6 feet (1.5 to 1.8 m.) long made of tree stumps hollowed out by burning and chopping, then closed at both ends with wax. To accelerate fermentation, the beverage is heated every 3d day with red-hot stones and then covered with pieces of bark.

COMMUNICATION

The *Caingang* leave messages in symbolic code for those who will 202 follow the same path. A stick with honey indicates where a bees nest has been found; dolls and sticks represent a feast to which some group is being invited; an inclined stick shows the time of day at which some event took place; feathers scattered on the ground tell of a successful hunting party, etc. (Manizer, 1930, p. 790). Lozano (1873, 1:425) stated that to declare war, the *Guayaná* (i. e., the *Caingang*) stuck an arrow into a tree near a path followed by their enemies. [574] A circle of maize cobs on the ground or hanging from a tree was an invitation to a drinking bout.

RELIGION

771 **Religious beliefs.**—The *Aweikoma* conceive the world to be 776 strongly animistic, peopled with ghosts (kuplêng) and spirits (nggï-yúdn) of all sorts who dwell in trees, rocks, mountains, stars, winds, and in large and small animals. To meet a spirit is, as a rule, an ominous event. But spirits may be friendly and appear to a man to offer their aid. Those who are assisted in hunting by a guardian spirit share with it the game which they have killed. A man may even adopt a spirit child and place it in his wife's womb.

Aweikoma-Caingang share the widespread belief that all animals 825 have "masters," that is to say, spirits that control and protect them. Such spirits are willing to give up some of their kin to satisfy men's needs, but are angered if people destroy them wantonly or if hunters refuse an animal "offered" to them.

756 **Shamanism.**—The *Caingang* shaman consults spirits at night, puffing his pipe until he is surrounded by a cloud of smoke. The spirits talk to him in long whistles and tell him where to find a favorable hunting ground or abundant honey. They may also reveal the outcome of an undertaking involving the band.

755 Shamans are also doctors, but this role is less conspicuous among 757 the *Caingang* than elsewhere and is even absent among the *Caingang* of Palmas and of São Paulo. Among the decadent *Aweikoma-Caingang*, observed by Henry (1941, p. 76), shamans only treated members of their immediate family and did not receive a fee for their cures. The shaman knows many magic remedies, generally herbs, the virtues

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killed you. When they killed you, I wandered around suffering, but you 768
come to call me!" When the ghost-soul at last went away, she was "all 775
green. She stood there without saying anything. He [her husband] said to her, 'Why are you green?' But she said nothing. She sat down holding on to a post. Then he asked if she was sick—if she had a pain in the belly. But she did not talk. Wanenggló [her husband] asked her whether she had seen a ghost-soul. Probably she saw a ghost-soul. But she did not say anything." Like vendetta enemies, the ghost-souls are "other things"—it is the only category the Kaingáng have for those who dwell outside the limits of the extended families—and for people in this category they know only one emotion, fear-anger.

When the Kaingáng are drunk, their malevolent and fearsome impulses 152
rise to the surface, and the memory of death plays its part in this. Festa 579
time, when the beer troughs are brimming with the steaming, sourish, honey beer, is a special occasion for remembering the dead. It is also the occasion when recollections of adultery unpunished or of slights unrequited surge into consciousness. While some dance, sing, or brawl, others sit around the edge of the dance circle with their heads in their hands and tears streaming down their faces, and their sobs and high rhythmic keening mingle with the noise of quarreling and disordered singing. When they have done with their hour or so of weeping, they rise and fill their baskets or gourds with beer and join in the festa. No recollection of the dead can occur without unleashing fear, and fear cannot be liberated without the eruption of anger, so the memory of the dead only adds to the disruptive forces that are set in motion by the beer. The more one knows about the Kaingáng, the more one is struck by the extent to which the very roots of their being have been undermined and torn by impulses to violence. This is all the more amazing when we remember what affectionate people they seem to be—how much they love to multiply a hundredfold all kinds of personal attachments. Nevertheless, when drunkenness uncovers the Kaingáng personality, it does not bubble over in rivulets of tenderness, but pours out in torrents of violence. The only outlet is murder, and that is why festas, if not actually the scene of murders, used to be almost always the forerunners of raids on the Brazilians or on vendetta enemies. The Kaingáng themselves understand, in a way, what the festa meant to them, for they say, "We had festas in order to go to attack the Brazilians." Of course not every festa is characterized by violence, but many are.[3]

[3] Although the Kaingáng held an old-time beer festa at my request the aboriginal beer troughs have been superseded by jugs of sugar cane whiskey, and the tumultuous singing by the music of an accordion played by a white man. These changes, however, have not curbed the essential temper of the Indians, and fights still occur at festas. [634] [273] [777]

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222 Honey is got out of a "dangerous" bees' hive in much the same way.
262 Two or more men cooperate in the chopping and handling of the fire, and the honey is divided among them. Honey is a kind of free food, for when a hive is discovered anyone who happens along may share it. On the other hand, honey that has been collected is the property of whoever has found it, and sometimes it is hidden so that other folks will not take it. Wasps are not a very important food item for the Kaingáng, but honey is, although it is somewhat of a delicacy. No one thinks of making a meal of honey, but it is a godsend in the middle of the day.

When the Kaingáng were first pacified, says the agent, they climbed up to a hive if it was out of reach, but in these degenerate days they chop the tree down rather than climb it. Although the Kaingáng did not always climb up to a hive that was too far up on the trunk to be reached from a scaffold, they certainly did it frequently, and 1 per cent of the total number 165 of deaths was due to falls from beehives. It was a hazardous occupation, for the climbing-loop might break or slip. Nowadays the most the Kain- 417 gáng do in this way is to build little scaffolds from which they chop out hives that may be six or seven feet above the ground. These scaffolds are made by lashing and cross-lashing posts to adjacent trees. Sometimes the scaffold consists only of a few steeply sloping posts that are tied together and leaned against a tree. The Indian stands on this uncertain perch and sinks his axe precisely around the edges of the hive so that it scarcely touches the delicate honey-laden cells. When the hive has been laid bare he places it entire in his wax-lined basket and sponges up with tree hair, a mosslike growth that clings to most of the trees in the forest, whatever honey has escaped.

Honey Beer

● 203 A man and his cousins or brothers decide to make beer for his in-laws. They cut down cedars, hollow them for troughs, and go to look for honey. After several days they have enough. Then they send their wives for water to fill the troughs. The honey is poured into the water, and the water is heated with hot stones. The stones are placed in special cylindrical baskets which are submerged in the water and suspended from rods placed across the mouth of the trough and moved from one end of it to the other. The woody stem of a fern called *nggign* is pounded and titrated and the red infusion mixed in the trough. This is to "make the beer red"; without *nggign*, say the Kaingáng, the beer would not ferment. This goes on for days, and then the mouth of the trough is covered with strips of bark and the beer is left standing several days longer. When it begins to bubble the Indians decide that it is *thô*, intoxicating or bitter, and ready to drink. The Indians say that instead of water the milk of a kind of palm is some-

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times used and that this makes the beer particularly *thó*. Sometimes a little 273
medicine is added for the sake of general good health. From time to time the beer is stirred with a long rod of bamboo, and the scum that rises is scooped off with the hands.

Preparation of Food

The women make pine-nut soup. A woman chews the raw pine nuts to 252
a pulp, mixes them with water, and boils them. Sometimes they are pounded. The usual way of eating pine nuts is roasted in the shell in the coals.

Meats are sometimes boiled, and nowadays the broth is mixed with manioc meal and eaten. Most meat is roasted. This may be done in two ways. A scaffold of green branches is erected, a fire built under it, and the meat placed on it and roasted. Or a shallow pit is dug, a fire built in it, and green branches laid over it, the meat is then laid on the branches with leaves on top of it, and the whole covered with earth and left there for several hours. When the meat is taken off the branches it is juicy and delicious. The pit method is the best way to roast meat. In roasting meat in this way at least two people generally cooperate. One digs the hole while the other gets wood and leaves.

Small animals are spitted and broiled. Fish are broiled.

Palm shoots are boiled or eaten raw.

Kēmẽ is made from the pith of the trunk of a certain palm. Leaves are laid on the ground and a cloth placed on top of them. The trunk is chopped vertically into strips; these are placed on a log and pounded with a stick. The mass is sifted in a basket, and the siftings are stuffed into a bamboo tube and roasted in the coals for five or ten minutes. The mass in the tube is then taken out, made into balls or cakes, and roasted in the coals. It tastes much like wet sawdust, and the Indians nowadays do not eat it even when they have the chance. Formerly it seems to have been fairly important in their diet. They mixed it with soup just as they do now with manioc meal. The Kaingáng say that in ancient times they used corn in the same way.

The Kaingáng used also to make a soup of the pollen of the pine tree. *Tai* fruit and wild *mamão* are roasted in the coals. Sometimes *tai* is pounded in a mortar and eaten.

FIRE

When the Kaingáng move camp the woman takes an ember[9] from the 372
last fire. Men carry no fire; so if they need it to roast nuts when they are hungry or to make fire to drive away wasps or "dangerous bees" they

[9] Any wood will do.

*193 requires the participial form of the verb. There is an example in the text, l. 25. But
*539 in l. 47 *tɔ̃* does not appear.

Other examples:

ti ha ŋv ɛ tɔ̃ 'moŋ loŋ yæ
he he honey beer warm in order to

ŋv tã kɔðí klɛ̃ 'pɛ̃ mu
he stone on top fire-wood

●[273] Then he put fire-wood on the stones to warm the beer (i. e. he heated rocks in the fire in order to use them to warm the beer).

kũ ŋv ɔŋ ɛ tɔ̃ ti pæ'nũ
then they they him to hit with a projectile

yæ ŋv ɔŋ ti to paŋk'paŋ mu
in order to they him to shoot at repeatedly

Then they shot at him repeatedly in order to hit him; i. e. then they fired at him repeatedly.

But the following sentence is an exception to this practise:

kũ ɔŋ · ti ŋglɔkɔ'ðiŋ dʒæ
then they him to pierce the lower lip in order to

ðæ kɔ nɛŋ'viŋ mu
in order to stick make

Then they made sticks in order to pierce his lip.

In the following sentences, in which confusion between the subject of the independent clause and the subject of the dependent clause might arise it is not avoided through the use of *ɛ*:

pa'tæ hatɔ̃ ɛ tɔ̃ ti 've kũ ti
a male personal name he him see and his

ðe klike mu
heart split

When *pa'tæ* saw him *pa'tæ*'s heart split (i. e. he became angry).

ti 'haŋv ɛ tɔ̃ patæ 've tɛ̃ kũ
he he a male personal name see and so

ti ðe 'klike mu
his heart split

When he saw *pa'tæ* he became angry with *pa'tæ*.

[P.195(A)]

000 certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

802 These Indians count from one to five on the fingers of one hand, and continue up to ten on the other hand. They indicate other quantities with both hands.

757 They treat diseases with the juice of various plants, nearly always applied externally by means of rubbing and massage. Some organic products such as deer stomachs [buxo] etc. are also used [There is a Brazilian plant, Amaiova cryptocarpa, which is popularly called "deer stomach" (bucho de veado). As some of the information in this article may have been obtained second-hand, the above might be the result of erroneous interpretation. --Translator]

They have the habit of tightly binding up all painful body areas, not only in case of snake bite but of any disease as well.

323 177 They formerly used various objects of fired clay, such as pots of different sizes and shapes and small vessels of varying form which they utilized to prepare and cook their food.

In the course of their later raids on civilized populations, however, they found similar utensils of iron and other metals [128] which they naturally came to prefer. As a result the art of ceramics declined sharply, especially following their contact with us. Prior to this contact, some of the older members of the tribe still made pottery.

821 323 It is obvious that they need a special clay for the manufacture of these objects. They believe that rainbows point to deposits of this clay, and call them kukron-ndouma--"pot arrows"--on account [764] of this belief. They never buried their dead in earthen jars nor do they do so now, but dispose of the bodies in the manner described above.

852 Every year, toward the end of December or the beginning of January--during the lámbang-uan season, at the height of our southern summer--they carry out important celebrations for the baptism of children.

273 852 The Botocudo prepare a drink for the occasion which they call móng-ma. Its basic element is wild honey, and the preparation is a rather lengthy process. One moon before the event, the Indians have already started on various specialized tasks. The fathers of the children to be baptized are entrusted with the building of large troughs

273 where the liquid is laid to ferment. These vessels are built master-
852 fully with the greatest patience and skill.

The thick trunks of old cedars are selected for the purpose, felled, and cut into pieces from one and a half to two meters long, which are stripped of their bark.

Then a longitudinal opening is made in the wood, eighteen to twenty centimeters wide, and the inside of the log is hollowed out until the side walls are from three to four centimeters and the end walls from eight to ten centimeters in thickness.

They achieve this by means of fire and also with a sort of chisel which was formerly made of stone and which is now made of iron.

Once the log has been carefully hollowed, its end walls are thickly waxed to make them completely waterproof.

While the children's fathers carry out this task, the other relatives go out in search of honey. Small groups of Indians enter the forest in every direction, happy with the prospect of the feast and singing and jesting along the way. They return laden with honey and game.

The honey is laid out in the troughs along with water and with the juice extracted from ferns and from the stems of young palm trees. Then the openings of the troughs, kakõgma, are covered with large pieces of cedar bark and topped with heavy weights.

The liquid rests thus for two weeks, at the end of which some round stones, previously heated in large fires, are plunged in to accelerate the process of fermentation. This procedure is repeated several times, until the liquid grows very warm. Then the troughs are covered once more, and when the stones grow cold they are replaced by hot ones.

This process is repeated for three days, and then interrupted for another three days. In this manner the drink ferments quickly and easily. [129]

852 In the meantime, the rest of the tribe, with the help of the women, make ornaments for the celebration, and prepare ground for dancing and games.

They select an appropriate site which they clear, level out and clean carefully in the shape of a vast circle. All around it small shelters are built, facing in. On the day of the celebration, an

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of the Kaingáng faith in the efficacy of "the laying on of hands." We already know what the multiplication of caresses means to the Kaingáng in the way of security, and the gentle application of warm infusions of herbs or bark to all parts of the body of a sick person is not different in kind from the reciprocal stroking of two young men lying in affectionate embrace. Still another way of curing the sick is to heat one's hands near the fire and lay them gently on the body of the patient. This high valuation of cutaneous contact is one aspect of the Kaingáng special interest in sensation.

But the Kaingáng do not only cure from without, they also cure from within; and to that end they administer a variety of herb and bark infusions in warm water. These are rubbed all over the surface of the body, for the Kaingáng cannot conceive of treating the inside of the body without also treating the outside.[22] Anyone at all may perform this tender and solicitous task, and it is no rarity to see a Kaingáng step aside from the trail to cut a few plants for someone else or to see him come back from the hunt with a handful of herbs for medicine. A number of these herbs are used as panaceas—they are applied with equal faith to relieve a headache or a pain in the chest or to heal a cut.[23]

Of all the herbs and barks that the Kaingáng use to treat the sick, one alone is based on something more than this kind of selection. The use of *úyólo nya tëi*, "tapir's raw food," rests on a strong sense of its vital power. Tapir's raw food grows everywhere in the Kaingáng country. It is the favorite eating of the tapir and enjoys a wider use as a remedy among the Kaingáng than any other plant in their medicinal catalogue. But this herb is used not only to cure sickness but also to prevent evil. It is spread over the body of a dead tapir to please its *kuplêng* so that it will not take all the rest of its brethren with it and leave mankind to starve, and in the same way it is placed all around the body of a dead infant to induce its *kuplêng* to return to its mother. When a widow's hair and nails are cut, they are mixed with tapir's raw food before they are thrown into the water, so that they will not rot; and when she returns to camp after her isolation, tapir's raw food is strewn in her path to drive off the *kuplêng* of her husband. So,

[22] Nowadays they do swallow the white man's remedies without rubbing them over their bodies.

[23] Their use is based not on exact knowledge of their efficacy in specific cases but on the simple faith that they are beneficial. The employment of herbs in this naive uncritical manner must lie at the roots of some of the great medicinal discoveries of primitive peoples, like quinine. Just as the Kaingáng scrape the bark of a number of trees and use them indiscriminately to relieve a variety of ills, the Indians of the interior of South America may have used the bark of the quina tree for a number of ailments until they observed that one disease in particular, malaria, yielded to it, whereas others did not. This marked the real discovery of quinine, one of the American Indian's great contributions to the relief of human suffering.

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of it, or he carefully chops out the root or log until the path is clear; he never leaves a rough edge.

The forest has certain little peculiarities whose marks the Indians recognize when they see one of their number come back from the hunt with a bloody eye or a mass of little cuts on his legs. There is a kind of bamboo that the Indians call *kǫtkólo* which hangs like a vine from trees and whose mark on the human body is so specific that the Indians can always tell when one of them has fallen foul of it. *Kǫtkólo* has a surface like sandpaper and a long thorn that curves slightly upward like a tiny scimitar. If you escape the thorn the surface may rasp across your face and leave a stinging welt. There is also a tall strong grass that grows in the open places the Indians love so well and that cuts like a knife. No one dares just walk through it; the feet must swing out like scythes to beat it down.

The Indians are acutely aware of their mountain forests as something with which they have to struggle and which is full of pain for them. The forest is a mass of vines and thorns that cut and trip; it is alive with insects that suck and torment; and they make no bones about saying so. They divide the forest into "clean places," those in which there are no vines, thorns, or bamboo,—they also call them "pretty places"—and "dirty places," where the tangle is so thick that it obscures the light of day.

In the winter these mountain forests are cold and nights are gray with the mist that rises from the watercourses. The temperature often drops below freezing at night, and not even the thickest clothing will keep out the cold and damp. Yet for generations the only clothing the Indians had was a knee-length netlike robe of plant fiber, worn about the waist by the women, and a closely woven shirt of the same material, reaching to the hips, worn by the men in the winter. When they began to raid the Brazilians they stole vests and blankets and it was common to see an Indian naked except for a little belt around his waist to tie up his penis—and a vest. The vest kept the torso warm while it allowed freedom of motion to the arms. The Kaingáng never do anything more with an animal skin than make soup of it, and before they had blankets and vests they simply spread a few fern fronds on the ground at night and lay down on them to sleep, pulling a net-like robe over themselves if they were so fortunate as to possess one.

On winter nights they are miserable and often get up to warm themselves by the fire. One morning in May as I warmed my aching joints by the fire and watched my breath spiral upward, Chukembégn said to me: "Last night I slept all over the place. It was so cold nobody slept." Sometimes they fall asleep sitting by the fire, their arms on their drawn-up knees, their heads sunk forward. The scarcity of blankets brings the young men together in the sleeping parties they love, when a half dozen of them,

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

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The *Caingang* abhor body hair and always remove it. Combs consist of small wooden splinters passed through a slit in a piece of reed.

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TRANSPORTATION

River navigation never was so important to the *Caingang* as to their *Tupí-Guaraní* neighbors. To cross a river, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* fell a tree on each side of the river and connect the intervening space with a tree trunk braced with poles fixed in the river bed. 491

Caingang women carry babies on their backs, often in a net, by means of bark tumplines. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* these straps are 4 inches (10 cm.) wide, woven of embira fibers. Knapsacks are suspended by a tumpline. 854 482

MANUFACTURES

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The *Aweikoma* have three main types of baskets: large baskets for transportation of goods; small, impervious water or honey containers of Taquara mansa strips coated with wax; and small receptacles, similarly waterproofed, used as cups and dishes.

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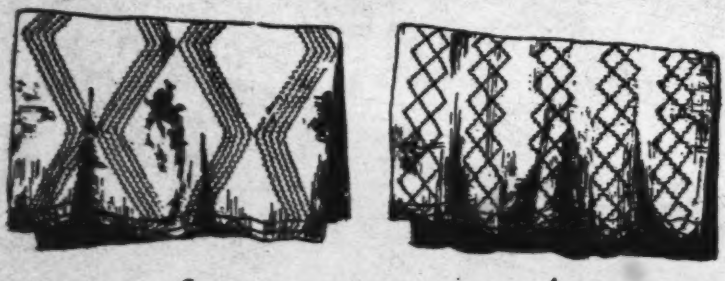

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FIGURE 58.—*Caingang* manufactures. *a*, *b*, Kurus or nettle-fiber cloaks (redrawn from Koenigswald, 1906 *b*, figs. 15–16); *c*, twilled basket (redrawn from Koenigswald, 1906 *b*, fig. 20); *d*, wooden mortar in which three pestles are used at the same time (redrawn from Manizer, 1880); *e*, *f*, pottery jars (redrawn from Manizer, 1880).

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SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

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Baskets

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Each man makes his wax-lined baskets as he happens to need them, but the large burden baskets are sometimes woven by a group of men together just before they start out to collect pine nuts. Then they sit in a circle laughing and talking and holding up their handiwork for one another to look at. Since they are all made in exactly the same manner there is little for a man to see on anyone else's basket that he does not see on his own. They are all made with the outer green skin of the splint left on, and the interior and exterior show alternating bands of green (i.e. the outer side of the bamboo splint) and white (the inner side of the splint).

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It may be that the use of the leg instead of the thigh is due in the case of men to their wearing trousers and in the case of women to their unwillingness, since they have begun to wear dresses, to impair their newly acquired modesty by lifting them above their knees.

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A Kaingáng Bridge

Two trees (A and B) are felled on opposite banks of the stream so that they will fall into it, and posts (C) are sunk on the downstream side to keep the trees from being carried away. A third log (D) is lashed to A and B just above the surface of the water. Then three sets of tall uprights (E) are sunk into the stream bed on either side of A and B and tied together at the top. At the bottom they are united by horizontal boughs (F) that pass across the top of D. A bough (G) is laid on either side of D and lashed to F. These structures, D and G, form the gangway. Now railings are made by tying long boughs (H) to E on both sides.

491

Ornaments

Lip Plugs

The Kaingáng no longer wear lip plugs. These were usually made from pine knots but some men preferred beef bone.[16] Still others liked to slip a fine deer bone over the pine-knot plug. There was a considerable amount of individual variation in the shape of the plugs, and the members of some extended families were distinguished by the shape of their lip plugs.

304 [596]

Dance Ornaments

These are made only for baby blackenings.

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kõndjdidn are, as the name implies, sticks about three feet long covered with feathers and stuck in the ground around the dance circle. Near the top they are provided with a tiny plaited square or disk and are usually surmounted by feathers. In making these ornaments the men do not try to surpass one another in originality, and all the *kõndjdidn* are very much alike. The most striking innovation at the blackening that I witnessed was that of Chukembégn, who put the tail of a tesoureiro on top of his *kõndjdidn* instead of the usual feather.

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Lu are made of small basketlike objects set on the ends of poles about thirty feet long and set up on the dance ground. As the festivities mount they are lifted out of their holes and carried around on the shoulders of the men.

Smaller *lu*, about eight inches long, are held in the hand.

[16] Obtained from cattle killed in raids on the Brazilians.

342 shelters holds several couples belonging to the same family. Each couple has its own fire in the center of the hut. These shelters, like the smaller ones, remain open laterally about one meter from the ground.

Inside the shelter, on either side, a broad earth shelf is laid to serve as a pillow.

[313] The floor of the hut is completely covered with fern leaves. The related couples lie down upon it to sleep side by side, their head on the elevated earth shelf and their feet toward the fire.

352 Weapons, baskets, clothes and utensils are hung from the ceiling of the shelter, and smaller objects are kept in the thatch.

291 The warriors' attire consists of several "loin cords" which they use as belts and which are ornaments rather than true breechcloths.

[283] These cords, called masêna, are braided in two varieties: dark, made of imbó liana bark fibers; and white, made of palm fibers.

The same palm fiber cords are also worn tightly fastened above the ankles.

The women's attire consists of an apron 1.60 meters in width and 1.50 meters in length.

It does not take them long to dress, for they simply fold the apron in two and wrap it around the waist.

[336] These aprons are woven with the fiber of a special kind of wild [331] nettle, and adorned with linear figures drawn preferably in red or blue.

302 Their hair is cut on the forehead in a semicircle which extends to the parietal region, where it is shaved at an acute angle toward the ear. In the back it is clipped above the shoulders. An even circle five centimeters in diameter is shaved on the crown and kept in good trim.

This hairdo is worn by all adults, male and female.

301 292 337 On festive occasions the warriors make headdresses with the feathers of a bird they call cocolina (Aquila?), which they connect by means of a network of thin [123] embira fibers. When decked in these ornaments, their head, face and chest painted with red and black stripes, they acquire a very impressive appearance.

On these formal occasions, the women and a few of the warriors tangle into their hair the delicate multicolored feathers of various small birds.

L

372 This process, which involves a tremendous expenditure of time and careful labor, is only used as a last resort.

The Indians exercise the greatest care to keep their fires burning, and watch them constantly so they will not die out.

When they are on the move, a woman or child always accompanies them with the task of watching over the fire, which is carried in the form of lighted sticks.

325 Before the time of peaceful contact, the Botocudo had secured iron in the course of their raids. In view of its advantages over chipped stone, this material has become precious to them and indispensable to the manufacture of their weapons. They do not work it by heating the metal but by beating it cold with hard rounded stones which they gather in shallow river waters. It is easy to imagine how much patience and perseverance are needed to shape a piece of iron into an object of completely different form and size. Suffice it to say that the making of a spearhead demands more than three months of daily labor.

They also use iron to make small knives, graters, and various other small implements. [125]

283 As already mentioned, their aprons are woven with a kind of wild nettle. This is done as follows. The women pound the plants with small clubs on every side until all the leaves and larger thorns are removed. When this is done, they make small cuts in the stem, just above the roots, and peel off the outer layer in longitudinal strips.

These strips are joined into a large bundle and placed in the water for a certain period of time. When retrieved, they are pounded hard between two sticks until only the fibers remain, free from the ligneous parts. This procedure is repeated over and again; then the fiber is dried and spun by hand upon the naked thigh, and the
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Caingang women carry babies on their backs, often in a net, by means of bark tumplines. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* these straps are 4 inches (10 cm.) wide, woven of embira fibers. Knapsacks are suspended by a tumpline. 854 482

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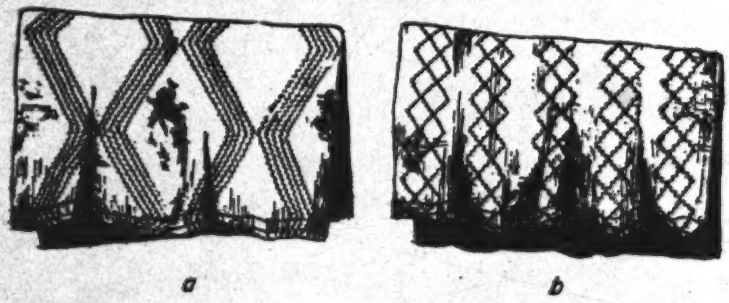

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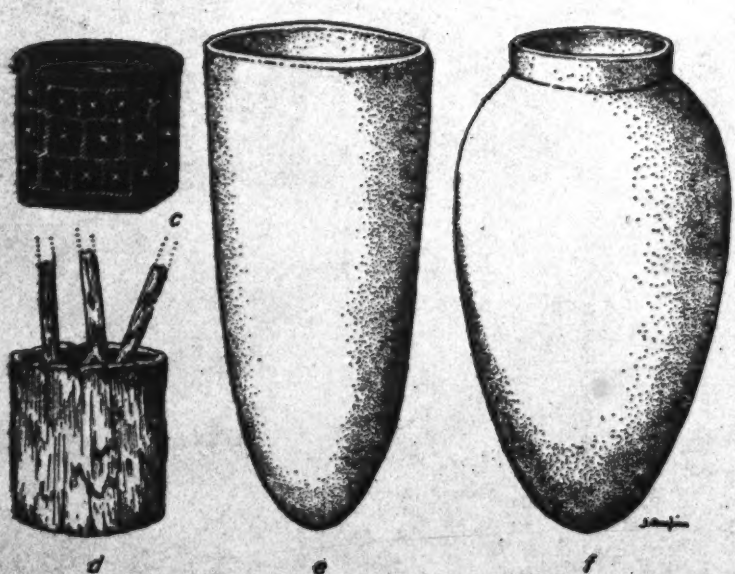

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SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

PLATE IV

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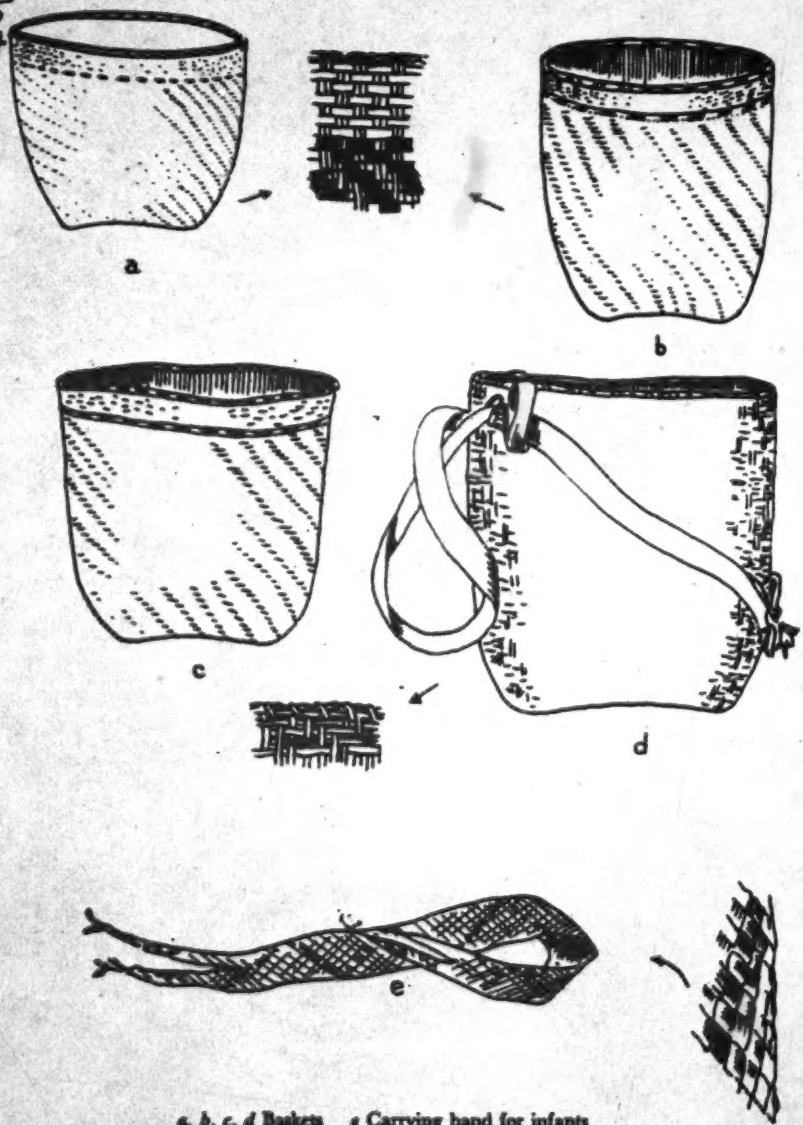

a, b, c, d Baskets *e* Carrying band for infants

[p.156 (B)]

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285 Chusquea pinifolia--Translator] strips which vary only in their width
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The larger waxed baskets are used as a sort of pail to convey water and honey. The small baskets, also waterproof, are used as vessels--mugs of a sort--for water and for mong-ma on festive occasions.

286 The Botocudo do not plait fans or mats. But they do weave a
482 strap, eight centimeters in width, tied at the ends with a special slipping knot which permits its shortening or lengthening. These straps are woven, sometimes in two colors, of embira fiber. The women use
[854] them placed against the forehead, or against the top of the head, to carry children. The Botocudo carry everything in this fashion, with the weight steadied against the head and resting along the back.

412 These Indians use large tongs made of taquarucu [a large bamboo, Guadua superba--Translator] or hard wood. These pincers are used to remove food from the fire and from boiling pots. They are called ko-pama, "wooden hand."

619 The Botocudo make up a single tribe composed of various families with equal rights.

622 Power rests with a single chief, pahi, who steers the destinies of the tribe and usually rules on all its actions.

The chief wields this power as long as his worth as a brave and fearless warrior is recognized by all. In his absence the most experienced and courageous warriors take over and exert authority upon the other members of the tribe.

When elderly the chief transfers his command to a worthy warrior, without losing his ascendancy over the tribe. He becomes its respected and venerated counselor.

595 The Botocudo are polygamous. According to his worth, the warrior usually marries two or three women; the chiefs always take more than three wives. [126]

304 On reaching adulthood the youths are tattooed on the arm with a warrior's badge, which consists of two dots laid horizontally. As they prove their manly qualities they are granted another two marks,
[582] tattoed similarly underneath the first. Once thus admitted among the warriors, they are considered ready to marry.

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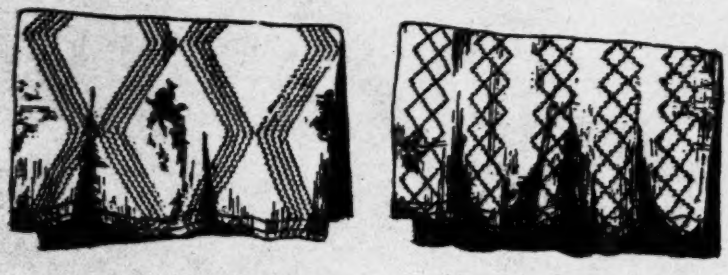

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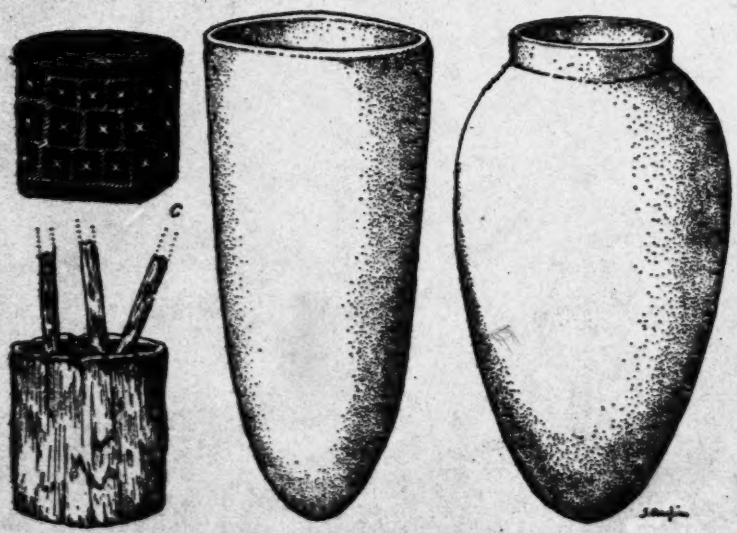

FIGURE 38.—*Caingang* manufactures. *a*, *b*, Kurus or nettle-fiber cloaks (redrawn from Koenigswald, 1908 b, figs. 15–16); *c*, twilled basket (redrawn from Koenigswald, 1908 b, fig. 20); *d*, wooden mortar in which three pestles are used at the same time (redrawn from Maniser, 1930); *e*, *f*, pottery jars (redrawn from Maniser, 1930).

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Inside the shelter, on either side, a broad earth shelf is laid to serve as a pillow.

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On these formal occasions, the women and a few of the warriors tangle into their hair the delicate multicolored feathers of various small birds.

372 This process, which involves a tremendous expenditure of time and careful labor, is only used as a last resort.

The Indians exercise the greatest care to keep their fires burning, and watch them constantly so they will not die out.

When they are on the move, a woman or child always accompanies them with the task of watching over the fire, which is carried in the form of lighted sticks.

325 Before the time of peaceful contact, the Botocudo had secured iron in the course of their raids. In view of its advantages over chipped stone, this material has become precious to them and indispensable to the manufacture of their weapons. They do not work it by heating the metal but by beating it cold with hard rounded stones which they gather in shallow river waters. It is easy to imagine how much patience and perseverance are needed to shape a piece of iron into an object of completely different form and size. Suffice it to say that the making of a spearhead demands more than three months of daily labor.

They also use iron to make small knives, graters, and various other small implements. [125]

283 As already mentioned, their aprons are woven with a kind of wild nettle. This is done as follows. The women pound the plants with small clubs on every side until all the leaves and larger thorns are removed. When this is done, they make small cuts in the stem, just above the roots, and peel off the outer layer in longitudinal strips.

These strips are joined into a large bundle and placed in the water for a certain period of time. When retrieved, they are pounded hard between two sticks until only the fibers remain, free from the ligneous parts. This procedure is repeated over and again; then the fiber is dried and spun by hand upon the naked thigh, and the 286 yarn coiled into a ball. They build a very primitive loom which consists of two sticks stuck obliquely into the ground, with two other sticks fastened upon them horizontally. Squatting before this loom, the women plait in various ways, with comparative ease, the threads they have secured to the frame.

285 Their large loading baskets, kan-nha; the smaller waxed 415 baskets used to carry water; and the little ones, also waxed, which serve various purposes, are all plaited of taquara mansa [a bamboo,

285 Chusquea pinifolia--Translator] strips which vary only in their width
415 and thickness.

The larger waxed baskets are used as a sort of pail to convey water and honey. The small baskets, also waterproof, are used as vessels--mugs of a sort--for water and for mong-ma on festive occasions.

286 The Botocudo do not plait fans or mats. But they do weave a
482 strap, eight centimeters in width, tied at the ends with a special slipping knot which permits its shortening or lengthening. These straps are woven, sometimes in two colors, of embira fiber. The women use
[854] them placed against the forehead, or against the top of the head, to carry children. The Botocudo carry everything in this fashion, with the weight steadied against the head and resting along the back.

412 These Indians use large tongs made of taquarucu [a large bamboo, Guadua superba--Translator] or hard wood. These pincers are used to remove food from the fire and from boiling pots. They are called ko-pama, "wooden hand."

619 The Botocudo make up a single tribe composed of various families with equal rights.

622 Power rests with a single chief, pahi, who steers the destinies of the tribe and usually rules on all its actions.

The chief wields this power as long as his worth as a brave and fearless warrior is recognized by all. In his absence the most experienced and courageous warriors take over and exert authority upon the other members of the tribe.

When elderly the chief transfers his command to a worthy warrior, without losing his ascendancy over the tribe. He becomes its respected and venerated counselor.

595 The Botocudo are polygamous. According to his worth, the warrior usually marries two or three women; the chiefs always take more than three wives. [126]

304 On reaching adulthood the youths are tattooed on the arm with a warrior's badge, which consists of two dots laid horizontally. As they prove their manly qualities they are granted another two marks,
[582] tattoed similarly underneath the first. Once thus admitted among the warriors, they are considered ready to marry.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

513 or skins. Their descendants, the *Caingang*, rest on large strips of bark or thick layers of palm fronds, but many groups have adopted platform beds.

DRESS AND ORNAMENTS

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301 [251] During dances, men and women often strew down over their heads. Necklaces of seeds, animal teeth, bird bones, claws, and hoofs were generally slung around the shoulders; those composed entirely of monkey teeth were especially valued. The *Caingang* of Guarapuava and of Misiones had necklaces of small shell disks (*Orthalicus phoyera*). Some *Caingang* wore necklaces which weighed nearly 6 pounds!

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1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

283 thigh. The threads, wound in a ball, are soaked in water mixed with ashes, then boiled, and again carefully washed; sometimes they are left in running water, so that they become white and flexible. Occa-
[386] sionally, part of the thread is dyed with catigua bark.

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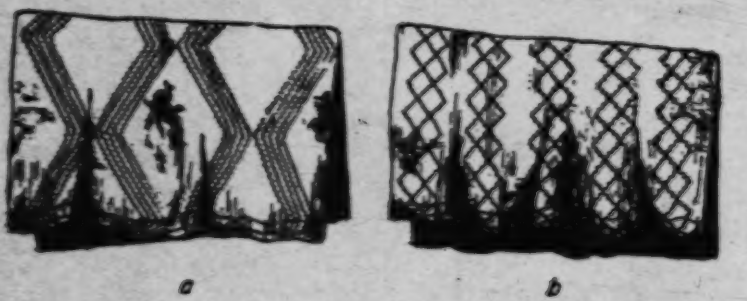

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FIGURE 58.—Caingang manufactures. a, b, Knee or ankle-fiber cords (redrawn from Koenigswald, 1906 b, figs. 15–16); c, twilled basket (redrawn from Koenigswald, 1906 b, fig. 20); d, wooden mortar in which three pestles are used at the same time (redrawn from Manizer, 2380); e, f, pottery jars (redrawn from Manizer, 2380).

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of which have been revealed to him by some spirit. A certain grass, said to be the favorite food of tapirs, is endowed with great medicinal virtues. It is used not only to cure but also to prevent sickness (Henry, 1941, p. 88). Massages play a great part in therapeutics. Sometimes these are so violent that the practitioner steps on the patient's stomach. The skin is frequently rubbed with pulverized barks or plants before the treatment. Burning herbs are used therapeutically, particularly for wounds. A patient bitten by a snake is laid upon a slanting platform over a fire and given warm water to drink to make him vomit. Manizer (1930, p. 784) was impressed by the number of people whose heads, arms, or legs were swathed in *Philodendron* for therapeutic purposes. To lessen fatigue on a long walk, the Indians bandage their legs up to the hip with tight braids. (On *Caingang* medicine, see Paula Souza, 1918, pp. 750–753.)

Bloodletting, which is practiced with a flint flake or a piece of glass, is a common cure for many ailments. Like many Indians, the *Caingang* treat fever with cold baths. Breathing on the affected spot is a common means of assisting a suffering person. Wounds are sprinkled with pulverized jaborandy powder.

When illness is caused by the loss of the soul, the patient may recover if appropriate words are spoken to induce the soul to return. It is often promised food. If the shaman's diagnosis reveals that the disease has been brought about by invisible missiles shot by a spirit, the cure consists of extracting them with the mouth. This procedure, however, was observed only among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* of Santa Catarina.

Magic practices.—To drive clouds away, old women blow against the right hand and then wave it toward the clouds, spreading the fingers as if to disseminate their breath. When the *Aweikoma-Caingang* desire rain, they put their mouths to the water and blow. They take some in their hands and cry, as they throw it upward, "Look here! Do like this." (Henry, 1941, p. 94.) Ashes thrown into a river are expected to stop its rise.

Divining.—According to Lozano (1873, 1:427), *Guayaná* shamans drank maté in order to consult spirits. Answering questions put to them by their clients, the shamans always said, "The grass [maté] told me this or that." Among modern *Aweikoma*, a man may be requested to drink maté and to belch while he is asked questions. A strong belch is interpreted as "No" and a weak one as "Yes" (Henry, 1941, p. 88).

In order to know which animals will be killed and where they will be found, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* set fire to a heap of pine-wood charcoal. The size of the spark corresponds to an animal species and the place where it twinkles indicates where the game will be slain.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

of it, or he carefully chops out the root or log until the path is clear; he never leaves a rough edge.

The forest has certain little peculiarities whose marks the Indians recognize when they see one of their number come back from the hunt with a bloody eye or a mass of little cuts on his legs. There is a kind of bamboo that the Indians call *kotkólo* which hangs like a vine from trees and whose mark on the human body is so specific that the Indians can always tell when one of them has fallen foul of it. *Kotkólo* has a surface like sandpaper and a long thorn that curves slightly upward like a tiny scimitar. If you escape the thorn the surface may rasp across your face and leave a stinging welt. There is also a tall strong grass that grows in the open places the Indians love so well and that cuts like a knife. No one dares just walk through it; the feet must swing out like scythes to beat it down.

The Indians are acutely aware of their mountain forests as something with which they have to struggle and which is full of pain for them. The forest is a mass of vines and thorns that cut and trip; it is alive with insects that suck and torment; and they make no bones about saying so. They divide the forest into "clean places," those in which there are no vines, thorns, or bamboo,—they also call them "pretty places"—and "dirty places," where the tangle is so thick that it obscures the light of day.

In the winter these mountain forests are cold and nights are gray with the mist that rises from the watercourses. The temperature often drops below freezing at night, and not even the thickest clothing will keep out the cold and damp. Yet for generations the only clothing the Indians had was a knee-length netlike robe of plant fiber, worn about the waist by the women, and a closely woven shirt of the same material, reaching to the hips, worn by the men in the winter. When they began to raid the Brazilians they stole vests and blankets and it was common to see an Indian naked except for a little belt around his waist to tie up his penis—and a vest. The vest kept the torso warm while it allowed freedom of motion to the arms. The Kaingáng never do anything more with an animal skin than make soup of it, and before they had blankets and vests they simply spread a few fern fronds on the ground at night and lay down on them to sleep, pulling a net-like robe over themselves if they were so fortunate as to possess one.

On winter nights they are miserable and often get up to warm themselves by the fire. One morning in May as I warmed my aching joints by the fire and watched my breath spiral upward, Chukembégn said to me: "Last night I slept all over the place. It was so cold nobody slept." Sometimes they fall asleep sitting by the fire, their arms on their drawn-up knees, their heads sunk forward. The scarcity of blankets brings the young men together in the sleeping parties they love, when a half dozen of them,

use of the leg instead of the thigh is due in the case of men to their wearing trousers and in the case of women to their unwillingness, since they have begun to wear dresses, to impair their newly acquired modesty by lifting them above their knees.

A Kaingáng Bridge

Two trees (A and B) are felled on opposite banks of the stream so that they will fall into it, and posts (C) are sunk on the downstream side to keep the trees from being carried away. A third log (D) is lashed to A and B just above the surface of the water. Then three sets of tall uprights (E) are sunk into the stream bed on either side of A and B and tied together at the top. At the bottom they are united by horizontal boughs (F) that pass across the top of D. A bough (G) is laid on either side of D and lashed to F. These structures, D and G, form the gangway. Now railings are made by tying long boughs (H) to E on both sides.

Ornaments

Lip Plugs

The Kaingáng no longer wear lip plugs. These were usually made from pine knots but some men preferred beef bone.[10] Still others liked to slip a fine deer bone over the pine-knot plug. There was a considerable amount of individual variation in the shape of the plugs, and the members of some extended families were distinguished by the shape of their lip plugs.

Dance Ornaments

These are made only for baby blackenings.

kõndjdidn are, as the name implies, sticks about three feet long covered with feathers and stuck in the ground around the dance circle. Near the top they are provided with a tiny plaited square or disk and are usually surmounted by feathers. In making these ornaments the men do not try to surpass one another in originality, and all the *kõndjdidn* are very much alike. The most striking innovation at the blackening that I witnessed was that of Chukembégn, who put the tail of a tesoureiro on top of his *kõndjdidn* instead of the usual feather.

Ln are made of small basketlike objects set on the ends of poles about thirty feet long and set up on the dance ground. As the festivities mount they are lifted out of their holes and carried around on the shoulders of the men.

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2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

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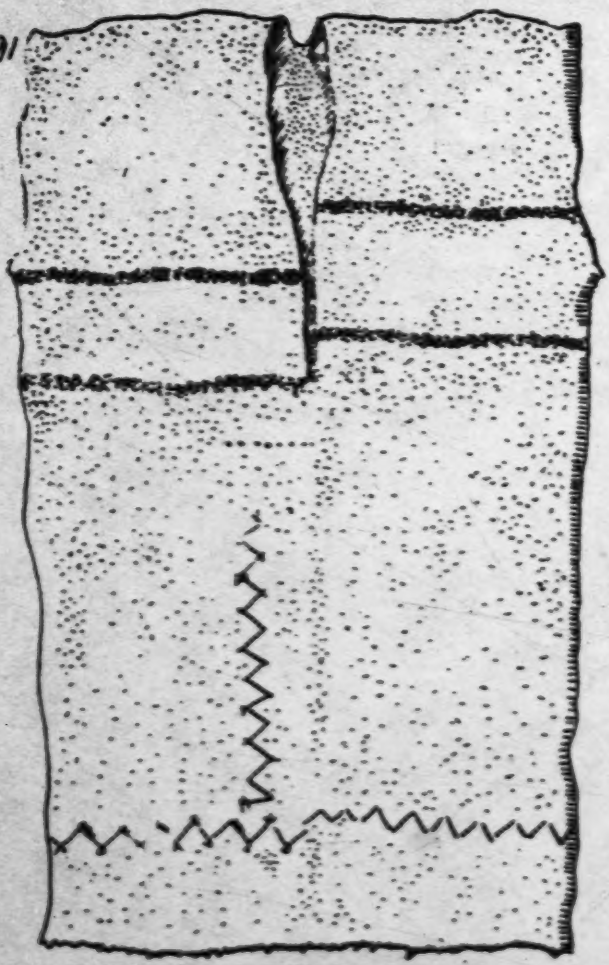

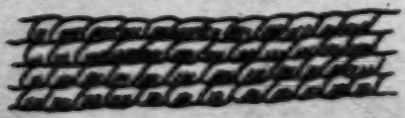

Skirt

[facing p. 204]

342 shelters holds several couples belonging to the same family. Each couple has its own fire in the center of the hut. These shelters, like the smaller ones, remain open laterally about one meter from the ground.

Inside the shelter, on either side, a broad earth shelf is laid to serve as a pillow.

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The same palm fiber cords are also worn tightly fastened above the ankles.

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It does not take them long to dress, for they simply fold the apron in two and wrap it around the waist.

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SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

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SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

After the feast the *patthéyé* and the piece of the umbilical cord that was attached to the mother are wrapped with herbs and thrown into the water. Some time after this the child is given a name, but there is no ceremony of name-giving. 852

The Baby Blackening (Waichēdn)

This was the most joyful ceremony of the Kaingáng. Every few years, whenever there were enough children to warrant a baby-blackening, a large number of the people of one extended family used to come together in a big camp. While the men with children to blacken went out with their brothers and first cousins to get honey for beer, the others made dance ornaments[47] and hunted. The Kaingáng[48] cannot restrain themselves as the day of the festa draws near, and night after night as the beer ferments the men walk back and forth across the camp circle carrying their babies on their backs and singing. When at last the beer is *thō* the women paint their husbands with a black mixture made of charcoal and the sticky sap of a tree and stick feathers in it, and the men put little square hats of embira bark on their heads and wide bark belts around their waists, with bark tassels hanging down. Some of the belts are painted with black paint or animals' blood in crude designs that represent nothing at all. Now some men and women pass around the beer while the men stand or sit and sing, beating time by pounding on the ground with their clubs and lances. When the men have been singing awhile their wives come and stand or sit behind them, moving their arms slowly up and down in time to the music. Everyone sings as he chooses and as loud as he can, while clusters of young men stand around the older ones to try to learn the songs. There is no attempt to achieve harmony—everyone sings a different song, self-centered, musically oblivious to his surroundings. As they stand shaking their rattles or pounding their weapons on the ground—dancing, the Kaingáng call it—they stop from time to time to drink the beer. All day long and until late at night they drink while the women now stand, now sit, beside them, drinking beer, nursing babies, cooking food, eating, mourning, singing, quarreling. Every once in a while a group of men and women break out of the circle, grasp the *kǒndjdidn* and the *lu*, and walk across and around the dance circle in a confused singing knot, drunk, intense, and unsteady. This staggering around the circle is called dancing [386] [293] [386]

[47] See Appendix I, p. 171.

[48] Since the Kaingáng abandoned their lip plugs a number of years ago *waichēdn* has been given up. What follows is based on observations made at a *waichēdn* that was arranged for me. The actual piercing of the lip was done against my wishes and over my protest.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

513 or skins. Their descendants, the *Caingang*, rest on large strips of bark or thick layers of palm fronds, but many groups have adopted platform beds.

DRESS AND ORNAMENTS

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● 301 **Ornaments.**—Some *Aweikoma-Caingang* of the State of Santa Catarina and of Rio Grande do Sul wear long rosin labrets like those of their *Guaraní* neighbors. Others have wooden lip sticks (generally made of pine knot) 2 inches (5 cm.) long "in the shape of a nail." This usage is responsible for the name *Botocudo* given to the *Caingang* in these States.

301 292 237 Feather ornaments were common among the *Caingang*, but except for the small "visors" of short toucan feathers worn around the forehead, they are rarely described in our sources. Debret (1941, pls, 11 and 12) has endeavored to represent a "Coroado" (*Caingang*) chief displaying all his ornaments. The chief wears a fan-shaped feather headdress attached to his nape. Long feather tassels are tied to his upper arm and under his knees. The *Caingang* of the State of Paraná don, on festive occasions, a feather cape, that covers them from head to foot (Koenigswald, 1908 b, p. 27). If this ornament actually was used by these Indians, it may well represent a survival of the feather cloaks of the ancient *Guaraní*.

301 [231] During dances, men and women often strew down over their heads. Necklaces of seeds, animal teeth, bird bones, claws, and hoofs were generally slung around the shoulders; those composed entirely of monkey teeth were especially valued. The *Caingang* of Guarapuava and of Misiones had necklaces of small shell disks (*Orthalicus phogera*). Some *Caingang* wore necklaces which weighed nearly 6 pounds!

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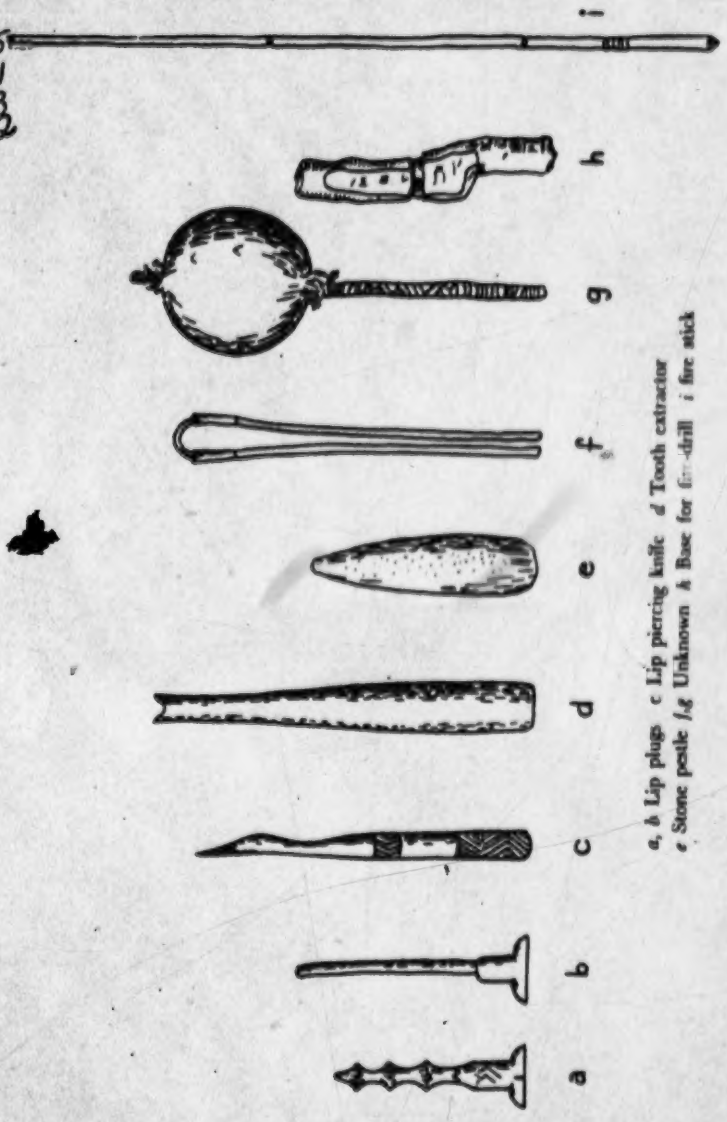
2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

PLATE II



a, b Lip plugs c Lip piercing knife d Tooth extractor
e Stone pestle f, g Unknown h Base for fire-drill i fire stick

[p. 140 (B)]

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

It may be that the use of the leg instead of the thigh is due in the case of men to their wearing trousers and in the case of women to their unwillingness, since they have begun to wear dresses, to impair their newly acquired modesty by lifting them above their knees.

283 832 291

A Kaingáng Bridge

Two trees (A and B) are felled on opposite banks of the stream so that they will fall into it, and posts (C) are sunk on the downstream side to keep the trees from being carried away. A third log (D) is lashed to A and B just above the surface of the water. Then three sets of tall uprights (E) are sunk into the stream bed on either side of A and B and tied together at the top. At the bottom they are united by horizontal boughs (F) that pass across the top of D. A bough (G) is laid on either side of D and lashed to F. These structures, D and G, form the gangway. Now railings are made by tying long boughs (H) to E on both sides.

491

Ornaments

Lip Plugs

The Kaingáng no longer wear lip plugs. These were usually made from pine knots but some men preferred beef bone.[16] Still others liked to slip a fine deer bone over the pine-knot plug. There was a considerable amount of individual variation in the shape of the plugs, and the members of some extended families were distinguished by the shape of their lip plugs.

304 [596]

Dance Ornaments

These are made only for baby blackenings.

Kôndjdidn are, as the name implies, sticks about three feet long covered with feathers and stuck in the ground around the dance circle. Near the top they are provided with a tiny plaited square or disk and are usually surmounted by feathers. In making these ornaments the men do not try to surpass one another in originality, and all the *kôndjdidn* are very much alike. The most striking innovation at the blackening that I witnessed was that of Chukembégn, who put the tail of a tesoureiro on top of his *kôndjdidn* instead of the usual feather.

293 301

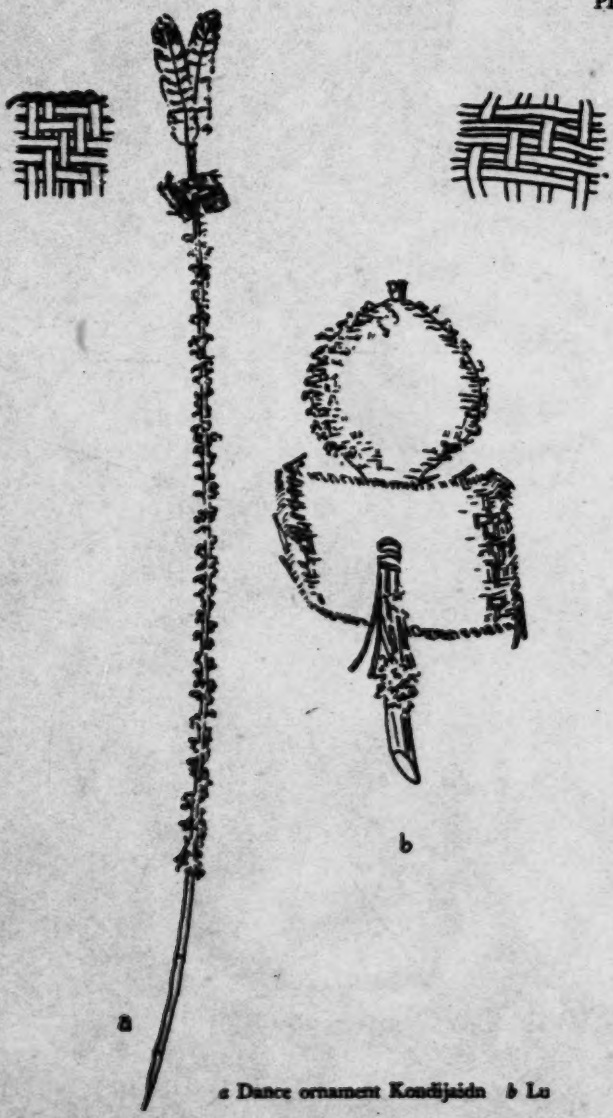
Lu are made of small basketlike objects set on the ends of poles about thirty feet long and set up on the dance ground. As the festivities mount they are lifted out of their holes and carried around on the shoulders of the men.

Smaller *lu*, about eight inches long, are held in the hand.

[16] Obtained from cattle killed in raids on the Brazilians.

PLATE VII

301
593



a Dance ornament Kondijaidn b Lu

[facing p. 188]

342 shelters holds several couples belonging to the same family. Each couple has its own fire in the center of the hut. These shelters, like the smaller ones, remain open laterally about one meter from the ground.

Inside the shelter, on either side, a broad earth shelf is laid to serve as a pillow.

[513] The floor of the hut is completely covered with fern leaves. The related couples lie down upon it to sleep side by side, their head on the elevated earth shelf and their feet toward the fire.

352 Weapons, baskets, clothes and utensils are hung from the ceiling of the shelter, and smaller objects are kept in the thatch.

291 The warriors' attire consists of several "loin cords" which they use as belts and which are ornaments rather than true breechcloths.

[283] These cords, called masêna, are braided in two varieties: dark, made of imbó liana bark fibers; and white, made of palm fibers.

The same palm fiber cords are also worn tightly fastened above the ankles.

The women's attire consists of an apron 1.60 meters in width and 1.50 meters in length.

It does not take them long to dress, for they simply fold the apron in two and wrap it around the waist.

[531] These aprons are woven with the fiber of a special kind of wild nettle, and adorned with linear figures drawn preferably in red or blue.

302 Their hair is cut on the forehead in a semicircle which extends to the parietal region, where it is shaved at an acute angle toward the ear. In the back it is clipped above the shoulders. An even circle five centimeters in diameter is shaved on the crown and kept in good trim.

This hairdo is worn by all adults, male and female.

301 On festive occasions the warriors make headdresses with the
292 feathers of a bird they call cocolina (Aquila?), which they connect
287 by means of a network of thin [123] embira fibers. When decked in these ornaments, their head, face and chest painted with red and black stripes, they acquire a very impressive appearance.

On these formal occasions, the women and a few of the warriors tangle into their hair the delicate multicolored feathers of various small birds.

302 When important battles are to be waged, the warriors of this tribe have the custom of painting their face and trunk with broad strokes of a special black dye, meant to induce greater terror in their enemies. This is why several members of civilized communities attacked by these Indians maintained that they had "recognized" Negroes among them, alleged criminals who had joined the Indians to escape the law...

●301 They also adorn themselves with necklaces, which prior to the time of peaceful contact they made with various seeds, the teeth and claws of animals, hooves of small deer and tapir, etc. [177] In addition, they made use of all the objects they managed to acquire in the course of their raids, such as harness rings, buckles, strainers, buttons, inner pieces of clocks (which they invariably destroyed), coins, empty or full cartridges, etc. Suffice it to say that these necklaces, which often weigh as much as two or three kilograms, are veritable show cases of whatever has come into their hands.

411 The Botocudo bow, vôio, is always made of the tough and elastic cabiuna [the black rosewood, Dalbergia nigra--Translator] wood, catangára in the native tongue, which belongs to the same family (Leguminosae) as ipê. The latter was named pau d'arco [bow wood] by the Portuguese because it was used for this purpose by all the coastal tribes (Tupi, Guarani). The arrows are of three kinds: war arrows with metal blades; hunting arrows with tips of hard wood barbed on one side; and the short arrows [virotes] used exclusively to hunt birds, which kill by impact and inflict no open wound.

In addition to these weapons, they own impressive spears with metal blades measuring up to ten or twelve centimeters in width and thirty or forty in length, and shaped like the tip of the war arrows. The consummate skill with which they handle this formidable weapon is nearly incredible. They use it in a sort of fencing struggle by holding it with both hands in the center of the shaft. The tip of the shaft is used to parry and avert blows, and the blade to attack the adversary with lunges which cause instant death if not parried in time. Enemy heads have been severed at one blow. In the course of fencing bouts the Botocudo use downward as well as upward strokes, and leap constantly with great skill, to the front as well as to the rear.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

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the Whites, but was retained for small children. In recent times the Santa Catarina *Aweikoma-Caingang* of both sexes shaved the hair over the forehead and on top of the head (Paula Souza, 1924, p. 122).

The *Caingang* abhor body hair and always remove it. Combs consist of small wooden splinters passed through a slit in a piece of reed.

The *Caingang* seem to have used charcoal more than urucú for body painting. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* certain body paints belong to exogamic groups of people. The main motifs are dots, vertical lines, circles, and horizontal bars with vertical lines. The *Caingang* observed by Maniser (1930, p. 771) painted themselves only for funeral ceremonies. They regarded the black stripes on their chest as a protection against the ghosts. The pigment was charcoal mixed with honey and water or with the sticky sap of a creeper.

TRANSPORTATION

River navigation never was so important to the *Caingang* as to their *Tupi-Guaraní* neighbors. To cross a river, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* fell a tree on each side of the river and connect the intervening space with a tree trunk braced with poles fixed in the river bed.

Caingang women carry babies on their backs, often in a net, by means of bark tumplines. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* these straps are 4 inches (10 cm.) wide, woven of embira fibers. Knapsacks are suspended by a tumpline.

MANUFACTURES

Netting.—According to Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 49), the Paraná *Caingang* made net bags of caraguatá fibers.

Basketry.—*Caingang* carrying baskets have a hexagonal weave, and, like those of the *Tupí*, are elongated and rectangular knapsacks open on top and on the outer side, so that only the bottom and sides support the burden. Basketry containers woven from thin strips of split bamboo, frequently have stepped designs produced by alternating black and natural color strands (fig. 58, *e*). Some baskets, like those of the *Guayaná*, are made in two parts that telescope into each other.

The *Aweikoma* have three main types of baskets: large baskets for transportation of goods; small, impervious water or honey containers of Taquara mansa strips coated with wax; and small receptacles, similarly waterproofed, used as cups and dishes.

Spinning.—*Caingang* textiles are made with the fibers of the ortiga brava, probably a Bromelia. Women seize the leaves with leather-covered hands, cut them at the base, and remove all the thorns, then macerate the leaves in water, dry, and, finally, crush them. The fibers are then rolled into threads with the palm of the hand against the

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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Aweikoma

Kaingáng have attempted the same extension of their positive emotional relationships, but with little success. The supernatural, to them, is an embodiment of terrors; for it is burdened with portents of death, and no matter what benefits the Kaingáng derive from the supernatural, death always dominates their outlook. In *vayú*, divining by belching, the great preoccupation is escape from death; *kumbēdn*, divining by insects in the ashes of the dead, is completely devoted to omens of death; *kóplēgn*, divining with charcoal, is concerned with the location of animals that may be hunted and killed, or with the impending death of human beings, and the meteorological omens of rain, darkness, tempest, and flood are all portents of death.

The oral functions of biting, spitting, and blowing form part of supernatural curing techniques, but belching has been elevated to prophetic dignity. Through *vayú*, divining by belching, the Kaingáng obtain many important insights. Any adult who feels that he can divine by belching may take this function on himself, and he or she may be sought out and asked to drink an infusion of *matte*[26] so that his belches may give some information about the chances of death from the enemy, the hunting prospects in a given direction, or the whereabouts of a lost dog. The oracular belch always comes in answer to a request that is usually put to the practitioner in a form like this: "Belch to see whether, if I go to look for my wife and child, the enemy will see me." Then the practitioner drinks the infusion, and if he belches strongly it means "No"; and if weakly, "Yes."

Kumbēdn, divining by insects, is connected with the exogamous system which the Kaingáng say they possessed far back in ancient times. According to this tradition the Kaingáng were divided into five groups, with each of which was associated a set of personal names and a design with which its members used to paint their bodies.[27] The Kaingáng still use these designs, but their only functions for two hundred years or more have been to protect the wearers against *kuplēng* and supposedly to provide a point of reference for this system of divining by insects. To each group belong certain insects, the presence of which in funeral ashes betokened the impending death of a member of the group. A certain fly and a little butterfly called *toto*, for example, indicated the future death of those who use the dot pattern; and other insects, among them all the different varieties of bees, a wasp, and insects that the Indians call *ûpá* and *thathakumbēdn* foretold the death of someone who bore the line pattern.

In spite of the precise way in which the Kaingáng formulate it, they

[26] This is the familiar *yerba maté* or *matte* that grows wild in southeastern South America, particularly in Brazil, Argentina, and Paraguay.

[27] See Appendix II for full explanation of this scheme.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

Appendix II

Body Paints and Kinship System[1]

THE THEORETICAL SOCIAL STRUCTURE, which has been largely so much cultural flotsam for at least two hundred years and probably much longer, divides the Kaingáng into five groups. To each group belongs a distinct body-paint design and a series of personal names. Throughout the six generations of the genealogies these names are repeated many times. All the people wearing the same design are *kóika hẽ*,[2] good people, to one another. Each design has a name that describes its objective character, and all those who wear it are grouped together under one of the personal names belonging to the group. Two marks, however, the disc and the horizontal bar with vertical lines, are not distinguished by one particular name. The scheme may be tabulated as follows:

Group name	*Design*	*Name of design*	*Translation*
Wanyekí *kóika hẽ*	●	*mévídn*	scattered all over
Klendó *kóika hẽ*	|	*kalébm*	coming down
Kainlé *kóika hẽ*	○	*kuikén*	in a ring
None	⊓⊓⊓⊓⊓⊓	*kakténg ku kalébm*	horizontal and coming down
None	●	*kaném*	placed there

[1] This discussion is abstracted from a study of genealogies of more than 500 individuals. They include the ancestors of all the people on the reservation today back to the great grandparents.

[2] *Kóiká*, relative; *hẽ*, whole, serviceable.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

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619 The names of the marks are simply descriptive. *Mevídn* refers to small
302 dots scattered all over the body, *kalébm* to vertical lines drawn downward, etc.

All people having the same mark are *kóika hē* to one another, but in addition a man calls all the women having the same mark as he *yóktē*,[3] and these women call him *kóika hē*. He calls all men with a different mark from his own *wamǫ́*,[4] and all women in a similar position he calls *plu*, sexual partner.[5] Women call all women with marks different from their own *wamǫ́*, and all men in a similar position are called *mbádn*, sexual partner.[5] Women with the same mark call each other *kóika hē*. Men with the same mark call each other *kóika hē*.

Even two hundred years ago a very large number of people had names from at least two groups, and a not inconsiderable number had names from three. Thus the groups are not separate. Within the obvious limits of historical investigation they have not formed the basis for any systematic organization. Marks do not descend systematically from parents or any other relatives to the younger generation, and there is no fixed system through which names are given to children. In general close relatives give the names of their own close relatives to newborn children. Individuals may have anywhere from one to eight names.

There was considerable disagreement among my informants as to the marks belonging to each person, and even though they might agree on his names they very often disagreed as to the marks proper to his names. Certain names, however, are associated by everyone with the same marks. Among the not inconsiderable number[6] of such names are the basic ones, Wanyekí, Klendó, and Kainlé.

The present-day Kaingáng say that people having the same marks cannot marry, but for two hundred years there has been absolutely no attempt to live up to the theory, and no feeling of shame is connected with marrying a person of the same mark. If the conversation happens to turn on the subject of the marks light jesting may arise in connection with some couple who both have the same marks. In general, however, the subject is sociosexually a dead issue.

Extensive checking shows that the marking scheme not only does not regulate marriage but also has nothing to do with the composition of hunting bands, the distribution of food and property, or the cremation of

[3] *yók*, formal prefix; *tē*, woman.

[4] *wa*, formal prefix; *mǫ́*, dative. It implies the giving of something to someone and may actually have something to do with the belief that in the beginning some groups gave some of their personal names to other groups that did not have enough.

[5] See kinship terms p. 178.

[6] Exactly 49 out of 193, i.e. 25 percent.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

the dead.[7] The only function of the marks is magical. When a person dies all the people around him paint themselves with their marks in order to frighten the *kuplêng* away. "It sees them and becomes afraid and goes." A widowed person, a *thûpqya*, paints himself with marks other than his own on his return from his period of isolation in order that the *kuplêng* may not recognize him. About five years before my arrival a number of people added the circle design to their other marks because when Kemblén died he told all the people to change their marks "so that the *kuplêng* would see it and go away."

A number of kinship usages are explained on the basis of the marks. These will be discussed in the section on the kinship system. It is only necessary to say here that all such explanations are purely theoretical and do not support kinship usage.

The Kinship System

(1) *plą*, wife; women with whom a man has had sexual relations; women with marks different from a man, and with whom, therefore, such relationships are "permissible."

(2) *mbûdn*, husband; men with whom a woman has had sexual relations; men with marks different from a woman, and with whom, therefore, such relationships are "permissible."

(3) *yûgn*, father; grandfather; all males much older than Ego;[8] men who have had relations with Ego's mother.

(4) *nyộ*, mother; grandmother; all females much older than Ego; women who have had relations with Ego's father.

(5) *nyungnyên*, all blood relatives excepting real parents and grandparents and grandparents' siblings and own children. All members of the same extended family. It is often used specifically for Ego's own brothers, sisters, and first cousins, and for anyone about Ego's own age. In this case the term becomes reciprocal. It may be used also for anyone a little older than Ego. All individuals having the same mark as Ego.

(6) *yavi*, all people somewhat younger than Ego.

(7) *yi*, child; all people very much younger than Ego and the children of all the people with whom Ego has had sexual relations.

(8) *klą*, offspring. Tapirs and dogs have *klą*, but to speak of an animal's *yi* provokes laughter.

(9) *yômblâ*, (plural) *yêgnmblâ*, all the blood relatives of No. 2 and No. 1. In a more limited sense, all the No. 5 of No. 2 and No. 1 with the

[7] See fn. 1, p. 175.

[8] Egocentrism speaking or spoken about.

Examples:

x193 (1) to wash (the body) *ŋaɩɲɛ'pe*
x539 (2) to command *ŋaɩɲɛ'pō*
(3) to do something to someone *ŋaɩɲɛ'vi*
(4) to waste time *ŋaɩɲɛŋ'ndʒiŋ*
(5) to recite the origin myths *ŋaɩɲɛ'klæŋ*

1 and 3 must be related in some way to *ku'pe*, to wash (a part of the body or a single object); *nɛ'vi*, to do; to make. The text verb may be related to *ndv*, behind; for *ndv* sometimes terminates with a contact *t* when followed by *k*. In all of the cases in which *ndv* ends with a *t* it is followed by *k*. 4 may be related to *tʃiŋ*, to grow old.

Certain verbs that begin with *ŋaɩ* omit it when they have direct objects:

(1) *kũ ŋv ɔk tɔ̃ ŋaɩka'vŋ mu*
then they to be frightened

They were frightened.

(2) *e ka'vŋ ma mu*
me frighten you

You frightened me.

(3) *'ɲɛlɛ tɛ̃ 'plɜɩ tɔ̃ mɛ 'ŋlɛ̃*
child charcoal distributive smear

kæke kũ 'tʃi tɔk to ŋɛ̃
habitually and dark brown that about talk

kæke mu'haŋv ŋaɩ'tʃɜŋ ɲɛlɛ 'tʃɜŋ
habitually to blacken child blacken

ŋa kæ'ke ɔŋ mu
habitually they

[302] They smear the children with charcoal and then they are dark brown. When they talk about that they call it "to blacken". They say "The child is made black"; i. e. To smear a child with charcoal so that it is dark brown is called "to blacken". "The child is blackened" — that is what they say.

(4) *ti tɔ̃ ŋaɩko yɔ'ŋgi ŋa*
he coitus very

He fornicates a great deal.

[p. 204 (B)]

342 shelters holds several couples belonging to the same family. Each couple has its own fire in the center of the hut. These shelters, like the smaller ones, remain open laterally about one meter from the ground.

Inside the shelter, on either side, a broad earth shelf is laid to serve as a pillow.

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352 Weapons, baskets, clothes and utensils are hung from the ceiling of the shelter, and smaller objects are kept in the thatch.

291 The warriors' attire consists of several "loin cords" which they use as belts and which are ornaments rather than true breechcloths.

[283] These cords, called masêna, are braided in two varieties: dark, made of imbó liana bark fibers; and white, made of palm fibers.

The same palm fiber cords are also worn tightly fastened above the ankles.

The women's attire consists of an apron 1.60 meters in width and 1.50 meters in length.

It does not take them long to dress, for they simply fold the apron in two and wrap it around the waist.

[536] [531] These aprons are woven with the fiber of a special kind of wild nettle, and adorned with linear figures drawn preferably in red or blue.

302 Their hair is cut on the forehead in a semicircle which extends to the parietal region, where it is shaved at an acute angle toward the ear. In the back it is clipped above the shoulders. An even circle five centimeters in diameter is shaved on the crown and kept in good trim.

This hairdo is worn by all adults, male and female.

301 292 337 On festive occasions the warriors make headdresses with the feathers of a bird they call cocolina (Aquila?), which they connect by means of a network of thin [123] embira fibers. When decked in these ornaments, their head, face and chest painted with red and black stripes, they acquire a very impressive appearance.

On these formal occasions, the women and a few of the warriors tangle into their hair the delicate multicolored feathers of various small birds.

302 When important battles are to be waged, the warriors of this tribe have the custom of painting their face and trunk with broad strokes of a special black dye, meant to induce greater terror in their enemies. This is why several members of civilized communities attacked by these Indians maintained that they had "recognized" Negroes among them, alleged criminals who had joined the Indians to escape the law...

301 They also adorn themselves with necklaces, which prior to the time of peaceful contact they made with various seeds, the teeth and claws of animals, hooves of small deer and tapir, etc.
[77] In addition, they made use of all the objects they managed to acquire in the course of their raids, such as harness rings, buckles, strainers, buttons, inner pieces of clocks (which they invariably destroyed), coins, empty or full cartridges, etc. Suffice it to say that these necklaces, which often weigh as much as two or three kilograms, are veritable show cases of whatever has come into their hands.

411 The Botocudo bow, vôio, is always made of the tough and elastic cabiuna [the black rosewood, Dalbergia nigra--Translator] wood, catangára in the native tongue, which belongs to the same family (Leguminosae) as ipê. The latter was named pau d'arco [bow wood] by the Portuguese because it was used for this purpose by all the coastal tribes (Tupi, Guarani). The arrows are of three kinds: war arrows with metal blades; hunting arrows with tips of hard wood barbed on one side; and the short arrows [virotes] used exclusively to hunt birds, which kill by impact and inflict no open wound.

In addition to these weapons, they own impressive spears with metal blades measuring up to ten or twelve centimeters in width and thirty or forty in length, and shaped like the tip of the war arrows. The consummate skill with which they handle this formidable weapon is nearly incredible. They use it in a sort of fencing struggle by holding it with both hands in the center of the shaft. The tip of the shaft is used to parry and avert blows, and the blade to attack the adversary with lunges which cause instant death if not parried in time. Enemy heads have been severed at one blow. In the course of fencing bouts the Botocudo use downward as well as upward strokes, and leap constantly with great skill, to the front as well as to the rear.

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553 352 The child then receives a new name. Later, he may adopt names that refer to notable incidents of his life.

852 304 In the Santa Catarina group, the perforation of the boys' lower lip at the age of 2 or 3 is marked by great celebrations. Women, holding gourd rattles, dance with warriors, who beat the ground with their spears. The children are intoxicated with beer, and shaken until half unconscious, when their ceremonial fathers pierce their lips with a sharp stick (Henry, 1941, pp. 195–197).

582 **Marriage.**—According to Baldus' census (1937 c, p. 43), men are generally older than their wives, in some cases as much as 15 to 20 years; among 37 percent of the couples there was a difference of 10 years.

A man marries when 18 to 20 years of age. If his bride is not yet of age, he stays with her parents, waiting for the first signs of puberty. In case of child betrothal, the lad's parents have to provide for the girl's subsistence.

595 Polygyny is mentioned by all the early sources, but details vary. Some authors declare that it was an old man's privilege, others that it was restricted to the chiefs, good hunters, or famous warriors. There are also indications of sororal polygyny and of marriage simultaneously to a woman and her daughter (Teschauer, 1929, p. 350). In *Tupí-Guaraní* fashion, a girl often married her mother's brother.

[184] The *Caingang* of Palmas are, and claim always to have been monogamous.

Manizer (1930) states that though a man may not marry his cousin—he does not specify which—he usually takes her as a concubine until her own marriage. If pregnancy occurs meanwhile, the girl, as a rule, commits abortion. It often happened that a man grew fonder of his cousin than of his legal wife, and that he sometimes [578] resolutely opposed her marriage. The continuation of such relationship was bitterly resented by the legitimate wife.

For the *Aweikoma*, Henry infers that 60 percent of all marriages are monogamous, a fair proportion of the remainder being polyandrous.

585 A marriage ceremony witnessed by Manizer (1930, p. 776) took place during a drinking bout. Some old men seized the bridegroom and bride and pushed them toward each other in spite of the woman's resistance. Then they dragged them into the bridegroom's hut and left them there under a blanket. The following day the woman ran away, but was brought back by force.

591 Matrilocal residence, formerly the *Caingang* rule, is still frequent, though many couples set up their own households. Baldus (1937 c, p. 43) heard "that only lazy men lived in their father-in-law's house and that, should the father-in-law die, the husband would have to 'govern' his mother-in-law."

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It may be that the use of the leg instead of the thigh is due in the case of men to their wearing trousers and in the case of women to their unwillingness, since they have begun to wear dresses, to impair their newly acquired modesty by lifting them above their knees.

A Kaingáng Bridge

Two trees (A and B) are felled on opposite banks of the stream so that they will fall into it, and posts (C) are sunk on the downstream side to keep the trees from being carried away. A third log (D) is lashed to A and B just above the surface of the water. Then three sets of tall uprights (E) are sunk into the stream bed on either side of A and B and tied together at the top. At the bottom they are united by horizontal boughs (F) that pass across the top of D. A bough (G) is laid on either side of D and lashed to F. These structures, D and G, form the gangway. Now railings are made by tying long boughs (H) to E on both sides.

Ornaments

Lip Plugs

The Kaingáng no longer wear lip plugs. These were usually made from pine knots but some men preferred beef bone.[16] Still others liked to slip a fine deer bone over the pine-knot plug. There was a considerable amount of individual variation in the shape of the plugs, and the members of some extended families were distinguished by the shape of their lip plugs.

Dance Ornaments

These are made only for baby blackenings.

kõndjdidn are, as the name implies, sticks about three feet long covered with feathers and stuck in the ground around the dance circle. Near the top they are provided with a tiny plaited square or disk and are usually surmounted by feathers. In making these ornaments the men do not try to surpass one another in originality, and all the *kõndjdidn* are very much alike. The most striking innovation at the blackening that I witnessed was that of Chukembégn, who put the tail of a tesoureiro on top of his *kõndjdidn* instead of the usual feather.

Lu are made of small basketlike objects set on the ends of poles about thirty feet long and set up on the dance ground. As the festivities mount they are lifted out of their holes and carried around on the shoulders of the men.

Smaller *lu*, about eight inches long, are held in the hand.

[16] Obtained from cattle killed in raids on the Brazilians.

This staggering around the circle is called dancing
852 536 but bears not the slightest resemblance to the rhythmic artistic form usually called dancing. The Kaingáng make no effort to execute a formalized dance step. All they do is walk; yet their word for it is dancing, and they use the same term for the Brazilian polkas. What the word really means is something like "motion on foot while singing." Little children of five or more are not excluded from the festa but drink their beer, try to sing, and march around with the others. Sometimes two or three little boys will take a gourd of beer and go off by themselves and drink it, shaking rattles and singing.

853 304 At some time during this festa the children's lips are pierced. I saw only one child pierced—a boy about two. While Chantágn, its mother, held it on her lap, its grandmother forced beer into its mouth by pressing her lips against the child's and squirting while it wriggled and bawled to high heaven. This was to make the child sleep. Now while the child's mother, aunt, and some other women wept, the child was bathed in beer, wrapped in a blanket, screaming all the while, and laid down on a small heap of blankets. While the child was lying down it was coaxed to nurse to quiet it, even as its *kókla* sat by swinging the little piercing knife in time to his own song. "They sing," say the Kaingáng, "so that the child will become frightened and go to sleep." While we may credit the Kaingáng with deep knowledge of infantile behavior under stress, it was clear that in this case the infant was completely unaware of just what was to happen to him; for in spite of the beer and the nursing he was wide awake when his lower lip was marked with three parallel black lines and his upper with one. These were centering lines made so that the piercing would be precisely in the middle of the child's lower lip just under the red part.

Now as the completely terrorized infant is held down by a number of people, while its mother and other women around it weep and the loud singing goes on, the *kókla* thrusts his fingers into the child's mouth, distends the lip, and thrusts home with the knife. The child wriggles and screams, seizes the knife, and tries to pull it out as its mouth fills with blood and saliva. Now that the knife is extracted they try to insert the tiny lip plug, pushing and twisting and turning while the baby howls and the blood streams from its lip until at last the plug breaks in an ugly splintery end. Evidently the hole is not properly made. Again the *kókla* distends the little lip and thrusts again with the knife. This time must be the last, so he twists and twists the knife until he is sure at last that the hole is big enough. When the plug is successfully inserted it is bound around on the outside with a bit of fiber to prevent its slipping back. Then one of the men takes water in his mouth and squirts it over the wound.

The piercing over, the *kókla* picks up the baby, slings it in a blanket on

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his back, and begins to walk back and forth across the circle singing. Then he and the rest of the men stop and shout, "This is your [the infant's] making," followed by: 852 304

> *hili* about twelve times; and then *lililihilihilihililiholo changa changai yetyetyethohoho.*[49] [533]

Vomblé said that the cries were in imitation of the cry of Water's Talking, a water-dwelling supernatural monster. Since, however, the water monster has no part in the extremely scanty ideology of this ceremony, I regard this explanation as very dubious.

Following the baby's "making" they play the game of *kavígn*, with soft bags[50] made of the inner bark of the embira tree and stuffed with tree hair. The bags are supposed to be thrown back and forth between the parents and the children's *kóklá* and *mbē*, but everyone joins in the fun of tossing the bags high in the air across the dance ground and catching them when they are thrown back. Meanwhile the people shout: "Come here! Catch my animal";[51] and *kaví kaví kaví* or *tē tē tē*[52] or *tektektek*.[53] 852 524

When the beer is gone the camp breaks up.

Although the Kaingáng do not say so, it is clear that the ceremonies of *páyú* and *waichēdn* have the purpose of giving the child a ceremonial father and mother. The *kóklá* or the *mbē* are usually brothers or sisters of the mother. They perform the first formal act after the child is born by putting the umbilical cord, the symbol of its birth, in the water; and at last they "make the child" at the ceremony of baby-blackening. On this occasion they receive presents along with the other affinal relatives of the parents, but they are especially rewarded for their services in the lip-piercing. 852 608 846

[49] Instead of these syllables they might also shout the following: *chui* (about 12 times); *yo* (about 4 times); *chui yoyoyoyo o halalala halalala holo* (about 6 times); *tivi* (about 12 times), followed by *vivivi tivivivivi net* (about 5 times); *ho* (about 4 times); *tivi* (about a dozen times); *vivivi tivivivi ho* (4 times).

[50] These are plaited especially for the occasion and then thrown away.

[51] "Probably the first ones to come up [in the very beginning of things] referred to these as owned animals [*mang*]. The long bags are men and the short ones women. They are called his wives."

[52] Vomblé said that this was the cry of the dot people, who were imitating the small hawk called *tētē*.

[53] The same informant said that this was the cry of the circle people.

[p. 198 is blank]

x193 x539 (6) *a kɔ'na tɔ 'mblitke lɔ*
your eye open imperative
Open your eyes!

In 6 the intransitive verb is used in what would be, in English, a transitive sense. But Kaingang by use of the instrumental changes the sense to "Open with your eyes!" The verb thus remains without an object. 5 is a reduplicated form of the verb without *ke*.

In the following we have a case similar to our English "He entered into an agreement". Here the verb "enter" has no object. But in "He entered the house" it has. In the first sentence the postposition "into" takes the object. Thus in the following Kaingang sentences:

(7) *ka'ŋolɔ tɔ 'kivi ŋa ha ŋv*
an insect that cuts wood cut
ti 'ŋglɛ̃ tɛ̃ ki 'klv mu
his anus into enter
A branch cut by *ka'ŋolɔ* entered his rectum.

(8) *kũ ŋv tã ti 'ŋglɛ̃k tɛ̃ ki 'klupke kũ ti mu*
then it his anus into enter and die
Then it entered his rectum and (he) died.

In 7 and 8 we are dealing with the same intransitive verb. It is kept intransitive by the use of the locative, "into".

In the following instances the verb *'hutke* to stop, appears both with and without the *ke* with no change in meaning.

(9) .... *ke tɛ̃ tã 'hutke mu*
so saying he stop
When he said this he stopped.

(10) *e kɔ'kla hutke lɔ a tɔ e*
my *kɔ'kla*[1], stop imperative you me
tʃo ɲu kũ ma huŋ mu
angry and you stop
My *kɔ'kla*[1], stop! You are angry with me and you stop (making the wind blow).

[852 304]

[1] The man who treats one's umbilical cord ceremonially and also pierces a male's lower lip for the insertion of the lip plug.

[p. 207 (A)]

285 Chusquea pinifolia--Translator] strips which vary only in their width
415 and thickness.

The larger waxed baskets are used as a sort of pail to convey water and honey. The small baskets, also waterproof, are used as vessels--mugs of a sort--for water and for mong-ma on festive occasions.

286 The Botocudo do not plait fans or mats. But they do weave a
482 strap, eight centimeters in width, tied at the ends with a special slipping knot which permits its shortening or lengthening. These straps are woven, sometimes in two colors, of embira fiber. The women use
[554] them placed against the forehead, or against the top of the head, to carry children. The Botocudo carry everything in this fashion, with the weight steadied against the head and resting along the back.

412 These Indians use large tongs made of taquaruçu [a large bamboo, Guadua superba--Translator] or hard wood. These pincers are used to remove food from the fire and from boiling pots. They are called ko-pama, "wooden hand."

619 The Botocudo make up a single tribe composed of various families with equal rights.

622 Power rests with a single chief, pahi, who steers the destinies of the tribe and usually rules on all its actions.

The chief wields this power as long as his worth as a brave and fearless warrior is recognized by all. In his absence the most experienced and courageous warriors take over and exert authority upon the other members of the tribe.

When elderly the chief transfers his command to a worthy warrior, without losing his ascendancy over the tribe. He becomes its respected and venerated counselor.

595 The Botocudo are polygamous. According to his worth, the warrior usually marries two or three women; the chiefs always take more than three wives. [426]

● 394 On reaching adulthood the youths are tattooed on the arm with a warrior's badge, which consists of two dots laid horizontally. As they prove their manly qualities they are granted another two marks,
[553] tattooed similarly underneath the first. Once thus admitted among the warriors, they are considered ready to marry.

852 enormous fire is built in the middle of the circle, and the warriors begin their chanting very early in the morning. At dawn they adorn themselves with all their warrior's badges and perform certain movements in unison around the fire.

[535] Then the women make their entrance, with rattles in both hands; singing, they begin to dance with the warriors. This dance consists of a rhythmic stepping to the regular muffled beat of spears upon the ground and the rattling of gourds.

852 After several hours of continuous dancing, and only then, the
273 troughs are opened and the drinking begins.

The men drink immoderately, as do the women, and the children to be baptized are forced to take some of the liquid. They are revolted by it and refuse to drink it, but the warriors force them to swallow until the children are completely dazed.

When nearly senseless, they are shaken in every conceivable manner by their fathers and relatives to stun them even more. This is done brutally, the children being held by the legs and flung through the air from one man to another until they become totally insensible.

● 304 The Indians finally proceed to perforate the lips of the
852 neophytes. This is done with a special awl made of very hard wood and hardened further by means of fire.

As soon as the performation is made, a small labret [Portuguese botoque, hence Botocudo, "labretted."--Translator] ngrõkozõdma, is inserted through it; as the child grows, this is gradually exchanged for a thicker one in order to enlarge the hole.

[563] Female children are not endowed with lip plugs, but with two incisions made with the same instrument just below the kneecap.

Once these operations have been performed, the warriors resume drinking even more immoderately and go back to their dancing. Later, various games are played.

All the various groups of the Botocudo tribe get together for these important celebrations, which can only be carried out in the presence of all the warriors and never separately.

526 The groups break up along lines of kinship and interests to match their strength and skill in various games.

Ngréda is one of their most interesting games. It consists in catching or parrying a round stone enclosed in a bag of finely woven embira fiber.

133 imagine it is going to crash solidly on your head, these subterranean streams
132 cast great sections of the earth into the rivers. Then streams that were sluggish and clear become turgid and rushing. Rivers that moved slowly and whose bottoms you could easily see through their few feet of clear water rise almost four feet overnight, and their purling shallows become dangerous rapids, pouring tons of muddy red water down toward the sea.
[178] Then all day long the shouts of the Indians—"Storm, go away, I am afraid of you; so stop!"—go up among the camps, rising faintly above the roar of the river, the rush of the rain, and the ceaseless rumble of the thunder.

133 Water is everywhere in Santa Catarina, and it literally grows on trees, or
312 at least in bamboo, the hollow stems of which are filled with it. You cannot walk far without coming across at least a brook, and the Indians use the streams as short cuts, sometimes walking in the water for half a mile. In
[488] nine days a pair of rubber-soled tennis shoes rotted off my feet; by the end of my five-weeks' hunting trip the seams of my waterproof leather boots had rotted. Yet in this land where a hundred thousand terraces bear witness to ages of slow erosion and the winding streams interlace like silver bands,
[501] the Kaingáng are without boats or rafts. They have every other technique for crossing a stream that ingenuity and resourcefulness might suggest: they knock down a tree on one side of a stream so that it will fall on the
[491] other and form a bridge, and they also build crude bridges. Men who have supernatural power obtained from some water animal may even brave a turbulent stream to carry a line across so that other people may pull themselves across on it. But before they came to Duque de Caxias the Kaingáng knew nothing of navigation, and the one instance in folklore of an attempt at it ended in a fiasco. Of course the Kaingáng were land nomads. It would have been too much work to build a canoe or even a raft just to cross a stream and it was much easier for them to wait until the river went down; for the Kaingáng never felt a pressing need to be anywhere at any particular time. They might just as well have been on one side of the river as on the other.

484 To know how to walk in the bed of a stream, stepping unerringly from stone to slippery stone, is really a blessing, for a smarting body appreciates the respite from thorns, and the coldness of the water is soothing to one's battered and aching shins. The forest is no place for a pleasant stroll. The gait of the forest rover is unmistakable, for he never just steps; he *places his feet.* Where a thorn may prick, a vine slash, a fallen log batter; where the earth may crumble underfoot or a snake strike from the concealment of a pile of leaves or a low bush overhanging the trail, every move must be a maneuver. When an Indian is scratched or bruised, he stops and removes the cause so that those who follow will not suffer as he did. He gropes for the thorn until he finds it and then carries it far away to dispose

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pounding is a long and tedious process, so that the men help one another. The blade is placed directly on the handle and not, as in the case of the arrow head, first on a wooden foreshaft which is fitted into the long bamboo aftershaft. The handle of the lance is ornamented near the upper end with an attractively woven glove of basketry.

Besides a large lance some men had in addition a little one, about one-third as big, which could be hung from the neck by a plaited band. It was useful for killing tapir.

Utensils

Beer Troughs

These are made from cedar trees. The Brazilian cedar is a mighty tree, dwarfing our North American variety to a weed. In order to make a trough a cedar is cut down and a section cut out. It may then be discovered that the log has a split in it, and in that case it becomes necessary to cut down another tree. This may go on for some time until at last a perfect log is secured. Then it must be moved back to camp, and since it is impossible for one man to do this several cooperate. If the log is on a hill the outer bark of the cedar which has been removed from the selected section is placed along the sides of the hill and used as skids. When level ground is reached the log is turned end over end through the "dirty" forest and rolled through the "clean."

When the log has been got into camp someone goes to work on it with an axe. He marks out the mouth, about eight inches wide, and hews away steadily until he can no longer strike accurately into the interior of the trough. Then he takes a gouge, a piece of sharpened iron bound on the end of a six-foot pole, and finishes the hollowing out. If he grows tired someone else takes his place. When the gouging has been completed the trough is stood on end and a fire made in it with dry bamboo to clean it. Then the charcoal is scraped out with an adze.

In order to guard against leakage wax is heated with a hot brand and rubbed over the ends of the trough. The ends themselves are also heated in order to make the wax run. When the trough is finished a shallow pit is dug to accommodate it.

If a trough starts to leak the fours may be hastened in order that the beer may be drunk up before it is all lost, or an attempt to mend it may be made by spreading wax over the outside of the leaking end and mixing it with ashes. When I saw this done once the effects were practically nil; I sent for some pails and pans and the beer was emptied into them. Melted wax was then poured on the inside of the trough and rubbed in with the

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283 thigh. The threads, wound in a ball, are soaked in water mixed with ashes, then boiled, and again carefully washed; sometimes they are left in running water, so that they become white and flexible. Occa-
[386] sionally, part of the thread is dyed with catigua bark.

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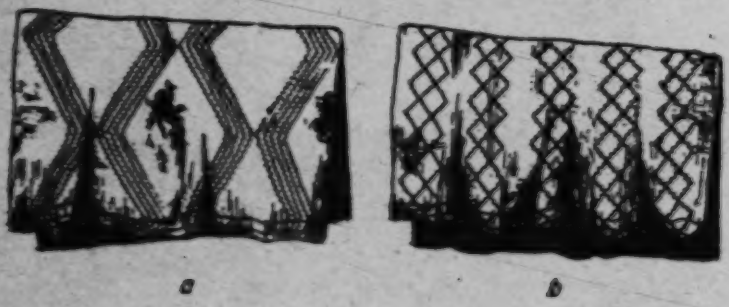

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c d e f

PLATE 33.—Caingang manufactures. a, b, Knee or nettle-fiber cloaks (redrawn from Koenigswald, 1906 b, figs. 15–16); c, twilled basket (redrawn from Koenigswald, 1906 b, fig. 20); d, wooden mortar in which three pestles are used at the same time (redrawn from Manizer, 1930); e, f, pottery jars (redrawn from Manizer, 1930).

286 **Weaving.**—Fabrics are woven by hand, sometimes on a simple loom, and always display a stepped, dark design which crosses the surface diagonally (fig. 38, *a*, *b*).

323 **Ceramics.**—For pottery, the *Caingang* of Misiones use a blackish earth from nearby cliffs. For tempering material, they bake lumps of

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clay, then crush and sift them. The composition of the clay used by other groups is unknown. The potter first models the base of the pot by hand, then builds up the walls by adding successive coils, smoothing the sides with her fingers or with pieces of wood or shell, a corn cob, a stone, or a metal spoon. To keep the clay soft, she sprinkles it with water or saliva. The following day the pot is again smoothed, then left to dry in the shade and later in the sun. When thoroughly dry, the pot is covered with branches and fired in the open until red. Later, water mixed with ground maize is sprinkled on the pot "in order that it may be unbreakable." Cracks are filled with wax while the pot is still hot. The firing, however, is always imperfect; sherds of the heaviest *Caingang* pots reveal a thick layer of unfired clay in the middle. The presence of a foreigner during firing endangers the process, and may cause the pot to crack beyond repair. 323

The *Caingang* of Misiones make their pots characteristically black by exposing them to smoke in a basket before they are fired.

Caingang ware has a conical base so that it can be set into the sand (fig. 58, *e*, *f*). The *Caingang-Coroado* make large beer jars, strikingly like *Guaraní* jugs and funeral urns, with a conical body surmounted by a narrow edge. Besides large pots, the *Caingang* also manufacture flat roasting pans and conical drinking cups with thin walls.

Fire.—The *Caingang* fire drill consists of a stick of hard wood inserted into an arrow shaft and twirled between the palms of the hand. The hearth is a piece of soft wood. Dry palm shoots serve as tinder. According to a single authority, the *Caingang* also produce fire by sawing one piece of wood with another, a procedure observed by Rengger among the *Caingué*, but otherwise not reported for South America. The fire is activated with a fan. To avoid having to make fire, the natives carry a glowing brand in a pot or in a section of bamboo coated with clay. 372

Weapons: *Bows and arrows.*—Bows are made of páo d'arco (*Tabebuia impetiginosa*) or of black ipé (*Tabebuia chrysantha*). Before the *Caingang* acquired iron, they wrought the bow stave into shape by rubbing it with sandstone and flint flakes, and smoothed it with the rough leaves of umbauba (*Cecropia* sp.). Finally, the stave was warmed against a fire and smeared with grease. At each end a plaited bulge or, rarely, two right-angled notches prevented the caraguatá or embira string from slipping. The stave was wrapped with strips of cipo embé (*Philodendron imbe*) (fig. 59, *g*), which at both ends formed a bulge to prevent the string from slipping. Some *Caingang* bows were 9 feet long, but they generally averaged from 7 to 8 feet. 411

The arrow shaft, according to the locality, is made of taquara da frecha (*Gynerium sagittatum*), or of palo alecrim, a white wood that

000 certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

802 These Indians count from one to five on the fingers of one hand, and continue up to ten on the other hand. They indicate other quantities with both hands.

757 They treat diseases with the juice of various plants, nearly always applied externally by means of rubbing and massage. Some organic products such as deer stomachs [buxo] etc. are also used [There is a Brazilian plant, Amaiova cryptocarpa, which is popularly called "deer stomach" (bucho de veado). As some of the information in this article may have been obtained second-hand, the above might be the result of erroneous interpretation. --Translator]

They have the habit of tightly binding up all painful body areas, not only in case of snake bite but of any disease as well.

323 177 They formerly used various objects of fired clay, such as pots of different sizes and shapes and small vessels of varying form which they utilized to prepare and cook their food.

In the course of their later raids on civilized populations, however, they found similar utensils of iron and other metals [128] which they naturally came to prefer. As a result the art of ceramics declined sharply, especially following their contact with us. Prior to this contact, some of the older members of the tribe still made pottery.

821 323 It is obvious that they need a special clay for the manufacture of these objects. They believe that rainbows point to deposits of this clay, and call them kukron-ndouma--"pot arrows"--on account [744] of this belief. They never buried their dead in earthen jars nor do they do so now, but dispose of the bodies in the manner described above.

852 Every year, toward the end of December or the beginning of January--during the lámbang-uan season, at the height of our southern summer--they carry out important celebrations for the baptism of children.

273 852 The Botocudo prepare a drink for the occasion which they call mõng-ma. Its basic element is wild honey, and the preparation is a rather lengthy process. One moon before the event, the Indians have already started on various specialized tasks. The fathers of the children to be baptized are entrusted with the building of large troughs

fingers. This also failed to stop the leak, so the beer was consumed in a brief preliminary festa.

The size of the troughs varies from a yard to two yards in length. Their depth depends on the size of the tree, but they average about a foot and a half in external diameter.

Mortars and Pestles

Mortars are made when needed from fallen trees or from trees that are especially cut down for the purpose. Sometimes a mortar is no more than a hole in a fallen log. Mortars are always very small—never over a foot long, six inches or so wide, and three inches deep. Mortars are generally not transported but simply left behind in the deserted camp site. Small pestles are made for them from pieces of wood, but pestles of polished stone were also made until recently. These are about ten inches long. When such a pestle is found by accident it is called a "supernatural pestle."

Little bath tubs for the bathing of infants are also hollowed from logs. They are very shallow. The child is not placed in them, but the water poured in and then rubbed over the baby.

Baskets

From the point of view of use there are basically two kinds of Kaingáng baskets, those which are used for holding liquids and are lined with beeswax and those which are used for carrying burdens and are unlined. Both are constructed of bamboo splints. The former are much better in workmanship than the latter. They are made very carefully and, although unornamented, are fine examples of basketry. They are manufactured in one shape only but in a variety of sizes, from that of a small cup to a basket holding as much as a gallon and are used for carrying water and honey.

Each man makes his wax-lined baskets as he happens to need them, but the large burden baskets are sometimes woven by a group of men together just before they start out to collect pine nuts. Then they sit in a circle laughing and talking and holding up their handiwork for one another to look at. Since they are all made in exactly the same manner there is little for a man to see on anyone else's basket that he does not see on his own. They are all made with the outer green skin of the splint left on, and the interior and exterior show alternating bands of green (i.e. the outer side of the bamboo splint) and white (the inner side of the splint).

Synonyms

A certain kind of cord is made by twining two fibers together against the side of the right leg with the palm of the right hand. It may be that the

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

Arrows

Kaingáng arrows have one type of shaft and three types of heads, the iron head for tapir, deer, and howler monkeys, the barbed wooden head for smaller game, and the blunt head with nipple for birds. 411

The arrow shafts are made from bamboo which is cut while green, heated, and straightened and allowed to season. The longest shafts are used for the barbed wooden heads. These heads are whittled from a branch of *kóngún*. They have a sharp point and have two edges, one of which is sharp while the other is provided with five barbs. The heads of these arrows (*lálá*, thorn) are hardened in the fire. The origin of the use of the *kóngún* for this type of arrow may be magical, for the tree from which they are taken is very thorny. When the heads are completed they are fitted into the shafts and bound in place with cipo, which is wound tight around the shaft at the junction of head and shaft. Then the whole is waxed and rubbed.

The next longest are the *ndó*, the bird arrows. These are whittled from pine knots. In shape the heads resemble inverted cones with nipples at the base.

The iron-headed arrows are the shortest, as is natural because of the great weight of the head, and the most difficult to make. These iron heads may be anywhere from three inches to almost a foot long and in average shape resemble very much the bill of the spoon-billed duck. Instead of being pointed at the tip they are perfectly rounded and are sharpened to razor keenness. They are also sharpened all along both edges. They have no barbs but end in blunt flanges. These arrows are used most generally at short range and make a terrific wound.

Iron arrows are made from metal stolen from the Brazilians, heated in the fire, hammered down with stones to the proper shape, and filed to an edge with a file obtained in the same way as the iron. The arrow head is finished with three flanges at the base, the central one fitted into a deep notch made for it in a short stick. This notch is filled with a strong black wax which gives the head additional support. Then the notch is tightly wound with cipó and the stick is fitted into the shaft which is wrapped with cipó and waxed. [325]

Feathering for all but iron arrows is preferably done with the feathers of the jacutinga. The feathers are not split or wound around the shaft but bound on opposite sides of it. This is possible because only those feathers are used which have tendrils on but one edge. For iron arrows the feathers of the hawk are used. They are looked on as suited for the iron arrows because they come from such a powerful bird.

The making of arrows is done entirely by the owner.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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Lances

411 The blade of this astonishing weapon is made from a single piece of iron that is worked by heating for days in the flames, pounding with stones, and then filing to razor sharpness.[14] The blade of the lance illustrated is 15⅛ inches from the tip to the bottom of the central flange, the actual usable length 12½ inches, 3½ inches at the widest point, sweeping gracefully in to a width of 2⅜ inches at the narrowest point. This was the only lance left among the Kaingáng when I came there; so it is impossible to make any general statements about the size of the blade; but I have been told that this is by no means one of the largest. Many, of course, must have been smaller, for the size of the blade depended on the size of the piece of iron obtained.

The peculiar shape of the blade might suggest that the Kaingáng lance was used principally for striking and not for stabbing. From stories it appears that the lance was used more often to strike than to stab, though stabbing was quite frequent. Nevertheless when we realize that the iron arrow heads were exactly the same shape as the lance heads it becomes clear that the shape of the lance blade was not determined by the fact that it was used more for striking than for stabbing. Obviously the drive of an arrow is always head on. The real reason that the lance was used more for striking than for stabbing was because the lance is a development of the club. The handle of the lance is exactly the same shape as a club,[15] except for the fact that the lance tapers toward the notch where the blade is inserted. The lance is grasped in the same way as the club. Kaingáng lance heads have had the same shape stages as the arrows.

Curiously enough, the lances were the weapons least used by the Kaingáng. One would imagine that these lances would be ideal for slaughtering Brazilians, but the Kaingáng always left them at home when they went raiding. They preferred to cut clubs from hard woods just before attacking and to throw them away when they were finished. Sometimes they simply used their bows as clubs, but this involved danger of breakage. The Kaingáng say that they left the lances at home so that the women could use them to kill tapirs while they were gone.

The use of the lance *par excellence* was for murdering vendetta enemies. Most of the massacres were accomplished with lances. The Kaingáng beat time with their lances while they sang at the festas, so that they were fully prepared to turn upon their enemies suddenly and slaughter them.

In general the technique of making the blades is the same as for the iron arrow heads except that more than one man is needed. The beating and

[14] With a file stolen from the Brazilians.

[15] I.e. four-cornered; lozenge shaped in cross-section.

372 This process, which involves a tremendous expenditure of time and careful labor, is only used as a last resort.

The Indians exercise the greatest care to keep their fires burning, and watch them constantly so they will not die out.

When they are on the move, a woman or child always accompanies them with the task of watching over the fire, which is carried in the form of lighted sticks.

325 Before the time of peaceful contact, the Botocudo had secured iron in the course of their raids. In view of its advantages over chipped stone, this material has become precious to them and indispensable to the manufacture of their weapons. They do not work it by heating the metal but by beating it cold with hard rounded stones which they gather in shallow river waters. It is easy to imagine how much patience and perseverance are needed to shape a piece of iron into an object of completely different form and size. Suffice it to say that the making of a spearhead demands more than three months of daily labor.

They also use iron to make small knives, graters, and various other small implements. [125]

283 As already mentioned, their aprons are woven with a kind of wild nettle. This is done as follows. The women pound the plants with small clubs on every side until all the leaves and larger thorns are removed. When this is done, they make small cuts in the stem, just above the roots, and peel off the outer layer in longitudinal strips.

These strips are joined into a large bundle and placed in the water for a certain period of time. When retrieved, they are pounded hard between two sticks until only the fibers remain, free from the ligneous parts. This procedure is repeated over and again; then the fiber is dried and spun by hand upon the naked thigh, and the 286 yarn coiled into a ball. They build a very primitive loom which consists of two sticks stuck obliquely into the ground, with two other sticks fastened upon them horizontally. Squatting before this loom, the women plait in various ways, with comparative ease, the threads they have secured to the frame.

285 Their large loading baskets, kan-nha; the smaller waxed 415 baskets used to carry water; and the little ones, also waxed, which serve various purposes, are all plaited of taquara mansa [a bamboo,

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for example, tapir. A large pit is dug in the ground and lined with 252
stones. A fire is built within the hole until the stones are glowing. The ashes and embers are then removed, the stones are covered with leaves, and the meat, carefully wrapped, is placed inside and buried under a thick layer of soil. Twelve hours later the meat is taken out, perfectly cooked. Fish are broiled on a babracot, then stored on an indoor platform.

Women pound maize with heavy wooden pestles in cylindrical wooden mortars, which are sometimes large enough to accommodate three workers at a time and too heavy to be moved (fig. 58, *d*). They also have smaller mortars with which they use stone pestles. Maize flour is prepared as mush or is kneaded into dough and baked in ashes. Maize kernels are often soaked in water to the point of rotting, mashed, kneaded into loaves with saliva added, and roasted in ashes.

The pith of pindo palms is crushed in a mortar, sifted, and roasted in a pan, just as with manioc flour.

Soup is made from husked, chewed, soaked, and pounded pine nuts. They are also roasted in the shell on the embers; pine-nut dough may also be kneaded into small loaves and baked in the ashes. Piñons are [251]
preserved in tightly closed baskets soaked in water for a month and a half. In the past salt was unknown; tart malagüeta berries (*Capsicum frutescens*) were used instead. [263]

To stir the fire or lift food to and from it, the *Caingang* use a curved withe (Manizer, 1930, pp. 772, 774; Henry, 1941, pl. 2, *f*).

HOUSES

Lozano (1873, 1:424) describes the *Caingang* or *Guayaná* hut as 342●
follows:

> They stick in the ground a long forked pole against which they lean crosswise four other poles. In this way they make four divisions covered with palm leaves. In each division lives a family with the children. Each compartment communicates with the other by small doors. In each community there are five or six such huts placed at convenient distance from each other so that everyone can hunt and fish.

This type of house has entirely disappeared among modern *Caingang*, but a few years ago the *Aweikoma* remembered it as the house of the open savannas and were able to reconstruct one (Henry, 1941, p. 186).

The more recent *Caingang* dwelling was a lean-to (fig. 56), which often was made into a gable-roofed hut when two structures of this type were joined. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* live either in an arched lean-to which is open on three sides or in a hut composed of two such units, the arches being made to descend to the ground at both ends (Henry, 1941,

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342 pp. 164–166). Such dwellings are thatched with palm fronds or comparable materials (fig. 57). Most *Caingang* groups live in houses identical to those of the *Caingué*. When on a journey the *Caingang* sleep

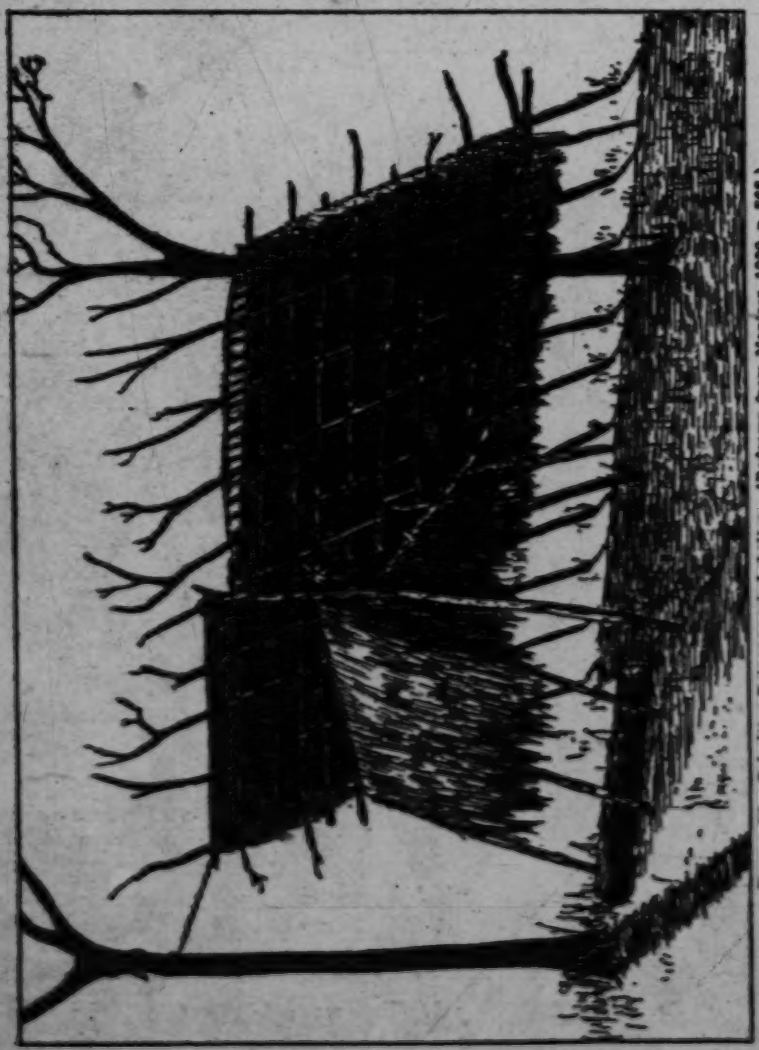

FIGURE 56.—Primitive Caingang wind shelter. (Redrawn from Manizer, 1880, p. 766.)

in flimsy shelters or rest in a sort of nest which they build in the top of a tree (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 35).

513 Hammocks of cotton are a recent *Caingang* acquisition. The ancient *Guayaná* slept, according to Portuguese chroniclers, on branches

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II

Nomadic Life

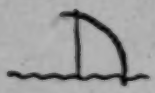
484 512 THE KAINGÁNG USED TO WANDER about in the forest in small bands searching for food. Even now when they go hunting they rarely stay even a week in one place. They fall asleep without plans for the morrow, and they awaken in the morning without any idea of what they are to do. A few words over the morning fire may decide them to move on, and in ten minutes their possessions will be packed into baskets. The father strides off carrying his weapons in his hands: the indispensable axe and a gun or a massive seven-foot bow and a dozen arrows, while the mother comes plodding behind with the basket full of household possessions and the remaining food, if they are lucky enough to have any, the baby perched atop the load and the brother or sister holding on to her left hand, the right bearing a smoking firebrand for use at the next camp.

342 The Kaingáng hate to build the frail little shelters they call houses, and they never do so until the rain is on them. I always had to argue with the Indians to help put up my tent. When the clouds piled up in the sky, the air grew sultry, and the sun changed from yellow to dull red, I would say to Chukembégn, "It looks like rain." With a deprecatory glance at the sky he would reply: "No, it's not going to rain—not today. Tomorrow maybe, but today, no." "But look at those clouds." "That's nothing; it will pass." "Yes, the way it passed yesterday. Let's get the tent up, Chukembégn." At last the tent would be put up, sometimes as the first drops fell or in a pouring rain. It was not laziness that made them so slow to put up my tent, for they too could always take advantage of it; but housebuilding is simply an annoyance, and they never raise a shelter even for themselves unless they are forced to. It rains several times a day at the new moon in fall and winter, but though they know this perfectly well, they will not build a

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

342 house if the sky is clear when they make camp. In the night, when the rain finally does come, they either lie asleep where they are, start up and hurriedly throw together a house from whatever material happens to be lying about, or wander sleepily into the ethnologists tent, where they crowd together sleeping almost on top of one another. If the ethnologist descends from his hammock on such a night he steps on someone's face or kicks an infant in the ribs.

These houses that the Kaingáng are so loath to build are made by tying arched boughs to a high transverse that is supported by two uprights sunk in the ground. Horizontal boughs are laid and tied across the arched ones, and the whole is covered with leaves to within about two feet of the ground. The result is a long shelter open completely on three sides and partly open on the fourth, with a curved roof that forms the rear wall. A man and his wife can put one up in half an hour. When there are many people the house may be doubled so that instead of the arch being like this:



it looks like this:

If people arrive unexpectedly the house can be extended indefinitely by the addition of transverse beams.

[334] 513 On the edge of the long side of the house long logs are laid for the fires; and the Indians sleep in a row with their feet to the fire. Since these houses are not partitioned into family rooms the opportunity for anyone to gratify his curiosity is limited only by the height of the flames and by his good manners. At night when the men have come in and the flames are leaping, the pots bubbling, and the meat roasting, the houses fill with blinding smoke. After supper the fires die down, and it is pitch-dark beyond the faint red glow of the coals. A few hours later it is impossible to see what is going on, and even the Indians cannot tell which dark bulk is Vomblé and which his wife, Kulí. Although everyone is careful to provide a place for himself when camp is made, there is no certainty that he will actually sleep there, for the Kaingáng are nomadic even in their sleep. Although Véye may eat with his wife he may get up to wander over to Chukembégn's fire for a few nuts and to Waipó's for a bit of fruit, and if sleep overtakes him at Waipó's he will sleep there. Perhaps later in the night when the chill and stiffness have crept into his bones he will get up and wander sleepily over

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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PLATE I

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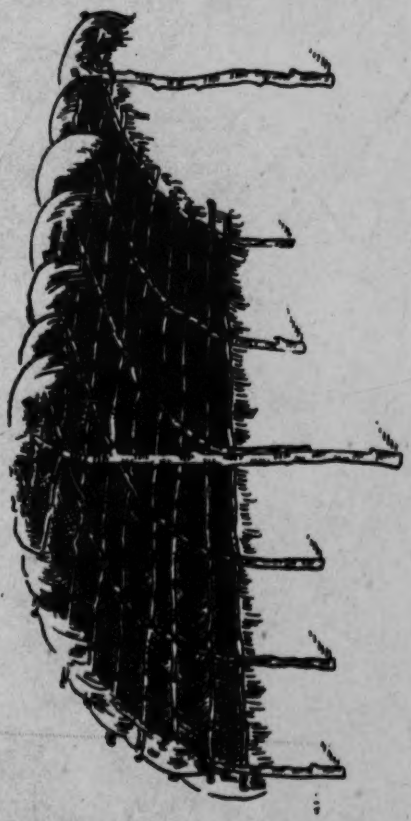

House

[P.140 (A)]

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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Aweikoma

make it with a fire drill. They cut a piece of dry white canela about an inch thick, two inches wide, and two feet long and make a hole in it about half an inch deep, with a shallow groove on each side—Heaven knows what for[10]—extending over the edges of the stick. They also cut a smaller branch about a quarter of an inch in diameter and a foot and a half long; this is the drill. The Indian spits on his hands, places the drill in the hole, and begins to whirl the stick between his two palms, moving them up and down as he does so. After ten minutes he has no fire; so he calls another Indian and they alternate in whirling the drill. In five minutes more a wisp of smoke from the hole raises their hopes. They remove the drill and look—no spark. For five minutes more they drill, and then the spark comes. Sometimes the spark is on the end of the drill; sometimes it is on the side of the hole. Now the spark is placed on some dry palm leaves, and they blow on it until the leaves burst into flame.

I once saw two men attempt to make a fire with a three-foot base on which they could put their feet and a drill three feet long made of a long bamboo tube with a canela tip inserted at the bottom. They worked for twelve minutes without result. When a third man helped them they succeeded in obtaining a spark.

No sexual symbolism attaches to the fire-making apparatus.

Houses

Houses are built under pressure. It is theoretically woman's work, but in the excitement of sudden rain men and women cooperate. The woman goes for leaves for covering while the man cuts and sinks the heavy uprights and lighter boughs which are sharpened to a point at one end. He digs no hole for them but sinks them into the ground by raising them and throwing them repeatedly, with unerring eye, into the same hole, making it deeper with each throw. Sometimes two convenient trees are used as uprights. If the Indian should perchance decide to build the house long before the storm actually breaks and finds the ground is hard and dry he moistens the soil with whatever is at hand, even tapir soup.

When the uprights are in place the transverse is bound on about eight[11] feet above the ground. Now light boughs are sunk into the ground about nine feet in back of the uprights, *sloping away from them*, making an angle about 60° with the ground so that when they are bent over they will not break out. They are lifted and thrown into the ground just as the uprights were. The boughs are bent over and lashed to the transverse with

[10] What sparks were obtained were always in the hole itself or on the tip of the drill.

[11] Naturally if a house is built entirely by a woman it will be lower than if it is built by a man. Women may bind sloping posts against the uprights so that they can stand on them and reach high. The height of the house is much more variable than the width.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

SM3 Caingang SM3

Aweikoma

cipo or with palmito bark. The lashings are never knotted but twisted. 342 When the arches have been formed—the number depends of course on the size of the house—transverse boughs are laid across them about nine inches apart and bound. The lashing is passed around both the transverse and the arched bough, and the two are approximated by pushing on the arch with one hand and pulling on the transverse with the lashing. For the lower transverses the foot and knee are used instead of the hand. All the lashing is done from the inside of the house, i.e. on the concave side of the arch. The arch is now covered from the inside with bunches of leaves by a simple weaving technique. The leaves are so placed that the tips hang over the lowest transverse (about a yard from the ground). The first transverse under which the stems are carried is about the fifth. Short separate sprays of leaves are also used, but because of their shortness they are carried under the third transverse. When there seems to be a chance that the bunches of leaves will slip they are tied, but generally they are not. In this way the entire arch is covered, each new bunch of leaves always overlapping that below. Now and then even in the pouring rain a woman will stop building to suckle her child. Every once in a while someone goes for leaves. *kung-gluthâyâ* leaves are preferred for housebuilding because of their durability and the large coverage afforded by each bunch of leaves. The Brazilian settlers use them to thatch their houses, and they are called *palha* in Portuguese. If the Kaingáng have no *palha* they use palm fronds, or if they are in a grassy region they use grass. If there is no *palha*, palm, or grass they use bamboo leaves. Lacking all these, they sleep in the rain.

Since the arches in the house just described reach only to the main transverse that is supported on the two uprights and the ends of the house are not covered it is obvious that the house is completely open on three sides. There is another type of house, however, in which the arches make complete semicircles, with each leg of the arch imbedded in the ground. Such a house is really nothing but two of the simpler kind set facing each other, and that is the way such houses usually spring into existence. Sometimes, however, the entire thing is conceived and constructed as a unit, in which case the overlapping arches are bound to one another. Sometimes the Kaingáng make a simple lean-to by resting a bunch of palm fronds against the branch of a tree. Kaingáng houses are often built by more than one family in cooperation, but once the framework has been erected cooperative attitudes are dropped. Each family covers its own section of the house with leaves and remains completely indifferent to the fate of the other inhabitants.

Once, on their own initiative, the Kaingáng built for me a house of the type they say they inhabited when they dwelt in the savannahs and cultivated the soil. This house needed the cooperation of eight men, three of

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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342 whom worked steadily. A heavy central pole nine feet high was sunk in the ground. Then a "ladder," i.e. a pole sloping from the ground to a point about four feet above the ground on the central pole, was tied to it so that the workers could reach the top of the central post. Six poles were sunk in a circle around the central post, about two yards from it, making the maximum diameter of the house approximately four yards.[12] Each pole was bent over toward the central post, caught by a man standing on the "ladder," and bound in place about a foot from the top. Five men worked to maneuver one pole so that it might be bent and bound: two held it in place, a third pushed it into an arc toward the center, and a fourth standing on the ladder pulled it down and in. The two arches first erected were separated widely to leave room for passage. When the arches were in place transverses were bound to them, the first one eight inches above the ground. The ends of the transverses were bound together. This frame was covered with *palha* and palm fronds all the way to the top.

Weapons

Bows

411 The Kaingáng told me that in order to make a bow a *kakŏnggãla*[13] tree is cut down and the trunk cut into sections and split with wedges. The desirable piece is then further reduced in cross section with an axe, and pointed at both ends with a knife. Then it is heated in the fire, rubbed with wax, and heated again. A short post with a fork at its upper end is sunk in the ground and braced with a second post. The bow is placed in the crotch, bent, and held in this position by another short post sunk in the ground. When the bow has been in the crotch for some time and thus permanently bent to its proper shape it is taken out and worked to the proper smoothness. This is all done by one person.

Nowadays Kaingáng bows have no howler-monkey tails on them, but at the time of the pacification the Kaingáng used to slip these tails over their bows to strengthen them. Whenever a howler monkey was killed they would cut off its tail, turn it inside out, and slip it over a stick of the same cross section as their bows. When they were dry they would turn them right side out and put them on their bows. One informant told me that the ancients used the tails of lizards. I never saw bows made.

[12] Exactly 3.80 meters.

[13] Known in Brazil as the *cabiúna*, a large tree yielding one of the finest and strongest hard woods of the Brazilian forests. The Kaingáng bow is from six to seven feet long and was often used as a club.

262 They acquired the habit of eating chrysalids and larvae of all kinds, especially the maggot found in rotting wood [coró] which they eat raw as well as roasted, or cooked on the fire inside a bamboo sprout. Then necessity turned into habit; although the need no longer remains, the Indians continue to seek out chrysalids and larvae as refined changes of diet.

224 When the warriors are gone for long periods of time, the women catch small game by means of snares and traps, for they do not wield any weapons.

226 Curiously enough, the Botocudo are not familiar with fishing, even in its most primitive form, though rivers abounding with fish are to be found in their area.

262 177 Before the time of peaceful contact, they were already familiar with maize, squash and manioc flour, which they obtained in the course of their raids on civilized communities. But they were altogether unfamiliar with potatoes, the manioc tuber, beans, rice, yams, the taro root, etc., which they have since come to know and which they greatly value.

342 The Botocudo set up their shelters by driving slender stakes close together into the ground. [122] These sticks are bent in the shape of a bow, and their tip secured to a heavy horizontal rod which is usually fastened in two trees at the height of a man. The resulting dome-shaped roof is covered with palm leaves, brush, or ferns. A lateral area of about one meter is always left open to permit observation toward the rear and thus avoid any surprises. The fire is lit on the exposed side of the shelter, and the Indians watch over it continually to make sure that it does not go out.

Each of these huts is utilized by a single family.

[361] The shelters are lined evenly in parallel groups of two to eight huts which together form a camp.

When circumstances such as celebrations or the Araucaria seed harvest compel them to remain in the same place for a longer period of time, they build their huts with greater care and make them larger. Two shelters are built face to face and their roofing connected so that the curved sticks are secured to each other instead of being fastened to a horizontal rod. This results in a perfect vault. Each of these enlarged

342 shelters holds several couples belonging to the same family. Each couple has its own fire in the center of the hut. These shelters, like the smaller ones, remain open laterally about one meter from the ground.

Inside the shelter, on either side, a broad earth shelf is laid to serve as a pillow.

[513] The floor of the hut is completely covered with fern leaves. The related couples lie down upon it to sleep side by side, their head on the elevated earth shelf and their feet toward the fire.

352 Weapons, baskets, clothes and utensils are hung from the ceiling of the shelter, and smaller objects are kept in the thatch.

291 The warriors' attire consists of several "loin cords" which they use as belts and which are ornaments rather than true breechcloths.

[233] These cords, called masêna, are braided in two varieties: dark, made of imbó liana bark fibers; and white, made of palm fibers.

The same palm fiber cords are also worn tightly fastened above the ankles.

The women's attire consists of an apron 1.60 meters in width and 1.50 meters in length.

It does not take them long to dress, for they simply fold the apron in two and wrap it around the waist.

[234] These aprons are woven with the fiber of a special kind of wild [231] nettle, and adorned with linear figures drawn preferably in red or blue.

302 Their hair is cut on the forehead in a semicircle which extends to the parietal region, where it is shaved at an acute angle toward the ear. In the back it is clipped above the shoulders. An even circle five centimeters in diameter is shaved on the crown and kept in good trim.

This hairdo is worn by all adults, male and female.

301 On festive occasions the warriors make headdresses with the 292 feathers of a bird they call cocolina (Aquila?), which they connect 237 by means of a network of thin [123] embira fibers. When decked in these ornaments, their head, face and chest painted with red and black stripes, they acquire a very impressive appearance.

On these formal occasions, the women and a few of the warriors tangle into their hair the delicate multicolored feathers of various small birds.

342 shelters holds several couples belonging to the same family. Each couple has its own fire in the center of the hut. These shelters, like the smaller ones, remain open laterally about one meter from the ground.

Inside the shelter, on either side, a broad earth shelf is laid to serve as a pillow.

[213] The floor of the hut is completely covered with fern leaves. The related couples lie down upon it to sleep side by side, their head on the elevated earth shelf and their feet toward the fire.

352 Weapons, baskets, clothes and utensils are hung from the ceiling of the shelter, and smaller objects are kept in the thatch.

291 The warriors' attire consists of several "loin cords" which they use as belts and which are ornaments rather than true breechcloths.

[233] These cords, called masêna, are braided in two varieties: dark, made of imbó liana bark fibers; and white, made of palm fibers.

The same palm fiber cords are also worn tightly fastened above the ankles.

The women's attire consists of an apron 1.60 meters in width and 1.60 meters in length.

It does not take them long to dress, for they simply fold the apron in two and wrap it around the waist.

[230] These aprons are woven with the fiber of a special kind of wild [231] nettle, and adorned with linear figures drawn preferably in red or blue.

302 Their hair is cut on the forehead in a semicircle which extends to the parietal region, where it is shaved at an acute angle toward the ear. In the back it is clipped above the shoulders. An even circle five centimeters in diameter is shaved on the crown and kept in good trim.

This hairdo is worn by all adults, male and female.

301 On festive occasions the warriors make headdresses with the 292 feathers of a bird they call cocolina (Aquila?), which they connect 287 by means of a network of thin [123] embira fibers. When decked in these ornaments, their head, face and chest painted with red and black stripes, they acquire a very impressive appearance.

On these formal occasions, the women and a few of the warriors tangle into their hair the delicate multicolored feathers of various small birds.

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342 house if the sky is clear when they make camp. In the night, when the rain finally does come, they either lie asleep where they are, start up and hurriedly throw together a house from whatever material happens to be lying about, or wander sleepily into the ethnologists tent, where they crowd together sleeping almost on top of one another. If the ethnologist descends from his hammock on such a night he steps on someone's face or kicks an infant in the ribs.

These houses that the Kaingáng are so loath to build are made by tying arched boughs to a high transverse that is supported by two uprights sunk in the ground. Horizontal boughs are laid and tied across the arched ones, and the whole is covered with leaves to within about two feet of the ground. The result is a long shelter open completely on three sides and partly open on the fourth, with a curved roof that forms the rear wall. A man and his wife can put one up in half an hour. When there are many people the house may be doubled so that instead of the arch being like this:

it looks like this:

If people arrive unexpectedly the house can be extended indefinitely by the addition of transverse beams.

[354] 513 On the edge of the long side of the house long logs are laid for the fires; and the Indians sleep in a row with their feet to the fire. Since these houses are not partitioned into family rooms the opportunity for anyone to gratify his curiosity is limited only by the height of the flames and by his good manners. At night when the men have come in and the flames are leaping, the pots bubbling, and the meat roasting, the houses fill with blinding smoke. After supper the fires die down, and it is pitch-dark beyond the faint red glow of the coals. A few hours later it is impossible to see what is going on, and even the Indians cannot tell which dark bulk is Vomblé and which his wife, Kulí. Although everyone is careful to provide a place for himself when camp is made, there is no certainty that he will actually sleep there, for the Kaingáng are nomadic even in their sleep. Although Véye may eat with his wife he may get up to wander over to Chukembégn's fire for a few nuts and to Waipó's for a bit of fruit, and if sleep overtakes him at Waipó's he will sleep there. Perhaps later in the night when the chill and stiffness have crept into his bones he will get up and wander sleepily over

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to his wife, kicking Klendó in the ear and overturning Amendó's pot in his semi-somnambulism. All of this makes ethnology terribly difficult, for it is hard to be sure that the dark mass you had decided was Yakwá an hour ago isn't Voemblé or just the shadow of the house post now. 513

Kaingáng camp sites are any shape at all. Level ground is rare and what there is is so irregular that the Indians have to distribute themselves about it in the most economical way possible. But they will never sleep on any kind of slope, and if a particular patch of level ground is just a little too small for a family they may build it up by throwing some dirt on a foundation of leaves. When a woman sits down, lays her firebrand on the ground, piles wood on it, and begins to nurse her baby, it is pretty certain that camp will be made right there. No woman sits down without deliberation, for where she sits she stays, and where she stays she and her husband will sleep. Nothing can dislodge her, and no one will dare to suggest that she move over. It is a matter of complete indifference to her that the spot she has picked out may be such that a large family will have to break up in order to conform to her choice. 361 562

After she has nursed her baby, eaten a few nuts, and perhaps put the pot on to boil she gets up and cleans the ground, pushing the surface litter back for a pillow, chopping out the protruding roots, scraping and leveling until it is "clean." Then off she goes for ferns to cover the site, sometimes walking half a mile to get the exact kind she wants. When this is all done the camp looks inviting, but next day, after fifty bare feet have walked, run, fought, or toddled over it and the soup has been spilled, it is untidy and dirty. By the end of a week, if they should stay so long, dirt has piled up around the camp—nut shells, pieces of animal hides, fruit skins, bones, palm-shoot shells, wasp's nests from which the larvae have been taken and eaten, basket splints, and human and animal offal—and the place has a repellent odor. 364

The Kaingáng are awake an hour before dawn. The young men lie huddled together under their blankets, sometimes five or six of them in a row, chattering and laughing, while the married men shout across from their beds with their wives and someone perhaps lies singing quietly to himself. At last a fire is stirred and a woman or a child goes for water. By dawn the pots are on the fire, and the campers are beginning to shake the stiffness out of their bodies. Perhaps some young woman still lies lazily nursing her child while her young husband sits on her feet to keep them warm. Men begin to take down their bows and bend them against their legs, and arms like wrestlers' swell and bend as the bows are drawn. A famished dog yelps as its owner beats it for stealing food; a woman growls at her child in mild, helpless anger as it defecates in camp. The men circulate around while the women sit quietly nursing their children or eating. 512

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224 I have never seen a deer killed except in this way. It is child's play and was obviously learnt from the whites.[8] In the old days they were killed only by stalking or through a sudden encounter in the forest. They are rarely mentioned in folklore. After deer the pig-like *tateti* is the next largest game animal. I never heard of its being stalked, and the *tateti* that were taken during my stay among the Kaingáng were all killed cooperatively. Dogs drove them into their burrows, and a number of men combined to get them out. One day my dogs drove a *tateti* into a burrow on the side of a hill; while one man shoved into the burrow a bundle of flaming bamboo on the end of a long pole the others stood around with loaded guns, and when the beast emerged it was shot. Sometimes men wait above the entrance to the burrow and club the *tateti* when it emerges.

Peccary hunting I know only by hearsay. Although a couple of troops of peccary (called "pig of the forest" by the settlers) passed by while I was among the Kaingáng I took no part in their pursuit. The Indians, however, tell me that they surround and shoot them or stab them with knives on the ends of poles. Sometimes, however, they are pursued by one man alone. They are very dangerous animals when brought to bay, and it is well to keep one's distance. Formerly peccary were an important item of Kaingáng diet, but nowadays they have grown scarce in the vicinity of Duque de Caxias and are not found even far up the river. "*Nggiyúdn* has become angry with us," the Indians say, "and has closed up the pigs in his corral."

223 The Kaingáng have no bird snares, and all birds are shot individually with the bow and arrow where they are encountered.

Subsistence Figures

262 146 The following discussion is based on the data which I collected during a five weeks' hunting trip into the forests with the Indians. During that time it was possible for me to keep a fairly accurate check on the distribution of meat because the population was concentrated in one spot, and the entire organization of the camp was directed toward getting meat for everyone. Conditions at the post, however, are quite different. There the [361] population is scattered along a half-mile trail and on both sides of the river, and it is therefore impossible to keep a day-to-day check even were such a check valuable—which I doubt, for in the region of the post game is ex-

[8] Waiting in a canoe for animals to fall into the river seems hardly removed from waiting at the termination of or along a *carreiro*—a further suggestion that the entire technique was taken over from the settlers. The agent used to tell me: "When I first came into this region all you had to do was turn your dogs loose in the forest, and the animals would come tumbling into your canoe."

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Distribution of Population

At the time of their pacification the Kaingáng were distributed on both sides of the Rio Plate within, at the most, three or four days' journey on foot from the pine forest. It is impossible to determine through questioning exactly what determined the movements of all of one extended family under conditions of minimum tension. It was not exclusively food. If it were we would expect all of the members of the family around the Rio Plate to have gone to the pine forest in the fall. But only certain groups would go. Within the extended families the movements were determined quite as much by the desire to attack or the necessity of fleeing from the Brazilians and the wish to look for one another as by the quest for food.

Fruit and Insect Foods

Other Fruit and Roots

While I was among the Kaingáng wild fruits were not important. They either gather fruit when it falls to the ground, climb up after it, or chop the tree down.

I never heard of the Kaingáng using any roots for food.

Wasps and Bees

We can see the wasps buzzing about the opening to their nest twenty feet above the ground in a huge tree that looks as if it were made of three trees grown together. The trunk forms a kind of cavern, and when we step inside we see that the part in which the wasps have built their nest is hollow all the way up. We collect wood and build a big fire at the base of the trunk, and the smoke rises as if up a chimney. We build another fire outside the trunk so that the wasps will not come down to annoy us. As the smoke pours out of the opening to the nest the wasps come with it, and soon there is a hum like a buzzsaw as thousands of wasps buzz about the entrance to their nest. When my two companions are convinced that the wasps have been completely evicted they take axes and go to work on the tree. When it at last crashes the nest has fallen through an arc of twenty-foot radius. No wasps are in sight now, but a fire is set on top of the tree near the nest to keep any chance wanderers away. Again the axes cut, and soon the structure of the nest has been laid bare: tier on tier of cells full of larvae and pupae. We take out the layers of the paperlike structure and in our hunger eat the contents raw. They are sweet, rich, and juicy. Now we build small fires and lay the cells against them to roast. Having eaten my fill, I receive no more. The two Indians divide the nest, the one who discovered it getting the larger share.

262 They acquired the habit of eating chrysalids and larvae of all kinds, especially the maggot found in rotting wood [coró] which they eat raw as well as roasted, or cooked on the fire inside a bamboo sprout. Then necessity turned into habit; although the need no longer remains, the Indians continue to seek out chrysalids and larvae as refined changes of diet.

224 When the warriors are gone for long periods of time, the women catch small game by means of snares and traps, for they do not wield any weapons.

226 Curiously enough, the Botocudo are not familiar with fishing, even in its most primitive form, though rivers abounding with fish are to be found in their area.

262 177 Before the time of peaceful contact, they were already familiar with maize, squash and manioc flour, which they obtained in the course of their raids on civilized communities. But they were altogether unfamiliar with potatoes, the manioc tuber, beans, rice, yams, the taro root, etc., which they have since come to know and which they greatly value.

342 The Botocudo set up their shelters by driving slender stakes close together into the ground. [122] These sticks are bent in the shape of a bow, and their tip secured to a heavy horizontal rod which is usually fastened in two trees at the height of a man. The resulting dome-shaped roof is covered with palm leaves, brush, or ferns. A lateral area of about one meter is always left open to permit observation toward the rear and thus avoid any surprises. The fire is lit on the exposed side of the shelter, and the Indians watch over it continually to make sure that it does not go out.

Each of these huts is utilized by a single family.

[261] The shelters are lined evenly in parallel groups of two to eight huts which together form a camp.

When circumstances such as celebrations or the Araucaria seed harvest compel them to remain in the same place for a longer period of time, they build their huts with greater care and make them larger. Two shelters are built face to face and their roofing connected so that the curved sticks are secured to each other instead of being fastened to a horizontal rod. This results in a perfect vault. Each of these enlarged

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to his wife, kicking Klendó in the ear and overturning Amendó's pot in his semi-somnambulism. All of this makes ethnology terribly difficult, for it is hard to be sure that the dark mass you had decided was Yakwé an hour ago isn't Vomblé or just the shadow of the house post now.

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After she has nursed her baby, eaten a few nuts, and perhaps put the pot on to boil she gets up and cleans the ground, pushing the surface litter back for a pillow, chopping out the protruding roots, scraping and leveling until it is "clean." Then off she goes for ferns to cover the site, sometimes walking half a mile to get the exact kind she wants. When this is all done the camp looks inviting, but next day, after fifty bare feet have walked, run, fought, or toddled over it and the soup has been spilled, it is untidy and dirty. By the end of a week, if they should stay so long, dirt has piled up around the camp—nut shells, pieces of animal hides, fruit skins, bones, palm-shoot shells, wasp's nests from which the larvae have been taken and eaten, basket splints, and human and animal offal—and the place has a repellent odor.

The Kainging are awake an hour before dawn. The young men lie huddled together under their blankets, sometimes five or six of them in a row, chattering and laughing, while the married men shout across from their beds with their wives and someone perhaps lies singing quietly to himself. At last a fire is stirred and a woman or a child goes for water. By dawn the pots are on the fire, and the campers are beginning to shake the stiffness out of their bodies. Perhaps some young woman still lies lazily nursing her child while her young husband sits on her feet to keep them warm. Men begin to take down their bows and bend them against their legs, and arms like wrestlers' swell and bend as the bows are drawn. A famished dog yelps as its owner beats it for stealing food; a woman growls at her child in mild, helpless anger as it defecates in camp. The men circulate around while the women sit quietly nursing their children or eating.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

clay, then crush and sift them. The composition of the clay used by other groups is unknown. The potter first models the base of the pot by hand, then builds up the walls by adding successive coils, smoothing the sides with her fingers or with pieces of wood or shell, a corn cob, a stone, or a metal spoon. To keep the clay soft, she sprinkles it with water or saliva. The following day the pot is again smoothed, then left to dry in the shade and later in the sun. When thoroughly dry, the pot is covered with branches and fired in the open until red. Later, water mixed with ground maize is sprinkled on the pot "in order that it may be unbreakable." Cracks are filled with wax while the pot is still hot. The firing, however, is always imperfect; sherds of the heaviest *Caingang* pots reveal a thick layer of unfired clay in the middle. The presence of a foreigner during firing endangers the process, and may cause the pot to crack beyond repair.

The *Caingang* of Misiones make their pots characteristically black by exposing them to smoke in a basket before they are fired.

Caingang ware has a conical base so that it can be set into the sand (fig. 58, *e*, *f*). The *Caingang-Coroado* make large beer jars, strikingly like *Guarani* jugs and funeral urns, with a conical body surmounted by a narrow edge. Besides large pots, the *Caingang* also manufacture flat roasting pans and conical drinking cups with thin walls.

Fire.—The *Caingang* fire drill consists of a stick of hard wood inserted into an arrow shaft and twirled between the palms of the hand. The hearth is a piece of soft wood. Dry palm shoots serve as tinder. According to a single authority, the *Caingang* also produce fire by sawing one piece of wood with another, a procedure observed by Rengger among the *Caingué*, but otherwise not reported for South America. The fire is activated with a fan. To avoid having to make fire, the natives carry a glowing brand in a pot or in a section of bamboo coated with clay.

Weapons: *Bows and arrows.*—Bows are made of páo d'arco (*Tabebuia impetiginosa*) or of black ipé (*Tabebuia chrysantha*). Before the *Caingang* acquired iron, they wrought the bow stave into shape by rubbing it with sandstone and flint flakes, and smoothed it with the rough leaves of umbauba (*Cecropia* sp.). Finally, the stave was warmed against a fire and smeared with grease. At each end a plaited bulge or, rarely, two right-angled notches prevented the caraguatá or embira string from slipping. The stave was wrapped with strips of cipo embé (*Philodendron imbe*) (fig. 59, *g*), which at both ends formed a bulge to prevent the string from slipping. Some *Caingang* bows were 9 feet long, but they generally averaged from 7 to 8 feet.

The arrow shaft, according to the locality, is made of taquara da frecha (*Gynerium sagittatum*), or of palo alecrim, a white wood that

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PLATE II

a, b Lip plugs *c* Lip piercing knife *d* Tooth extractor
e Stone pestle *f,g* Unknown *h* Base for fire-drill *i* fire stick

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2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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times used and that this makes the beer particularly *thó*. Sometimes a little 273
medicine is added for the sake of general good health. From time to time the beer is stirred with a long rod of bamboo, and the scum that rises is scooped off with the hands.

Preparation of Food

The women make pine-nut soup. A woman chews the raw pine nuts to 252
a pulp, mixes them with water, and boils them. Sometimes they are pounded. The usual way of eating pine nuts is roasted in the shell in the coals.

Meats are sometimes boiled, and nowadays the broth is mixed with manioc meal and eaten. Most meat is roasted. This may be done in two ways. A scaffold of green branches is erected, a fire built under it, and the meat placed on it and roasted. Or a shallow pit is dug, a fire built in it, and green branches laid over it, the meat is then laid on the branches with leaves on top of it, and the whole covered with earth and left there for several hours. When the meat is taken off the branches it is juicy and delicious. The pit method is the best way to roast meat. In roasting meat in this way at least two people generally cooperate. One digs the hole while the other gets wood and leaves.

Small animals are spitted and broiled. Fish are broiled.

Palm shoots are boiled or eaten raw.

Kĕmé is made from the pith of the trunk of a certain palm. Leaves are laid on the ground and a cloth placed on top of them. The trunk is chopped vertically into strips; these are placed on a log and pounded with a stick. The mass is sifted in a basket, and the siftings are stuffed into a bamboo tube and roasted in the coals for five or ten minutes. The mass in the tube is then taken out, made into balls or cakes, and roasted in the coals. It tastes much like wet sawdust, and the Indians nowadays do not eat it even when they have the chance. Formerly it seems to have been fairly important in their diet. They mixed it with soup just as they do now with manioc meal. The Kaingáng say that in ancient times they used corn in the same way.

The Kaingáng used also to make a soup of the pollen of the pine tree. *Tai* fruit and wild *mamão* are roasted in the coals. Sometimes *tai* is pounded in a mortar and eaten.

FIRE

When the Kaingáng move camp the woman takes an ember[9] from the 372
last fire. Men carry no fire; so if they need it to roast nuts when they are hungry or to make fire to drive away wasps or "dangerous bees" they

[9] Any wood will do.

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make it with a fire drill. They cut a piece of dry white canela about an inch thick, two inches wide, and two feet long and make a hole in it about half an inch deep, with a shallow groove on each side—Heaven knows what for[10]—extending over the edges of the stick. They also cut a smaller branch about a quarter of an inch in diameter and a foot and a half long; this is the drill. The Indian spits on his hands, places the drill in the hole, and begins to whirl the stick between his two palms, moving them up and down as he does so. After ten minutes he has no fire; so he calls another Indian and they alternate in whirling the drill. In five minutes more a wisp of smoke from the hole raises their hopes. They remove the drill and look—no spark. For five minutes more they drill, and then the spark comes. Sometimes the spark is on the end of the drill; sometimes it is on the side of the hole. Now the spark is placed on some dry palm leaves, and they blow on it until the leaves burst into flame.

I once saw two men attempt to make a fire with a three-foot base on which they could put their feet and a drill three feet long made of a long bamboo tube with a canela tip inserted at the bottom. They worked for twelve minutes without result. When a third man helped them they succeeded in obtaining a spark.

No sexual symbolism attaches to the fire-making apparatus.

Houses

Houses are built under pressure. It is theoretically woman's work, but in the excitement of sudden rain men and women cooperate. The woman goes for leaves for covering while the man cuts and sinks the heavy uprights and lighter boughs which are sharpened to a point at one end. He digs no hole for them but sinks them into the ground by raising them and throwing them repeatedly, with unerring eye, into the same hole, making it deeper with each throw. Sometimes two convenient trees are used as uprights. If the Indian should perchance decide to build the house long before the storm actually breaks and finds the ground is hard and dry he moistens the soil with whatever is at hand, even tapir soup.

When the uprights are in place the transverse is bound on about eight[11] feet above the ground. Now light boughs are sunk into the ground about nine feet in back of the uprights, *sloping away from them,* making an angle about 60° with the ground so that when they are bent over they will not break out. They are lifted and thrown into the ground just as the uprights were. The boughs are bent over and lashed to the transverse with

[10] What sparks were obtained were always in the hole itself or on the tip of the drill.

[11] Naturally if a house is built entirely by a woman it will be lower than if it is built by a man. Women may bind sloping posts against the uprights so that they can stand on them and reach high. The height of the house is much more variable than the width.

411 Another weapon is the kõuan, a club 1.50 centimeters [sic] in length. Its cylindrical handle extends into a broadening lozenge [prism] with very sharp edges.

These clubs as well as the spears (lõng-lõma, kõlẽdma) are ornamented with burned-in linear figures, and the latter are also adorned where the blade joins the shaft with an attractive strip plaited in two colors.

712 When fearing a possible attack, they fortify the vicinity of their camp with pitfalls which may be as deep as two meters and even more. The walls are covered with sharpened spikes, and in the center [124] they place a spear. Whoever falls into one of these holds invariably dies a horrible death.

They conceal these pits so skilfully, covering them with light sticks and foliage, that without previous knowledge even the Indians fail to discern them.

A lamentable accident occurred at the Post shortly after peaceful contact began. An Indian who had reached the camp at night from another location fell into one of the pits and died a few hours later from the horrible wounds lacerating his body.

In addition to these pits, the camps are always protected with barricades [trincheiras] built in the most propitious spots. When danger threatens, these barriers are manned day and night by experienced warriors.

198 They possess an efficient whistle language made up of various bird calls, through which they communicate remarkably well by exchanging signals and warnings when they keep watch around the camps, at night or in the daytime, whenever the need arises.

372 They make fire in the usual manner of Brazilian tribes--by rubbing two sticks, one of them hard wood and the other softer.

They proceed by steadying with their toes a piece of soft wood with a notch in the center, where they rest the tip of a rod made of very hard wood.

The rotating motion imparted to this stick with the palm of the hands produces a very fine dust which eventually catches fire. When a tenuous spiral of blue smoke begins to wind around the stick, the rotation is further accelerated and the dust begins to burn. Then minute fragments of dry grated wood are carefully piled together, and repeated blowing produces a small flame which is gradually enlarged.

312 This process, which involves a tremendous expenditure of time and careful labor, is only used as a last resort.

The Indians exercise the greatest care to keep their fires burning, and watch them constantly so they will not die out.

When they are on the move, a woman or child always accompanies them with the task of watching over the fire, which is carried in the form of lighted sticks.

325 Before the time of peaceful contact, the Botocudo had secured iron in the course of their raids. In view of its advantages over chipped stone, this material has become precious to them and indispensable to the manufacture of their weapons. They do not work it by heating the metal but by beating it cold with hard rounded stones which they gather in shallow river waters. It is easy to imagine how much patience and perseverance are needed to shape a piece of iron into an object of completely different form and size. Suffice it to say that the making of a spearhead demands more than three months of daily labor.

They also use iron to make small knives, graters, and various other small implements. [125]

283 As already mentioned, their aprons are woven with a kind of wild nettle. This is done as follows. The women pound the plants with small clubs on every side until all the leaves and larger thorns are removed. When this is done, they make small cuts in the stem, just above the roots, and peel off the outer layer in longitudinal strips.

These strips are joined into a large bundle and placed in the water for a certain period of time. When retrieved, they are pounded hard between two sticks until only the fibers remain, free from the ligneous parts. This procedure is repeated over and again; then the fiber is dried and spun by hand upon the naked thigh, and the
286 yarn coiled into a ball. They build a very primitive loom which consists of two sticks stuck obliquely into the ground, with two other sticks fastened upon them horizontally. Squatting before this loom, the women plait in various ways, with comparative ease, the threads they have secured to the frame.

285 Their large loading baskets, kan-nha; the smaller waxed
415 baskets used to carry water; and the little ones, also waxed, which serve various purposes, are all plaited of taquara mansa [a bamboo,

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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of it, or he carefully chops out the root or log until the path is clear; he never leaves a rough edge.

The forest has certain little peculiarities whose marks the Indians recognize when they see one of their number come back from the hunt with a bloody eye or a mass of little cuts on his legs. There is a kind of bamboo that the Indians call *kotkólo* which hangs like a vine from trees and whose mark on the human body is so specific that the Indians can always tell when one of them has fallen foul of it. *Kotkólo* has a surface like sandpaper and a long thorn that curves slightly upward like a tiny scimitar. If you escape the thorn the surface may rasp across your face and leave a stinging welt. There is also a tall strong grass that grows in the open places the Indians love so well and that cuts like a knife. No one dares just walk through it; the feet must swing out like scythes to beat it down.

The Indians are acutely aware of their mountain forests as something with which they have to struggle and which is full of pain for them. The forest is a mass of vines and thorns that cut and trip; it is alive with insects that suck and torment; and they make no bones about saying so. They divide the forest into "clean places," those in which there are no vines, thorns, or bamboo,—they also call them "pretty places"—and "dirty places," where the tangle is so thick that it obscures the light of day.

In the winter these mountain forests are cold and nights are gray with the mist that rises from the watercourses. The temperature often drops below freezing at night, and not even the thickest clothing will keep out the cold and damp. Yet for generations the only clothing the Indians had was a knee-length netlike robe of plant fiber, worn about the waist by the women, and a closely woven shirt of the same material, reaching to the hips, worn by the men in the winter. When they began to raid the Brazilians they stole vests and blankets and it was common to see an Indian naked except for a little belt around his waist to tie up his penis—and a vest. The vest kept the torso warm while it allowed freedom of motion to the arms. The Kaingáng never do anything more with an animal skin than make soup of it, and before they had blankets and vests they simply spread a few fern fronds on the ground at night and lay down on them to sleep, pulling a net-like robe over themselves if they were so fortunate as to possess one.

On winter nights they are miserable and often get up to warm themselves by the fire. One morning in May as I warmed my aching joints by the fire and watched my breath spiral upward, Chukembégn said to me: "Last night I slept all over the place. It was so cold nobody slept." Sometimes they fall asleep sitting by the fire, their arms on their drawn-up knees, their heads sunk forward. The scarcity of blankets brings the young men together in the sleeping parties they love, when a half dozen of them,

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

63 wrapped in each other's arms, lie under a couple of blankets. Children
374 sleep almost anywhere that they can crawl under a blanket, and any solitary sleeper welcomes warm flesh that will help to shelter him against the cold. If children were not welcome sleeping companions it would go hard with them in families where scarcity of blankets would leave them absolutely unprotected.

261 The Kaingáng are hungry in winter and early spring. Then the tracks of animals are hard to interpret and the tapir can run far and fast, for it is no longer burdened with its young and the forest is cool. To the Kaingáng the tapir is not only the most important food, it is the very symbol of food. When they have no tapir meat there is very little meat of any kind, for the tapir is most plentiful when the wild fruits and nuts are ripe, and when these are gone the monkeys and birds, the rodents and pigs, the deer and the tapir that have fed on them for months, grow scarce or vanish altogether. Many primitive people who are faced with this seasonal scarcity have developed some technique of preservation, but not so the Kaingáng.
[257] They preserve only pine nuts and have nothing to support them in these times of hunger.

132 Summer, with its warmth, its dryness, and its plenty, brings comfort at last to these people who sew no skins and make no warm clothes against the winter, who have no knowledge of boats or rafts to carry them across the rivers that lie everywhere around them, and who, in a hungry land, preserve no food and make no traps. If necessity were the mother of invention the Kaingáng would have all these things, which would make their life easier. If people systematically adapted themselves to their environment the Kaingáng would not only be dogged and skillful hunters, but they would have the traps and the fishing techniques which they completely lack. The men would not only be untiring, uncomplaining providers, but they would have discovered how to preserve the food they obtain with so much effort, so that in the lean days of winter they would not grow weak and retch and vomit with hunger.

142 The Kaingáng are powerful and of tough physique.[1] The arms and legs
[147] of the full-grown men are thick and muscular, and the women, although shorter and less conspicuously muscular, are strong enough to carry heavy loads. Their hair is straight and black, their dark-brown eyes wide and level, their noses high-bridged and coarse, their lips thick. Their skin color ranges from a deep brown to a golden tan. Sometimes a sick person who has lain a long time by the fire, away from the sun, may be practically white. The men, who are about as tall as the average white European, are graceful in spite of their massiveness. It is a pleasure to see them walk—the tangled forest has never let them learn to run—with their high springing

[1] They have very bad teeth.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

the Whites, but was retained for small children. In recent times the Santa Catarina *Aweikoma-Caingang* of both sexes shaved the hair over the forehead and on top of the head (Paula Souza, 1924, p. 122). 302

The *Caingang* abhor body hair and always remove it. Combs consist of small wooden splinters passed through a slit in a piece of reed.

The *Caingang* seem to have used charcoal more than urucú for body painting. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* certain body paints belong to exogamic groups of people. The main motifs are dots, vertical lines, circles, and horizontal bars with vertical lines. The *Caingang* observed by Maniser (1930, p. 771) painted themselves only for funeral ceremonies. They regarded the black stripes on their chest as a protection against the ghosts. The pigment was charcoal mixed with honey and water or with the sticky sap of a creeper. 302 386 531 [764] [789]

TRANSPORTATION

River navigation never was so important to the *Caingang* as to their *Tupí-Guaraní* neighbors. To cross a river, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* fell a tree on each side of the river and connect the intervening space with a tree trunk braced with poles fixed in the river bed. 491

Caingang women carry babies on their backs, often in a net, by means of bark tumplines. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* these straps are 4 inches (10 cm.) wide, woven of embira fibers. Knapsacks are suspended by a tumpline. 854 482

MANUFACTURES

Netting.—According to Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 49), the Paraná *Caingang* made net bags of caraguatá fibers. 286

Basketry.—*Caingang* carrying baskets have a hexagonal weave, and, like those of the *Tupí*, are elongated and rectangular knapsacks open on top and on the outer side, so that only the bottom and sides support the burden. Basketry containers woven from thin strips of split bamboo, frequently have stepped designs produced by alternating black and natural color strands (fig. 58, *c*). Some baskets, like those of the *Guayaná*, are made in two parts that telescope into each other. 285 415

The *Aweikoma* have three main types of baskets: large baskets for transportation of goods; small, impervious water or honey containers of Taquara mansa strips coated with wax; and small receptacles, similarly waterproofed, used as cups and dishes.

Spinning.—*Caingang* textiles are made with the fibers of the ortiga brava, probably a Bromelia. Women seize the leaves with leather-covered hands, cut them at the base, and remove all the thorns, then macerate the leaves in water, dry, and, finally, crush them. The fibers are then rolled into threads with the palm of the hand against the 283

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

283 thigh. The threads, wound in a ball, are soaked in water mixed with ashes, then boiled, and again carefully washed; sometimes they are left in running water, so that they become white and flexible. Occa-
[386] sionally, part of the thread is dyed with catigua bark.

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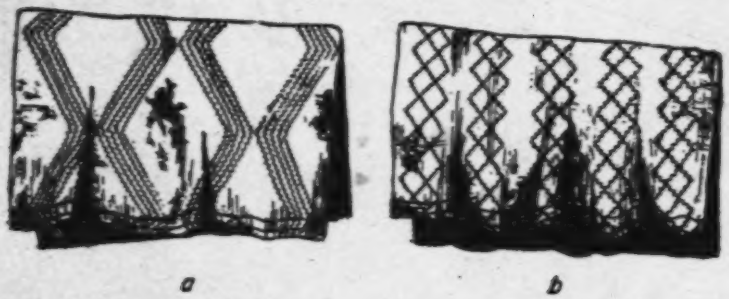
286
531



a b

415
285
323
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c d e f

FIGURE 58.—*Caingang* manufactures. *a*, *b*, Kurus or nettle-fiber cloaks (redrawn from Koenigswald, 1906 b, figs. 15–16); *c*, twilled basket (redrawn from Koenigswald, 1906 b, fig. 20); *d*, wooden mortar in which three pestles are used at the same time (redrawn from Maniser, 1930); *e*, *f*, pottery jars (redrawn from Maniser, 1930).

286 **Weaving.**—Fabrics are woven by hand, sometimes on a simple loom, and always display a stepped, dark design which crosses the surface diagonally (fig. 58, *a*, *b*).

323 **Ceramics.**—For pottery, the *Caingang* of Misiones use a blackish earth from nearby cliffs. For tempering material, they bake lumps of

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

After the feast the *patthéyé* and the piece of the umbilical cord that was attached to the mother are wrapped with herbs and thrown into the water. Some time after this the child is given a name, but there is no ceremony of name-giving. 852

The Baby Blackening (Waichĕdn)

This was the most joyful ceremony of the Kaingáng. Every few years, whenever there were enough children to warrant a baby-blackening, a large number of the people of one extended family used to come together in a big camp. While the men with children to blacken went out with their brothers and first cousins to get honey for beer, the others made dance ornaments[47] and hunted. The Kaingáng[48] cannot restrain themselves as the day of the festa draws near, and night after night as the beer ferments the men walk back and forth across the camp circle carrying their babies on their backs and singing. When at last the beer is *thŏ* the women paint their husbands with a black mixture made of charcoal and the sticky sap of a tree and stick feathers in it, and the men put little square hats of embira bark on their heads and wide bark belts around their waists, with bark tassels hanging down. Some of the belts are painted with black paint or animals' blood in crude designs that represent nothing at all. Now some men and women pass around the beer while the men stand or sit and sing, beating time by pounding on the ground with their clubs and lances. When the men have been singing awhile their wives come and stand or sit behind them, moving their arms slowly up and down in time to the music. Everyone sings as he chooses and as loud as he can, while clusters of young men stand around the older ones to try to learn the songs. There is no attempt to achieve harmony—everyone sings a different song, self-centered, musically oblivious to his surroundings. As they stand shaking their rattles or pounding their weapons on the ground—dancing, the Kaingáng call it—they stop from time to time to drink the beer. All day long and until late at night they drink while the women now stand, now sit, beside them, drinking beer, nursing babies, cooking food, eating, mourning, singing, quarreling. Every once in a while a group of men and women break out of the circle, grasp the *kŏndjidn* and the *lu*, and walk across and around the dance circle in a confused singing knot, drunk, intense, and unsteady. This staggering around the circle is called dancing [386] [293] [386]

[47] See Appendix I, p. 171.

[48] Since the Kaingáng abandoned their lip plugs a number of years ago *wuichĕdn* has been given up. What follows is based on observations made at a *wuichĕdn* that was arranged for me. The actual piercing of the lip was done against my wishes and over my protest.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

clay, then crush and sift them. The composition of the clay used by other groups is unknown. The potter first models the base of the pot by hand, then builds up the walls by adding successive coils, smoothing the sides with her fingers or with pieces of wood or shell, a corn cob, a stone, or a metal spoon. To keep the clay soft, she sprinkles it with water or saliva. The following day the pot is again smoothed, then left to dry in the shade and later in the sun. When thoroughly dry, the pot is covered with branches and fired in the open until red. Later, water mixed with ground maize is sprinkled on the pot "in order that it may be unbreakable." Cracks are filled with wax while the pot is still hot. The firing, however, is always imperfect; sherds of the heaviest *Caingang* pots reveal a thick layer of unfired clay in the middle. The presence of a foreigner during firing endangers the process, and may cause the pot to crack beyond repair.

The *Caingang* of Misiones make their pots characteristically black by exposing them to smoke in a basket before they are fired.

Caingang ware has a conical base so that it can be set into the sand (fig. 58, *e*, *f*). The *Caingang-Coroado* make large beer jars, strikingly like *Guaraní* jugs and funeral urns, with a conical body surmounted by a narrow edge. Besides large pots, the *Caingang* also manufacture flat roasting pans and conical drinking cups with thin walls.

Fire.—The *Caingang* fire drill consists of a stick of hard wood inserted into an arrow shaft and twirled between the palms of the hand. The hearth is a piece of soft wood. Dry palm shoots serve as tinder. According to a single authority, the *Caingang* also produce fire by sawing one piece of wood with another, a procedure observed by Rengger among the *Caingué*, but otherwise not reported for South America. The fire is activated with a fan. To avoid having to make fire, the natives carry a glowing brand in a pot or in a section of bamboo coated with clay.

Weapons: *Bows and arrows.*—Bows are made of páo d'arco (*Tabebuia impetiginosa*) or of black ipé (*Tabebuia chrysantha*). Before the *Caingang* acquired iron, they wrought the bow stave into shape by rubbing it with sandstone and flint flakes, and smoothed it with the rough leaves of umbauba (*Cecropia* sp.). Finally, the stave was warmed against a fire and smeared with grease. At each end a plaited bulge or, rarely, two right-angled notches prevented the caraguatá or embira string from slipping. The stave was wrapped with strips of cipo embé (*Philodendron imbe*) (fig. 59, *g*), which at both ends formed a bulge to prevent the string from slipping. Some *Caingang* bows were 9 feet long, but they generally averaged from 7 to 8 feet.

The arrow shaft, according to the locality, is made of taquara da frecha (*Gynerium sagittatum*), or of palo alecrim, a white wood that

: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

● 411

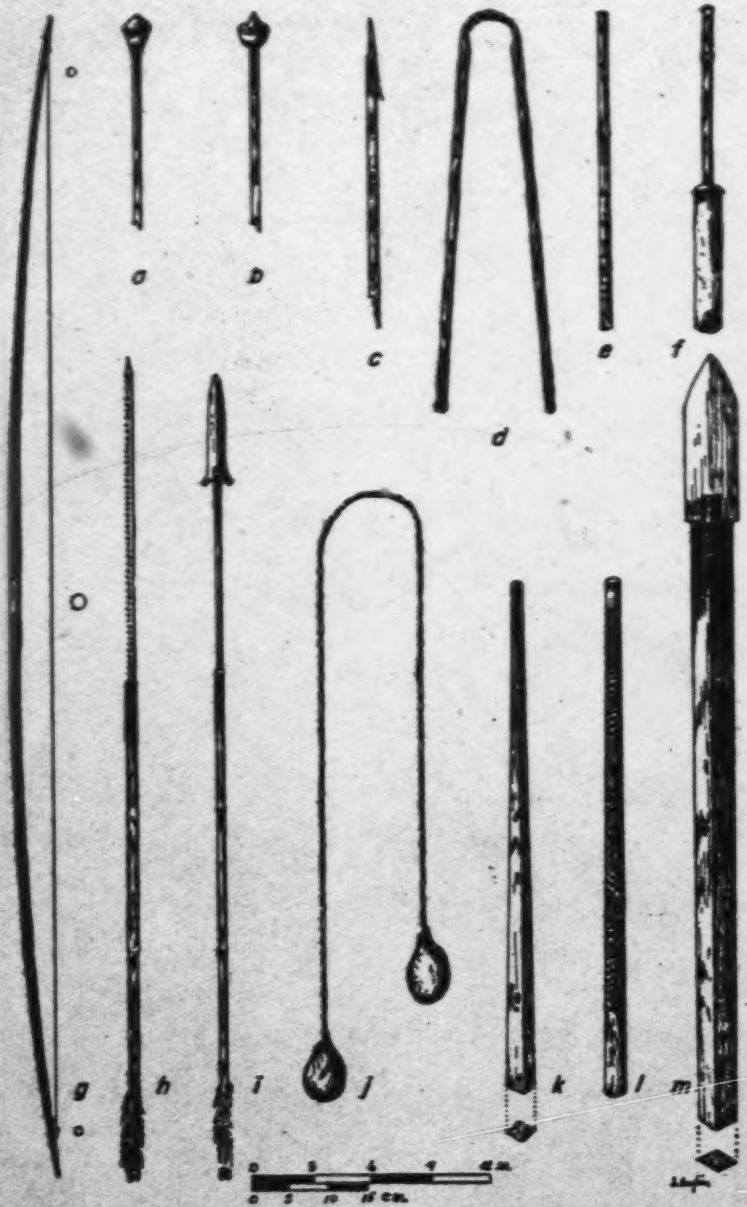


FIGURE 59.—*Caingang* weapons and artifacts. *a*, *b*, Bird arrows; *c*, arrow with single-barb bone point; *d*, fire tongs; *e*, flute; *f*, trumpet; *g*, bow; *h*, arrow with barbed wooden point; *i*, arrow with iron point; *j*, bolas; *k*, wooden club; *l*, wooden club covered with basketry; *m*, spear with iron point. (Redrawn from Koenigswald, 1936 *a*, figs. *a*–*k*; 1936 *b*, figs. 4–28.)

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

turns very light when dry. To straighten a reed, they lash it against a horizontal piece of wood, fastening a weight at one end. Arrowheads are wide taquara splinters, barbed rods (fig. 59, *h*), wooden rods tipped with a sharp point of monkey or deer bones (fig. 59, *c*), and massive, blunt wooden knobs used for birds (fig. 59, *a*, *b*). Some bird arrows are also tipped with four slightly diverging sticks or thorns. In recent years, the hunting and war arrows of the Santa Catarina *Aweikoma-Caingang* have been tipped with duck-bill iron heads (fig. 59, *i*). Feathering is of the arched type (eastern Brazilian). Hunters always carry a ready supply of bone heads, shafts, and feathers to replace lost arrows.

Spears are common among the *Caingang*, who tipped them with iron blades obtained from the Whites (fig. 59, *m*). The *Aweikoma* were extremely skillful in handling these weapons, which they decorated with fire-engraved designs and with basketry coverings.

The clubs of the Paraná *Caingang* are short cylindrical cudgels covered with basketry (fig. 59, *l*); those of the so-called *Botocudo* are more or less tapering, with the cross section often prismatic, thus presenting sharp cutting edges (fig. 59, *k*). They are decorated with fire engravings and with a basketry sheath. The cudgels of the São Paulo *Caingang* have a bulging head and are from 5 to 6 feet long.

Countless stone rings have been found on archeological sites of the State of Rio Grande do Sul. In the 17th century, some tribes of the upper Paraguay River used clubs with stone heads (itaiza), but there is no evidence that these Indians were *Caingang;* it is more likely that they were *Guaraní*.

To frustrate attack or pursuit by an enemy, the *Caingang* strewed the paths leading to their camps with caltrops made of sharp bone splinters bound in a bundle with cotton thread and wax. They also dug pitfalls in the bottom of which they placed sharp spears.

SOCIAL ORGANIZATION

Moieties.—The *Caingang* of Palmas have two exogamous, patrilineal moieties, each split into two groups. Baldus (1935, pp. 44–47) does not give the names of the moieties, merely stating that they were called by the word for both "friend" and "two," and that fellow members considered one another cousins. On the other hand, he lists the four subgroups according to their prestige as follows: Votóro, Kadnyerú (Kañerú), Aniky, and Kamé. The reason for this preferential ranking could not be ascertained. Every individual is born into a moiety, but is assigned to one of the subgroups at a mortuary feast by a man or a woman of his own moiety.

Among the *Caingang* of Palmas, the father decided, when he painted a son or a daughter for the first time, to which of the two

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

precipitate it into a boiling pot. He also describes the slippery path from which it may fall into a swamp, where a huge crab awaits it (Nimuendajú, 1914, p. 372).

But at last the soul arrives at an underworld in the west, where it is day during our night, and where the forests teem with tapirs, deer, and other game. The souls of the aged become young again and live for the span of a human life. After a second death, the soul turns into a small insect, generally a mosquito or an ant, whose death ends everything; for this reason the *Caingang* never kill these insects (Baldus, 1937 c, p. 49).

WARFARE

A man who has been offended by some member of the community stands in front of his hut and in a loud voice enumerates all his grievances, sometimes bursting into a chant. He ends with threats against his enemy who, in the meantime, behaves in the same manner on the other side of the camp. After reciprocal abuses that often last a whole night, the challenger, followed by a group of supporters, advances toward the offender, who is immediately assisted by his own partisans. Both factions, armed with wooden clubs, fight a pitched battle, but are careful not to kill anybody. The sham battles of the *Caingang* have been described by many observers and may well be formalized brawls which have been interpreted as sportive games.

Feuds between *Caingang* groups may develop into regular warfare. When one group engages another, the members of the Kadnyerú moity subdivision always form the first line. The Kamé constitute the second line and enter the fight as a reserve to take the place of the exhausted Kadnyerú. Battles between related groups are always preceded by exchanges of insults and by other demonstrations of anger. Although no weapons but cudgels are used, blows are so lustily administered that many are seriously wounded or killed.

Wars against foreign tribes or the Whites were less strictly patternized. The *Caingang*, like all Indians, relied mainly on surprise attacks carried on at dawn. After a general discharge of arrows, the warriors, armed with their clubs, rushed against the enemy (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 42).

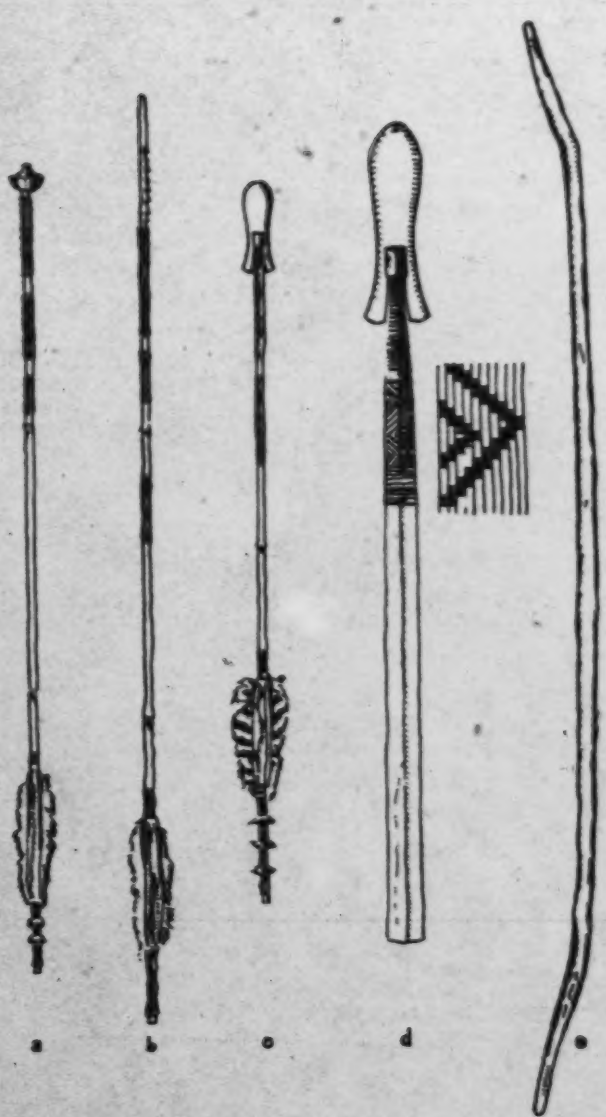
Women and children were generally spared and were adopted by the victorious group. They cut off the heads of slain enemies but did not keep them as trophies.

ETIQUETTE

When a *Caingang* visits another village, he hides in the vicinity until able to announce his presence to some relative. The host receives him with his face covered with a cloth and does not look at his guest until

PLATE III

411



a Bird arrow *b* Small-game arrow *c* Large-game arrow
d Lance *e* Bow

[p. 156(A)]

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

extremely scarce, and the Indians, instead of spending their time hunting, spend a great part of it tilling the soil.

The data that I offer present problems rather than solve them. They were collected at a particular time of the year: when the most important wild crop of the region, pine nuts, was ripe; when it was still warm and the tapirs ran slowly; when the females were heavy with young; when some wild fruits other than the pine nut were ripe and on the trees; when the bees were still making honey and their young had not yet begun to devour it. In other words, it was the most nearly perfect time of the year in the region where the Kaingáng would find it easiest to get food. Pine trees were abundant, which meant not only food for the Indians but also food for monkeys and all the four-footed animals that might live on the fallen nuts, particularly the peccary. Besides this the region was cut by many streams into which the dogs might drive the tapir so that the hunter could kill it easily. The difference that such a terrain makes in hunting tapir is amazing. Time after time dogs have been taken a little way up the river and turned loose on fresh tapir tracks only to run fruitlessly all day long because the lie of the land was such that the tapir need never drive toward a stream. The flat top of the ridge stretched for miles unintersected by any streams until it ended three hours journey to the northwest in the Deniker River. It was one of my grievances against the Indians that they would take my dogs to such a place against my will and let them run after a tapir until night overtook them, far out of reach of anyone, whereupon the Indians would return, leaving the dogs in the forest. Days later they would wander in, their snouts full of porcupine quills and their hides cut by the teeth of *quatí*.

At the time of my study the Indians had hunted over the same area for almost twenty years. It is vast, and tapir are still to be found there; yet persistent hunting in one area must affect the number of animals, particularly when the favorite season for hunting tapir is the time of the pine nuts, i.e. when the females are heavy with young. Hunting by the settlers, although not very frequent, nevertheless occurs and may affect the quantity of game animals. On the other hand, during the five weeks' hunt the Indians had the use of my dogs—two well-trained tapir hunters—which I managed to keep fairly well fed. Under aboriginal conditions it would be rare for the Indians to have specially trained tapir-hunters, and they would never be well fed. This, of course, reduces the dog's efficiency.

Not all of the adult or adolescent males were armed during the trip, which, of course, reduced the efficiency of the group. Nowadays the young men never learn to shoot with bow and arrow, and if they are too poor to buy a gun they cannot hunt.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

whom worked steadily. A heavy central pole nine feet high was sunk in the ground. Then a "ladder," i.e. a pole sloping from the ground to a point about four feet above the ground on the central pole, was tied to it so that the workers could reach the top of the central post. Six poles were sunk in a circle around the central post, about two yards from it, making the maximum diameter of the house approximately four yards.[12] Each pole was bent over toward the central post, caught by a man standing on the "ladder," and bound in place about a foot from the top. Five men worked to maneuver one pole so that it might be bent and bound: two held it in place, a third pushed it into an arc toward the center, and a fourth standing on the ladder pulled it down and in. The two arches first erected were separated widely to leave room for passage. When the arches were in place transverses were bound to them, the first one eight inches above the ground. The ends of the transverses were bound together. This frame was covered with *palha* and palm fronds all the way to the top.

Weapons

Bows

The Kaingáng told me that in order to make a bow a *kakŧóngĝála*[13] tree is cut down and the trunk cut into sections and split with wedges. The desirable piece is then further reduced in cross section with an axe, and pointed at both ends with a knife. Then it is heated in the fire, rubbed with wax, and heated again. A short post with a fork at its upper end is sunk in the ground and braced with a second post. The bow is placed in the crotch, bent, and held in this position by another short post sunk in the ground. When the bow has been in the crotch for some time and thus permanently bent to its proper shape it is taken out and worked to the proper smoothness. This is all done by one person.

Nowadays Kaingáng bows have no howler-monkey tails on them, but at the time of the pacification the Kaingáng used to slip these tails over their bows to strengthen them. Whenever a howler monkey was killed they would cut off its tail, turn it inside out, and slip it over a stick of the same cross section as their bows. When they were dry they would turn them right side out and put them on their bows. One informant told me that the ancients used the tails of lizards. I never saw bows made.

[12] Exactly 3.80 meters.

[13] Known in Brazil as the *cabiúna*, a large tree yielding one of the finest and strongest hard woods of the Brazilian forests. The Kaingáng bow is from six to seven feet long and was often used as a club.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

Arrows

Kaingáng arrows have one type of shaft and three types of heads, the iron head for tapir, deer, and howler monkeys, the barbed wooden head for smaller game, and the blunt head with nipple for birds. 411

The arrow shafts are made from bamboo which is cut while green, heated, and straightened and allowed to season. The longest shafts are used for the barbed wooden heads. These heads are whittled from a branch of *kóngún*. They have a sharp point and have two edges, one of which is sharp while the other is provided with five barbs. The heads of these arrows (*lqlq*, thorn) are hardened in the fire. The origin of the use of the *kóngún* for this type of arrow may be magical, for the tree from which they are taken is very thorny. When the heads are completed they are fitted into the shafts and bound in place with cipo, which is wound tight around the shaft at the junction of head and shaft. Then the whole is waxed and rubbed.

The next longest are the *ndó*, the bird arrows. These are whittled from pine knots. In shape the heads resemble inverted cones with nipples at the base.

The iron-headed arrows are the shortest, as is natural because of the great weight of the head, and the most difficult to make. These iron heads may be anywhere from three inches to almost a foot long and in average shape resemble very much the bill of the spoon-billed duck. Instead of being pointed at the tip they are perfectly rounded and are sharpened to razor keenness. They are also sharpened all along both edges. They have no barbs but end in blunt flanges. These arrows are used most generally at short range and make a terrific wound.

Iron arrows are made from metal stolen from the Brazilians, heated in the fire, hammered down with stones to the proper shape, and filed to an edge with a file obtained in the same way as the iron. The arrow head is finished with three flanges at the base, the central one fitted into a deep notch made for it in a short stick. This notch is filled with a strong black wax which gives the head additional support. Then the notch is tightly wound with cipó and the stick is fitted into the shaft which is wrapped with cipó and waxed. [325]

Feathering for all but iron arrows is preferably done with the feathers of the jacutinga. The feathers are not split or wound around the shaft but bound on opposite sides of it. This is possible because only those feathers are used which have tendrils on but one edge. For iron arrows the feathers of the hawk are used. They are looked on as suited for the iron arrows because they come from such a powerful bird.

The making of arrows is done entirely by the owner.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

Lances

411 The blade of this astonishing weapon is made from a single piece of iron that is worked by heating for days in the flames, pounding with stones, and then filing to razor sharpness.[14] The blade of the lance illustrated is 15⅛ inches from the tip to the bottom of the central flange, the actual usable length 12½ inches, 3½ inches at the widest point, sweeping gracefully in to a width of 2⅜ inches at the narrowest point. This was the only lance left among the Kaingáng when I came there; so it is impossible to make any general statements about the size of the blade; but I have been told that this is by no means one of the largest. Many, of course, must have been smaller, for the size of the blade depended on the size of the piece of iron obtained.

The peculiar shape of the blade might suggest that the Kaingáng lance was used principally for striking and not for stabbing. From stories it appears that the lance was used more often to strike than to stab, though stabbing was quite frequent. Nevertheless when we realize that the iron arrow heads were exactly the same shape as the lance heads it becomes clear that the shape of the lance blade was not determined by the fact that it was used more for striking than for stabbing. Obviously the drive of an arrow is always head on. The real reason that the lance was used more for striking than for stabbing was because the lance is a development of the club. The handle of the lance is exactly the same shape as a club,[15] except for the fact that the lance tapers toward the notch where the blade is inserted. The lance is grasped in the same way as the club. Kaingáng lance heads have had the same shape stages as the arrows.

Curiously enough, the lances were the weapons least used by the Kaingáng. One would imagine that these lances would be ideal for slaughtering Brazilians, but the Kaingáng always left them at home when they went raiding. They preferred to cut clubs from hard woods just before attacking and to throw them away when they were finished. Sometimes they simply used their bows as clubs, but this involved danger of breakage. The Kaingáng say that they left the lances at home so that the women could use them to kill tapirs while they were gone.

The use of the lance *par excellence* was for murdering vendetta enemies. Most of the massacres were accomplished with lances. The Kaingáng beat time with their lances while they sang at the festas, so that they were fully prepared to turn upon their enemies suddenly and slaughter them.

In general the technique of making the blades is the same as for the iron arrow heads except that more than one man is needed. The heating and

[14] With a file stolen from the Brazilians.

[15] I.e. four-cornered; lozenge shaped in cross-section.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

pounding is a long and tedious process, so that the men help one another. 411
The blade is placed directly on the handle and not, as in the case of the arrow head, first on a wooden foreshaft which is fitted into the long bamboo aftershaft. The handle of the lance is ornamented near the upper end with an attractively woven glove of basketry.

Besides a large lance some men had in addition a little one, about one-third as big, which could be hung from the neck by a plaited band. It was useful for killing tapir.

Utensils

Beer Troughs

These are made from cedar trees. The Brazilian cedar is a mighty tree, 415
dwarfing our North American variety to a weed. In order to make a 483
trough a cedar is cut down and a section cut out. It may then be discovered that the log has a split in it, and in that case it becomes necessary to cut down another tree. This may go on for some time until at last a perfect log is secured. Then it must be moved back to camp, and since it is impossible for one man to do this several cooperate. If the log is on a hill the outer bark of the cedar which has been removed from the selected section is placed along the sides of the hill and used as skids. When level ground is reached the log is turned end over end through the "dirty" forest and rolled through the "clean."

When the log has been got into camp someone goes to work on it with 415
an axe. He marks out the mouth, about eight inches wide, and hews away 322
steadily until he can no longer strike accurately into the interior of the trough. Then he takes a gouge, a piece of sharpened iron bound on the end of a six-foot pole, and finishes the hollowing out. If he grows tired someone else takes his place. When the gouging has been completed the trough is stood on end and a fire made in it with dry bamboo to clean it. Then the charcoal is scraped out with an adze.

In order to guard against leakage wax is heated with a hot brand and 415
rubbed over the ends of the trough. The ends themselves are also heated in order to make the wax run. When the trough is finished a shallow pit is dug to accommodate it.

If a trough starts to leak the festa may be hastened in order that the beer may be drunk up before it is all lost, or an attempt to mend it may be made by spreading wax over the outside of the leaking end and mixing it with ashes. When I saw this done once the effects were practically nil; I sent for some pails and pans and the beer was emptied into them. Melted wax was then poured on the inside of the trough and rubbed in with the

X193 (5) *kũ ŋv kɔɪŋgɜk tɛ̃ vv'ŋqɔ tɛ̃ ka ɛ*
then man a larva during his

X534 *plũ tɛ̃ ko 'vaɪ kũ tɛ̃*
wife coitus never and

So during the time of the *vv'ŋgɔ* men refrain from cohabiting with their wives.

(6) *kũ ɔŋ ŋv ŋaɪka'ŋglɔŋ mu*
then imitate

Then they imitated.

(7) *kũ ŋv ɔŋ paŋ ka'ŋglɔŋ mu*
then they shoot imitate

Then they experimented shooting.

In the following sentences, containing verbs similar in structure to the text example, we shall also see that when the verb has a direct object *ŋaɪ* disappears:

(1) *ɛŋ ha e tʃɔ̃ ɲɛŋga ku'pe e tʃɔ̃ ŋaɪɲɛ 'pe ŋa*
I I hand wash I wash

I am washing my hands.

(2) *ɛŋ ha e tʃɔ̃ ɛ tɛ̃ to ŋaɪɲɛ'põ ŋa*
I I house order

I ordered the house (to be made).

(3) *a ha mbæŋ dʒɔklã tɛ̃ to ɛŋ ɲɛ'põ ŋa*
you axe handle me order

You ordered me to make a handle for your axe; i. e. I was ordered to make a handle for your axe.

(4) *kũ yi ŋv ŋanɛ'ŋglõ tɛ̃*
then it is said a male personal name

ɛ ka'lɜ 'yɜlɜ ɛ tɔ̃ 'tu
his (own) lance cord he carry on the back

kũ ŋaɪɲɛ'klæŋ nɛ
and recite the origin myths sit

[411] Then *ŋanɛ'ŋglõ* was sitting reciting the origin myths with his small lance (a small lance hung around the neck by a fibre strap) hanging down his back.

ko kɔ'ma ko 'klæŋ
eat fear (?) (ant eater) eat recite the

ŋa
[773] origin myths

[262] It is the origin myth about the eating of the ant-eater (a tabu animal).

[p.265 (A)]

302 When important battles are to be waged, the warriors of this tribe have the custom of painting their face and trunk with broad strokes of a special black dye, meant to induce greater terror in their enemies. This is why several members of civilized communities attacked by these Indians maintained that they had "recognized" Negroes among them, alleged criminals who had joined the Indians to escape the law...

301 They also adorn themselves with necklaces, which prior to the time of peaceful contact they made with various seeds, the teeth and claws of animals, hooves of small deer and tapir, etc.
[177] In addition, they made use of all the objects they managed to acquire in the course of their raids, such as harness rings, buckles, strainers, buttons, inner pieces of clocks (which they invariably destroyed), coins, empty or full cartridges, etc. Suffice it to say that these necklaces, which often weigh as much as two or three kilograms, are veritable show cases of whatever has come into their hands.

●411 The Botocudo bow, vôio, is always made of the tough and elastic cabiuna [the black rosewood, Dalbergia nigra--Translator] wood, catangára in the native tongue, which belongs to the same family (Leguminosae) as ipê. The latter was named pau d'arco [bow wood] by the Portuguese because it was used for this purpose by all the coastal tribes (Tupi, Guarani). The arrows are of three kinds: war arrows with metal blades; hunting arrows with tips of hard wood barbed on one side; and the short arrows [virotes] used exclusively to hunt birds, which kill by impact and inflict no open wound.

In addition to these weapons, they own impressive spears with metal blades measuring up to ten or twelve centimeters in width and thirty or forty in length, and shaped like the tip of the war arrows. The consummate skill with which they handle this formidable weapon is nearly incredible. They use it in a sort of fencing struggle by holding it with both hands in the center of the shaft. The tip of the shaft is used to parry and avert blows, and the blade to attack the adversary with lunges which cause instant death if not parried in time. Enemy heads have been severed at one blow. In the course of fencing bouts the Botocudo use downward as well as upward strokes, and leap constantly with great skill, to the front as well as to the rear.

411 Another weapon is the kõuan, a club 1.50 centimeters [sic] in length. Its cylindrical handle extends into a broadening lozenge [prism] with very sharp edges.

These clubs as well as the spears (lõng-lõma, kõlẽdma) are ornamented with burned-in linear figures, and the latter are also adorned where the blade joins the shaft with an attractive strip plaited in two colors.

712 When fearing a possible attack, they fortify the vicinity of their camp with pitfalls which may be as deep as two meters and even more. The walls are covered with sharpened spikes, and in the center [124] they place a spear. Whoever falls into one of these holds invariably dies a horrible death.

They conceal these pits so skilfully, covering them with light sticks and foliage, that without previous knowledge even the Indians fail to discern them.

A lamentable accident occurred at the Post shortly after peaceful contact began. An Indian who had reached the camp at night from another location fell into one of the pits and died a few hours later from the horrible wounds lacerating his body.

In addition to these pits, the camps are always protected with barricades [trincheiras] built in the most propitious spots. When danger threatens, these barriers are manned day and night by experienced warriors.

198 They possess an efficient whistle language made up of various bird calls, through which they communicate remarkably well by exchanging signals and warnings when they keep watch around the camps, at night or in the daytime, whenever the need arises.

372 They make fire in the usual manner of Brazilian tribes--by rubbing two sticks, one of them hard wood and the other softer.

They proceed by steadying with their toes a piece of soft wood with a notch in the center, where they rest the tip of a rod made of very hard wood.

The rotating motion imparted to this stick with the palm of the hands produces a very fine dust which eventually catches fire. When a tenuous spiral of blue smoke begins to wind around the stick, the rotation is further accelerated and the dust begins to burn. Then minute fragments of dry grated wood are carefully piled together, and repeated blowing produces a small flame which is gradually enlarged.

*193 *539 in that *ɲay* is used to form the latter's plural only when *nɔ* means "to lie".

Examples:

'kũ	*ŋv*	*klɛ̃*	*ɲay*	*'nɔ*
then	on top			lie

Then they lay down on (them).

ti	*'plũ*	*tɛ̃*	*ɔŋ*	*ŋv*	*lœy'le*	*ɲay*	*nɛ*
his	wife		they		two		sit

He had two wives.

But also:

ti	*plũ*	*ɔŋ*	*ŋv*	*lœy'le*	*nɔndɛ*
his	wife	them		two	are

He had two wives.

nɔ is used arbitrarily to form the plural of *nɛ* and *ɲa*.

Examples:

ɛŋ	*'ha*	*nũ*	*kɜ'yo*	*ɲa*	*kæ'ke*	*mu*
I	I		thin	stand	habitually	

I am always thin.

ɔŋ	*ha*	*ŋv*	*kɜ'yo*	*nɔ*	*kæ'ke*	*mu*
they			thin	are	habitually	

They are always thin.

nde	*to*	*a*	*nɛ*	*nũ*	*ŋa*
what	beside	your	sit		

What are you sitting beside? (What are you doing there?)

kũ	*ɲk*	*ti*	*to*	*nɔ*
then	they	him	beside	are

Then they stayed beside him.

[136] 53 A woodpecker.

54 The woman who treats one's umbilical cord ceremonially.

55 The feminine particle, which also means "she" and "her", follows all human feminine nouns and personal names.

● [412] 56 Stone pestle.

57 Cloth. Any piece of fabric is called generically by this term.

58 Covered over. The first two syllables of a number of verbs are identical with the first two syllables of this one.

[p.204 (1)]

285 Chusquea pinifolia--Translator] strips which vary only in their width
415 and thickness.

The larger waxed baskets are used as a sort of pail to convey water and honey. The small baskets, also waterproof, are used as vessels--mugs of a sort--for water and for mong-ma on festive occasions.

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[854] them placed against the forehead, or against the top of the head, to carry children. The Botocudo carry everything in this fashion, with the weight steadied against the head and resting along the back.

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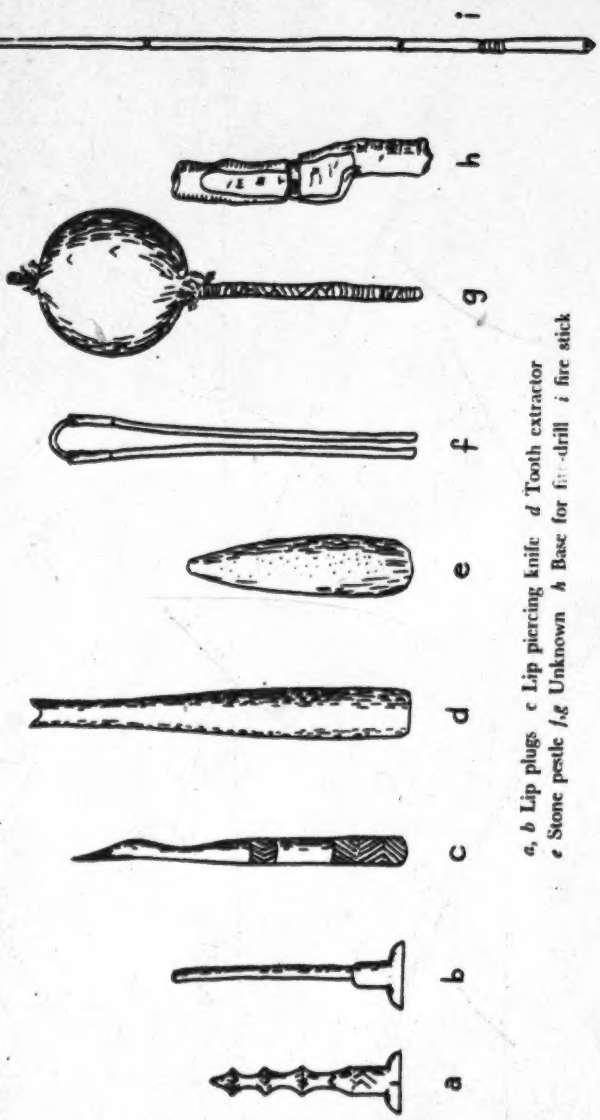
[582] tattoed similarly underneath the first. Once thus admitted among the warriors, they are considered ready to marry.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

PLATE II



a, b Lip plugs *c* Lip piercing knife *d* Tooth extractor
e Stone pestle *f, g* Unknown *h* Base for fire-drill *i* fire stick

[p. 140 (B)]

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

the Whites, but was retained for small children. In recent times the Santa Catarina *Aweikoma-Caingang* of both sexes shaved the hair over the forehead and on top of the head (Paula Souza, 1924, p. 122). 302

The *Caingang* abhor body hair and always remove it. Combs consist of small wooden splinters passed through a slit in a piece of reed.

The *Caingang* seem to have used charcoal more than urucú for body painting. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* certain body paints belong to exoga[illegible]c groups of people. The main motifs are dots, vertical lines, [illegible], and horizontal bars with vertical lines. The *Caingang* obser[illegible] Manizer (1930, p. 771) painted themselves only for funeral ceremo[illegible] They regarded the black stripes on their chest as a protection against the ghosts. The pigment was charcoal mixed with honey and water or with the sticky sap of a creeper. 302 386 531 [764] [789]

TRANSPORTATION

River navigation never was so important to the *Caingang* as to their *Tupí-Guaraní* neighbors. To cross a river, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* fell a tree on each side of the river and connect the intervening space with a tree trunk braced with poles fixed in the river bed. 491

Caingang women carry babies on their backs, often in a net, by means of bark tumplines. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* these straps are 4 inches (10 cm.) wide, woven of embira fibers. Knapsacks are suspended by a tumpline. 854 482

MANUFACTURES

Netting.—According to Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 49), the Paraná *Caingang* made net bags of caraguatá fibers. 286

Basketry.—*Caingang* carrying baskets have a hexagonal weave, and, like those of the *Tupí*, are elongated and rectangular knapsacks open on top and on the outer side, so that only the bottom and sides support the burden. Basketry containers woven from thin strips of split bamboo, frequently have stepped designs produced by alternating black and natural color strands (fig. 58, *c*). Some baskets, like those of the *Guayaná*, are made in two parts that telescope into each other. 285 415

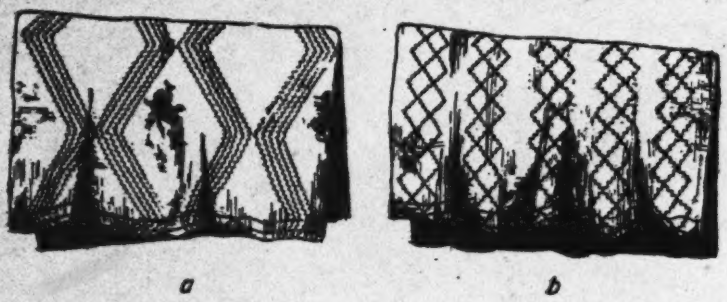
The *Aweikoma* have three main types of baskets: large baskets for transportation of goods; small, impervious water or honey containers of Taquara mansa strips coated with wax; and small receptacles, similarly waterproofed, used as cups and dishes.

Spinning.—*Caingang* textiles are made with the fibers of the ortiga brava, probably a Bromelia. Women seize the leaves with leather-covered hands, cut them at the base, and remove all the thorns, then macerate the leaves in water, dry, and, finally, crush them. The fibers are then rolled into threads with the palm of the hand against the 283

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

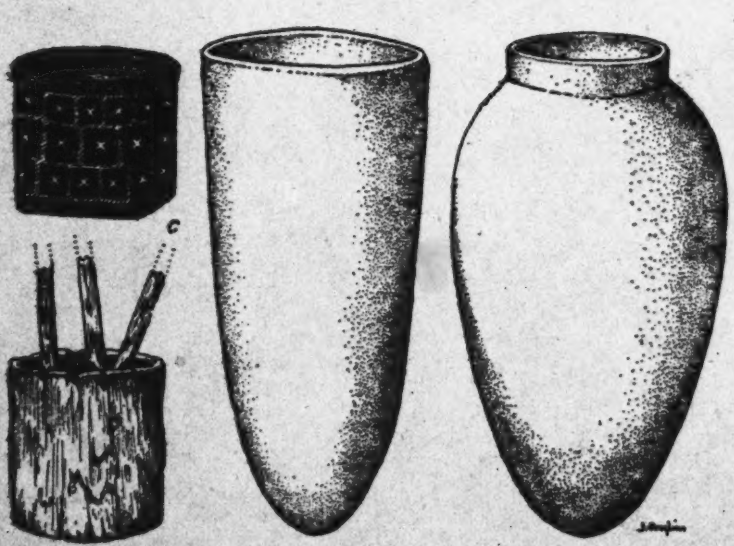
283 thigh. The threads, wound in a ball, are soaked in water mixed with ashes, then boiled, and again carefully washed; sometimes they are left in running water, so that they become white and flexible. Occa-
[386] sionally, part of the thread is dyed with catigua bark.

291
286
531



a b

● 415
285
323
531



c d e f

FIGURE 58.—*Caingang* manufactures. *a*, *b*, Kurus or nettle-fiber cloaks (redrawn from Koenigswald, 1908 *b*, figs. 15–16); *c*, twilled basket (redrawn from Koenigswald, 1908 *b*, fig. 20); *d*, wooden mortar in which three pestles are used at the same time (redrawn from Maniser, 1930); *e*, *f*, pottery jars (redrawn from Maniser, 1930).

286 **Weaving.**—Fabrics are woven by hand, sometimes on a simple loom, and always display a stepped, dark design which crosses the surface diagonally (fig. 58, *a*, *b*).

323 **Ceramics.**—For pottery, the *Caingang* of Misiones use a blackish earth from nearby cliffs. For tempering material, they bake lumps of

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

512 462 to chop out the hives that are far above the ground, and it is they who ascend the lofty pines to knock down the all-important nuts. The women stay below to gather up the nuts which their husbands have knocked down; yet very often two men cooperate in the enterprise. The women used to take ages to make robes and shirts and carrying-bands for their babies, but ever since the men began to raid the whites, blankets have largely replaced robes, fiber shirts have given way to vests, and the heavy iron Brazilian pot has become the "real" pot, while the ancient badly made clay one which the women made has become "my no-good pot" and completely disappeared. But there is no substitute for the strong, well-made baskets that the men make with such care. The men are even as good at spinning cord as the women are. The women cook, but Kaingáng cooking is simple and any child could do it. Besides, it is no disgrace for a man to cook or do anything a woman does, and a man often cooks his own supper if he is alone. Even the carrying of burdens is shared by the hard-working men, and I have seen them carrying their babies when the trail was long and burdens heavy.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934)-1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

PLATE II

a, b Lip plugs *c* Lip piercing knife *d* Tooth extractor
e Stone pestle *f,g* Unknown *h* Base for fire-drill *i* fire stick

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

pounding is a long and tedious process, so that the men help one another. 411
The blade is placed directly on the handle and not, as in the case of the arrow head, first on a wooden foreshaft which is fitted into the long bamboo aftershaft. The handle of the lance is ornamented near the upper end with an attractively woven glove of basketry.

Besides a large lance some men had in addition a little one, about one-third as big, which could be hung from the neck by a plaited band. It was useful for killing tapir.

Utensils

Beer Troughs

These are made from cedar trees. The Brazilian cedar is a mighty tree, 415
dwarfing our North American variety to a weed. In order to make a 483
trough a cedar is cut down and a section cut out. It may then be discovered that the log has a split in it, and in that case it becomes necessary to cut down another tree. This may go on for some time until at last a perfect log is secured. Then it must be moved back to camp, and since it is impossible for one man to do this several cooperate. If the log is on a hill the outer bark of the cedar which has been removed from the selected section is placed along the sides of the hill and used as skids. When level ground is reached the log is turned end over end through the "dirty" forest and rolled through the "clean."

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SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

415 fingers. This also failed to stop the leak, so the beer was consumed in a brief preliminary festa.

The size of the troughs varies from a yard to two yards in length. Their depth depends on the size of the tree, but they average about a foot and a half in external diameter.

Mortars and Pestles

Mortars are made when needed from fallen trees or from trees that are especially cut down for the purpose. Sometimes a mortar is no more than a hole in a fallen log. Mortars are always very small—never over a foot long, six inches or so wide, and three inches deep. Mortars are generally not transported but simply left behind in the deserted camp site. Small [324] pestles are made for them from pieces of wood, but pestles of polished stone were also made until recently. These are about ten inches long. When such a pestle is found by accident it is called a "supernatural pestle."

Little bath tubs for the bathing of infants are also hollowed from logs. They are very shallow. The child is not placed in them, but the water poured in and then rubbed over the baby.

Baskets

415 From the point of view of use there are basically two kinds of Kaingáng 285 baskets, those which are used for holding liquids and are lined with beeswax and those which are used for carrying burdens and are unlined. Both are constructed of bamboo splints. The former are much better in workmanship than the latter. They are made very carefully and, although unornamented, are fine examples of basketry. They are manufactured in one shape only but in a variety of sizes, from that of a small cup to a basket holding as much as a gallon and are used for carrying water and honey.

Each man makes his wax-lined baskets as he happens to need them, but the large burden baskets are sometimes woven by a group of men together just before they start out to collect pine nuts. Then they sit in a circle laughing and talking and holding up their handiwork for one another to look at. Since they are all made in exactly the same manner there is little for a man to see on anyone else's basket that he does not see on his own. They are all made with the outer green skin of the splint left on, and the interior and exterior show alternating bands of green (i.e. the outer side of the bamboo splint) and white (the inner side of the splint).

Spinning

283 A certain kind of cord is made by twisting two fibers together against the side of the right leg with the palm of the right hand. It may be that the

372 This process, which involves a tremendous expenditure of time and careful labor, is only used as a last resort.

The Indians exercise the greatest care to keep their fires burning, and watch them constantly so they will not die out.

When they are on the move, a woman or child always accompanies them with the task of watching over the fire, which is carried in the form of lighted sticks.

325 Before the time of peaceful contact, the Botocudo had secured iron in the course of their raids. In view of its advantages over chipped stone, this material has become precious to them and indispensable to the manufacture of their weapons. They do not work it by heating the metal but by beating it cold with hard rounded stones which they gather in shallow river waters. It is easy to imagine how much patience and perseverance are needed to shape a piece of iron into an object of completely different form and size. Suffice it to say that the making of a spearhead demands more than three months of daily labor.

They also use iron to make small knives, graters, and various other small implements. [125]

283 As already mentioned, their aprons are woven with a kind of wild nettle. This is done as follows. The women pound the plants with small clubs on every side until all the leaves and larger thorns are removed. When this is done, they make small cuts in the stem, just above the roots, and peel off the outer layer in longitudinal strips.

These strips are joined into a large bundle and placed in the water for a certain period of time. When retrieved, they are pounded hard between two sticks until only the fibers remain, free from the ligneous parts. This procedure is repeated over and again; then the fiber is dried and spun by hand upon the naked thigh, and the
286 yarn coiled into a ball. They build a very primitive loom which consists of two sticks stuck obliquely into the ground, with two other sticks fastened upon them horizontally. Squatting before this loom, the women plait in various ways, with comparative ease, the threads they have secured to the frame.

285 Their large loading baskets, kan-pha; the smaller waxed
#15 baskets used to carry water; and the little ones, also waxed, which serve various purposes, are all plaited of taquara mansa [a bamboo,

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2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

Honey is got out of a "dangerous" bees' hive in much the same way. Two or more men cooperate in the chopping and handling of the fire, and the honey is divided among them. Honey is a kind of free food, for when a hive is discovered anyone who happens along may share it. On the other hand, honey that has been collected is the property of whoever has found it, and sometimes it is hidden so that other folks will not take it. Wasps are not a very important food item for the Kaingáng, but honey is, although it is somewhat of a delicacy. No one thinks of making a meal of honey, but it is a godsend in the middle of the day.

When the Kaingáng were first pacified, says the agent, they climbed up to a hive if it was out of reach, but in these degenerate days they chop the tree down rather than climb it. Although the Kaingáng did not always climb up to a hive that was too far up on the trunk to be reached from a scaffold, they certainly did it frequently, and 1 per cent of the total number of deaths was due to falls from beehives. It was a hazardous occupation, for the climbing-loop might break or slip. Nowadays the most the Kaingáng do in this way is to build little scaffolds from which they chop out hives that may be six or seven feet above the ground. These scaffolds are made by lashing and cross-lashing posts to adjacent trees. Sometimes the scaffold consists only of a few steeply sloping posts that are tied together and leaned against a tree. The Indian stands on this uncertain perch and sinks his axe precisely around the edges of the hive so that it scarcely touches the delicate honey-laden cells. When the hive has been laid bare he places it entire in his wax-lined basket and sponges up with tree hair, a mosslike growth that clings to most of the trees in the forest, whatever honey has escaped.

Honey Beer

A man and his cousins or brothers decide to make beer for his in-laws. They cut down cedars, hollow them for troughs, and go to look for honey. After several days they have enough. Then they send their wives for water to fill the troughs. The honey is poured into the water, and the water is heated with hot stones. The stones are placed in special cylindrical baskets which are submerged in the water and suspended from rods placed across the mouth of the trough and moved from one end of it to the other. The woody stem of a fern called *nggign* is pounded and titrated and the red infusion mixed in the trough. This is to "make the beer red"; without *nggign*, say the Kaingáng, the beer would not ferment. This goes on for days, and then the mouth of the trough is covered with strips of bark and the beer is left standing several days longer. When it begins to bubble the Indians decide that it is *thó*, intoxicating or bitter, and ready to drink. The Indians say that instead of water the milk of a kind of palm is some-

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546 although he was willing to help Chukembégn, he felt quite differently about helping Chukembégn's brother, Kapíli. Kapíli had for a long time felt himself deserted by his wife's brother Waipó, and news of his anger had somehow reached Yuvén. But Waipó was Yuvén's co-husband, and Yuvén was angry, particularly because Waipó had died. "Yuvén came with many jacutingas. Wainlúin [his wife, the sister of Chukembégn and Kapíli] gave some to her brother Kapíli, but Yuvén ignored him. Kanyahé [Waipó's brother] did not speak to Kapíli." The situation between Kapíli and Waipó could be interpreted either as desertion on the part of Waipó or as desertion on the part of Kapíli. The close relatives of Waipó interpreted it, of course, in the latter way. This is the constant condition within the extended families: the streams of resentment are manifold, and the drying up of one does not mean the establishment of accord.

Property

556 852 In Kaingáng society there was only one reason for a man's accumulating property—in order to give it away to his affinal relatives when his little boy's lower lip was pierced for the insertion of the lip plug or when his little girl's thigh was pricked to make her "able to walk." In preparation for this festa of "blackening the children"[7] a number of men raided the Brazilians, stole their property, and came back and made beer for their affinal relatives. The people particularly singled out for recognition on this occasion were the child's *kôkla* and *mbĕ*, the male and female affinal relatives who buried the child's umbilical cord in the water and who on this day pierced its lip or thigh and symbolically "made" the child, thereby completing the process through which they become the child's ceremonial father and mother.[8] This was the child's ceremonial induction into the long series of activities through which in later life his bond with his father's relatives by marriage was maintained, with the vicissitudes to which all relationships were subjected in Kaingáng society. But it is not only the *kôkla*, the ceremonial father, and the *mbĕ*, the ceremonial mother, who received gifts on this day, but also other affinal relatives of the father, no matter whether he had come by them through his wife or through his sisters or cousins.

421 Accumulation of property is incomprehensible to the Kaingáng. Property is for use in the struggle for existence. It is not a means to prestige or power. Like most of the abstract values that our civilization has exploited, the concept of power over people is little developed among the Kaingáng. What property they gather above the immediate needs of existence is distributed throughout life to their close relatives. In days long ago, before the

[7] So called from the practice of smearing the children with charcoal. See Appendix III.
[8] See Appendix III.

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Europeans invaded the land, there must have been much less emphasis on property than there is now. Two centuries ago the Kaingáng had only the things they made—weapons, clothing, and baskets—for they had no trade with other tribes. Once they began to steal from the Brazilian settlers, however, they acquired a large number of new things: iron for their arrowheads, knives, axes, iron pots, and the precious blankets. Frequently these are given away almost immediately to anyone who asks for them. To hold anything back is practically useless, because the article will be taken anyway—as happened, for example, with the deer skin I refused Ndíli. The following story indicates what may happen to desirable property.

"Kavá got an axe from the Brazilians. He took it out of a [Brazilian] house. Mumbégn went to another house, but it was closed, for the people inside would not open the door. Kavá came over, and Mumbégn said, 'Give me the axe.' He was going to break open the door. He broke open the door and entered. He looked for another axe but could not find one. '*Ai*,' said he, 'I'm going to take this one. It is fine.' So he took the axe and went to the forest. Kavá said to Mumbégn, 'Where is the axe I got?' 'I have taken it—ignore[9] it.' So Kavá ignored it and Mumbégn kept it." If he had protested, the same thing might have happened to him as happened to me or to Thegnmbégn. "Thegnmbégn went to the Brazilians and got a big knife. On the way back they [the Indians] shot a tapir and butchered it. The tapir was cut up with that knife, and then Wanenggló took it, for he wanted to steal it. Klakupú followed him and said: 'Give it to me, I want it. If he [Thegnmbégn] worries about it I'll say that I took it.' Thegnmbégn looked for his knife, and when he did not see it he followed them, and when he overtook them he said, 'Did you take my knife away?' But they answered, 'No.' Klakupú, who really had it, said: 'It is in that clear space where I was before. It is under the tapir dung.' Thegnmbégn returned to look for it, but at sundown he followed them again. Next day he said: 'My knife was a good one. Did you see it?' 'No.' Again he returned, and again he searched all about. The others waited for him and camped where they were. The following day he again searched and again returned to the others, but Klakupú had gone. Once more Thegnmbégn looked for his knife. He was searching with Kavá and said to him, 'Let's go; probably one of the folks took my knife.' By the time they returned the others had arrived in camp. 'Who saw my knife, folks?' said Thegnmbégn. 'I'm bent double with looking for it. If I had seen one of you take it I'd beat him up with my club and throw him out! That's what I was saying when I came along!' So Klakupú said: 'I took the knife! I took it to make arrows with. Now that you know it beat me with a club and throw me out!' But Thegnmbégn laughed and said, 'I meant that if someone *else* had taken it

[9] *Kokónd*, literally "ignore."

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I would have done that to him.' "Probably," said my informant, "Klakupú was Thegnmbégn's father's relative's child, and that is why nothing happened to him—or his mother's relative's child—therefore he took the thing."

The ease with which Wanenggló relinquished the knife contrasts sharply with Thegnmbégn's possessiveness. Thegnmbégn was also unusual in that he decided to do something about the disappearance of his property. A knife I once gave to an informant did not stay with him very long, but with characteristic Kaingáng philosophy he did nothing to further its return. "Where is the knife I gave you?" I said to him one day after he had repeatedly borrowed mine. "Ho! That disappeared long ago!" "Who took it?" "The others." He had never even made the effort to discover who had it—a simple matter in such a small community. Even when property is borrowed it may never be returned unless the owner comes to claim it, for the Kaingáng feel under absolutely no obligation to return what has been lent to them.

In-laws are particularly likely to make free with one's property. Nowadays they are a nuisance to hunters who have laid aside stores of powder and shot for hunting trips, only to discover, when they are ready to go, that some son- or brother-in-law has come along in their absence, ferreted out the hiding-place, and gone up the river, taking not only the ammunition but also the dog and even the canoe. To cap it all, the in-law may lose the dog in the forest and give only a small piece of the kill to his relative, while he carries off a fat leg to his sweetheart.

Men and women own the things that they make themselves or which have been given to them by their relatives. A woman has the right of disposal of any of her possessions, and if she has an excess she may give away what she sees fit. As for food, either the man or the woman may give it away, and there is no feeling that it is "owned" by either one of them. As a matter of fact the only time that the problem of ownership is important in Kaingáng society is when a man has a number of desirable objects or when a particularly desirable object makes its appearance. Excess objects are most frequently the property of men, who have got them in a raid, and they are given away to their close relatives. Women generally get desirable objects such as scissors or knives or iron pots through inheritance or gift, but since they usually have only one such article the problem of disposing of them rarely arises. Like the distribution of food, the distribution of property among the Kaingáng is conditioned not by a strong sense of reciprocity but by the feeling of obligation to certain people, with the result that throughout life women may receive property from their in-laws without ever being able to reciprocate. The emphasis in these cases is not on reciprocity, on the evening-up of scores, but on relationship.

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in the middle of the night and finds himself without food may, if he is brazen enough, get up, and while the owner is asleep, eat the leg of his howler monkey or the rib of his tapir. He must keep his tongue between his teeth, for to refuse food is the most frightful sin the Kaingáng can imagine. *Ndegn*, to refuse, has such an aura of destructive affect about it that every time I heard it it chilled my blood. To hear *ndegn* applied to food is to expect murder around the corner. In times of plenty it does not matter how much meat a man has; in times of hunger food passes through his fingers like water. Still, with all this each of the Kaingáng likes to take the biggest piece even when game is scarce. For one or two days the bellies of his children will be full, but soon the meat is all gone.

This possessive feeling about food applies with somewhat greater intensity to pine nuts. These are often gathered by a man and his wife. He climbs the tree and jumps around on the boughs until he dislodges the great five-pound cones; and then he descends and helps his wife gather them up and break them open to extract the nuts. They fill their yard-deep baskets, and what they cannot use immediately they bury in stream beds to preserve them. The theft of a full unburied basket is rare—I know of only one case—but the theft of nuts from the preservation beds is quite common. The nonchalance of the Kaingáng about these thefts is perplexing to the ethnologist steeped in the traditions of western culture and trained to expect conflicts after theft. Nevertheless I never knew the theft of a basket of nuts to create more than a one-day grumble. Indians would protest to me about property people had stolen, and they would tell me in no uncertain language what they thought of such people, but they never did anything about it. It is not possible to formulate precisely the movements of food in Kaingáng society. When one has said that the primary emphasis is on giving to affinal relatives, to parents and siblings, to hunting companions, and to the friends whom one has inherited from one's father, everything has been said that can be about the structuralization of food distribution.

Kaingáng property arrangements are not a matter of checks and balances which ensure that for every piece of meat which A gives to B he may expect a piece in return. It is impossible to make them understand any theory of exchange other than that of outright purchase which they have learnt from the whites. I tried in vain to make them understand that when I lent them a scythe to clear their fields they should give me a little corn when it became green. Their understanding of reciprocity is in terms of lifelong symbiosis, not in terms of balanced exchanges. No accounts are kept, but in the back of his mind each man knows who has been systematically helpful to him and who not. Many of the conflicts within the extended families arise out of some failure to live up to the ideal of constant

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422 helpfulness and support, and it is at this point that one of the greatest weaknesses of Kaingáng social structure becomes evident.

602 All of a person's brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, and first and second cousins are his *nungnyén*, and when a man marries, all of his wife's *nungnyén* become his in-laws. It is obvious that the number of any one person's in-laws will be enormous, especially when we consider the fact that he has in-laws not only through his wife but also through his own brothers and sisters and cousins and uncles and aunts. When we remember in addition how closely inbred Kaingáng extended families are it is at once evident that almost all the extended families may be in-laws to any one person. Since it is impossible to give attention to such an enormous number each man selects only a few. Owing to the fact that the lines of his selection are not defined for him, the group with which he throws in his lot is determined only by his own choice, and the character of the group of affinal relatives acknowledged by every individual is different. One man may associate principally with his wife's uncles and brothers, while another may ignore them almost entirely in favor of his sisters' husbands. There is no mechanism to fix and stabilize any kind of relationship. The consequent slighting or exclusion of some relatives and the general fluidity of the social scheme produce undercurrents of resentment that are ultimately drained off substitutively by the feuds.

596 Within the extended family feelings of rejection may be strong but they never break out into bloodshed. Although Vomblé did not see his brother-in-law Tokéle for a long time, all that passed between them when they met was words. "Tokéle used to shoot animals for me," said Vomblé, "but before he died he went away, so that I did not see him. [When I met him again I said to him,] 'I raided the Brazilians, but you went far away and I did not see you after that. I thought that when I went to attack the Brazilians you would follow me, but you did not. I was the companion of your [adoptive] father until he died; then I became angry with you. When your real father was killed[3] you were small, and he [the adoptive father] brought you up. At last you grew to manhood, but you went away and you did not see him die. Therefore I was angry with you. I thought to myself, if I were to see you I would be angry with you. *I am telling you this to no purpose.*' Then Tokéle said to me, 'I thought that you would be that way [angry]. When you went away I was going to follow you, but *yágn*[4] asked me [to go with him], and so I went with him. That is why I did not see *yágn* [his adoptive father] die. Are you going to be angry with me on that account?' 'Yes, I am. I went around with your *yágn* and suffered hunger

[3] In a feud.

[4] His adoptive father's brother who was also his wife's mother's brother and hence a relative by marriage.

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some other tribe, the ancient *Caingang* were improvident and consumed their crops as they matured, storing none for the lean months ahead. On the other hand, Horta Barboza (1913, p. 34) states that maize was as important to them as "wheat for the Europeans." The *Caingang* of the region of San Pedro (Misiones), observed by Ambrosetti (1895, p. 337), opened their clearings in tracts covered with bamboo or sparse bush. They broke the small trees with cudgels or by hand. When the dead trees were dry, they burned them and waited until the beginning of the rainy season for sowing. Women planted crops with digging sticks; they also harvested the crops and carried them home. Men do all the farming in the reservation of Palmas.

In modern groups the tiller of a field is recognized as its exclusive owner; if he dies before harvest, the seedlings are destroyed.

Collecting.—When the *Caingang* were still living in their aboriginal condition, pine nuts of *Araucaria angustifolia*, a tree which has a distribution coinciding more or less with that of the tribe, was fundamental to the native diet. From April to June the Indians gathered in the forests to climb the trees and knock down the ripened fruits, which the women helped to pick up. The climbing technique—also used in getting honey or in robbing birds' nests—was to pass one noose around the feet, another around the tree and the climber's back, and alternately move the two bands up the trunk. The *Awekoma-Caingang* used only a noose of bamboo strips.

The *Caingang* also collected wild tubers (*Dioscorea* sp.) and a great many wild fruits, such as jaboticaba (*Myrciaria* sp.), pitanga (Myrtaceae sp.), articú (*Annona montana*), pineapples, papaya (*Carica papaya*), caraguatá (*Bromelia* sp.), etc. The starchy pith of the pindo palm (*Cocos romanzoffiana*) was formerly an important food item, but today has been supplanted by manioc flour.

Honey and the larvae of bees and especially the larvae of the tambú beetle, which abound in decayed palm and bamboo trunks, are prized delicacies. It is also reported in some sources that the ancient *Caingang* did not despise snakes or lizards.

Hunting.—The *Caingang* spend a large portion of their time hunting alone or in small parties. The dog, treated by some groups as an indispensable auxiliary, is a recent acquisition. Some *Caingang* groups lacked it as late as 1912. To develop the smelling powers of their dogs, the Indians expose them to the smoke of the burnt skin of the game which they are to stalk. They never give them the bones of game animals to gnaw, taking great precaution lest the game be offended.

An entire band participates in a peccary hunt. Old and young, preceded by dogs, endeavor to drive the animals toward hunters, who shoot them with arrows. The *Awoikoma-Caingang* follow droves

837 36 584 Through her marriage Kuvé's family gained Vomblé as an ally in the quest for food. Even before marriage a girl's sexual interests are beneficial [43] to her family, for her lovers come with presents of food, and they are welcome at her parents' fireside. The food a lover brings is not payment for favors he has received but a gift in expectation of favors still to come. Even after her marriage a woman's amorous intrigues are of considerable advantage to those around her—even to her own husband, for every time she attracts a man she has added a hunter to the band. Wherever his mistress is, there the lover stays, and unless her husband gets wind of the affair and flies into a rage the lover may very likely follow the camp almost indefinitely. His presence is welcome, of course, for another gun or bow and another knife and axe mean so much more meat and honey. Thus even adultery plays a constructive role in Kaingáng society, for it keeps within the band men who might otherwise go elsewhere in search of satisfaction, and it often culminated in polyandrous marriage, which has been one of the strongest integrating forces in Kaingáng society.

595 582 The story is told of Kuvén who was the lover of both Kanggá and her mother. Now as Kanggá's father grew old and it became difficult for him to get meat, he felt more and more the necessity of having someone to help him hunt for his large family. As long as Kuvén remained he could depend on him, but when it seemed that the young man was becoming interested in Yemái, a woman who was no relative of his and whom, therefore, Kuvén might follow far away to her relatives, Kanggá's father said to his wife and daughter: "Call Kuvén; if he marries Yemái he will leave me and go away. Let him get food for your children when I die. If he marries another woman he will throw your children away." So Kanggá's mother called Kuvén and said to her daughter: "Marry him. I am going to live with you and him." So Kuvén married both mother and daughter, and when Kanggá's father died Kuvén took care of the latter's children.

621 671 The Kaingáng have no system of clans or moieties[1] to impose social obligations on them. Their kinship system is not the crystallization of inescapable obligations that is found in many other primitive societies but [61] principally a device for grouping people in large age classes. Their mode of life also made the maintenance of complex systems of obligations and loyalties extremely difficult, for they wandered from place to place in little groups of two to twenty adults. Even the biological family had little permanence as a cooperating unit, for children wandered away from their parents when [594] they grew up and brothers separated to go with their in-laws or to travel with childhood playmates and hunting companions in search of adventure. Under the influence of the conflicting obligations of blood and marriage the composition of the small group of adults was forever changing. The dependence of the men on one another, and even their fundamental reali-

[1] See Appendix II, p. 275.

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some other tribe, the ancient *Caingang* were improvident and consumed their crops as they matured, storing none for the lean months ahead. On the other hand, Horta Barboza (1913, p. 34) states that maize was as important to them as "wheat for the Europeans." The *Caingang* of the region of San Pedro (Misiones), observed by Ambrosetti (1895, p. 337), opened their clearings in tracts covered with bamboo or sparse bush. They broke the small trees with cudgels or by hand. When the dead trees were dry, they burned them and waited until the beginning of the rainy season for sowing. Women planted crops with digging sticks; they also harvested the crops and carried them home. Men do all the farming in the reservation of Palmas.

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An entire band participates in a peccary hunt. Old and young, preceded by dogs, endeavor to drive the animals toward hunters, who shoot them with arrows. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* follow droves

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plain how it was that he didn't kill. He walks about, telling loudly how he climbed this hill and descended that, how the thorns scratched him and how he saw no tracks. But the successful hunter sits down with the casual remark that "A tapir has been killed," and after a while, or next day, if it is late, the women go and bring it in. Before he sleeps he must mend his broken arrows, and late at night the yellow light of the dry bamboo illumines his puckered face still bent over them, while his wife sleeps with her baby against her breast. The Kaingáng do not sleep much. Even if there is no work to keep them up—no baskets for the men to weave, no arrows for them to mend—they are forever getting up to eat or to warm themselves by the fire. Before the reservation days they were a hunted people, harassed by another tribe, by the Brazilians, and by one another so that wakefulness became highly valued among them.

When the men are in camp they circulate noisily, but the women sit where they are, mingling their high-pitched voices with those of the men, taking an equal part in the conversation if it concerns anything they have any interest in. It is when the men are gone that the women come together for their own particular kind of intimate gossip: love affairs and projected separations; this one's change of heart and that one's scandalous behavior. They sit in a little group making dresses for themselves or sewing for their husbands or brothers, stopping every half hour or so to suckle their babies, who are given the breast whenever they cry, to scold a child who has defecated in a plate, to snatch another from the fire or to rub passionately a little head that has been bruised in falling. A man in the camp is an added spice to a spicy situation, and if a sprained limb or infected foot keeps him at home he becomes the focus for feminine jokes that run eternally in the same channel.

When the young women go out to pick up the fallen fruit or to gather the yellow *tai* fruit that grows in the center of a large spiked plant, they leave their babies with their old mothers or with other women to be suckled and cared for. Sometimes, if they have children who are a little grown, they may take them with them, but the Kaingáng do not feel that a woman should be accompanied by a little child so that its presence may prevent a swift and surreptitious sex encounter. They are generally free to pursue their love affairs secretly in the bush while their husbands are away, and if they cannot do that they spend their time talking about other people's affairs.

There is really very little for the women to do nowadays. Aside from their specifically feminine functions Kaingáng society could exist just as well without them. They "make the bed" and get the firewood, but their husbands help them build the house. The men hunt and also bring in most of the wild honey, for they range the farthest. It is they who climb the trees

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512 462 to chop out the hives that are far above the ground, and it is they who ascend the lofty pines to knock down the all-important nuts. The women stay below to gather up the nuts which their husbands have knocked down; yet very often two men cooperate in the enterprise. The women used to take ages to make robes and shirts and carrying-bands for their babies, but ever since the men began to raid the whites, blankets have largely replaced robes, fiber shirts have given way to vests, and the heavy iron Brazilian pot has become the "real" pot, while the ancient badly made clay one which the women made has become "my no-good pot" and completely disappeared. But there is no substitute for the strong, well-made baskets that the men make with such care. The men are even as good at spinning cord as the women are. The women cook, but Kaingáng cooking is simple and any child could do it. Besides, it is no disgrace for a man to cook or do anything a woman does, and a man often cooks his own supper if he is alone. Even the carrying of burdens is shared by the hard-working men, and I have seen them carrying their babies when the trail was long and burdens heavy.

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make it with a fire drill. They cut a piece of dry white canela about an inch thick, two inches wide, and two feet long and make a hole in it about half an inch deep, with a shallow groove on each side—Heaven knows what for[10]—extending over the edges of the stick. They also cut a smaller branch about a quarter of an inch in diameter and a foot and a half long; this is the drill. The Indian spits on his hands, places the drill in the hole, and begins to whirl the stick between his two palms, moving them up and down as he does so. After ten minutes he has no fire; so he calls another Indian and they alternate in whirling the drill. In five minutes more a wisp of smoke from the hole raises their hopes. They remove the drill and look—no spark. For five minutes more they drill, and then the spark comes. Sometimes the spark is on the end of the drill; sometimes it is on the side of the hole. Now the spark is placed on some dry palm leaves, and they blow on it until the leaves burst into flame.

I once saw two men attempt to make a fire with a three-foot base on which they could put their feet and a drill three feet long made of a long bamboo tube with a canela tip inserted at the bottom. They worked for twelve minutes without result. When a third man helped them they succeeded in obtaining a spark.

No sexual symbolism attaches to the fire-making apparatus.

Houses

Houses are built under pressure. It is theoretically woman's work, but in the excitement of sudden rain men and women cooperate. The woman goes for leaves for covering while the man cuts and sinks the heavy uprights and lighter boughs which are sharpened to a point at one end. He digs no hole for them but sinks them into the ground by raising them and throwing them repeatedly, with unerring eye, into the same hole, making it deeper with each throw. Sometimes two convenient trees are used as uprights. If the Indian should perchance decide to build the house long before the storm actually breaks and finds the ground is hard and dry he moistens the soil with whatever is at hand, even tapir soup.

When the uprights are in place the transverse is bound on about eight[11] feet above the ground. Now light boughs are sunk into the ground about nine feet in back of the uprights, *sloping away from them*, making an angle about 60° with the ground so that when they are bent over they will not break out. They are lifted and thrown into the ground just as the uprights were. The boughs are bent over and lashed to the transverse with

[10] What sparks were obtained were always in the hole itself or on the tip of the drill.

[11] Naturally if a house is built entirely by a woman it will be lower than if it is built by a man. Women may bind sloping poles against the uprights so that they can stand on them and reach high. The height of the house is much more variable than the width.

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Conclusions[17]

462 474 In spite of the incomplete character of the data some valid inferences can be made.

(1) Industries are overwhelmingly in the hands of the men, from the standpoint both of number and of importance. Before the raids on the settlers made pottery and clothing manufacture unnecessary the part played by women in the economy was somewhat more important than later when conditions made their techniques unimportant. The following table may make this clearer:

Industry	*Male*	*Female*
Hunting (CI)[18]	+	
Fruit gathering (I)	[+]*	+
Pine nuts (CI)	+	+
Honey gathering (CI)	+	[+]
Beer (C)	+	+
Cooking (I)		+
Fire making (CI)	+	
Houses (CI)	+	+
Bows (I)	+	
Arrows (I)	+	
Lances (CI)	+	
Clubs (I)	+	
Troughs (C)	+	
Mortars (I)	+	
Pestles (I)	+	[+]
Baskets (I)	+	
Spinning (I)	[+]	+
Robes (I)		+
Shirts (I)		+
Pots (I)		+
Carrying-bands (for infants) (I)		+
Dance ornaments (I)	+	
Lip plugs (I)	+	
Raiding Brazilians (C)	+	

The only important industry controlled by women was pottery, and when raiding the Brazilians loomed up as a new economic technique,

[17] My data on weaving and pottery are so scanty that I have not included them here.

[18] C=industries that are organized cooperatively; I=industries that are individualistic; CI=industries that are sometimes cooperative and sometimes individualistic.

* Brackets represent participation in a minor way.

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women's role in Kaingáng economy became insignificant. They continued to make their contributions, it is true, but these were small compared to men's.

(2) Although most of the techniques seem better suited to an individual working alone, whenever circumstances become exigent several individuals cooperate, as, for example, in the making of lances and troughs and the hunting of tapir with dogs.

In general, the way in which each industry is practised is inherent in the natural conditions under which it is maintained. Tapir hunting is both cooperative and individualistic but fails to achieve the maximum cooperation because the Kaingáng are unable to put into effect the elaborate technique necessary for killing tapir in the *carreira*, the best way of hunting tapir. Peccary are usually surrounded, but they may also be pursued by a lone hunter although surrounding is unquestionably the best means of taking them. The only way the Kaingáng killed deer under aboriginal conditions was by uttering its cry until it approached or by coming upon a deer by accident. The best way to kill deer that I know of is to station men along the river bank and kill the deer when it is driven into the water by dogs. This seems possible even without canoes,[19] but I never saw or heard of its being done by the Kaingáng. Such a technique requires long residence in one place and a knowledge of the places where the deer will probably enter the water when it is driven by the dogs. Under aboriginal conditions deer were always killed by lone hunters. The only *tateti* hunts that I know of were cooperative, and this seems the best arrangement. Birds are not snared but are hunted individually.

Thus, for the most part, hunting techniques are fundamentally affected by the natural conditions of the forest. The hunting of tapir and deer by the waiting technique requires not only a thorough knowledge of the territory but a considerable number of men so that one may be stationed on every *carreira*. Neither of these conditions could well be fulfilled under aboriginal conditions. In other words, natural conditions in hunting prevented the systematic following out of the social ideal of cooperative effort.

In the table most of the industries appear as "I," but some of the most important, like hunting and housebuilding, are both C and I, and the very important industry of raiding is entirely C. If we throw this evidence together with the general emphasis in social life we will see that in spite of the preponderance of the "I" industries Kaingáng culture is really not individualistic but is cooperative under all of the most important conditions of life. Indeed, Kaingáng culture is oriented toward a degree of cooperation unusual in a tribe having so few social forms. It is unnecessary to sum-

[19] Richard Lydekker's *The Royal Natural History*, Vol. II, p. 462, describes a tapir hunt witnessed by Carl Schomburgk in which just this technique was used.

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462 marize once more the attitudes and the procedures that express this co-
474 operation, which reaches its highest expression in the prosecution of the feuds. The search for food and the institutions of polyandry and joint marriage supply additional occasions for cooperation. Actually what we have in Kaingáng society is a large number of individualistic techniques employed within a social framework that is essentially cooperative.

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Conclusions[17]

462 474 In spite of the incomplete character of the data some valid inferences can be made.

(1) Industries are overwhelmingly in the hands of the men, from the standpoint both of number and of importance. Before the raids on the settlers made pottery and clothing manufacture unnecessary the part played by women in the economy was somewhat more important than later when conditions made their techniques unimportant. The following table may make this clearer:

Industry	*Male*	*Female*
Hunting (CI)[18]	+	
Fruit gathering (I)	[+]*	+
Pine nuts (CI)	+	+
Honey gathering (CI)	+	[+]
Beer (C)	+	+
Cooking (I)		+
Fire making (CI)	+	
Houses (CI)	+	+
Bows (I)	+	
Arrows (I)	+	
Lances (CI)	+	
Clubs (I)	+	
Troughs (C)	+	
Mortars (I)	+	
Pestles (I)	+	[+]
Baskets (I)	+	
Spinning (I)	[+]	+
Robes (I)		+
Shirts (I)		+
Pots (I)		+
Carrying-bands (for infants) (I)		+
Dance ornaments (I)	+	
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585 As a general rule, the young warrior builds himself a hut where he takes the girl of his choice, who lives henceforth as his wife. Sometimes, when the girl's family is small, he goes to live with his wife in her parents' hut. Incest does not occur among them, for [835] marriage is forbidden among close relatives. It is the custom of the tribe to respect marriage; adultery is unamously condemned and rarely occurs.

595 The warrior chooses his second wife with no more formality than the first. Both women enjoy the same rights. The additional wives are often sisters of the first one.

551 Male children are given the name of an outstanding ancestor, to which is added as a surname that of their father and of his lineage. The name of female children is chosen freely by the mother, whose own name is added as surname along with the name of her lineage.

This explains the great length of their names, such as for instance: Korikrã-Laksi-Layondési, Vaikõidn-Ungrósima-Póa-Tupi-Vaimusima.

764 Dead adults, men as well as women, are cremated in large fires built with selected woods. Pubescent children of both sexes are granted the same procedure, while young children are buried.

A warrior's weapons and other personal implements are burned along with his body. The ashes are gathered the following day and placed in a round pit, previously lined with tree bark and leaves, which is then filled with earth, covered with fragments of wood, and surmounted with a shelter.

765 The death of a chief or outstanding warrior is lamented by the whole tribe; his exploits are sung in a sort of litany for several days. Then the women recount in similar chants the virtues of the dead man in the domestic life of the tribe.

It is to be noted that on such occasions the Botocudo are seized by a profound sadness. Absorbed in their great sorrow, they become sullen and indifferent to everything and observe for several days a rigorous fast.

476 The social rule of the Botocudo is mutual aid, for which they were naturally trained by the insecure nomadic existence which has always been their lot.

476 The hunter who kills an animal is not forced to share it, nor
224 do the others demand this from him.

Yet it is a natural thing among them, and they cannot conceive of any course of action other than to share the proceeds of the hunt, no matter how small, with everyone else.

727 [127] This same "instinctive" rule also applied to the distribution of plunder following their raids on civilized communities.

628 They have no judges to solve their disagreements, but attempt
[579] to reach a decision first through words and then through a duel.

If a man happens to be killed in the course of such a fight, his close relatives nearly always try to avenge him. Such "vendettas" have often led to the subdivision of the tribe into mutually hostile groups, frequently numerous, which exterminated each other in mass slaughters. This is the main reason for the decimation of this tribe, which used to be quite large and which numbered great quantities of warriors.

531 The Botocudo manifest their artistic taste in the carefully woven spear ornaments which surround the junction of the blade and shaft; in the manufacture of their arrows; and in the embellishment of the small waterproof baskets used within the huts. They also express it in their multicolored linear drawings and the fringes of their aprons, as well as in the ornamentation carved or burned in, which adorn many of their implements.

534 Their gourd rattles are heavily decorated. The handle is
531 covered with a cross-braiding made with the black fibers of imbô-mirim bark; the base of the gourd is surrounded with multicolored hair and feathers; the gourd itself is covered with carved designs; and the tip of the handle is ornamented in the same fashion as its base.

Like all primitive peoples, the Botocudo are familiar with the rudiments of those sciences directly related to their daily needs.

805 They recognize three yearly seasons: summer (lâmbang), the time of great heat; winter (kotschôma), the time of cold weather; and autumn (kôzóiô-to-kutâma), the time when trees shed their leaves.

The lunar month is called kutschâ and calculated from one full moon to another. Their recognition of seasons provides them with the concept of a yearly cycle; they are also guided by the flowering of certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

some other tribe, the ancient *Caingang* were improvident and consumed their crops as they matured, storing none for the lean months ahead. On the other hand, Horta Barboza (1913, p. 34) states that maize was as important to them as "wheat for the Europeans." The *Caingang* of the region of San Pedro (Misiones), observed by Ambrosetti (1895, p. 337), opened their clearings in tracts covered with bamboo or sparse bush. They broke the small trees with cudgels or by hand. When the dead trees were dry, they burned them and waited until the beginning of the rainy season for sowing. Women planted crops with digging sticks; they also harvested the crops and carried them home. Men do all the farming in the reservation of Palmas.

In modern groups the tiller of a field is recognized as its exclusive owner; if he dies before harvest, the seedlings are destroyed.

Collecting.—When the *Caingang* were still living in their aboriginal condition, pine nuts of *Araucaria angustifolia*, a tree which has a distribution coinciding more or less with that of the tribe, was fundamental to the native diet. From April to June the Indians gathered in the forests to climb the trees and knock down the ripened fruits, which the women helped to pick up. The climbing technique—also used in getting honey or in robbing birds' nests—was to pass one noose around the feet, another around the tree and the climber's back, and alternately move the two bands up the trunk. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* used only a noose of bamboo strips.

The *Caingang* also collected wild tubers (*Dioscorea* sp.) and a great many wild fruits, such as jaboticaba (*Myrciaria* sp.), pitanga (Myrtaceae sp.), articú (*Annona montana*), pineapples, papaya (*Carica papaya*), caraguatá (*Bromelia* sp.), etc. The starchy pith of the pindo palm (*Cocos romanzoffiana*) was formerly an important food item, but today has been supplanted by manioc flour.

Honey and the larvae of bees and especially the larvae of the tambú beetle, which abound in decayed palm and bamboo trunks, are prized delicacies. It is also reported in some sources that the ancient *Caingang* did not despise snakes or lizards.

Hunting.—The *Caingang* spend a large portion of their time hunting alone or in small parties. The dog, treated by some groups as an indispensable auxiliary, is a recent acquisition. Some *Caingang* groups lacked it as late as 1912. To develop the smelling powers of their dogs, the Indians expose them to the smoke of the burnt skin of the game which they are to stalk. They never give them the bones of game animals to gnaw, taking great precaution lest the game be offended.

An entire band participates in a peccary hunt. Old and young, preceded by dogs, endeavor to drive the animals toward hunters, who shoot them with arrows. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* follow droves

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Figures for Five Weeks' Trip

Tapirs Killed: 7[8] × *Average Weight* 200 lbs. =	1400 lbs.
Average population during 5 weeks	18 (not including infants)
Pounds of meat per person for 5 weeks	77
Pounds of meat per person per day	2⅕

The figures are self-explanatory as far as tapir are concerned. During this time about ten monkeys were killed and a number of birds of varying sizes of which I could not keep track. The weight of the monkeys as compared to the combined weights of the tapirs is so small that I shall not include them in the figures.

The figure of two and a fifth pounds of meat per day should be modified, as allowance must be made for the heavy hide, bones, and internal waste. Such an allowance would bring the weight per person down to less than two pounds. Not all of this meat remained in camp, for a considerable portion of it was taken away by Indians returning to the post. In addition to this meat the Indians were plentifully supplied with pine nuts most of the time and they sometimes had a fair supply of *tai*, a yellow fruit with a tasty pulp of very doubtful nutritive value. The quantities of other kinds of fruits consumed was negligible. The Indians also had along with them on this trip small quantities of corn and manioc meal and beans, and the new arrivals would bring food from the post. With all this, at no time could it be said that there was a surplus of anything but pine nuts. These were buried in a stream bottom to preserve them.

The Indians ate moderately; yet rarely did any kill seem to last us more than three days. This would mean about fourteen meatless days out of thirty-five. Fourteen meatless days would indicate that if the Kaingáng had eaten all the meat they killed they would have consumed not 2.2 pounds per person daily but 3.7 pounds. But probably as much or more than a third of the meat was taken back to the post. This would leave the original figure of about two pounds per person daily. To us two pounds of meat a day seems an extremely large quantity, but we do not view meat, as the Kaingáng do, as our principal food. To the Kaingáng, meat is the principal article of diet; everything else is garnish.[7]

Gathering Pine Nuts

An Indian selects several flawless bamboo stems,[8] cuts them down, splits them carefully from end to end into four strips about an inch wide, exam-

[8] An eighth tapir was killed the day before we returned to the post.

[7] This also makes quite a different picture from most of Melanesia, where vegetable foods are most important and meat is the garnish.

[8] Full-grown bamboo stems are about 15 feet in length.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

lines them carefully for knots, and runs his knife along, chopping off the projecting nodes that divide the stem into short sections. This is done to make it all as smooth as possible. Now he throws one length of bamboo around the pine, inside out, and winds one end of the length around the other end, making a loop about four feet in diameter. While several feet of the first length are still unused he takes a second length of bamboo and slips it under the windings. Then he winds the first length around the second until he has exhausted the first length, whereupon he continues his winding with the second. Now he slips a third length under the second and continues the winding as before, and so with the fourth and last. He lets a short end dangle loose, flexes the loop about the tree to make it pliable, and gets inside of it. The loop is around him and the tree. He has an axe in one hand. He slides the loop up above his head, then throws his weight backward against it until it is taut. He places the soles of his feet against the rough bark of the pine and begins to walk up. Now his body is bent in an arc as his feet approach his hands which hold tight to the loop, and he shifts it upward again. Again he starts to walk, selecting spots on the bark where his feet will cling best. As he ascends he sinks the axe into the tree above his head so that he will not have to carry it. Each time he reaches the axe he again pulls it out and sinks it into the tree farther above his head. When he reaches the first little branch, twenty feet above the ground, he lops it off because he cannot stand on it and it impedes his progress. As he climbs he lops off one or two more such branches and at last reaches the first strong limb that projects horizontally. He climbs up on it and ties his loop to the branch by the loose end in such a way that he can step into it easily when he is ready to descend. Now he holds on to the trunk and cries, "Look out!" His wife moves a good thirty feet out of range of the cones that come hurtling down with skull-crushing force as her husband dances around on the branch thirty to fifty feet in the air above her and dislodges the cones with his weight. When the tree is emptied of its fruit he steps into his loop and descends rapidly in much the same way as he went up.

Now his wife and he begin the search for the cones among the brush. They gather them all together, break them open, and take out the nuts. A tree requires about half an hour. The amount of nuts obtained from a single tree is very variable. Then the couple go away, leaving the loop behind them, for it cannot be detached from the tree. A fresh loop must be made each time. Each person selects his trees as he wanders about. There are plenty of trees for all, and no quarrels arise. If a woman has no husband her brother or some other relative will knock down nuts for her. Sometimes two men help one another. Nuts are the property of the people who have gathered them. There is no pooling of the crop.

Examples:

193 *kakɔ ŋv tã ɲa*
he stand
539 He paid no attention.

ha kũ ŋv ɔŋ ti ka 'kɔ mu
therefore they him pay not attention
Therefore they paid no attention to him (let him alone).

mɔ appears in association with adverbs, thus:

ŋaı'tʃili mɔ ɔk tõ nɛ'viŋ ŋa
a long time ago they do
A long time ago they did it.

yæ nũ ɛŋ ha e pili mɔ
indefinite future I I I one

yæ nũ to ũ pæ'nũ
indefinite future I other shoot at and hit

yæ tɛŋ
in order to go
I am going alone to shoot some.

mu ɲaŋ'lɔ ŋv tã 'ŋgɯmõ kũ ŋv
in the meanwhile be up above[1] and

tã ku'ðɛ ka ɲa
he loop in stand
[481] In the meanwhile he was up above resting in his (climbing) loop.

mɔ may, therefore, be looked upon as an adverbializer.

I have only two other examples of *mɔ* attached to other elements:

a yɜklæ mõ nũ yæ a
your thinking I indefinite future you

'taı to aklæ 'tũ tɛ ɲaŋ'lɔ nũ a 'taı
kill think not I you kill

tɛ
definite future
You think that I won't kill you but I will.

[1] I have examples of this element with the vowel both nasalized and unnasalized. Since the contexts are always similar I am giving both types of vowels in the discussion of the same element. The examples of the use of this element are few.

252 and the stones covered with pieces of wood and palm leaves (ndõtoĩõ), where the chunks of meat are laid with the hide still attached. The whole thing is covered with another layer of palm leaves and a thick layer of earth. The meat cooks slowly in this fashion for about twelve hours, and the flavor it acquires in the process is remarkable.

263 The Botocudo were altogether unfamiliar with salt until the time of peaceful contact, and for a long time thereafter they refused all salted food from us. Even today the older warriors will not accept our food because it is salty.

Not only are they unfamiliar with salt, but they use no seasoning whatever and abhor it in all its forms.

231 Their manner of training dogs for the hunt is interesting. Whenever they manage to obtain a dog, they treat it at first with great affection in order to win its faithfulness. The dog is tied with an embira [a bast fiber yielded by various trees--Translator] cord by the side of its new master, who feeds it exclusively on meat in generous and frequent portions. The man spends nearly all his time with the dog: now petting it, now talking in its ear as though to a human being whose complete loyalty were to be won. This in fact he soon achieves, and to such a degree that the dog learns to detest everyone else and becomes watchful in the extreme.

This objective once reached, the lot of the poor dog changes completely: in the course of his wanderings through the forest, the Indian gives it absolutely nothing to eat, thus forcing it to hunt--and not for itself but for its master. Such is the means they use to turn any dog into an excellent hunter. It is a lamentably cruel procedure, and it works against their own interests in the long run, for all their dogs meet the sad fate of gradual emaciation and eventual death by starvation.

278 In addition to game, the fruit of the Araucaria constitutes one
481 of their basic foods for a considerable part of the year. During the months of April, May and June the Indians proceed in groups to the pine woods. They scale the trees with the help of a leather strap and a cord of bamboo fiber, which they tie in a loop around the trunk. They place the cord under the armpits and rest their body against it, while their feet are held against the trunk by the leather strap. They climb by alternately lifting the cord while their feet are secure, and

222 raising their feet while their body rests against the cord. [121] In
481 this fashion they scale the straight trunk of the Araucaria with wonderful rapidity and skill. Once they have reached the top, they climb among the branches and shake them to make the cones fall.

252 The seeds [pinhões] are simply roasted in the fire, crushed in a mortar, and reduced to a mush which is used to prepare a broth cooked with water. With this paste they also make small cakes, round and flat, the size of a saucer, which are roasted on the embers. The seeds cannot be stored very long when fresh because they soon
251 become infested with worms. To preserve them, the Indians place the pinhões in special baskets, well sealed and previously lined with cactus leaves. These baskets are immersed in small streams at especially selected locations for a month and a half. This preserves the nuts, which retain their nutritive qualities for a long period of time. Obviously, they are all but appetizing when removed from the water; they exude a powerful and unpleasant odor and their taste is repulsive and intolerable to our stomach. The Indians, however, are not upset in the least by these new characteristics of the pinhões, which they still prize very highly. The broths and cakes described above are largely made from the preserved nut.

222 Wild honey also plays an important part in their diet, and they
242 cannot do without it. Their ability time and again to discover a bee nest in the midst of the forest, nearly always at the top of a high tree, could only be described as an instinct or an additional sense. Once the nest has been sighted, they scale the tree by means of the process described above, with cord and strap, which they use [once on top] to steady themselves against the tree. This leaves their arms free to wield the short-handled axe with remarkable sureness and skill. They split the wood exactly in the right place and make an opening in the shape of a perfect triangle. Every part of the bee nest is utilized: the chrysalids are eaten along with the honey and comb, and every bit of the wax is gathered for various purposes.

They do not merely eat the chrysalids of bees but also those of other insects such as wasps, hornets, etc., the nests of which they seek out eagerly.

262 Apparently the dearth of game in these southern woods forced the Indians to resort to every possible means of satisfying their hunger.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

the Whites, but was retained for small children. In recent times the Santa Catarina *Aweikoma-Caingang* of both sexes shaved the hair over the forehead and on top of the head (Paula Souza, 1924, p. 122). 302

The *Caingang* abhor body hair and always remove it. Combs consist of small wooden splinters passed through a slit in a piece of reed.

The *Caingang* seem to have used charcoal more than urucú for body painting. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* certain body paints belong to exogamic groups of people. The main motifs are dots, vertical lines, circles, and horizontal bars with vertical lines. The *Caingang* observed by Manizer (1930, p. 771) painted themselves only for funeral ceremonies. They regarded the black stripes on their chest as a protection against the ghosts. The pigment was charcoal mixed with honey and water or with the sticky sap of a creeper. 302 386 531 [764] [789]

TRANSPORTATION

River navigation never was so important to the *Caingang* as to their *Tupí-Guaraní* neighbors. To cross a river, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* fell a tree on each side of the river and connect the intervening space with a tree trunk braced with poles fixed in the river bed. 491

Caingang women carry babies on their backs, often in a net, by means of bark tumplines. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* these straps are 4 inches (10 cm.) wide, woven of embira fibers. Knapsacks are suspended by a tumpline. 854 482

MANUFACTURES

Netting.—According to Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 49), the Paraná *Caingang* made net bags of caraguatá fibers. 286

Basketry.—*Caingang* carrying baskets have a hexagonal weave, and, like those of the *Tupí*, are elongated and rectangular knapsacks open on top and on the outer side, so that only the bottom and sides support the burden. Basketry containers woven from thin strips of split bamboo, frequently have stepped designs produced by alternating black and natural color strands (fig. 58, *c*). Some baskets, like those of the *Guayaná*, are made in two parts that telescope into each other. 285 415

The *Aweikoma* have three main types of baskets: large baskets for transportation of goods; small, impervious water or honey containers of Taquara mansa strips coated with wax; and small receptacles, similarly waterproofed, used as cups and dishes.

Spinning.—*Caingang* textiles are made with the fibers of the ortiga brava, probably a Bromelia. Women seize the leaves with leather-covered hands, cut them at the base, and remove all the thorns, then macerate the leaves in water, dry, and, finally, crush them. The fibers are then rolled into threads with the palm of the hand against the 283

147 other activities. At such times the speed, skill and sureness of each motion, upon which the Indian's life so often depends, come fully to the fore.

The same is true of the women; in spite of their short stature, they are endowed with unusual physical endurance. [119]

482 In the course of their wanderings through the forest, they carry for several weeks at a time enormous baskets filled with heavy loads, with a child nearly always sitting on the top. In addition to all this, they bear in their hands heavy objects such as axes, iron pans, etc. They are, so to speak, the true bearers of the tribe; the warriors carry loads only when away from the women.

142 Their skin is of a dark tan color, lighter among the women. Their hair is black, coarse and sleek.

164 [753] Dental caries are widespread among them; as children their teeth are already defective. They pull out a tooth as soon as it hurts, and this leaves them almost toothless quite early in life. It is a [364] curious fact that the warriors demand their wives (who are younger, and thus have better teeth) to masticate all their food; this leaves them only the effort of swallowing, which they do while lying comfortably by the fire.

There are no diseases peculiar to the Botocudo Indians. They have, however, been widely attacked by the deadly influenza and its complications, such as bronchitis, pneumonia, etc. They also suffer from rheumatism of the joints and muscles.

[147] The great ease with which their wounds are healed, even when extremely serious, is eminently worthy of note.

Venereal diseases of any sort are altogether unknown among them.

[163] Their high fecundity insures the perpetuation of the tribe.

224 This tribe subsists primarily on the proceeds of the hunt and is therefore nomadic, ever on the move through the woods in search of game. The tapir is preferred on account of the quantity and flavor of its flesh. It is hunted in the following way. The Indians look for a fresh spoor, set their dogs loose, and follow them on the run until the tapir is roused. Then they determine the direction taken by the animal, which always follows its habitual trails, known to the hunters; they take a shortcut through the woods and wait. Spurred on madly by the dogs, the tapir runs toward them and is attacked and killed with the spears.

285 Chusquea pinifolia--Translator] strips which vary only in their width
415 and thickness.

The larger waxed baskets are used as a sort of pail to convey water and honey. The small baskets, also waterproof, are used as vessels--mugs of a sort--for water and for mong-ma on festive occasions.

286 The Botocudo do not plait fans or mats. But they do weave a
482 strap, eight centimeters in width, tied at the ends with a special slipping knot which permits its shortening or lengthening. These straps are woven, sometimes in two colors, of embira fiber. The women use
[554] them placed against the forehead, or against the top of the head, to carry children. The Botocudo carry everything in this fashion, with the weight steadied against the head and resting along the back.

412 These Indians use large tongs made of taquarucu [a large bamboo, Guadua superba--Translator] or hard wood. These pincers are used to remove food from the fire and from boiling pots. They are called ko-pama, "wooden hand."

619 The Botocudo make up a single tribe composed of various families with equal rights.

622 Power rests with a single chief, pahi, who steers the destinies of the tribe and usually rules on all its actions.

The chief wields this power as long as his worth as a brave and fearless warrior is recognized by all. In his absence the most experienced and courageous warriors take over and exert authority upon the other members of the tribe.

When elderly the chief transfers his command to a worthy warrior, without losing his ascendancy over the tribe. He becomes its respected and venerated counselor.

595 The Botocudo are polygamous. According to his worth, the warrior usually marries two or three women; the chiefs always take more than three wives. [126]

304 On reaching adulthood the youths are tattooed on the arm with a warrior's badge, which consists of two dots laid horizontally. As they prove their manly qualities they are granted another two marks,
[582] tattoed similarly underneath the first. Once thus admitted among the warriors, they are considered ready to marry.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

pounding is a long and tedious process, so that the men help one another. The blade is placed directly on the handle and not, as in the case of the arrow head, first on a wooden foreshaft which is fitted into the long bamboo aftershaft. The handle of the lance is ornamented near the upper end with an attractively woven glove of basketry.

Besides a large lance some men had in addition a little one, about one-third as big, which could be hung from the neck by a plaited band. It was useful for killing tapir.

Utensils

Beer Troughs

These are made from cedar trees. The Brazilian cedar is a mighty tree, dwarfing our North American variety to a weed. In order to make a trough a cedar is cut down and a section cut out. It may then be discovered that the log has a split in it, and in that case it becomes necessary to cut down another tree. This may go on for some time until at last a perfect log is secured. Then it must be moved back to camp, and since it is impossible for one man to do this several cooperate. If the log is on a hill the outer bark of the cedar which has been removed from the selected section is placed along the sides of the hill and used as skids. When level ground is reached the log is turned end over end through the "dirty" forest and rolled through the "clean."

When the log has been got into camp someone goes to work on it with an axe. He marks out the mouth, about eight inches wide, and hews away steadily until he can no longer strike accurately into the interior of the trough. Then he takes a gouge, a piece of sharpened iron bound on the end of a six-foot pole, and finishes the hollowing out. If he grows tired someone else takes his place. When the gouging has been completed the trough is stood on end and a fire made in it with dry bamboo to clean it. Then the charcoal is scraped out with an adze.

In order to guard against leakage wax is heated with a hot brand and rubbed over the ends of the trough. The ends themselves are also heated in order to make the wax run. When the trough is finished a shallow pit is dug to accommodate it.

If a trough starts to leak the fiesta may be hastened in order that the beer may be drunk up before it is all lost, or an attempt to mend it may be made by spreading wax over the outside of the leaking end and mixing it with ashes. When I saw this done once the effects were practically nil; I sent for some pails and pans and the beer was emptied into them. Melted wax was then poured on the inside of the trough and rubbed in with the

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

of which have been revealed to him by some spirit. A certain grass, said to be the favorite food of tapirs, is endowed with great medicinal virtues. It is used not only to cure but also to prevent sickness (Henry, 1941, p. 88). Massages play a great part in therapeutics. Sometimes these are so violent that the practitioner steps on the patient's stomach. The skin is frequently rubbed with pulverized barks or plants before the treatment. Burning herbs are used therapeutically, particularly for wounds. A patient bitten by a snake is laid upon a slanting platform over a fire and given warm water to drink to make him vomit. Manizer (1930, p. 784) was impressed by the number of people whose heads, arms, or legs were swathed in *Philodendron* for therapeutic purposes. To lessen fatigue on a long walk, the Indians bandage their legs up to the hip with tight braids. (On *Caingang* medicine, see Paulá Souza, 1918, pp. 750–753.)

Bloodletting, which is practiced with a flint flake or a piece of glass, is a common cure for many ailments. Like many Indians, the *Caingang* treat fever with cold baths. Breathing on the affected spot is a common means of assisting a suffering person. Wounds are sprinkled with pulverized jaborandy powder.

When illness is caused by the loss of the soul, the patient may recover if appropriate words are spoken to induce the soul to return. It is often promised food. If the shaman's diagnosis reveals that the disease has been brought about by invisible missiles shot by a spirit, the cure consists of extracting them with the mouth. This procedure, however, was observed only among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* of Santa Catarina.

Magic practices.—To drive clouds away, old women blow against the right hand and then wave it toward the clouds, spreading the fingers as if to disseminate their breath. When the *Aweikoma-Caingang* desire rain, they put their mouths to the water and blow. They take some in their hands and cry, as they throw it upward, "Look here! Do like this." (Henry, 1941, p. 94.) Ashes thrown into a river are expected to stop its rise.

Divining.—According to Lozano (1873, 1:427), *Guayaná* shamans drank maté in order to consult spirits. Answering questions put to them by their clients, the shamans always said, "The grass [maté] told me this or that." Among modern *Aweikoma*, a man may be requested to drink maté and to belch while he is asked questions. A strong belch is interpreted as "No" and a weak one as "Yes" (Henry, 1941, p. 88).

In order to know which animals will be killed and where they will be found, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* set fire to a heap of pine-wood charcoal. The size of the spark corresponds to an animal species and the place where it twinkles indicates where the game will be slain.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

imagine it is going to crash solidly on your head, these subterranean streams cast great sections of the earth into the rivers. Then streams that were sluggish and clear become turgid and rushing. Rivers that moved slowly and whose bottoms you could easily see through their few feet of clear water rise almost four feet overnight, and their purling shallows become dangerous rapids, pouring tons of muddy red water down toward the sea. Then all day long the shouts of the Indians—"Storm, go away, I am afraid of you; so stop!"—go up among the camps, rising faintly above the roar of the river, the rush of the rain, and the ceaseless rumble of the thunder.

Water is everywhere in Santa Catarina, and it literally grows on trees, or at least in bamboo, the hollow stems of which are filled with it. You cannot walk far without coming across at least a brook, and the Indians use the streams as short cuts, sometimes walking in the water for half a mile. In nine days a pair of rubber-soled tennis shoes rotted off my feet; by the end of my five-weeks' hunting trip the seams of my waterproof leather boots had rotted. Yet in this land where a hundred thousand terraces bear witness to ages of slow erosion and the winding streams interlace like silver bands, the Kaingáng are without boats or rafts. They have every other technique for crossing a stream that ingenuity and resourcefulness might suggest: they knock down a tree on one side of a stream so that it will fall on the other and form a bridge, and they also build crude bridges. Men who have supernatural power obtained from some water animal may even brave a turbulent stream to carry a line across so that other people may pull themselves across on it. But before they came to Duque de Caxias the Kaingáng knew nothing of navigation, and the one instance in folklore of an attempt at it ended in a fiasco. Of course the Kaingáng were land nomads. It would have been too much work to build a canoe or even a raft just to cross a stream and it was much easier for them to wait until the river went down; for the Kaingáng never felt a pressing need to be anywhere at any particular time. They might just as well have been on one side of the river as on the other.

To know how to walk in the bed of a stream, stepping unerringly from stone to slippery stone, is really a blessing, for a smarting body appreciates the respite from thorns, and the coldness of the water is soothing to one's battered and aching shins. The forest is no place for a pleasant stroll. The gait of the forest rover is unmistakable, for he never just steps; he *places his feet*. Where a thorn may prick, a vine slash, a fallen log batter; where the earth may crumble underfoot or a snake strike from the concealment of a pile of leaves or a low bush overhanging the trail, every move must be a maneuver. When an Indian is scratched or bruised, he stops and removes the cause so that those who follow will not suffer as he did. He gropes for the thorn until he finds it and then carries it far away to dispose

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SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

of it, or he carefully chops out the root or log until the path is clear; he never leaves a rough edge.

The forest has certain little peculiarities whose marks the Indians recognize when they see one of their number come back from the hunt with a bloody eye or a mass of little cuts on his legs. There is a kind of bamboo that the Indians call *kotkólo* which hangs like a vine from trees and whose mark on the human body is so specific that the Indians can always tell when one of them has fallen foul of it. *Kotkólo* has a surface like sandpaper and a long thorn that curves slightly upward like a tiny scimitar. If you escape the thorn the surface may rasp across your face and leave a stinging welt. There is also a tall strong grass that grows in the open places the Indians love so well and that cuts like a knife. No one dares just walk through it; the feet must swing out like scythes to beat it down.

The Indians are acutely aware of their mountain forests as something with which they have to struggle and which is full of pain for them. The forest is a mass of vines and thorns that cut and trip; it is alive with insects that suck and torment; and they make no bones about saying so. They divide the forest into "clean places," those in which there are no vines, thorns, or bamboo,—they also call them "pretty places"—and "dirty places," where the tangle is so thick that it obscures the light of day.

In the winter these mountain forests are cold and nights are gray with the mist that rises from the watercourses. The temperature often drops below freezing at night, and not even the thickest clothing will keep out the cold and damp. Yet for generations the only clothing the Indians had was a knee-length netlike robe of plant fiber, worn about the waist by the women, and a closely woven shirt of the same material, reaching to the hips, worn by the men in the winter. When they began to raid the Brazilians they stole vests and blankets and it was common to see an Indian naked except for a little belt around his waist to tie up his penis—and a vest. The vest kept the torso warm while it allowed freedom of motion to the arms. The Kaingáng never do anything more with an animal skin than make soup of it, and before they had blankets and vests they simply spread a few fern fronds on the ground at night and lay down on them to sleep, pulling a net-like robe over themselves if they were so fortunate as to possess one.

On winter nights they are miserable and often get up to warm themselves by the fire. One morning in May as I warmed my aching joints by the fire and watched my breath spiral upward, Chukembégn said to me: "Last night I slept all over the place. It was so cold nobody slept." Sometimes they fall asleep sitting by the fire, their arms on their drawn-up knees, their heads sunk forward. The scarcity of blankets brings the young men together in the sleeping parties they love, when a half dozen of them,

II

Nomadic Life

484 512 THE KAINGÁNG USED TO WANDER about in the forest in small bands searching for food. Even now when they go hunting they rarely stay even a week in one place. They fall asleep without plans for the morrow, and they awaken in the morning without any idea of what they are to do. A few words over the morning fire may decide them to move on, and in ten minutes their possessions will be packed into baskets. The father strides off carrying his weapons in his hands: the indispensable axe and a gun or a massive seven-foot bow and a dozen arrows, while the mother comes plodding behind with the basket full of household possessions and the remaining food, if they are lucky enough to have any, the baby perched atop the load and the brother or sister holding on to her left hand, the right bearing a smoking firebrand for use at the next camp.

342 The Kaingáng hate to build the frail little shelters they call houses, and they never do so until the rain is on them. I always had to argue with the Indians to help put up my tent. When the clouds piled up in the sky, the air grew sultry, and the sun changed from yellow to dull red, I would say to Chukembégn, "It looks like rain." With a deprecatory glance at the sky he would reply: "No, it's not going to rain—not today. Tomorrow maybe, but today, no." "But look at those clouds." "That's nothing; it will pass." "Yes, the way it passed yesterday. Let's get the tent up, Chukembégn." At last the tent would be put up, sometimes as the first drops fell or in a pouring rain. It was not laziness that made them so slow to put up my tent, for they too could always take advantage of it; but housebuilding is simply an annoyance, and they never raise a shelter even for themselves unless they are forced to. It rains several times a day at the new moon in fall and winter, but though they know this perfectly well, they will not build a

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

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the Whites, but was retained for small children. In recent times the Santa Catarina *Aweikoma-Caingang* of both sexes shaved the hair over the forehead and on top of the head (Paula Souza, 1924, p. 122). 302

The *Caingang* abhor body hair and always remove it. Combs consist of small wooden splinters passed through a slit in a piece of reed.

The *Caingang* seem to have used charcoal more than urucú for body painting. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* certain body paints belong to exogamic groups of people. The main motifs are dots, vertical lines, circles, and horizontal bars with vertical lines. The *Caingang* observed by Manizer (1930, p. 771) painted themselves only for funeral ceremonies. They regarded the black stripes on their chest as a protection against the ghosts. The pigment was charcoal mixed with honey and water or with the sticky sap of a creeper. 302 386 531 [764] [769]

TRANSPORTATION

River navigation never was so important to the *Caingang* as to their *Tupí-Guaraní* neighbors. To cross a river, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* fell a tree on each side of the river and connect the intervening space with a tree trunk braced with poles fixed in the river bed. 491

Caingang women carry babies on their backs, often in a net, by means of bark tumplines. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* these straps are 4 inches (10 cm.) wide, woven of embira fibers. Knapsacks are suspended by a tumpline. 854 482

MANUFACTURES

Netting.—According to Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 49), the Paraná *Caingang* made net bags of caraguatá fibers. 286

Basketry.—*Caingang* carrying baskets have a hexagonal weave, and, like those of the *Tupí*, are elongated and rectangular knapsacks open on top and on the outer side, so that only the bottom and sides support the burden. Basketry containers woven from thin strips of split bamboo, frequently have stepped designs produced by alternating black and natural color strands (fig. 58, *c*). Some baskets, like those of the *Guayaná*, are made in two parts that telescope into each other. 285 415

The *Aweikoma* have three main types of baskets: large baskets for transportation of goods; small, impervious water or honey containers of Taquara mansa strips coated with wax; and small receptacles, similarly waterproofed, used as cups and dishes.

Spinning.—*Caingang* textiles are made with the fibers of the ortiga brava, probably a Bromelia. Women seize the leaves with leather-covered hands, cut them at the base, and remove all the thorns, then macerate the leaves in water, dry, and, finally, crush them. The fibers are then rolled into threads with the palm of the hand against the 283

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SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

It may be that the use of the leg instead of the thigh is due in the case of men to their wearing trousers and in the case of women to their unwillingness, since they have begun to wear dresses, to impair their newly acquired modesty by lifting them above the knees.

283 832 291

A Kaingáng Bridge

Two trees (A and B) are felled on opposite banks of the stream so that they will fall into it, and posts (C) are sunk on the downstream side to keep the trees from being carried away. A third log (D) is lashed to A and B just above the surface of the water. Then three sets of tall uprights (E) are sunk into the stream bed on either side of A and B and tied together at the top. At the bottom they are united by horizontal boughs (F) that pass across the top of D. A bough (G) is laid on either side of D and lashed to F. These structures, D and G, form the gangway. Now railings are made by tying long boughs (H) to E on both sides.

491

Ornaments

Lip Plugs

The Kaingáng no longer wear lip plugs. These were usually made from pine knots but some men preferred beef bone.[16] Still others liked to slip a fine deer bone over the pine-knot plug. There was a considerable amount of individual variation in the shape of the plugs, and the members of some extended families were distinguished by the shape of their lip plugs.

304 [596]

Dance Ornaments

These are made only for baby blackenings.

293

kôndjáidn are, as the name implies, sticks about three feet long covered with feathers and stuck in the ground around the dance circle. Near the top they are provided with a tiny plaited square or disk and are usually surmounted by feathers. In making these ornaments the men do not try to surpass one another in originality, and all the *kôndjáidn* are very much alike. The most striking innovation at the blackening that I witnessed was that of Chukembégn, who put the tail of a tesoureiro on top of his *kôndjáidn* instead of the usual feather.

301

Lu are made of small basketlike objects set on the ends of poles about thirty feet long and set up on the dance ground. As the festivities mount they are lifted out of their holes and carried around on the shoulders of the men.

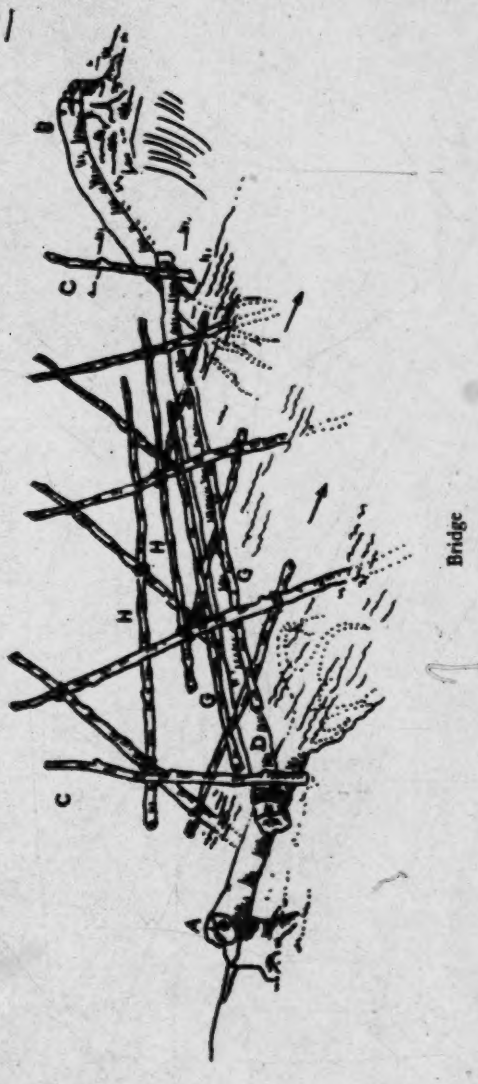
Smaller *lu*, about eight inches long, are held in the hand.

[16] Obtained from cattle killed in raids on the Brazilians.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

PLATE V

491

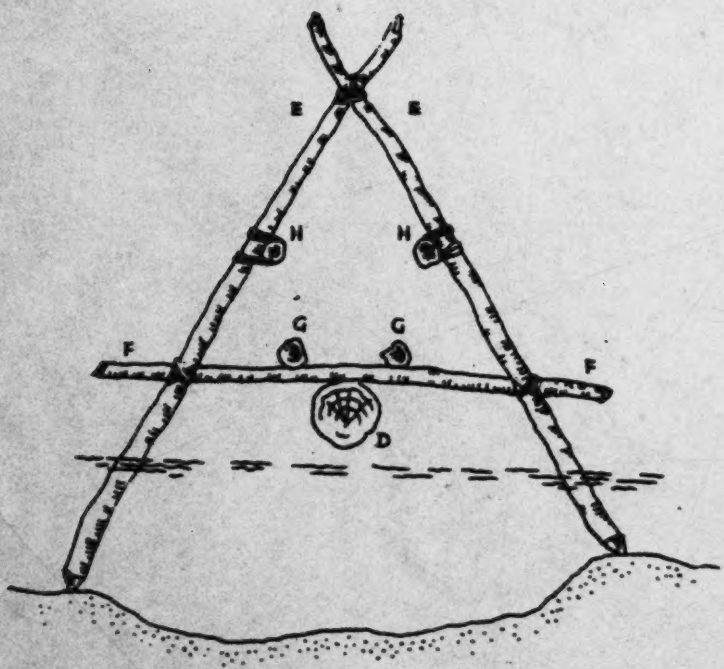


[p. 172 (a)]

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

PLATE VI

●491



Bridge

[p.172 (B)]

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Nomadic Life

484 512 THE KAINGÁNG USED TO WANDER about in the forest in small bands searching for food. Even now when they go hunting they rarely stay even a week in one place. They fall asleep without plans for the morrow, and they awaken in the morning without any idea of what they are to do. A few words over the morning fire may decide them to move on, and in ten minutes their possessions will be packed into baskets. The father strides off carrying his weapons in his hands: the indispensable axe and a gun or a massive seven-foot bow and a dozen arrows, while the mother comes plodding behind with the basket full of household possessions and the remaining food, if they are lucky enough to have any, the baby perched atop the load and the brother or sister holding on to her left hand, the right bearing a smoking firebrand for use at the next camp.

342 The Kaingáng hate to build the frail little shelters they call houses, and they never do so until the rain is on them. I always had to argue with the Indians to help put up my tent. When the clouds piled up in the sky, the air grew sultry, and the sun changed from yellow to dull red, I would say to Chukembégn, "It looks like rain." With a deprecatory glance at the sky he would reply: "No, it's not going to rain—not today. Tomorrow maybe, but today, no." "But look at those clouds." "That's nothing; it will pass." "Yes, the way it passed yesterday. Let's get the tent up, Chukembégn." At last the tent would be put up, sometimes as the first drops fell or in a pouring rain. It was not laziness that made them so slow to put up my tent, for they too could always take advantage of it; but housebuilding is simply an annoyance, and they never raise a shelter even for themselves unless they are forced to. It rains several times a day at the new moon in fall and winter, but though they know this perfectly well, they will not build a

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to his wife, kicking Klendó in the ear and overturning Amendó's pot in his semi-somnambulism. All of this makes ethnology terribly difficult, for it is hard to be sure that the dark mass you had decided was Yakwá an hour ago isn't Vomblé or just the shadow of the house post now. 513

Kaingáng camp sites are any shape at all. Level ground is rare and what there is is so irregular that the Indians have to distribute themselves about it in the most economical way possible. But they will never sleep on any kind of slope, and if a particular patch of level ground is just a little too small for a family they may build it up by throwing some dirt on a foundation of leaves. When a woman sits down, lays her firebrand on the ground, piles wood on it, and begins to nurse her baby, it is pretty certain that camp will be made right there. No woman sits down without deliberation, for where she sits she stays, and where she stays she and her husband will sleep. Nothing can dislodge her, and no one will dare to suggest that she move over. It is a matter of complete indifference to her that the spot she has picked out may be such that a large family will have to break up in order to conform to her choice. 361 562

After she has nursed her baby, eaten a few nuts, and perhaps put the pot on to boil she gets up and cleans the ground, pushing the surface litter back for a pillow, chopping out the protruding roots, scraping and leveling until it is "clean." Then off she goes for ferns to cover the site, sometimes walking half a mile to get the exact kind she wants. When this is all done the camp looks inviting, but next day, after fifty bare feet have walked, run, fought, or toddled over it and the soup has been spilled, it is untidy and dirty. By the end of a week, if they should stay so long, dirt has piled up around the camp—nut shells, pieces of animal hides, fruit skins, bones, palm-shoot shells, wasp's nests from which the larvae have been taken and eaten, basket splints, and human and animal offal—and the place has a repellent odor. 364

The Kaingáng are awake an hour before dawn. The young men lie huddled together under their blankets, sometimes five or six of them in a row, chattering and laughing, while the married men shout across from their beds with their wives and someone perhaps lies singing quietly to himself. At last a fire is stirred and a woman or a child goes for water. By dawn the pots are on the fire, and the campers are beginning to shake the stiffness out of their bodies. Perhaps some young woman still lies lazily nursing her child while her young husband sits on her feet to keep them warm. Men begin to take down their bows and bend them against their legs, and arms like wrestlers' swell and bend as the bows are drawn. A famished dog yelps as its owner beats it for stealing food; a woman growls at her child in mild, helpless anger as it defecates in camp. The men circulate around while the women sit quietly nursing their children or eating. 512

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5/2 At last a word or a half-suggested idea decides the plan of the hunt, and they are ready to go. They are on their feet or sitting down with their weapons between their legs, stuffing the last bits of food into their mouths, for they will not eat again until long after sundown unless they are lucky enough to find a beehive. Finally, with a last hurried mouthful and a shout to his hollow-bellied dog, the hunter disappears in the forest.

5/2 224 The early sun slants through the trees. The ground is damp; the undergrowth is wet with dew, and the air is chilly. The Indian is strung to the highest pitch, for he must make of his mind a sensitive instrument responsive to the slightest influence around him: to the trembling of a leaf that may reveal a bird, to the faint marks on the trunks of trees that tell where honey is, or to the confused sounds of animal calls that betray the tapir or the monkey. Most birds are just black spots among the foliage for their lovely plumage is their protective coloring, and to the unpracticed eye they are lost among the leaves. A tiny, wax-covered hole—the entrance to a hive—the faint scratches of the claws of a honey-eating animal or his burrow at the base of a tree, or the pecking of the woodpecker, reveal where there is honey. The hunter must be on the alert for all these things, and he must look carefully underfoot for the tracks of animals for on these more than on anything else his life depends. This complete absorption in forest sounds and signals makes conversation almost impossible, and if the hunter talks at all it is in whispers and only about matters immediately at hand. Even if he has to shout a message to some companion it is in a Kaingáng whisper, a high tone of low intensity that floats through the forest like the most delicate topmost notes of a well-trained tenor.

As he plods uphill and down, uphill and down, almost always on a slope, rarely on level ground, the sun mounts higher, sharpening the shadows, intensifying the green. Suddenly there is a rush of wings as some *ururús* fly to another perch. The hunter watches their short, low flight until they stop twenty feet away from their previous resting-place. Then he sets down his iron arrows and barbed ones and selects a couple with nothing but wooden knobs on the end. Now he steps forward carefully, parting the thick foliage as he slips through, although he need not be so careful, for the *ururú* is a stupid bird. Now he stops and lays an arrow across his bow as he prepares to draw. The trees, the bushes, and the vines are thick around him, and a tangle of vines and bushes half hides the birds. With a branch jabbing him in the ribs and another tickling his ear he twists his body awkwardly as he bends his bow, pulling the string with his right hand and pushing the bow away from him with his left. The shoulders and the muscles of the back and chest are called into play when a Kaingáng bends his bow. His whole torso and his two arms suddenly expand like a spring as he draws the string back almost to his ear.

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512 224 When one of those great bows that the Kaingáng also use for clubs is bent, the strain is so great that a man's whole body tends to quake and shiver. The handling of a Kaingáng bow in the thick foliage where the ground is slippery underfoot and a dozen twigs and branches get in the way, where the light is dim and a mass of vines and leaves half obscure the target, calls for perfect coordination and the control of every muscle. The largest game bird, the jacutinga, appears generally as a black spot high up among the trembling leaves, and the branch on which it stands is almost always between the bird and the hunter. As it fills its maw with berries it turns nervously from side to side—it is a fluctuating spot in uncertain and gloomy surroundings. No wonder that our friend misses his *urumú*, and that the Indians often miss. With a grunt of disgust he goes on, down the hill and across a brook, up the other slope, and then down through a mass of bamboo to a stream. He stands in the water up to his knees, undecided for a moment which way to go. Then he wanders along the stream, stepping with automatic and perfect balance from stone to stone until he finds a place to climb out. His powerful toes hook into the tough damp clay at the water's edge, and he lifts his two hundred pounds by his toes, as self-assured as a ballet dancer, on to the high bank. Now from far up on the side of the hill comes a macaco's whistle, faint and clear, and the hunter beats his way toward it, imitating almost perfectly the monkey's high and [225] penetrating whistle. I never learned to distinguish the macaco's whistle from the Indian's imitation.

As he nears the top of the hill, his breath whistling between his teeth, the monkeys are visible—little black bundles high up in a tree. "The sun is slanting," as he says, for it is growing late, and we have been out all day without a thing to eat. He climbs up past the tree so that he can shoot downhill. The first barbed wooden arrow hisses vainly through the leaves, to land somewhere far off down the hill. A second arrow pierces a monkey and knocks it from its tree. A third and fourth follow the first. The fifth sends the second monkey hurtling, and he falls dead in a tangle of brambles. Five arrows for two monkeys. The heads of the two arrows that found their marks are torn loose from the shaft and will have to be rebound. The three others are lost in the pathless tangle but it is too late to look for them. Next day he returns to search, following his own tracks back through the undergrowth that almost conceals them. The bush is so heavy that he cannot raise his arms or legs until he frees them from the vines that hold them like a net. Round and round he goes, looking about and up in the trees, for perhaps one of his arrows fell among the branches. After each circuit of the area he returns to the tree where the monkeys were and makes note of the trajectories of his arrows, pointing his arm along them. At last he finds [225] two, but where is the third? After almost three hours of constant searching

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he sees it high in another tree, and up he goes to get it, for if he left it there it would weep and weep until, perhaps, its soul would come and kill him.

All through the morning he climbs the hills. Ticks come upon him in clods like brown mud and he scrapes them off with a knife, but the ones he misses deploy over him until he itches all over from their bites. Early in the afternoon he finds a little hive, and the cool sweet honey quenches his thirst and takes the edge off his hunger. Soon he comes on another, but "dangerous" stinging bees live there; and since he will not stop to make a fire drill and build a fire to smoke them out, he must leave it and return tomorrow or send someone after it. Now the sky clouds over, and it begins to rain. He stands shivering under a fern for a while, but hunger drives him out again. As the afternoon drags on his mood grows blacker and blacker as he searches the ground restlessly for a tapir's track. Nothing less than a tapir will satisfy him. But where are they? Didn't Chukembégn see tracks here yesterday when he was hunting jácutingas? But wait! What's this? Certainly a tapir has been nibbling the shoots of this bush, and there is its track. It seems fresh, too, for it is damp, and the soil appears newly scraped by the tapir's hoof. But in the rain all tracks are damp, and he is not sure that the tapir didn't nibble that bush yesterday. As he goes farther along, however, he comes upon the fresh spoor and then on the place where the tapir moved about, eating red berries that had fallen from a tree.

Now there is no doubt that the track is fresh. Tense and serious, he puts down his axe and arrows, of which he selects two with short shafts and heavy iron heads that look like table knives, round at the point but sharpened to a razor edge. As he moves along following the tapir's track he mimics its curious shrieking whistle. The trail leads through a bamboo network where rotten twigs lie thick upon the ground and the bamboo grows so high and dense that the light is dim; some of the bamboos have toppled over and dried where they have fallen. Hundreds of them lie criss-cross in every direction so that the hunter has to pick his way, twisting and turning his heavy bow so that it will not clatter and jar. He makes noise—no one could avoid it in such a jungle. But the tapir too is noisy, and there is no mistaking when its big, heavy body comes plunging awkwardly through the brush. At last the hunter draws up on the animal that has stopped to wait for him, deceived by his call; but the forest is so thick that he must get close for a shot, and indeed, the heads of his arrows are so heavy that they cannot travel far with great accuracy. But when it does leap from the bow the arrow drives through the tough hide of the tapir right to its vitals. What supreme pleasure that gives to the Indian! What pride is in that smiling brown face!

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Back in camp the hunter does not walk around and talk unless he has come back empty-handed, for then he feels he has to say something to ex-

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plain how it was that he didn't kill. He walks about, telling loudly how he climbed this hill and descended that, how the thorns scratched him and how he saw no tracks. But the successful hunter sits down with the casual remark that "A tapir has been killed," and after a while, or next day, if it is late, the women go and bring it in. Before he sleeps he must mend his broken arrows, and late at night the yellow light of the dry bamboo illumines his puckered face still bent over them, while his wife sleeps with her baby against her breast. The Kaingáng do not sleep much. Even if there is no work to keep them up—no baskets for the men to weave, no arrows for them to mend—they are forever getting up to eat or to warm themselves by the fire. Before the reservation days they were a hunted people, harassed by another tribe, by the Brazilians, and by one another so that wakefulness became highly valued among them.

When the men are in camp they circulate noisily, but the women sit where they are, mingling their high-pitched voices with those of the men, taking an equal part in the conversation if it concerns anything they have any interest in. It is when the men are gone that the women come together for their own particular kind of intimate gossip: love affairs and projected separations; this one's change of heart and that one's scandalous behavior. They sit in a little group making dresses for themselves or sewing for their husbands or brothers, stopping every half hour or so to suckle their babies, who are given the breast whenever they cry, to scold a child who has defecated in a plate, to snatch another from the fire or to rub passionately a little head that has been bruised in falling. A man in the camp is an added spice to a spicy situation, and if a sprained limb or infected foot keeps him at home he becomes the focus for feminine jokes that run eternally in the same channel.

When the young women go out to pick up the fallen fruit or to gather the yellow *saí* fruit that grows in the center of a large spiked plant, they leave their babies with their old mothers or with other women to be suckled and cared for. Sometimes, if they have children who are a little grown, they may take them with them, but the Kaingáng do not feel that a woman should be accompanied by a little child so that its presence may prevent a swift and surreptitious sex encounter. They are generally free to pursue their love affairs secretly in the bush while their husbands are away, and if they cannot do that they spend their time talking about other people's affairs.

There is really very little for the women to do nowadays. Aside from their specifically feminine functions Kaingáng society could exist just as well without them. They "make the bed" and get the firewood, but their husbands help them build the house. The men hunt and also bring in most of the wild honey, for they range the farthest. It is they who climb the trees

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512 462 to chop out the hives that are far above the ground, and it is they who ascend the lofty pines to knock down the all-important nuts. The women stay below to gather up the nuts which their husbands have knocked down; yet very often two men cooperate in the enterprise. The women used to take ages to make robes and shirts and carrying-bands for their babies, but ever since the men began to raid the whites, blankets have largely replaced robes, fiber shirts have given way to vests, and the heavy iron Brazilian pot [415 191] has become the "real" pot, while the ancient badly made clay one which the women made has become "my no-good pot" and completely disappeared. But there is no substitute for the strong, well-made baskets that the men make with such care. The men are even as good at spinning cord as the women are. The women cook, but Kaingáng cooking is simple and any child could do it. Besides, it is no disgrace for a man to cook or do anything a woman does, and a man often cooks his own supper if he is alone. Even the carrying of burdens is shared by the hard-working men, and I have seen them carrying their babies when the trail was long and burdens heavy.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

342 pp. 164–166). Such dwellings are thatched with palm fronds or comparable materials (fig. 57). Most *Caingang* groups live in houses identical to those of the *Caingué*. When on a journey the *Caingang* sleep

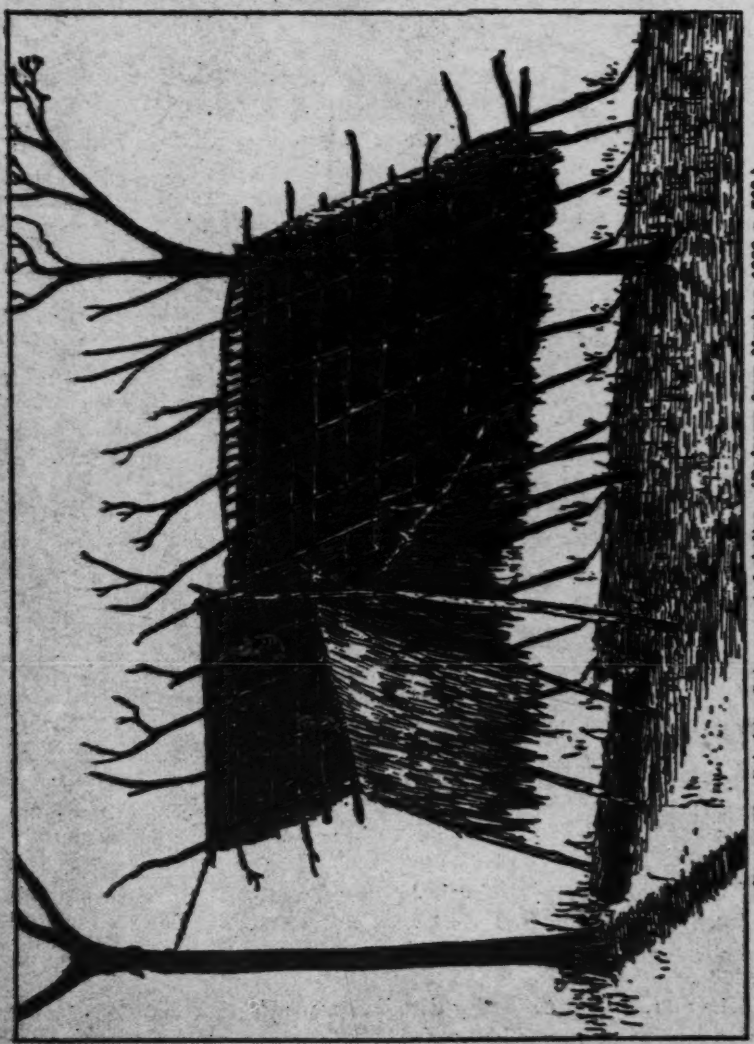

FIGURE 58.—Primitive Caingang wind shelter. (Redrawn from Manizer, 1930, p. 762.)

in flimsy shelters or rest in a sort of nest which they build in the top of a tree (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 35).

513 Hammocks of cotton are a recent *Caingang* acquisition. The ancient *Guayaná* slept, according to Portuguese chroniclers, on branches

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

513 or skins. Their descendants, the *Caingang*, rest on large strips of bark or thick layers of palm fronds, but many groups have adopted platform beds.

DRESS AND ORNAMENTS

291 **Clothing.**—The wild *Caingang* go naked except for a belt—generally a skein of brilliant brown threads of the bark of the young *Philodendron* root or of palm twisted into a cord—and a square cloak (kurú) reserved for cold weather (fig. 58, *a*, *b*). This garment is passed under the right arm and fastened on the left shoulder so as to leave both arms free. Women wear a short skirt made of caraguatá fibers, secured around the waist by a wide belt of bark dyed a brilliant black. Both sexes wrap strips or strings of peccary hair or of bark around their ankles. Some *Caingang* tie up the foreskin of the penis and tuck it under their belts. On solemn occasions, *Caingang* women who were in contact with the *Guaraní* missions wore a narrow sleeveless shirt (tipoy) made of caraguatá fibers. Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 31) reproduces a feather apron which he describes as a women's garment. *Caingang* women are also said to have used a bark band passed between the legs and fastened to the belt.

301 **Ornaments.**—Some *Aweikoma-Caingang* of the State of Santa Catarina and of Rio Grande do Sul wear long rosin labrets like those of their *Guaraní* neighbors. Others have wooden lip sticks (generally made of pine knot) 2 inches (¾ cm.) long "in the shape of a nail." This usage is responsible for the name *Botocudo* given to the *Caingang* in these States.

301 292 237 Feather ornaments were common among the *Caingang*, but except for the small "visors" of short toucan feathers worn around the forehead, they are rarely described in our sources. Debret (1941, pls, 11 and 12) has endeavored to represent a "Coroado" (*Caingang*) chief displaying all his ornaments. The chief wears a fan-shaped feather headdress attached to his nape. Long feather tassels are tied to his upper arm and under his knees. The *Caingang* of the State of Paraná don, on festive occasions, a feather cape, that covers them from head to foot (Koenigswald, 1908 b, p. 27). If this ornament actually was used by these Indians, it may well represent a survival of the feather cloaks of the ancient *Guaraní*.

301 [237] During dances, men and women often strew down over their heads. Necklaces of seeds, animal teeth, bird bones, claws, and hoofs were generally slung around the shoulders; those composed entirely of monkey teeth were especially valued. The *Caingang* of Guarapuava and of Misiones had necklaces of small shell disks (*Orthalicus phogera*). Some *Caingang* wore necklaces which weighed nearly 6 pounds!

302 Until recently, the *Caingang* wore a circular tonsure on top of the head; the fashion disappeared among adults after their contact with

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of it, or he carefully chops out the root or log until the path is clear; he never leaves a rough edge.

The forest has certain little peculiarities whose marks the Indians recognize when they see one of their number come back from the hunt with a bloody eye or a mass of little cuts on his legs. There is a kind of bamboo that the Indians call *kotkólo* which hangs like a vine from trees and whose mark on the human body is so specific that the Indians can always tell when one of them has fallen foul of it. *Kotkólo* has a surface like sandpaper and a long thorn that curves slightly upward like a tiny scimitar. If you escape the thorn the surface may rasp across your face and leave a stinging welt. There is also a tall strong grass that grows in the open places the Indians love so well and that cuts like a knife. No one dares just walk through it; the feet must swing out like scythes to beat it down.

The Indians are acutely aware of their mountain forests as something with which they have to struggle and which is full of pain for them. The forest is a mass of vines and thorns that cut and trip; it is alive with insects that suck and torment; and they make no bones about saying so. They divide the forest into "clean places," those in which there are no vines, thorns, or bamboo,—they also call them "pretty places"—and "dirty places," where the tangle is so thick that it obscures the light of day.

In the winter these mountain forests are cold and nights are gray with the mist that rises from the watercourses. The temperature often drops below freezing at night, and not even the thickest clothing will keep out the cold and damp. Yet for generations the only clothing the Indians had was a knee-length netlike robe of plant fiber, worn about the waist by the women, and a closely woven shirt of the same material, reaching to the hips, worn by the men in the winter. When they began to raid the Brazilians they stole vests and blankets and it was common to see an Indian naked except for a little belt around his waist to tie up his penis—and a vest. The vest kept the torso warm while it allowed freedom of motion to the arms. The Kaingáng never do anything more with an animal skin than make soup of it, and before they had blankets and vests they simply spread a few fern fronds on the ground at night and lay down on them to sleep, pulling a net-like robe over themselves if they were so fortunate as to possess one.

On winter nights they are miserable and often get up to warm themselves by the fire. On a morning in May as I warmed my aching joints by the fire and watched my breath spiral upward, Chukembégn said to me: "Last night I slept all over the place. It was so cold nobody slept." Sometimes they fall asleep sitting by the fire, their arms on their drawn-up knees, their heads sunk forward. The scarcity of blankets brings the young men together in the sleeping parties they love, when a half dozen of them,

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wrapped in each other's arms, lie under a couple of blankets. Children sleep almost anywhere that they can crawl under a blanket, and any solitary sleeper welcomes warm flesh that will help to shelter him against the cold. If children were not welcome sleeping companions it would go hard with them in families where scarcity of blankets would leave them absolutely unprotected.

The Kaingáng are hungry in winter and early spring. Then the tracks of animals are hard to interpret and the tapir can run far and fast, for it is no longer burdened with its young and the forest is cool. To the Kaingáng the tapir is not only the most important food, it is the very symbol of food. When they have no tapir meat there is very little meat of any kind, for the tapir is most plentiful when the wild fruits and nuts are ripe, and when these are gone the monkeys and birds, the rodents and pigs, the deer and the tapir that have fed on them for months, grow scarce or vanish altogether. Many primitive people who are faced with this seasonal scarcity have developed some technique of preservation, but not so the Kaingáng. They preserve only pine nuts and have nothing to support them in these times of hunger.

Summer, with its warmth, its dryness, and its plenty, brings comfort at last to these people who sew no skins and make no warm clothes against the winter, who have no knowledge of boats or rafts to carry them across the rivers that lie everywhere around them, and who, in a hungry land, preserve no food and make no traps. If necessity were the mother of invention the Kaingáng would have all these things, which would make their life easier. If people systematically adapted themselves to their environment the Kaingáng would not only be dogged and skillful hunters, but they would have the traps and the fishing techniques which they completely lack. The men would not only be untiring, uncomplaining providers, but they would have discovered how to preserve the food they obtain with so much effort, so that in the lean days of winter they would not grow weak and retch and vomit with hunger.

The Kaingáng are powerful and of tough physique.[1] The arms and legs of the full-grown men are thick and muscular, and the women, although shorter and less conspicuously muscular, are strong enough to carry heavy loads. Their hair is straight and black, their dark-brown eyes wide and level, their noses high-bridged and coarse, their lips thick. Their skin color ranges from a deep brown to a golden tan. Sometimes a sick person who has lain a long time by the fire, away from the sun, may be practically white. The men, who are about as tall as the average white European, are graceful in spite of their massiveness. It is a pleasure to see them walk—the tangled forest has never let them learn to run—with their high springing

[1] They have very bad teeth.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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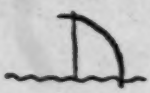
342 house if the sky is clear when they make camp. In the night, when the rain finally does come, they either lie asleep where they are, start up and hurriedly throw together a house from whatever material happens to be lying about, or wander sleepily into the ethnologists tent, where they crowd together sleeping almost on top of one another. If the ethnologist descends from his hammock on such a night he steps on someone's face or kicks an infant in the ribs.

These houses that the Kaingáng are so loath to build are made by tying arched boughs to a high transverse that is supported by two uprights sunk in the ground. Horizontal boughs are laid and tied across the arched ones, and the whole is covered with leaves to within about two feet of the ground. The result is a long shelter open completely on three sides and partly open on the fourth, with a curved roof that forms the rear wall. A man and his wife can put one up in half an hour. When there are many people the house may be doubled so that instead of the arch being like this:



it looks like this:

If people arrive unexpectedly the house can be extended indefinitely by the addition of transverse beams.

[354] 513 On the edge of the long side of the house long logs are laid for the fires; and the Indians sleep in a row with their feet to the fire. Since these houses are not partitioned into family rooms the opportunity for anyone to gratify his curiosity is limited only by the height of the flames and by his good manners. At night when the men have come in and the flames are leaping, the pots bubbling, and the meat roasting, the houses fill with blinding smoke. After supper the fires die down, and it is pitch-dark beyond the faint red glow of the coals. A few hours later it is impossible to see what is going on, and even the Indians cannot tell which dark bulk is Vomblé and which his wife, Kulá. Although everyone is careful to provide a place for himself when camp is made, there is no certainty that he will actually sleep there, for the Kaingáng are nomadic even in their sleep. Although Véye may eat with his wife he may get up to wander over to Chukembégn's fire for a few nuts and to Waipó's for a bit of fruit, and if sleep overtakes him at Waipó's he will sleep there. Perhaps later in the night when the chill and stiffness have crept into his bones he will get up and wander sleepily over

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to his wife, kicking Klendó in the ear and overturning Amendó's pot in his semi-somnambulism. All of this makes ethnology terribly difficult, for it is hard to be sure that the dark mass you had decided was Yakwá an hour ago isn't Vomblé or just the shadow of the house post now. 513

Kaingáng camp sites are any shape at all. Level ground is rare and what there is is so irregular that the Indians have to distribute themselves about it in the most economical way possible. But they will never sleep on any kind of slope, and if a particular patch of level ground is just a little too small for a family they may build it up by throwing some dirt on a foundation of leaves. When a woman sits down, lays her firebrand on the ground, piles wood on it, and begins to nurse her baby, it is pretty certain that camp will be made right there. No woman sits down without deliberation, for where she sits she stays, and where she stays she and her husband will sleep. Nothing can dislodge her, and no one will dare to suggest that she move over. It is a matter of complete indifference to her that the spot she has picked out may be such that a large family will have to break up in order to conform to her choice. 361 562

After she has nursed her baby, eaten a few nuts, and perhaps put the pot on to boil she gets up and cleans the ground, pushing the surface litter back for a pillow, chopping out the protruding roots, scraping and leveling until it is "clean." Then off she goes for ferns to cover the site, sometimes walking half a mile to get the exact kind she wants. When this is all done the camp looks inviting, but next day, after fifty bare feet have walked, run, fought, or toddled over it and the soup has been spilled, it is untidy and dirty. By the end of a week, if they should stay so long, dirt has piled up around the camp—nut shells, pieces of animal hides, fruit skins, bones, palm-shoot shells, wasp's nests from which the larvae have been taken and eaten, basket splints, and human and animal offal—and the place has a repellent odor. 364

The Kaingáng are awake an hour before dawn. The young men lie huddled together under their blankets, sometimes five or six of them in a row, chattering and laughing, while the married men shout across from their beds with their wives and someone perhaps lies singing quietly to himself. At last a fire is stirred and a woman or a child goes for water. By dawn the pots are on the fire, and the campers are beginning to shake the stiffness out of their bodies. Perhaps some young woman still lies lazily nursing her child while her young husband sits on her feet to keep them warm. Men begin to take down their bows and bend them against their legs, and arms like wrestlers' swell and bend as the bows are drawn. A famished dog yelps as its owner beats it for stealing food; a woman growls at her child in mild, helpless anger as it defecates in camp. The men circulate around while the women sit quietly nursing their children or eating. 512

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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342 shelters holds several couples belonging to the same family. Each couple has its own fire in the center of the hut. These shelters, like the smaller ones, remain open laterally about one meter from the ground.

Inside the shelter, on either side, a broad earth shelf is laid to serve as a pillow.

● [213] The floor of the hut is completely covered with fern leaves. The related couples lie down upon it to sleep side by side, their head on the elevated earth shelf and their feet toward the fire.

352 Weapons, baskets, clothes and utensils are hung from the ceiling of the shelter, and smaller objects are kept in the thatch.

291 The warriors' attire consists of several "loin cords" which they use as belts and which are ornaments rather than true breechcloths.

[283] These cords, called masêna, are braided in two varieties: dark, made of imbó liana bark fibers; and white, made of palm fibers.

The same palm fiber cords are also worn tightly fastened above the ankles.

The women's attire consists of an apron 1.60 meters in width and 1.50 meters in length.

It does not take them long to dress, for they simply fold the apron in two and wrap it around the waist.

[236] These aprons are woven with the fiber of a special kind of wild
[231] nettle, and adorned with linear figures drawn preferably in red or blue.

302 Their hair is cut on the forehead in a semicircle which extends to the parietal region, where it is shaved at an acute angle toward the ear. In the back it is clipped above the shoulders. An even circle five centimeters in diameter is shaved on the crown and kept in good trim.

This hairdo is worn by all adults, male and female.

301 On festive occasions the warriors make headdresses with the
292 feathers of a bird they call cocolina (Aquila?), which they connect
237 by means of a network of thin [123] embira fibers. When decked in these ornaments, their head, face and chest painted with red and black stripes, they acquire a very impressive appearance.

On these formal occasions, the women and a few of the warriors tangle into their hair the delicate multicolored feathers of various small birds.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

III

Sexual Relations and Marriage

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A child soon learns to repeat the jokes that go around the campfire and to shout gleefully, "You copulate with your first cousin!" A boy of nine is jokingly taunted with masturbation, told that he has deflowered his fifteen-year-old cousin, or accused of wanting to copulate with a dog. As two dogs copulate the entire camp roars with laughter and a little girl of six cries delightedly, "They are copulating!" The children may see the boisterous open foreplay of the adults and glimpse the sexual act in the dim light of the early morning.

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reaching for each other's genitals, but the Kaingáng, although they stand around holding their own penises, do not hold other men's.

In the whole mass of Kaingáng folklore there is one hundred-word story of a homosexual relationship between two men and another that tells of a male supernatural that was killed by a man because it sodomized him by trickery. I never heard a remark that alluded in any way to homosexuality. The men like to congregate together, and when the women are in camp they leave them and sit around in groups, weaving baskets or just talking. Sometimes a woman may join them because her husband is there, but even when the men are away the women rarely come together as the men do. They just visit. Like the indiscriminate playing of the children, these caressings, sleeping parties, and gossipings do not follow relationship lines. Whatever may be the specific obligations of cousins or brothers-in-law, they are completely lost sight of in these ephemeral, wholly casual masculine contacts. The basis for man's loyalty to man has roots in the many warm bodily contacts between them. The violent, annihilating conflicts among men in Kaingáng society were all among those who had never shared the languid exchange of caresses on a hot afternoon under the green arched shelter of a house nor lain together night after night under a blanket against the cold. The very transient, unfixated nature of these contacts leaves no grounds for jealousy. The relationships built on these hours of lying together with anyone at all bear fruit in the softening of conflicts that are so characteristic of the Kaingáng. Indeed, there is a patterned friendship between men that has woven this contact into its very warp and woof, and that is the friendship of hunting companions. Men who have hunted together day after day, raided the Brazilians together, slept together beside the same fire, under the same blanket, wrapped in each other's arms, hold this relationship above their kinship with their brothers. The consequences for the general integration of Kaingáng society are immeasurable.

The elaborate laws of sexual avoidance that chart the behavior of men and women in many primitive societies, dividing the entire community into the touchables and the untouchables, are undreamt of among the Kaingáng. Little boys and girls play together in rough and tumble. Brothers and sisters, brothers- and sisters-in-law and cousins, sleep next to one another, cross legs, or embrace one another. The corollaries to this are the marriages and love affairs among almost all classes of relatives. Only marriages between parents and children and between full brothers and sisters are avoided. Marriages between half brothers and sisters are rare.

A complete lack of emphasis on temperamental differences between the sexes permits to boys and girls, men and women, the same jocular and often violent sexual aggressiveness. The term for intercourse may have

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plain how it was that he didn't kill. He walks about, telling loudly how he climbed this hill and descended that, how the thorns scratched him and how he saw no tracks. But the successful hunter sits down with the casual remark that "A tapir has been killed," and after a while, or next day, if it is late, the women go and bring it in. Before he sleeps he must mend his broken arrows, and late at night the yellow light of the dry bamboo illumines his puckered face still bent over them, while his wife sleeps with her baby against her breast. The Kaingáng do not sleep much. Even if there is no work to keep them up—no baskets for the men to weave, no arrows for them to mend—they are forever getting up to eat or to warm themselves by the fire. Before the reservation days they were a hunted people, harassed by another tribe, by the Brazilians, and by one another so that wakefulness became highly valued among them.

When the men are in camp they circulate noisily, but the women sit where they are, mingling their high-pitched voices with those of the men, taking an equal part in the conversation if it concerns anything they have any interest in. It is when the men are gone that the women come together for their own particular kind of intimate gossip: love affairs and projected separations; this one's change of heart and that one's scandalous behavior. They sit in a little group making dresses for themselves or sewing for their husbands or brothers, stopping every half hour or so to suckle their babies, who are given the breast whenever they cry, to scold a child who has defecated in a plate, to snatch another from the fire or to rub passionately a little head that has been bruised in falling. A man in the camp is an added spice to a spicy situation, and if a sprained limb or infected foot keeps him at home he becomes the focus for feminine jokes that run eternally in the same channel.

When the young women go out to pick up the fallen fruit or to gather the yellow *taí* fruit that grows in the center of a large spiked plant, they leave their babies with their old mothers or with other women to be suckled and cared for. Sometimes, if they have children who are a little grown, they may take them with them, but the Kaingáng do not feel that a woman should be accompanied by a little child so that its presence may prevent a swift and surreptitious sex encounter. They are generally free to pursue their love affairs secretly in the bush while their husbands are away, and if they cannot do that they spend their time talking about other people's affairs.

There is really very little for the women to do nowadays. Aside from their specifically feminine functions Kaingáng society could exist just as well without them. They "make the bed" and get the firewood, but their husbands help them build the house. The men hunt and also bring in most of the wild honey, for they range the farthest. It is they who climb the trees

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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"Chantágn, listen to this. Chantágn, listen to this." Singing is a favorite 237
way of showing off among the Kaingáng, as among ourselves. Sometime later after Chukembégn had had a fight with his wife he complained bitterly that Kanggúin had said to her: "'if you were my wife I would not treat you that way.' Whenever anyone has a fight with his wife Kanggúin always talks that way to her. He wants a wife, but no one will live with him!"

Nanmblá has two wives. Although his wives compete for him they are [595]
not totally at a loss if they have to sleep without him. When I was at his brother-in-law's house one day while he was away, Nanmblá's wife Wainlúin was there watching with amused appreciation while Padnmbá cast a knife at a log. Nothing passed between them but their boisterous laughter, but when Padnmbá at last went away Wainlúin leaned against the housepost and gazed after him. When he had gone fifty paces down the path he turned around, flashed a smile, and disappeared down the slope. I never heard what happened between Wainlúin and Padnmbá after that, but I did hear of a quarrel that Nanmblá had with both his wives because they had relations with other men. One day I saw Vomblé caressing his son's mother-in-law. Another time Chukembégn told me that he and a few others were on the side of a hill when a little way's off they saw Padnmbá making love to Waikuklô's wife in the bushes. Soon she got up and ran off but Chukembégn and his companions called out laughingly "You don't have to run; we saw you." A complete account of all the sexual intrigues would fill a long but rather repetitious chapter.

The amorous history of every young man or woman is one of the favorite 239
themes of conversation among the young people. "First Koktá had an 521
affair with Yonggó, then with Kanggúin and then with me. Then she went around with Kanyahé but he left her and took up with Yu'ó." "I went around for a while with Koktá. . . ." "Oh, no you didn't. She used to go around with Kundágn but now she's going to change to Kanyahé." They enumerate, expand, correct without end and with unflagging interest.

I never heard them discuss these affairs in front of the principals' spouses, but Amendó's presence did not prevent them from joking about her unmarried daughter's relations with Padnmbá and Ndíli. "Layongndá [her daughter] is lying with Ndíli. She has gone off with her lover Ndíli to get nuts." Amendó sat listening and laughing while she nursed her little bastard of five months.

The Kaingáng preoccupation with sex expresses itself also in the belief 731
that death is often caused by intercourse with a supernatural monster or [761]
with a ghost. Both men and women may wake up in the morning sick and bleeding or insane because they have spent the night with the supernatural, who has lured or forced them into intercourse. Unlike their neighbors in

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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621 [551]

When the fathers were mightily drunk they called their sons by their *nĕklĕ*, the special boasting name that every male has, and repeated stereotyped phrases that referred to no specific deed but to their general prowess. "When my father wanted to kill someone," said Vomblé, "he was *waikayú* and he would boast to me, *'kakthá pi, kakthá pi chugn mbó pi chĕ ĕ pi.*[a] In order that my children may remember me when I am dead I say to them when they drink water, You will not die! The horses' children [the whites] throw their guns about the places where the children sleep and the children hide before them. Therefore I raid their dwellings, and they hide from me with their children.'" Thus the father boasted to his own children. He did not face a large audience and recount in detail the blows he had struck so that he might measure his prowess against that of another man and so that the people might check him if he lied. Boasting among the Kaingáng was not a means by which each man strove to take the measure of his neighbor and outstrip him if he could. Through boasting a man built up his own self-esteem, but boasting had a very limited scope and was peculiar in character.

The Constructive Aspects of Waikayú

Among primitives, individual attainments that make boasting possible are frequently stepping-stones to power; they may at times even permit a man to infringe on the liberties of the less fortunate members of his society. This is true to a certain extent among the Kaingáng also, but the principal function of *waikayú* is not to give unbounded sway to the whims of individuals, but to enforce good behavior; that is, such as is socially sanctioned. Thus, when Cha was bitten by wild pigs, Pandjumbúgn, who had to carry the stricken boy, decided that he was too much of a load and so deserted him. But as he went along through the forest the thought kept recurring to him constantly, "In spite of my boasting I threw him away. When the others hear about it they'll ridicule me." So at last, according to the tale, he went back, and, taking up Cha, carried him home. There are stories of men who have lost their lives because of their strong feeling of *waikayú*, for death itself was preferable to the ridicule that they would certainly draw on themselves if they failed to live up to the opinion which they had of themselves and which they tried to instill in others. When the Kangdjá descended on them one day in a great body, taking the whole camp unawares, their first impulse was to run away; but Tonddín shouted, " 'When you taste beer you boast and boast to the children, but now you are leaving them!' So they gathered up all their arrows. Thukúgn said, 'The women and the Kangdjá made fun of me very much and now the latter are coming!' Then they all remained and fought, and many were killed."

[a] Italicized words are Vomblé's *nĕklĕ* names.

III

Sexual Relations and Marriage

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1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

Dances.—The members of a *Caingang* subgroup dance together. 535
The dancers, about 3 feet (1 m.) apart, form two concentric circles around a line of fires, the men inside and the women outside. A singer in the center first shakes his rattle and, placing each foot alternately before and behind, dances sideways. At this signal, the other performers shake their rattles, and both circles begin to turn in one direction, following the rhythm of the song and rattle. Men without rattles strike the ground with stamping tubes. Behind them, women lift their forearms and move their empty hands slightly to each side in a kind of "blessing" gesture. When the leader is back to the starting point, he stops, and the others wait quietly until he is rested or is replaced by another leader.

Toys and games.—*Caingang* children are very skillful at filliping 524 ●
sticks, maize kernels, and small arrows resting on the bent arm. 857
Maize shuttlecocks are batted with the palm of the hand. Children spin tops made of a clay whorl or a lump of wax on a stick.

The favorite *Caingang* adult sport is a mock battle between mem- 526
bers of two communities, who hurl small clubs or, at night, firebrands at each other. Although these weapons may wound or even kill, casualties are not resented and do not call for blood revenge. This sport is played on open ground where heaps of clubs have previously been deposited. Women, protecting themselves with bark shields, run among the players to pick up and hand the clubs to their men. The *Aweikoma* throw stones wrapped in small fiber bags, which are parried with short clubs. The *Caingang* are also fond of wrestling.

Narcotics.—A great many stone pipes have been found in the 172
Caingang area—a puzzling fact since smoking has not been observed 276
among these Indians.

Drinking and intoxicants.—The *Caingang* prepare intoxicants 273
from maize, sweet potatoes, pine nuts, honey, and the fruit of several species of palm, especially buriti (*Mauritia vinifera*) and jussara (*Euterpe* sp.). Maize is slightly roasted over ashes, ground, and boiled in large pots for about a night. The next day part of the mass is chewed, then boiled again with the remainder. Shortly before the feast, the liquid is transferred to a huge trough made of a tree trunk and half buried in the ground. The liquor is heated by a fire built around the trough or by red-hot stones or potsherds which are thrown into it. During 2 or 3 days of fermentation, men dance around the beer, singing, shaking their rattles, and beating the ground with the stamping tubes.[6] The beer is often mixed with honey.

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* start to prepare their mead a month before its consumption. A mixture of honey and water, to which they add

[6] Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 48) distinguishes three kinds of beer: Geye-fi, made of naturally fermented maize meal; quequi (Kiid), prepared with maize and honey; and geye-kupri, made of chewed maize.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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Aweikoma

539 events in these tales are purely incidental to the development of the murder plot—they are never the main theme.

These bloody stories are never quoted in an effort to validate or explain any form of behavior. They may have served as a kind of depository of gruesome knowledge from which an aspiring murderer could gain many useful hints. They are full of descriptions of treachery and in general provide a background of detailed information relative to the execution of mass and individual murder. These bits of information are not sanctions, for feud tales are never quoted in order to validate particular murders; if these murder stories are sanctions then Machiavelli's *Prince* is a sanction. Kaingáng feud stories are direct expressions of the fear–wish-to-kill–guilt obsession that drives them constantly to acts of violence and panic. Events that occur in these tales are never cited as examples of behavior in the light of which other similar types of behavior may be explained or justified. It is quite different in the case of the Kaingáng origin myths, however. The origin myths are referred to to explain food taboos and observances associated with body paint designs. But the body paint scheme is of small importance in Kaingáng culture, and the food taboos are not dynamic. Thus the origin myths give sanction to institutions that are of small importance to the Kaingáng. The most important function of these myths is seen in 539 the game of *wainyêkládn*, in which two men sit opposite each other and 544 shout the myths at each other, syllable by syllable, very rapidly, while they swing their bodies back and forth to the rhythm of their shouting. One man shouts a syllable, and the second man repeats it; then the first man says the second syllable, and the second man repeats it. If the origin myth begins, "When Wanyekí heard that many people were coming . . .", the men (A and B) playing *wainyêkládn* shout as follows:

A shouts	— and then	*B shouts*
When		When
Wa		Wa
nye		nye
kí		kí
heard		heard,

And so on to the end, the syllables separated minutely in a way that is a joy to a linguist pursuing the elusive structure of the Kaingáng syllable. The game of *wainyêkládn* is played by two friends and serves no purpose other than that of drawing two people together. There are no stakes, and no goal is set. No one is downed, and no one triumphs.

539 Ruth Benedict has shown[1] how a people may express the drives that are dynamic in their own culture through the medium of widespread mytho-

[1] Zuni Mythology, Introduction, Columbia University Contributions to Anthropology, v. 21.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

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his back, and begins to walk back and forth across the circle singing. Then he and the rest of the men stop and shout, "This is your [the infant's] making," followed by: 852 304

> *hili* about twelve times; and then *lililihilihilihilililihololo changa changai yetyetyethohoho.*[49] [533]

Vomblé said that the cries were in imitation of the cry of Water's Talking, a water-dwelling supernatural monster. Since, however, the water monster has no part in the extremely scanty ideology of this ceremony, I regard this explanation as very dubious.

Following the baby's "making" they play the game of *kavígn*, with soft bags[50] made of the inner bark of the embira tree and stuffed with tree hair. The bags are supposed to be thrown back and forth between the parents and the children's *kôklá* and *mbē*, but everyone joins in the fun of tossing the bags high in the air across the dance ground and catching them when they are thrown back. Meanwhile the people shout: "Come here! Catch my animal";[51] and *kaví kaví kaví* or *tē tē tē*[52] or *tektektek*.[53] 852 524

When the beer is gone the camp breaks up.

Although the Kaingáng do not say so, it is clear that the ceremonies of *pâyú* and *waichēdn* have the purpose of giving the child a ceremonial father and mother. The *kôklá* or the *mbē* are usually brothers or sisters of the mother. They perform the first formal act after the child is born by putting the umbilical cord, the symbol of its birth, in the water; and at last they "make the child" at the ceremony of baby-blackening. On this occasion they receive presents along with the other affinal relatives of the parents, but they are especially rewarded for their services in the lip-piercing. 852 608 846

[49] Instead of these syllables they might also shout the following: *chui* (about 12 times); *yo* (about 4 times); *chui yoyoyoyo o halalala halalala holo* (about 6 times); *tivi* (about 12 times), followed by *vivivi tivivivivi nat* (about 5 times); *ho* (about 4 times); *tivi* (about a dozen times); *vivivi tivivivi ho* (4 times).

[50] These are plaited especially for the occasion and then thrown away.

[51] "Probably the first ones to come up [in the very beginning of things] referred to these as owned animals [*mang*]. The long bags are men and the short ones women. They are called his wives."

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[53] The same informant said that this was the cry of the circle people.

[p. 198 is blank]

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Dances.—The members of a *Caingang* subgroup dance together. 535
The dancers, about 3 feet (1 m.) apart, form two concentric circles around a line of fires, the men inside and the women outside. A singer in the center first shakes his rattle and, placing each foot alternately before and behind, dances sideways. At this signal, the other performers shake their rattles, and both circles begin to turn in one direction, following the rhythm of the song and rattle. Men without rattles strike the ground with stamping tubes. Behind them, women lift their forearms and move their empty hands slightly to each side in a kind of "blessing" gesture. When the leader is back to the starting point, he stops, and the others wait quietly until he is rested or is replaced by another leader.

Toys and games.—*Caingang* children are very skillful at filliping 524
sticks, maize kernels, and small arrows resting on the bent arm. 857
Maize shuttlecocks are batted with the palm of the hand. Children spin tops made of a clay whorl or a lump of wax on a stick.

The favorite *Caingang* adult sport is a mock battle between men- 526
bers of two communities, who hurl small clubs or, at night, firebrands at each other. Although these weapons may wound or even kill, casualties are not resented and do not call for blood revenge. This sport is played on open ground where heaps of clubs have previously been deposited. Women, protecting themselves with bark shields, run among the players to pick up and hand the clubs to their men. The *Aweikoma* throw stones wrapped in small fiber bags, which are parried with short clubs. The *Caingang* are also fond of wrestling.

Narcotics.—A great many stone pipes have been found in the 172
Caingang area—a puzzling fact since smoking has not been observed 276
among these Indians.

Drinking and intoxicants.—The *Caingang* prepare intoxicants 273
from maize, sweet potatoes, pine nuts, honey, and the fruit of several species of palm, especially buriti (*Mauritia vinifera*) and jussara (*Euterpe* sp.). Maize is slightly roasted over ashes, ground, and boiled in large pots for about a night. The next day part of the mass is chewed, then boiled again with the remainder. Shortly before the feast, the liquid is transferred to a huge trough made of a tree trunk and half buried in the ground. The liquor is heated by a fire built around the trough or by red-hot stones or potsherds which are thrown into it. During 2 or 3 days of fermentation, men dance around the beer, singing, shaking their rattles, and beating the ground with the stamping tubes.* The beer is often mixed with honey.

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* start to prepare their mead a month before its consumption. A mixture of honey and water, to which they add

* Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 45) distinguishes three kinds of beer: Goya-fi, made of naturally fermented maize meal; quoqui (Kiki), prepared with maize and honey; and gunkupri, made of chewed maize.

852 enormous fire is built in the middle of the circle, and the warriors begin their chanting very early in the morning. At dawn they adorn themselves with all their warrior's badges and perform certain movements in unison around the fire.

[535] Then the women make their entrance, with rattles in both hands; singing, they begin to dance with the warriors. This dance consists of a rhythmic stepping to the regular muffled beat of spears upon the ground and the rattling of gourds.

852 After several hours of continuous dancing, and only then, the
273 troughs are opened and the drinking begins.

The men drink immoderately, as do the women, and the children to be baptized are forced to take some of the liquid. They are revolted by it and refuse to drink it, but the warriors force them to swallow until the children are completely dazed.

When nearly senseless, they are shaken in every conceivable manner by their fathers and relatives to stun them even more. This is done brutally, the children being held by the legs and flung through the air from one man to another until they become totally insensible.

304 The Indians finally proceed to perforate the lips of the
852 neophytes. This is done with a special awl made of very hard wood and hardened further by means of fire.

As soon as the performation is made, a small labret [Portuguese botoque, hence Botocudo, "labretted."--Translator] ngrókozódma, is inserted through it; as the child grows, this is gradually exchanged for a thicker one in order to enlarge the hole.

[563] Female children are not endowed with lip plugs, but with two incisions made with the same instrument just below the kneecap.

Once these operations have been performed, the warriors resume drinking even more immoderately and go back to their dancing. Later, various games are played.

All the various groups of the Botocudo tribe get together for these important celebrations, which can only be carried out in the presence of all the warriors and never separately.

526 The groups break up along lines of kinship and interests to match their strength and skill in various games.

Ngréda is one of their most interesting games. It consists in catching or carrying a round stone enclosed in a bag of finely woven embira fiber.

526 They fling this sort of ball from one group to another with all their strength, trying to hit a warrior on the other side. Since all the projectiles are thrown at once, the man who is a target for more than one cannot easily avoid the blow.

The game consists in intercepting the pellet in flight and immediately flinging it back. Since many are thrown at once, the Indian parries with a short club those he cannot catch. Although several [130] warriors are hit and hurt by these stones, they nevertheless keep up this game for hours on end with great turbulence and enthusiasm.

Another interesting game consists of a sort of fencing with clubs, where two men match their agility and skill.

[131] Botocudo Word List

192

Gathered in the settlement of Taio-Plate (Itajaí, Santa Catarina)

[Translator's note: English words in brackets offer a closer definition of the term or an alternative meaning; double definitions without brackets and additions in parentheses are the author's own; # indicates unknown meaning. All footnotes are by translator.]

1 A

bee - Mõagma
water - Ngoyo
tomorrow - Kulãgma
bitter - Kõiãkẽ
to tie up - Ẽdn
tapir - Õyõle
anus - Engẽno
macaw - Kõyoimbãng
bow [weapon] - Vũyo, uỹma
to tear up - Kumũkẽ
to roast - Nglãnkẽ
araponga* - Tangdãma

high [height, top] - Tẽiẽ
to put out [a fire or light] - Yudema
friend - Kãikãma
here - Tõkanẽ
spider - Xukrẽng
bird - Xãng-gõima
tree - Vãema
to frighten - Komãnghãdn
to cross [go across] - Katalõpkẽ
grandfather - Yũgtoteyugma
grandmother - Yãntotesinõma
blue - Taigmo
sour - Yõ

*A bird, Procnias nudicollis.

1 [notes word list is given in the original Portuguese word order -- see foreign text -- Analyst]

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the Whites, but was retained for small children. In recent times the Santa Catarina *Aweikoma-Caingang* of both sexes shaved the hair over the forehead and on top of the head (Paula Souza, 1924, p. 122). 302

The *Caingang* abhor body hair and always remove it. Combs consist of small wooden splinters passed through a slit in a piece of reed.

The *Caingang* seem to have used charcoal more than urucú for body painting. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* certain body paints belong to exogamic groups of people. The main motifs are dots, vertical lines, circles, and horizontal bars with vertical lines. The *Caingang* observed by Maniser (1930, p. 771) painted themselves only for funeral ceremonies. They regarded the black stripes on their chest as a protection against the ghosts. The pigment was charcoal mixed with honey and water or with the sticky sap of a creeper. 302 386 531 [764] [789]

TRANSPORTATION

River navigation never was so important to the *Caingang* as to their *Tupí-Guaraní* neighbors. To cross a river, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* fell a tree on each side of the river and connect the intervening space with a tree trunk braced with poles fixed in the river bed. 491

Caingang women carry babies on their backs, often in a net, by means of bark tumplines. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* these straps are 4 inches (10 cm.) wide, woven of embira fibers. Knapsacks are suspended by a tumpline. 854 482

MANUFACTURES

Netting.—According to Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 49), the Paraná *Caingang* made net bags of caraguatá fibers. 286

Basketry.—*Caingang* carrying baskets have a hexagonal weave, and, like those of the *Tupí*, are elongated and rectangular knapsacks open on top and on the outer side, so that only the bottom and sides support the burden. Basketry containers woven from thin strips of split bamboo, frequently have stepped designs produced by alternating black and natural color strands (fig. 58, *c*). Some baskets, like those of the *Guayaná*, are made in two parts that telescope into each other. 285 415

The *Aweikoma* have three main types of baskets: large baskets for transportation of goods; small, impervious water or honey containers of Taquara mansa strips coated with wax; and small receptacles, similarly waterproofed, used as cups and dishes.

Spinning.—*Caingang* textiles are made with the fibers of the ortiga brava, probably a Bromelia. Women seize the leaves with leather-covered hands, cut them at the base, and remove all the thorns, then macerate the leaves in water, dry, and, finally, crush them. The fibers are then rolled into threads with the palm of the hand against the 283

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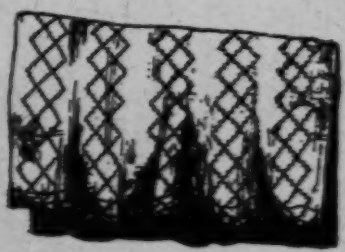
283 thigh. The threads, wound in a ball, are soaked in water mixed with ashes, then boiled, and again carefully washed; sometimes they are left in running water, so that they become white and flexible. Occa- [386] sionally, part of the thread is dyed with catigua bark.

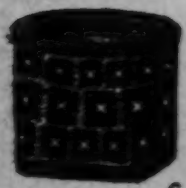
291 286 531

a



b

415 285 323 531



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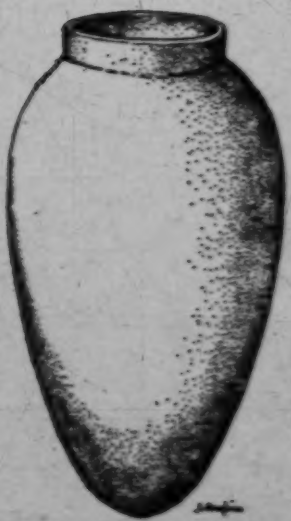

f

FIGURE 58.—Caingang manufactures. a, b, Yarns or nettle-fiber cloths (redrawn from Koenigswald, 1906 b, figs. 15-16); c, twilled basket (redrawn from Koenigswald, 1906 b, fig. 20); d, wooden mortar in which three pestles are used at the same time (redrawn from Manizer, 1890); e, f, pottery jars (redrawn from Manizer, 1890).

286 **Weaving.**—Fabrics are woven by hand, sometimes on a simple loom, and always display a stepped, dark design which crosses the surface diagonally (fig. 58, *a*, *b*).

323 **Ceramics.**—For pottery, the *Caingang* of Maicoes use a blackish earth from nearby cliffs. For tempering material, they bake lumps of

342 shelters holds several couples belonging to the same family. Each couple has its own fire in the center of the hut. These shelters, like the smaller ones, remain open laterally about one meter from the ground.

Inside the shelter, on either side, a broad earth shelf is laid to serve as a pillow.

[513] The floor of the hut is completely covered with fern leaves. The related couples lie down upon it to sleep side by side, their head on the elevated earth shelf and their feet toward the fire.

352 Weapons, baskets, clothes and utensils are hung from the ceiling of the shelter, and smaller objects are kept in the thatch.

291 The warriors' attire consists of several "loin cords" which they use as belts and which are ornaments rather than true breechcloths.

[283] These cords, called masêna, are braided in two varieties: dark, made of imbó liana bark fibers; and white, made of palm fibers.

The same palm fiber cords are also worn tightly fastened above the ankles.

The women's attire consists of an apron 1.60 meters in width and 1.50 meters in length.

It does not take them long to dress, for they simply fold the apron in two and wrap it around the waist.

[231] These aprons are woven with the fiber of a special kind of wild nettle, and adorned with linear figures drawn preferably in red or blue.

302 Their hair is cut on the forehead in a semicircle which extends to the parietal region, where it is shaved at an acute angle toward the ear. In the back it is clipped above the shoulders. An even circle five centimeters in diameter is shaved on the crown and kept in good trim.

This hairdo is worn by all adults, male and female.

301 On festive occasions the warriors make headdresses with the 292 feathers of a bird they call cocolina (Aquila?), which they connect 337 by means of a network of thin [123] embira fibers. When decked in these ornaments, their head, face and chest painted with red and black stripes, they acquire a very impressive appearance.

On these formal occasions, the women and a few of the warriors tangle into their hair the delicate multicolored feathers of various small birds.

476 The hunter who kills an animal is not forced to share it, nor
224 do the others demand this from him.

Yet it is a natural thing among them, and they cannot conceive of any course of action other than to share the proceeds of the hunt, no matter how small, with everyone else.

727 [127] This same "instinctive" rule also applied to the distribution of plunder following their raids on civilized communities.

628 They have no judges to solve their disagreements, but attempt
[578] to reach a decision first through words and then through a duel.

If a man happens to be killed in the course of such a fight, his close relatives nearly always try to avenge him. Such "vendettas" have often led to the subdivision of the tribe into mutually hostile groups, frequently numerous, which exterminated each other in mass slaughters. This is the main reason for the decimation of this tribe, which used to be quite large and which numbered great quantities of warriors.

531 The Botocudo manifest their artistic taste in the carefully woven spear ornaments which surround the junction of the blade and shaft; in the manufacture of their arrows; and in the embellishment of the small waterproof baskets used within the huts. They also express it in their multicolored linear drawings and the fringes of their aprons, as well as in the ornamentation carved or burned in, which adorn many of their implements.

534 Their gourd rattles are heavily decorated. The handle is
531 covered with a cross-braiding made with the black fibers of imbó-mirim bark; the base of the gourd is surrounded with multicolored hair and feathers; the gourd itself is covered with carved designs; and the tip of the handle is ornamented in the same fashion as its base.

Like all primitive peoples, the Botocudo are familiar with the rudiments of those sciences directly related to their daily needs.

826 They recognize three yearly seasons: summer (lámbang), the time of great heat; winter (konchóma), the time of cold weather; and autumn (hóndó-to-kutáma), the time when trees shed their leaves.

The lunar month is called kutschí and calculated from one full moon to another. Their recognition of seasons provides them with the concept of a yearly cycle; they are also guided by the flowering of certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

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574 576 food is served. If the visitor mentions the death of some relative, the women start to wail (Ambrosetti, 1895, p. 321).

ESTHETIC AND RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES

534 **Musical instruments.**—Most information on *Caingang* musical instruments comes from Maniser (1934). The trumpets (fig. 59, *f*) have a bell made of a thick section of bamboo and the blow hole on the side, a rare feature in South America. The bell of some trumpets is made of the involucres of the coqueiro or gerivá palm (*Cocos botryophora*) (Teschauer, 1929, p. 348; Debret, 1940, pl. 11).

The clarinets are of the idioglotal type, that is, the tongue is split from the reed mouthpiece. The bell is either a gourd or a cowhorn. The *Caingang* also have an instrument which Izikowitz (1935, p. 254) calls "slit-valve." According to Maniser (1934, p. 312), it consists of a reed tube, closed at one end and crushed at the middle so that it bursts into longitudinal slits.

In playing this instrument, an air current blown through the open end passes out through the slits thereby causing these to vibrate and produce a tone.

Similar instruments were used by the *Bororo* and the *Paressí-Cabixi*.

The *Caingang* are among the few South American Indians who play the nose flute. This flute, about 3 feet (1 m.) long, has two stops at the distal end and one at the proximal end; the blow hole is in the septum of the reed, which has been left in place (fig. 59, *e*). Another flute, reproduced by Izikowitz (1935, p. 299, figs. *a*, *g*) has the same number of stops but is blown sidewise (transverse flute). It is possible that the latter type is also blown with the nose. The specimen is decorated with a basketry cover.

The *Caingang* also play the notched flute (quena) with four stops. They do not seem to have known the panpipes, though Izikowitz (1935, p. 406) attributes it to them on very flimsy evidence. This instrument does not occur in the whole area, and its presence among the *Caingang* would constitute an inexplicable anomaly.

The rhythms of dances and songs are beaten with the gourd rattle and the stamping tube. The handle of the rattle is often trimmed with bark strips and feather tufts; the gourd itself is covered with engraved designs.

● 583 **Songs.**—The words of songs, generally improvised, refer to events taking place around the singers or allude to past wars, hunting, and other economic activities. Sometimes a singer enumerates his grievances against a fellow tribesman, an action regarded as a challenge. The chants of the *Aweikoma-Caingang* are a succession of meaningless syllables often sung on one note. These Indians seldom sing in unison.

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Lances

411 The blade of this astonishing weapon is made from a single piece of iron that is worked by heating for days in the flames, pounding with stones, and then filing to razor sharpness.[14] The blade of the lance illustrated is 15⅛ inches from the tip to the bottom of the central flange, the actual usable length 12½ inches, 3½ inches at the widest point, sweeping gracefully in to a width of 2⅜ inches at the narrowest point. This was the only lance left among the Kaingáng when I came there; so it is impossible to make any general statements about the size of the blade; but I have been told that this is by no means one of the largest. Many, of course, must have been smaller, for the size of the blade depended on the size of the piece of iron obtained.

The peculiar shape of the blade might suggest that the Kaingáng lance was used principally for striking and not for stabbing. From stories it appears that the lance was used more often to strike than to stab, though stabbing was quite frequent. Nevertheless when we realize that the iron arrow heads were exactly the same shape as the lance heads it becomes clear that the shape of the lance blade was not determined by the fact that it was used more for striking than for stabbing. Obviously the drive of an arrow is always head on. The real reason that the lance was used more for striking than for stabbing was because the lance is a development of the club. The handle of the lance is exactly the same shape as a club,[15] except for the fact that the lance tapers toward the notch where the blade is inserted. The lance is grasped in the same way as the club. Kaingáng lance heads have had the same shape stages as the arrows.

Curiously enough, the lances were the weapons least used by the Kaingáng. One would imagine that these lances would be ideal for slaughtering Brazilians, but the Kaingáng always left them at home when they went raiding. They preferred to cut clubs from hard woods just before attacking and to throw them away when they were finished. Sometimes they simply used their bows as clubs, but this involved danger of breakage. The Kaingáng say that they left the lances at home so that the women could use them to kill tapirs while they were gone.

The use of the lance *par excellence* was for murdering vendetta enemies. Most of the massacres were accomplished with lances. The Kaingáng beat time with their lances while they sang at the festas, so that they were fully prepared to turn upon their enemies suddenly and slaughter them.

In general the technique of making the blades is the same as for the iron arrow heads except that more than one man is needed. The heating and

[14] With a file stolen from the Brazilians.

[15] I.e. four-cornered; lozenge shaped in cross-section.

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SM3 Caingang SM3

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his back, and begins to walk back and forth across the circle singing. Then he and the rest of the men stop and shout, "This is your [the infant's] making," followed by: 852 304

> *hili* about twelve times; and then *lililihilihilihililihololo changa changai yetyetyethohoho.*[49] [533]

Vomblé said that the cries were in imitation of the cry of Water's Talking, a water-dwelling supernatural monster. Since, however, the water monster has no part in the extremely scanty ideology of this ceremony, I regard this explanation as very dubious.

Following the baby's "making" they play the game of *kavígn*, with soft bags[50] made of the inner bark of the embira tree and stuffed with tree hair. The bags are supposed to be thrown back and forth between the parents and the children's *kóklá* and *mbē*, but everyone joins in the fun of tossing the bags high in the air across the dance ground and catching them when they are thrown back. Meanwhile the people shout: "Come here! Catch my animal";[51] and *kaví kaví kaví* or *tē tē tē*[52] or *tektektek*.[53] 852 524

When the beer is gone the camp breaks up.

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[53] The same informant said that this was the cry of the circle people.

[p. 198 is blank]

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

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Appendix IV

Songs[1]

533 WITH THE EXCEPTION of the rare curing songs and the funeral song recorded in Appendix II, all Kaingáng songs are completely made up of meaningless syllables. But their meaninglessness is of a peculiar character, for often the syllables themselves have meaning in an absolute sense; that is to say, they exist in the Kaingáng language as meaningful elements, though in the songs their arrangement and sequence is such that no meaning is derivable from them. It is as if we were to make a song in English of the syllables *to, sigh, fly, me,* and so on. There are words in our language which have the same phonetic structure as these syllables, but if I make up a song of these words alone, in the sequence given, it is obvious that they have meaning only if we insist on a very arbitrary definition of the word "meaning." My informant Vomblé, however, was not beyond arguing that the songs he sang did "mean" something. Perhaps it was his desire to make the Kaingáng songs seem like the Brazilians' songs; perhaps it was his imaginative mind that prompted him. His interpretations are given in complete indifference to the syntactic and even the phonetic structure of his language, but they are always prefixed by the expression *tógunyanglô*, "probably," which indicates that he is speculating as to their meaning. The proper thing to do, of course, would have been to ask him to interpret the same song a month or so after recording in order to see whether his interpretation varied. I feel sure that the results would have shown considerable variation. Unfortunately time did not permit this.

Each Kaingáng song has from twenty to thirty stanzas. There is very

[1] The song given here was one of four recorded from one informant only. Everything in this section is based on information obtained from Vomblé unless otherwise stated. Since I had no recording device it was impossible to make a musical analysis of Kaingáng songs.

2: Henry E.-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Awetikoma

533 little melodic variety, and quite a number of songs are sung on one note. They gain their variety from the difference in the syllables and from the rhythmic patterning.

Men and women know the songs equally well, but men make more of a show. They sing to impress their sweethearts or prospective sweethearts; they sing at festas; they sing while they work; they sing in the quiet hour before dawn when they are lying awake under their coverings; they sing in the evening as they lie beside the fire squinting along an arrow to see if it is straight. They never sing in unison unless a group of young men are learning from an older man at a festa. Generally when the Kaingáng learn a song they listen attentively while it is being sung and then go off and practice alone. I never suspected that the Kaingáng youngsters who heard my Apache Indian songs knew them until I asked them to sing for me. Then they sang them without a mistake. It was the same with North American myths that I told. They would ask me to repeat the same myth until at last they corrected *me* when I left something out. But before that they had never given a sign that they already knew them.

The name of some man who is supposed to have made it up in the very beginning is attached by tradition to each song. Anyone may learn from anyone at all. From Vombé I got the impression that there were a limited number of songs and that very few were composed anew, but I had no opportunity to confirm my impression.

I give below an analysis of the lyrics of the first ten stanzas of one song.

Padumbé's Song[8]

I

533	(1) *né yó vudu vudné ka la ye nya yugu lí yó mba tógu mé*[9]	a
537	(2) *né yó vdu vú né ka la ye nya yugu lí yó mba tógu mé*	
	(3) *né yó vdu vu ne ka la yem*	a—
	(4) *a só ðug mu lo ne a teng dje to vu ka kle to to me*	b
	(5) *né yó vdu vudne ka la yem*	a—
	(6) *a só ðug mo lo ne a teng dje to vu ka*	b—
	(7) *nggóyo cho me*	c
	(8) *neyó vdu vu ne ka la yem*	a—

Interpretation: "Probably: when the ancients came out [there was] the smoke of their fires." This interpretation is derived from the first five syllables of line 1, which are frequently repeated in somewhat modified form throughout the song. *Nényó vudu vulu*, in Kaingáng, means "smoke."

[8] I.e. song of the mythical Padumbé as sung by Vombé.

[9] The division is merely to assist in comparison of lines. For meaning of symbols see p. 204.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

SM3 Caingang SM3

Aweikoma

SONGS	201
II	
(1) *a yugn nê kẽgn yẽ to un vẹ*	a(x) 533 539
(2) *a yugn nê kẽgn yẽ*	a
(3) *na tobm nat kûlû wanyêkô*	b
(4) *te to vâi mê pô*	c
(5) *ta tẹ yẽbm*	d
(6) *nyêkĩ klạ nê ya*	e
(7) *tẽ to vâi mê pô*	c
(8) *pi tẹ yim lok tẹ yẽ a tû kê*	f
(9) *ta tẹ yẽ*	d
III	
(1) *a vẹ tû va*	a(x)
(2) *a ve tu ve*	a(y)
(3) *a kĩ nya*	b
(4) *a vẹ kû a yô ve na vẹ tụ kû yô yâ a kĩm*	c
(5) *a kô nyang ve*	d
(6) *a kô nyang ve*	d
(7) *a vẹ kû a yo ve na wẹ tụ kû yô yâ kĩm*	c
(8) *a kô nyang ve*	d
(9) *a kô nyang ve*	d
(10) *a kĩ nyam*	b
IV	
(1) *a tẹ lugn ve yâ mu nya*	a(u)
(2) *a tẹ lugn ve yâ mụ*	a(v)
(3) *ye tẹ lugn ve yâ mụ kû*	a(w)(x)
(4) *yûgn ndô ye tẹ a ve na vẹ tụ nê tẹk tạ*	b(y)
(5) *lugn vẹ kô yô hẽm kû*	a—(z)
(6) *yûgn ndô*	b
(7) *yi nê ang djâ kaichâ ku pan hẽm ôgn ve lô kû*	c
(8) *yûgn ndô*	b
(9) *yi nê ang djâ kaichâ kupan hẽm*	c
(10) *yûgn ndô*	b
(11) *yi nê ang djâ kaichâ ku pan hẽm*	c

Interpretation: "Probably they made their bird arrows [*ndô*, lines 4, 6, 8, and 10] of pine knots [*kaichâ*, lines 7, 9, and 11], and they are telling about it."

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

V

533 (1) *vêle vê* a
534 (2) *amblīgn nê tę wa* b
(3) *vêlê vedn vêlê* a
(4) *naichû nyêkī*[4] *klą nê ya ti yô kle ko tų to* c
(5) *amblīgn nê tę wa* b
(6) *vêlê vedn vêlê* a
(7) *naichû mǫklâ*[4] *klą nê ya ti yô kle ko tų to* c
(8) *amblīgn nê tę wa* b
(9) *vêlê vedn* a

Interpretation: "Probably something was shot [*yôklê*, somebody's hunting prize, lines 4 and 7] and they did not eat, [*ko tų*, lines 4 and 7]. They left it. Probably Nyekī [line 4] is joking with him and telling him about his camp [*nêyâ*, lines 4 and 7]."

VI

(1) *êng wai nyê tē la ha nų kâ* a
(2) *nyêkī*[5] *klą nê ya ti yô kle kû lâgn* b
(3) *wai ve lo tę nê* c
(4) *êng wai nyê tēbm* a—
(5) *êng wai nyê tēbm la ha nų kâ* a
(6) *kanggûi*[5] *klą nê ya ti yô kle kûlâgn* b_1
(7) *wai ve lok tę nê* c
(8) *êng wai nyê tēbm la ha nų kâ* a
(9) *kīyītâ*[5] *klą nê ya ti yô kle kû lâgn* b_2
(10) *wai ve lok tę nê* c
(11) *êng wai nyê tēbm* a—
(12) *êng mų hų yē* d
(13) *êng wai nyê tēbm* a—

Interpretation: "Probably when they joke with him they say, 'The animal you shot [*a*, your; *yokle*, hunting prize, lines 2, 6 and 9] is no good [*kulagn*, lines 2, 6 and 9]. When I eat it I get diarrhea and my insides become dry.'" References to diarrhea (*chukchûyu*) and dry internal organs (*udju kanggâ*) do not appear in this song.

VII

(1) *lugn mô kē yô kô yô kē* a
(2) *lugn mô kē yô kô yô kē* a

[4] Male personal names.
[5] Male personal names.

scores		205
(3) *ẽngu mõ ẽ̃ yõ ẽ̃ yõ ẽ̃*	a	533
(4) *ẽngu mõ ẽ̃ĩm*	a—	539
(5) *a tẽ nẽ ku vẽ me ku ve ve kẽ vẽ me*	b	
(6) *ẽngu mõ ẽ̃ĩm*	a—	
(7) *a tẽ a tẽ nẽ kẽ nyeng mẽ̃ve ve kẽ vẽ me*	b,	
(8) *ẽngu mõ ẽ̃ yõ ẽ̃ yõ ẽ̃*	a	
(9) *ẽngu mõ ẽ̃ĩ yõ ẽ̃ yõ ẽ̃*	a	
(10) *ẽngu mõ ẽ̃ ẽo ẽ̃ĩm*	a—	

Interpretation: "Probably: they came along and camped." The only reference to camping I can discern is the syllable *nẽ*, which really means, "One person camps" [lines 5 and 7].

VIII

(1) *yõ nyu a tẽ tẽ ye tẽ a ẽo ẽ̃ yõ nẽ*	a
(2) *me ve yõ nẽ*	b
(3) *a yeng ndẽ̃ yẽng nẽ*	c
(4) *me ve yõ ne*	b
(5) *ẽ̃ ẽu mẽ̃ kẽ ẽ̃ ẽu mẽ̃ kẽ ẽ̃ ẽo mẽ̃ ẽ̃m*	d
(6) *yõ nyu a tẽ tẽ ye tẽ a ẽ̃ ẽo yõ ne*	a
(7) *me ve yõ ne*	b

IX

(1) *ang djo ĩ' lẽ ẽ̃ingg'ẽng kẽ pe me' ndjẽ na'õ*	a
(2) *ang djõ me nẽ tẽ nõ a yoo me ndjẽ tndo õ*	b,
(3) *ang djo lẽ lẽ ẽ̃ingg'ẽng kẽ pe me ndjẽ na'õ*	a
(4) *ang djõ me nẽ tẽ nõ a yo me ndjẽ tndo ve ẽ̃ me*	b
(5) *me ndjẽ tndo ve ẽ̃ me*	b—

Interpretation: "I don't know. Probably they were watching for him [*ẽ*, him; *yõ*, for; *lẽlẽ*, look or watch]; watching for him to come along. Probably they mean *ẽ̃ingg'ẽng mẽ̃'ẽng meindjẽ me* [the big man laughs]. Prob-

man large laugh

ably he joked." (See line 1, *ẽ̃ingg'ẽng* etc.)

X

(1) *ndo ẽo ẽ̃*	a
(2) *ang ndo ẽ̃ ẽ̃ mẽ̃*	b
(3) *ẽng nyu nẽ*	c
(4) *ang ndo ẽo ẽ̃m*	b
(5) *yõ nõ*	c

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

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Aweikoma

533 (6) *nê yâ mbô na e ye lo tobm* d
539 (7) *yô vâ nêng mộ ve yô vâ ma yô vâ vebm* e
(8) *ndo ko kẽ* a
(9) *ndo ko kẽi* a
(10) *ang ndo ko kẽ mbô* b
(11) *êng nya mộ* c
(12) *nat kû lûi* wanyêkô* te to* f
(13) *yô vâ nêng mộ ve yo vâ vem* e—

Interpretation: "Probably he became ill from something and they carried him." The whole interpretation is derived from the syllable *te* which appears for the first time in line 12. *te* is the participial form of the verb meaning "to carry on the back."

Little can be done with song analysis without phonographic recording; nevertheless I have analyzed the lyrics of the ten stanzas given, with the object of discovering whether the syllables follow a specific form. Each song has at least two definite syllabic patterns which are repeated over and over again, but the arrangement of the patterns does not follow any order except a general kind of alternation with other patterns. In the analysis below, each syllabic pattern has been marked with one of the first seven letters of the alphabet. When the pattern is repeated with something left out a minus sign is placed after the letter: b—, when the pattern is repeated with some modification it is marked with an inferior number: a_1. Occasional syllables which occur at the beginning or end of well-defined patterns but which are not repeated when the pattern is repeated have been indicated by one of the last six letters of the alphabet placed in parentheses: a(v).

The following schema shows the arrangement of syllabic patterns in the ten stanzas:

(1) aaa—ba—b—ca—
(2) a(x)abcdecfd
(3) a(y)bcddcddb
(4) a(u)a(v)a(w)(x)b(y)a—(z)bcbcbcbc
(5) abacbacba
(6) abca—ab$_1$cab$_1$ca—a—
(7) aaaa—ba—b$_1$aaa—
(8) abcbdab
(9) ababb—
(10) abcbcdefaabcfe

* Male personal names.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

574 food is served. If the visitor mentions the death of some relative, the
576 women start to wail (Ambrosetti, 1895, p. 321).

ESTHETIC AND RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES

534 **Musical instruments.**—Most information on *Caingang* musical instruments comes from Manizer (1934). The trumpets (fig. 59, *f*) have a bell made of a thick section of bamboo and the blow hole on the side, a rare feature in South America. The bell of some trumpets is made of the involucres of the coqueiro or gerivá palm (*Cocos botryophora*) (Teschauer, 1929, p. 348; Debret, 1940, pl. 11).

The clarinets are of the idioglotal type, that is, the tongue is split from the reed mouthpiece. The bell is either a gourd or a cowhorn. The *Caingang* also have an instrument which Izikowitz (1935, p. 254) calls "slit-valve." According to Manizer (1934, p. 312), it consists of a reed tube, closed at one end and crushed at the middle so that it bursts into longitudinal slits.

In playing this instrument, an air current blown through the open end passes out through the slits thereby causing these to vibrate and produce a tone.

Similar instruments were used by the *Bororo* and the *Paressi-Cabishi*.

The *Caingang* are among the few South American Indians who play the nose flute. This flute, about 3 feet (1 m.) long, has two stops at the distal end and one at the proximal end; the blow hole is in the septum of the reed, which has been left in place (fig. 59, *e*). Another flute, reproduced by Izikowitz (1935, p. 299, figs. *a*, *g*) has the same number of stops but is blown sidewise (transverse flute). It is possible that the latter type is also blown with the nose. The specimen is decorated with a basketry cover.

The *Caingang* also play the notched flute (quena) with four stops. They do not seem to have known the panpipes, though Izikowitz (1935, p. 408) attributes it to them on very flimsy evidence. This instrument does not occur in the whole area, and its presence among the *Caingang* would constitute an inexplicable anomaly.

The rhythms of dances and songs are beaten with the gourd rattle and the stamping tube. The handle of the rattle is often trimmed with bark strips and feather tufts; the gourd itself is covered with engraved designs.

593 **Songs.**—The words of songs, generally improvised, refer to events taking place around the singers or allude to past wars, hunting, and other economic activities. Sometimes a singer enumerates his grievances against a fellow tribesman, an action regarded as a challenge. The chants of the *Aweikoma-Caingang* are a succession of meaningless syllables often sung on one note. These Indians seldom sing in unison.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

killed you. When they killed you, I wandered around suffering, but you 763
come to call me!" When the ghost-soul at last went away, she was all 775
green. She stood there without saying anything. He [her husband] said to her, 'Why are you green?' But she said nothing. She sat down holding on to a post. Then he asked if she was sick—if she had a pain in the belly. But she did not talk. Wanenggló [her husband] asked her whether she had seen a ghost-soul. Probably she saw a ghost-soul. But she did not say anything." Like vendetta enemies, the ghost-souls are "other things"—it is the only category the Kaingáng have for those who dwell outside the limits of the extended families—and for people in this category they know only one emotion, fear-anger.

When the Kaingáng are drunk, their malevolent and fearsome impulses 152
rise to the surface, and the memory of death plays its part in this. Festa 679
time, when the beer troughs are brimming with the steaming, sourish, honey beer, is a special occasion for remembering the dead. It is also the occasion when recollections of adultery unpunished or of slights unrequited surge into consciousness. While some dance, sing, or brawl, others sit around the edge of the dance circle with their heads in their hands and tears streaming down their faces, and their sobs and high rhythmic keening mingle with the noise of quarreling and disordered singing. When they have done with their hour or so of weeping, they rise and fill their baskets or gourds with beer and join in the festa. No recollection of the dead can occur without unleashing fear, and fear cannot be liberated without the eruption of anger, so the memory of the dead only adds to the disruptive forces that are set in motion by the beer. The more one knows about the Kaingáng, the more one is struck by the extent to which the very roots of their being have been undermined and torn by impulses to violence. This is all the more amazing when we remember what affectionate people they seem to be—how much they love to multiply a hundredfold all kinds of personal attachments. Nevertheless, when drunkenness uncovers the Kaingáng personality, it does not bubble over in rivulets of tenderness, but pours out in torrents of violence. The only outlet is murder, and that is why festas, if not actually the scene of murders, used to be almost always the forerunners of raids on the Brazilians or on vendetta enemies. The Kaingáng themselves understand, in a way, what the festa meant to them, for they say, "We had festas in order to go to attack the Brazilians." Of course not every festa is characterized by violence, but many are.[8]

[8] Although the Kaingáng held an old-time beer festa at my request the aboriginal beer troughs have been superseded by jugs of sugar cane whiskey, and the tumultuous singing by the music of an accordion played by a white man. These changes, however, have not curbed the essential temper of the Indians, and fights still occur at festas. 534 273 199

476 The hunter who kills an animal is not forced to share it, nor
224 do the others demand this from him.

Yet it is a natural thing among them, and they cannot conceive of any course of action other than to share the proceeds of the hunt, no matter how small, with everyone else.

727 [127] This same "instinctive" rule also applies to the distribution of plunder following their raids on civilized communities.

628 They have no judges to solve their disagreements, but attempt
[579] to reach a decision first through words and then through a duel.

If a man happens to be killed in the course of such a fight, his close relatives nearly always try to avenge him. Such "vendettas" have often led to the subdivision of the tribe into mutually hostile groups, frequently numerous, which exterminated each other in mass slaughters. This is the main reason for the decimation of this tribe, which used to be quite large and which numbered great quantities of warriors.

531 The Botocudo manifest their artistic taste in the carefully woven spear ornaments which surround the junction of the blade and shaft; in the manufacture of their arrows; and in the embellishment of the small waterproof baskets used within the huts. They also express it in their multicolored linear drawings and the fringes of their aprons, as well as in the ornamentation carved or burned in, which adorn many of their implements.

534 Their gourd rattles are heavily decorated. The handle is
531 covered with a cross-braiding made with the black fibers of imbõ-mirim bark; the base of the gourd is surrounded with multicolored hair and feathers; the gourd itself is covered with carved designs; and the tip of the handle is ornamented in the same fashion as its base.

Like all primitive peoples, the Botocudo are familiar with the rudiments of those sciences directly related to their daily needs.

805 They recognize three yearly seasons: summer (lãmbang), the time of great heat; winter (kotschõma), the time of cold weather; and autumn (kõzõiõ-to-kutãma), the time when trees shed their leaves.

The lunar month is called kutschã and calculated from one full moon to another. Their recognition of seasons provides them with the concept of a yearly cycle; they are also guided by the flowering of certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

Dances.—The members of a *Caingang* subgroup dance together. The dancers, about 3 feet (1 m.) apart, form two concentric circles around a line of fires, the men inside and the women outside. A singer in the center first shakes his rattle and, placing each foot alternately before and behind, dances sideways. At this signal, the other performers shake their rattles, and both circles begin to turn in one direction, following the rhythm of the song and rattle. Men without rattles strike the ground with stamping tubes. Behind them, women lift their forearms and move their empty hands slightly to each side in a kind of "blessing" gesture. When the leader is back to the starting point, he stops, and the others wait quietly until he is rested or is replaced by another leader. 535

Toys and games.—*Caingang* children are very skillful at filliping sticks, maize kernels, and small arrows resting on the bent arm. Maize shuttlecocks are batted with the palm of the hand. Children spin tops made of a clay whorl or a lump of wax on a stick. 524 857

The favorite *Caingang* adult sport is a mock battle between members of two communities, who hurl small clubs or, at night, firebrands at each other. Although these weapons may wound or even kill, casualties are not resented and do not call for blood revenge. This sport is played on open ground where heaps of clubs have previously been deposited. Women, protecting themselves with bark shields, run among the players to pick up and hand the clubs to their men. The *Aweikoma* throw stones wrapped in small fiber bags, which are parried with short clubs. The *Caingang* are also fond of wrestling. 526

Narcotics.—A great many stone pipes have been found in the *Caingang* area—a puzzling fact since smoking has not been observed among these Indians. 172 276

Drinking and intoxicants.—The *Caingang* prepare intoxicants from maize, sweet potatoes, pine nuts, honey, and the fruit of several species of palm, especially buriti (*Mauritia vinifera*) and jussara (*Euterpe* sp.). Maize is slightly roasted over ashes, ground, and boiled in large pots for about a night. The next day part of the mass is chewed, then boiled again with the remainder. Shortly before the feast, the liquid is transferred to a huge trough made of a tree trunk and half buried in the ground. The liquor is heated by a fire built around the trough or by red-hot stones or potsherds which are thrown into it. During 2 or 3 days of fermentation, men dance around the beer, singing, shaking their rattles, and beating the ground with the stamping tubes.[9] The beer is often mixed with honey. 273

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* start to prepare their mead a month before its consumption. A mixture of honey and water, to which they add

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[9] Koenigswald (1909 b, p. 48) distinguishes three kinds of beer: Goye-fi, made of naturally fermented maize meal; quoqui (Kiki), prepared with maize and honey; and goye-kuyri, made of chewed maize.

this staggering around the circle is called dancing

but bears not the slightest resemblance to the rhythmic artistic form usually called dancing. The Kaingáng make no effort to execute a formalized dance step. All they do is walk; yet their word for it is dancing, and they use the same term for the Brazilian polkas. What the word really means is something like "motion on foot while singing." Little children of five or more are not excluded from the festa but drink their beer, try to sing, and march around with the others. Sometimes two or three little boys will take a gourd of beer and go off by themselves and drink it, shaking rattles and singing.

At some time during this festa the children's lips are pierced. I saw only one child pierced—a boy about two. While Chantágn, its mother, held it on her lap, its grandmother forced beer into its mouth by pressing her lips against the child's and squirting while it wriggled and bawled to high heaven. This was to make the child sleep. Now while the child's mother, aunt, and some other women wept, the child was bathed in beer, wrapped in a blanket, screaming all the while, and laid down on a small heap of blankets. While the child was lying down it was coaxed to nurse to quiet it, even as its *kókló* sat by swinging the little piercing knife in time to his own song. "They sing," say the Kaingáng, "so that the child will become frightened and go to sleep." While we may credit the Kaingáng with deep knowledge of infantile behavior under stress, it was clear that in this case the infant was completely unaware of just what was to happen to him; for in spite of the beer and the nursing he was wide awake when his lower lip was marked with three parallel black lines and his upper with one. These were centering lines made so that the piercing would be precisely in the middle of the child's lower lip just under the red part.

Now as the completely terrorized infant is held down by a number of people, while its mother and other women around it weep and the loud singing goes on, the *kókló* thrusts his fingers into the child's mouth, distends the lip, and thrusts home with the knife. The child wriggles and screams, seizes the knife, and tries to pull it out as its mouth fills with blood and saliva. Now that the knife is extracted they try to insert the tiny lip plug, pushing and twisting and turning while the baby howls and the blood streams from its lip until at last the plug breaks in an ugly splintery end. Evidently the hole is not properly made. Again the *kókló* distends the little lip and thrusts again with the knife. This time must be the last, so he twists and twists the knife until he is sure at last that the hole is big enough. When the plug is successfully inserted it is bound around on the outside with a bit of fiber to prevent its slipping back. Then one of the men takes water in his mouth and squirts it over the wound.

The piercing over, the *kókló* picks up the baby, slings it in a blanket on

852 enormous fire is built in the middle of the circle, and the warriors begin their chanting very early in the morning. At dawn they adorn themselves with all their warrior's badges and perform certain movements in unison around the fire.

[535] Then the women make their entrance, with rattles in both hands; singing, they begin to dance with the warriors. This dance consists of a rhythmic stepping to the regular muffled beat of spears upon the ground and the rattling of gourds.

852 After several hours of continuous dancing, and only then, the
273 troughs are opened and the drinking begins.

The men drink immoderately, as do the women, and the children to be baptized are forced to take some of the liquid. They are revolted by it and refuse to drink it, but the warriors force them to swallow until the children are completely dazed.

When nearly senseless, they are shaken in every conceivable manner by their fathers and relatives to stun them even more. This is done brutally, the children being held by the legs and flung through the air from one man to another until they become totally insensible.

304 The Indians finally proceed to perforate the lips of the
852 neophytes. This is done with a special awl made of very hard wood and hardened further by means of fire.

As soon as the perforation is made, a small labret [Portuguese botoque, hence Botocudo, "labretted."--Translator] ngrókoxtidma, is inserted through it; as the child grows, this is gradually exchanged for a thicker one in order to enlarge the hole.

[563] Female children are not endowed with lip plugs, but with two incisions made with the same instrument just below the kneecap.

Once these operations have been performed, the warriors resume drinking even more immoderately and go back to their dancing. Later, various games are played.

All the various groups of the Botocudo tribe get together for these important celebrations, which can only be carried out in the presence of all the warriors and never separately.

526 The groups break up along lines of kinship and interests to match their strength and skill in various games.

Ngréda is one of their most interesting games. It consists in catching or parrying a round stone enclosed in a bag of finely woven embira fiber.

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reaching for each other's genitals, but the Kaingáng, although they stand around holding their own penises, do not hold other men's.

In the whole mass of Kaingáng folklore there is one hundred-word story of a homosexual relationship between two men and another that tells of a male supernatural that was killed by a man because it sodomized him by trickery. I never heard a remark that alluded in any way to homosexuality. The men like to congregate together, and when the women are in camp they leave them and sit around in groups, weaving baskets or just talking. Sometimes a woman may join them because her husband is there, but even when the men are away the women rarely come together as the men do. They just visit. Like the indiscriminate playing of the children, these caressings, sleeping parties, and gossipings do not follow relationship lines. Whatever may be the specific obligations of cousins or brothers-in-law, they are completely lost sight of in these ephemeral, wholly casual masculine contacts. The basis for man's loyalty to man has roots in the many warm bodily contacts between them. The violent, annihilating conflicts among men in Kaingáng society were all among those who had never shared the languid exchange of caresses on a hot afternoon under the green arched shelter of a house nor lain together night after night under a blanket against the cold. The very transient, unfixated nature of these contacts leaves no grounds for jealousy. The relationships built on these hours of lying together with anyone at all bear fruit in the softening of conflicts that are so characteristic of the Kaingáng. Indeed, there is a patterned friendship between men that has woven this contact into its very warp and woof, and that is the friendship of hunting companions. Men who have hunted together day after day, raided the Brazilians together, slept together beside the same fire, under the same blanket, wrapped in each other's arms, hold this relationship above their kinship with their brothers. The consequences for the general integration of Kaingáng society are immeasurable.

The elaborate laws of sexual avoidance that chart the behavior of men and women in many primitive societies, dividing the entire community into the touchables and the untouchables, are undreamt of among the Kaingáng. Little boys and girls play together in rough and tumble. Brothers and sisters, brothers- and sisters-in-law and cousins, sleep next to one another, cross legs, or embrace one another. The corollaries to this are the marriages and love affairs among almost all classes of relatives. Only marriages between parents and children and between full brothers and sisters are avoided. Marriages between half brothers and sisters are rare.

A complete lack of emphasis on temperamental differences between the sexes permits to boys and girls, men and women, the same jocular and often violent sexual aggressiveness. The term for intercourse may have

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since he had clubbed the deer he should have the skin. But when I went to hand it to him, Ndili said, "I want the skin," to which Dung replied, "He wants it; so give it to him." The willingness to yield to aggressiveness, coupled with the indifference to trouble unless it faces one squarely, operates to reduce enormously the number and severity of conflicts within the extended family.

The obsessive interest of the Kaingáng in destruction and murder was all externalized against the "other people," and it was this ability to externalize their obsession that was in part responsible for whatever coherence and security the families preserved. The overpowering urge toward destruction that manifests itself still in the wanton gashing of trees and the killing of the tiniest bird that happens to perch on a limb where stick or stone may reach it is never directed inward against the family but always outward. The function of the feuds, therefore, was twofold, for they served both to gratify the need to destroy and to direct it away from the extended family; and this duality contributed to their perpetuation.

The overwhelming bulk of Kaingáng folklore is murder stories—murder committed in every imaginable way and on all relatives except sons. Stories begin with murders committed for no reason and rehearse over and over again the whole wearisome theme of treachery and retaliation. The interest in the feuds has suffocated any other mythological theme, and instead of the elaborate variations on widespread mythological elements that are so common among many primitive peoples we find that when these elements actually do appear in Kaingáng folklore they are bare, fossilized, neglected plots which the literary imagination has never developed. The one elaborate art form that the Kaingáng have, their folklore, is overwhelmingly concerned with their own destruction.

Perhaps the best proof of the obsessive nature of this trait lies in a split within an extended family which occurred after the Kaingáng were localized on the reservation and which culminated in the murder of Thechá. For years the Kaingáng had committed no murder. Their vendetta enemies had been killed or driven far away, and now the group that had lived in harmony for generations was isolated from the dangers of attack and settled peacefully on the reservation. But Thechá took to saying that he wasn't afraid of anyone, and he was angry at everyone; so "since he was angry with them they became angry with him." They decided to kill him, and one of the plotters was his own first cousin, his father's sister's son, Kovĺ. Now Thechá was a most unusual Kaingáng, for he could not swim. That simplified matters, and one day when he was crossing the river with a number of people—"nine people and five women," as one informant put it—"the canoe tipped over." Nobody tipped it, for such baldness of statement would offend Kaingáng good taste, but "the canoe tipped over" and

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monsters at night have more definite content. This is consonant with the fact that the Kaingáng have devoted much more interest and imagination to the elaboration of the fearful aspects of their supernatural world than to the benign.

With Ketédn's simple vision of Toad compare the following horrible dream that Vomblé had of the *ngĝiyúdn* before Véye died: "I was the first one to see that the *ngĝiyúdn* ate Véye. I saw the *ngĝiyúdn* come with Véye. I saw that they were going to kill him, and I said to them, 'Why do you want to kill Véye?' But they said nothing. Then they said, 'He is a pig.' 'It is Véye [said Vomblé]; I used to go around with him.' They took hoes and led Véye off. I said, 'Leave him alone.' But they killed Véye with hoes. 'Why did you kill him?' 'It is a pig.' 'It is a human being, and it is taboo for you to eat it.' They seized his feet and tore him apart. I protected him. I thought I was dreaming. They put salt on him and ate him. When they ate him, it was taboo. I almost vomited. 'Come and eat [they said], it is like tapir's marrow.' But it was capavary.[33] Then I vomited and sat up. I ate dirt and almost vomited. Next day I told Véye, 'They roasted your ribs with salt,' but Véye said I was lying. Three days later he died."

Horror and the impulses to murder and cannibalism which the Kaingáng constantly and compulsively express are much more congenial to their imagination than the warm relationships with beneficent spirits of the natural world. It is true that guardian spirits are often mentioned in Kaingáng folklore, but most frequently simply as incidents in a murder tale. Stories whose central theme is a relationship with a guardian spirit are extremely rare. Being "shown" a spirit was as simple an experience as seeing it oneself. One day while an Indian was out with someone who had been seeing a spirit, the shaman would say to him casually, "Go over there and shoot those howler monkeys," and always after that the Indian would see supernatural Howler Monkey and find howler monkeys very easily. Such an experience might be accompanied by darkness and wind, but generally it was not.

"Yokégn was a shaman. He saw Fish and Wasp. He went hunting, and when he came back, he said to his wife: 'Let us go to the fish I saw. I'm going to get some for them [the children].' So his wife emptied a basket and carried it along with her. When they reached the spot, the water was shallow and there were some [fish] in it. Then he said to her, 'Come over here and have a look.' When she approached, she saw its men[34] in there. She stood there looking, and at last, he [her husband] asked, 'Did you see?' 'Yes,' she replied. 'Let us go now to the other fish that one eats all the time. They are good. Catch some of them.' So she took her basket and entered [the stream]. The shallow water came toward her in waves. She put her

[33] An amphibious rodent (*hydrochoerus capybara*) two feet long and twenty inches high.
[34] Fish in anthropomorphic form.

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fellows was a certain awe while he was alive and dread when he was dead. 756
Almost anywhere in North America, the ethnologist may obtain for the asking stories of shamans with great powers to cure, even where he does not learn the esoteric lore accompanying them. Among the Kaingáng such [539] stories do not exist at all. After diligent questioning, one does find out that Chu used to cure people, and that once Kemblén treated Klendó and he recovered; but supernatural healing was not a theme that the culture elaborated.

Kemblén was one of those rare individuals about whom supernatural influences seemed to cluster like lines of force about a magnet. He had lost an arm because of his refusal of power from Snake, who therefore bit him in anger. As he grew older he gradually accumulated the powers of Quatí, Monkey, Wind, and Fish, and in the end this was his undoing, for Quatí was out of sorts with him one day for some unknown reason, and he fell sick and died. Before he died, he showed two of his daughters, Anggló and Chantágn, his supernatural remedies. One day, after I had been among the Kaingáng for many months, Chantágn came to me, trembling with anxiety, and announced that for a price she would tell me about her father's medicine. There was no doubt about Chantágn's sincerity, and she was in real fear that her father might become aware of the fact that she was revealing his medicines and kill her. Although I ordinarily left windows open on the rare occasions when women were in my house, Chantágn's fear was so obvious and painful that I carefully closed all the doors and windows so that *nggïyúdn* could neither see nor hear what was going on, and prepared myself for a revelation.

At last, still trembling, Chantágn took out a little package wrapped in paper, unfolded it, and disclosed two plants, telling as she did so that one was to cure sickness in children and one was for sore eyes and that they should be pounded up and mixed with water. That was all—she asked her price and was prepared to leave. What a cold bath this experience was to me! For months I had been burrowing in search of just this kind of information with little success, and when at last Chantágn came to me straight from the source of power, I felt that surely now I should discover the real content of Kaingáng religion. I did, but it was little different from what I had known before. Naturally I questioned her. From her breathless replies in which one word stumbled on the heels of the next, I learned that Kemblén had received the medicines from Monkey when he was a *kēlų*:[18] "'Give it to your children,' said Monkey. 'Apply it to their sides. Let them lie on their backs on a robe.' He said to Howler Monkey: 'Give it to me. When I see that they are sick I shall get it for them.' Then Howler Monkey cleared the ground and showed it to him." To Chantágn the whole potency of the curing was in the herbs she sold me.

[18] Any male between the ages of thirty-five or forty is a *kēlų*.

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IX

Folklore

SOME COLLECTIONS OF FOLKTALES are not so much the tales that the folk tell as they are the tales that the investigator wished to hear. If he was interested in stories of celestial phenomena, he collected stories about the sun, moon, and stars; if he wished to trace the distribution of mythological plots over the world, he tried to unearth plots he already knew; if the student's interest was primarily religious his collection of myths included principally ritualistic tales. But the literature of any people is made up of *all* their tales, and no one can foresee in what part of the literature of a folk their fundamental motivations lie hidden. If a foreign student were to study only our religious tales, overlooking completely our novels, our humorous magazines, and the jokes and doggerel that pass from mouth to mouth among us, he would receive a false impression of our literature. Primitive folk also have different kinds of literature, and ethnologists should set themselves always to collect every tale they tell, without discrimination as to content. The Kaingáng are a striking example of a people who reveal all of the inner workings of their culture in one type of tale, while another type supplies little such insight. In plot content the latter is of the type one usually finds in collections of "mythology": the events move on the supernatural level or take place between animals that behave like human beings, or between human beings and animals with anthropomorphic characteristics. But the psychic structure of the Kaingáng is expressed constantly and clearly in an entirely different order of tale. It *is* in the story of feuds and murder that the Kaingáng reveal the dominating drives in their life. The feud tales, however, are always close to earth; feud happenings take place in the human world, not in the supernatural; and the actors in them are human. The occasional references to supernatural

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539 events in these tales are purely incidental to the development of the murder plot—they are never the main theme.

These bloody stories are never quoted in an effort to validate or explain any form of behavior. They may have served as a kind of depository of gruesome knowledge from which an aspiring murderer could gain many useful hints. They are full of descriptions of treachery and in general provide a background of detailed information relative to the execution of mass and individual murder. These bits of information are not sanctions, for feud tales are never quoted in order to validate particular murders; if these murder stories are sanctions then Machiavelli's *Prince* is a sanction. Kaingáng feud stories are direct expressions of the fear-wish-to-kill-guilt obsession that drives them constantly to acts of violence and panic. Events that occur in these tales are never cited as examples of behavior in the light of which other similar types of behavior may be explained or justified. It is quite different in the case of the Kaingáng origin myths, however. The origin myths are referred to to explain food taboos and observances associated with body paint designs. But the body paint scheme is of small importance in Kaingáng culture, and the food taboos are not dynamic. Thus the origin myths give sanction to institutions that are of small importance to the Kaingáng. The most important function of these myths is seen in 539 the game of *wainyékládn*, in which two men sit opposite each other and 544 shout the myths at each other, syllable by syllable, very rapidly, while they swing their bodies back and forth to the rhythm of their shouting. One man shouts a syllable, and the second man repeats it; then the first man says the second syllable, and the second man repeats it. If the origin myth begins, "When Wanyekí heard that many people were coming . . .", the men (A and B) playing *wainyékládn* shout as follows:

A shouts	and then	*B shouts*
When		When
Wa		Wa
nye		nye
kí		kí
heard		heard,

And so on to the end, the syllables separated minutely in a way that is a joy to a linguist pursuing the elusive structure of the Kaingáng syllable. The game of *wainyékládn* is played by two friends and serves no purpose other than that of drawing two people together. There are no stakes, and no goal is set. No one is downed, and no one triumphs.

539 Ruth Benedict has shown[1] how a people may express the drives that are dynamic in their own culture through the medium of widespread mytho-

[1] *Zuni Mythology*, Introduction. Columbia University Contributions to Anthropology, v. 21.

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logical plots which they borrow and rework and reset to their own ends. 539
The Kaingáng, however, have shown a striking reluctance to use outside material for the expression of their cultural interests. Those very stories that are widely distributed in the Americas show, in their Kaingáng versions, an almost complete freedom from the gloomy and blood-curdling attitudes that characterize the tales which the Kaingáng have developed themselves and which have not been recorded for other tribes. But these gloom-free stories do not even express consistently the lighter side of the Kaingáng character—its love of laughter and sex-play, its fondness for physical relationships and love of children. This does not mean, of course, that there is nothing of Kaingáng culture in them. But one may search in vain through all these myths for a consistent expression of motives that are dynamic in the Kaingáng culture. On the other hand, even a person completely ignorant of the culture could win from the feud tales a clear idea of what was driving it over the precipice.

It is impossible to tell how many of the tales of murder are purely imaginative creations and how many reflect actual happenings, though there can be no doubt that many of them do this; for stories of massacres in which great-grandparents of my informants are known to have been actors are told in the same way as tales of events which took place hundreds of years ago. In telling these massacre tales no attempt is made to connect them with later events. They exist of themselves, and the Kaingáng never try to unite them in historic sequence. No nexus of events is attempted further back than the fifth generation. As far as that point everything is joined in an orderly succession of well-understood happenings. But beyond that memory does not go, and it is this break between the fifth and sixth generations and even to some extent within the fifth generation itself that marks the limit of history and the beginning of folklore. Some of these murder tales may be fantasies, but the events that occur in them have such peculiarly specific quality and give one such a feeling of their necessity and uniqueness in the particular situation that it is hard to resist the conclusion that many of them are historical.

In Kaingáng folklore there is little of that building up of tales from separate plot elements that is so common elsewhere in primitive literature. Every murder tale and almost all of the stories containing plots that are widely distributed are told as fixed units. The differences that occur are between the well-told and the badly-told tale, not between the tale that is constructed out of one set of motifs and that which is formed out of another.

The Kaingáng have a clear idea of a period long ago when a number of events happened: their ancestors came out of the sea and over the mountains to the west then, and it was at that time that the animals had their

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539 war and tricks were played on the tiger. If at times they place Vomblé or Kanggúin or Mumbégn[2] back in that era it is not because they feel that these men were active in the happenings of those times but because they all existed so very long ago. Actually there is nothing mythological in their conception of these three men who played such an active part in their history[3]—they are never thought of as having given the world its present shape, nor did they ever war with supernatural monsters. They are real men from whom people of flesh and blood have descended. The named but shadowy men of the origin myths, on the contrary, have no existence outside of the stories in which they move. Descent is never traced to them, and their memory has little effect on the lives of the present-day Kaingáng.

The Murder Tales

1. The Quarrel of Kuikégn's Offspring

Kuikégn's children, Nduichó and Chukembégn, became angry with each other. Nduichó knocked his brother Chukembégn unconscious with his club. Then Nduichó said: "Am I useful *ndoyé*'s talking?[4] Now feel my weak arm!" Then Chukembégn fell. Probably Nduichó had seen the supernatural. Chukembégn recovered. He lay sick for a long time and at last healed completely. Then he came to Nduichó, and they fought. He knocked Nduichó unconscious. Chukembégn said: "I repeat what you said: 'Am I useful *ndoyé*'s talking? Let a strong man feel my weak arm!' " Then Kuikégn sat by his son, but Nduichó did not recover. Then he [Kuikégn] became angry. He took the double-barbed arrows of his dead ceremonial father,[5] rubbed them with something, and went in pursuit.

Now Payé was Kuikégn's affinal relative. Chukembégn had gone off with him [Payé], and Kuikégn went in pursuit. Probably the affinal relatives had been angry with Chukembégn. Kuikégn went after them to kill them. "I am angry because my child is dead," said he. He went to kill Chukembégn because he had killed his son. "My child died, and am I going to make my child suffer?" He was about to kill his own child. "I am going to kill Payé."[6]

It was night, and they were burning pine branches as they went along.

[2] These are the three ancestors of the extended family with which I lived.

[3] See p. 51, Chapter V.

[4] He is announcing his connection with the spirit of the *ndoyé* tree. The spirit of a thing is called its "talking." Spirits may be either benign or malevolent. When they are not malevolent (*kdlik ag*, not no good) they are benign or, as I have translated it, "useful." See p. 78, Chapter VI.

[5] His ceremonial father had died long before this story begins. Men sometimes carry the arrows of their dead relatives as mementoes.

[6] He decides to kill Payé, his relative by marriage, rather than his son.

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Payé was about to walk around with his little daughter Ukó when Kuikégn shot him in the arm with his double-barbed arrow. He threw the child down and ran out into the night ducking, but Kuikégn shot him in the ribs and the arrow ascended into the neck region. Kuikégn took the child and returned to camp. 539

Payé's wife was Yokó. Kuikégn said, "Let Yokó take her child which they threw away and which I am carrying and pour some water into its mouth." So Yokó took her and went to look for Payé and Chukembégn. She did not see him and she came back enraged at Kuikégn. He said nothing. [Then Kuikégn said,] "Yokó is not here. She is looking for her husband all over. *nyungnyélé* is dead, so while her husband was unconscious he [the husband] was killed." Next day she saw him [her husband]. He was long dead, and his blood came out of his mouth. She brought him back. She became angry with her *yúgn*, Kuikégn. He said nothing. At last Payé and Nduichó came to.[1]

Nandjaví had cut Payé open to take out the arrow. He thrust in his hand. The arrow had come up along the heart. He lifted up his feet as he lay so the blood came out. He took out the clotted blood from the heart with his hand, and he recovered. They never died then, but nowadays they die.

The picture of disruption is frequently intensified in Kaingáng folklore through making the relationships within which the conflicts and murders take place much closer than they have been in reality. In the story that has just been told the initial quarrel is between blood brothers. It ends in the father's murdering his daughter's husband and the daughter's turning against her own father.

In the following tale the motive behind the initial violence is just as obscure as in the story of Kuikégn's offspring.

2. Thechá or the Burning Fire

Dramatis Personae

Thechá's Group	*Kuichó's Group*
Kundégn	
Thuñ, *relative by marriage of Kundégn*	Ukó, *mother of Kuichó*
Kanyahé, *relative by marriage of Kundégn*	Mbliktó, *son of Kuichó*
Piké	Padnmbá
Thekplégn, *son of Thechá*	Laktógn
Tondóin	Koyivádn
	Kapñli

[1] In the first paragraph of this story the informant described Nduichó as dead, but here he has come to life. This is an inconsistency that may be understood better from the last sentence of this story.

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539 Kuichó had seen *Véin*. Now when Thechá of the Burning Fire was old, Kuichó threw him to *Véin*,[8] and the latter ate him and he lay dying. Now when he lay dying he said to his children: "When I am dead kill Ukó's children. I took care of them, but they never give me anything of what they kill; and now that I am dying they will be alive." So Thechá's children and Kundágn and his in-law Thulí all went to Kuichó and his children.

The ones[9] who were living far away invited them to a festa. When they arrived Kuichó was walking around boasting to his son Mbliktó: "*Ko tei ko tei he pi*,[10] I sent Véin up my old father's rectum!"[11] Piké[12] was watching, and when he heard this he said to himself: "If it hadn't been for Thekplégn's father, Kuichó would not be here. He has killed old *yûgn!*" Then he went away weeping.

Piké told the children of Thechá, and Piké helped them because Kuichó had killed the man whom Piké called *yûgn*.

Now Kundágn and his in-law Kanyahé were on their way to kill them[13] when Kuichó's offspring went looking for honey. Kuichó was sitting beside the trail leading through the savannah when he saw Kundágn and Kanyahé coming along in the distance. He sat there watching them come along and then went back. When he reached his children he said to them, "Kundágn and Kanyahé arrived here and went away!" When they heard this they said, "They are coming to kill us!" So they constructed a platform above themselves within their house and remained beneath it.

Next day Kundágn came into their house and struck Padnmbá on the back through the floor, and he fell out in the darkness and went away on all fours. Then Kundágn shouted after him, "You are always becoming a man for men;[14] so I am going to kill you! You always set women on the tops of their heads[15] and become a man!" That is what he said to him. Then he killed Laktógn and went away. After he had killed him he said: "The deuce! I have killed Laktógn who never did the same[16] as the man,[17] and I am angry."

[8] A supernatural monster. See Chapter VI, p. 71.

[9] Kuichó's group.

[10] His nêklệ. See Chapter VIII, p. 115.

[11] Like Yóin, Véin devours people's hearts. He thrusts his hand up the rectum and cuts out the heart. See Chapter VI, p. 70.

[12] This member of Thechá's group had been living with Kuichó.

[13] Kuichó's children.

[14] "You are always dangerous to us."

[15] Copulate from behind, the woman on all fours, her head toward the ground; hence, on her head.

[16] Was never *waikayú*.

[17] Padambá.

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Then he went away. He reached camp. He kept worrying about it until he at last went to them and killed Koyivádn and Kapíli.

While Kuichó was lying awake Kundágn and his affinal relative, Kanyahé, went to watch them, [and as they crept along] their lance-heads struck together. [When Kuichó heard it he said:] "Death! If the folks[18] could kill me their hearts would come out!"[19] It was night, and Kuichó said to his offspring: "I heard the noise the folks made! They are near me!" So they all went out into the darkness.

Now Kundágn's old mother was lying on her back, with her knees drawn up at the entrance to a house near the fire; and when Kundágn dashed into the house he struck her. She became frightened and said: "*E!* Kundágn, it is I!" Then he said: "Mother, are the folks here?" "Yes," said she, for she had been asleep and had not noticed them go. Then Kundágn walked around there. Then they threw on the fire bundles of bamboo that the others had been drying for arrows. By its light Kundágn saw Kapíli standing in the doorway waving his club and called to his in-law Kanyahé, "In-law, the Kapíli we have been looking for is here!" Then he[20] leaped at him[21] and struck him and he[21] fell, and he struck him again. Then he[20] walked about the house singing. Koyivádn was kneeling against the wall of the house waving his club, and Kundágn called out, "In-law, the Koyivádn we came in here looking for is there!" Then he[20] leaped forward and was going to strike Koyivádn, but Koyivádn also tried to hit him and waved his club before him. Then he [Koyivádn] struck Kundágn with his club. He tried to strike Kundágn on the head, but he turned his head aside and the blow landed on Kundágn's neck. He staggered and fell on one knee. Koyivádn was going to hit him again. Kundágn's eyes were glazed, and he waved his hands in front of himself; and Koyivádn struck him repeatedly on the hands until he came to and stood up. Then Kundágn struck Koyivádn's club and knocked it out of his hands and struck him on the head. He struck him again and walked about singing. Then he said, "In-law, let's go!" Now Koyivádn's relatives were waiting for Kundágn at the entrance with drawn bows, and when he dashed out they shot at him, but he ducked and dashed away.

Next day he went on toward the fence.[22] He reached it, but his people had gone away during his absence. He remained there with his in-law Kanyahé and with Tondúin. Koyivádn and his people pursued him, and

[18] The term *nyéngái* indicates relationship.
[19] They would be delighted.
[20] Kundágn.
[21] Kapíli.
[22] Anciently, the Kaingáng say, they lived in fenced communities.

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when they reached the fence they shot at him. Kundágn's in-law would step outside to shoot at them, and Kundágn would say: "Stop! I can't move my hands, and if they kill you they'll kill me too!" But he paid no attention and kept on going outside to shoot until he himself was shot. Then Kundágn said to him: "The deuce! I said to him: 'Stop! If they shoot you they'll kill me with you!' But that one paid no attention and kept on going outside to them until now he is shot!" Then the others burnt the house down. They stayed inside until it was being consumed, and at last Kundágn said to his affinal relative, "Affinal relative, let's go out!" At last they went out and were killed.

In the meanwhile the house they had burnt in order to kill Tondúin fell on him, and he lay there silent, half dead. When he saw them go he went away. His back was all roasted.

Kundágn's hands had been beaten and crushed by Koyivádn. They were swollen, and he walked around with his arrow lying useless in the bow. Therefore he could not avenge himself.

A characteristic of this type of tale is its amoral, reportorial character: individuals commit murder, revenge is wreaked, and finally the avengers themselves are killed. The facts are told in perfect plot sequence without comment and without taking sides. An individual searching them for clues to proper behavior in given situations would almost always be confused, for although it is true in Kaingáng folklore that whenever a son kills his father or brother he too is killed, all murders whatsoever are avenged in folklore. In Kaingáng folklore suggestions regarding murders one must not commit are rare. Indeed, the stories describe murders that I have not been able to duplicate in the historical content of Kaingáng society. The actual Kaingáng at least draw the line at parents and full siblings, but the Kaingáng of folklore exploit these very relationships in murderous behavior. The only function I am able to see in the folk-tale murder of fathers and siblings is either the purely literary one of intensifying the affect or the more sinister one of giving expression to a deep-rooted desire to annihilate the closest relatives.

Like so many Kaingáng stories the tale of Thechá of the Burning Fire begins with an unexplained quarrel. "They were angry and they fought," or "they wanted to kill them and they invited them to a festa," is a characteristic opening. Whence springs this impulse to destruction? Why is everybody angry? The Kaingáng themselves do not search for reasons, for murder and rage are as much part of their lives as the tapirs they kill and the houses they build.

The second story reproduces some of the scenes of the ancient life of the

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Kaingáng: their savannah dwelling-place and their large beehive-shaped houses with doorways. The device of building a false floor is known to me only in this context. The beehive-shaped house which the Kaingáng once built for me to illustrate their old life had no floor.

The repeated panic-stricken flights of Kuichó's offspring in the face of two or three lone warriors is easily understood in terms of the characteristic Kaingáng flight in the face of an aggressive act. When the Kaingáng are attacked they run unless they are driven into a corner where they have to fight.

Kundágn's anger after he had dispatched Laktógn was not based on any feeling he had for him. Kundágn was angry because he was frightened. He had let someone escape who would certainly some day come to avenge the death of his relative, "So he kept worrying about it until he went and killed Koyivádn and Kapíli."

The first thing that Kundágn did when he returned to continue the annihilation of Thechá's murderers was to strike his own mother. This was an accident due to the darkness, and the character of the accident is significant for the understanding of the relationship between the two groups. Kundágn's mother was living with Kuichó's group, a sign that there was no profound break in social relationships between the two groups of people.

There are pointers in this story for future homicides. A good way to light up a house is to throw into the fire the dry bamboo arrow-shafts that are always stuck in the roof of every house. The thing to do during an attack is for a man to wait outside his own house while murderers are within and to shoot them when they come out; it is much safer than engaging in the hand-to-hand struggle that becomes inevitable in the interior. Kaingáng myth is indeed the repository of tribal lore—regarding how to slaughter kinsmen.

Kundágn's reaction to the wounding of his in-law was not sorrow but anger because his in-law's zeal had brought about his injury and left Kundágn crippled, with only one protector instead of two.

The story that follows treats of actual events that took place some five or six generations back. It is told precisely like a folktale, and though its principal character, Yokégn, is an historical figure well known to the present-day Kaingáng, the events in which he took part are not joined historically to preceding or succeeding events.

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5373. Yokégn Kills Pandjumbúgn and the Latter's Son-in-Law, Kuikégn

Dramatis Personae

Yokégn and

His kíq

Ketédn, *son-in-law of Yokégn*
Waichúgn, *Ketédn's wife*
Waimogué, *Ketédn's wife*
Thanggié, *Yokégn's wife and Waichúgn's mother*
Tombá, *Yokégn's wife*
Thulí, Thegnadádn, Chuktódn, Tavádn, Waivuktí, Yunggukthí } *affinal relatives of Ketédn*

Kuikégn and

His kíq

Kaklíli, Anggió } *wives of Kuikégn; daughters of Pandjumbúgn*

Yukúin, *son of Kuikégn*
Yupió, *son of Kuikégn*

Others

Pandjumbúgn
Kavá
Padnmbá
Padnmbá's wife
Chantágn, *Pandjumbúgn's wife*
Koikambégn, *Chantágn's infant son*

Ketédn went hunting and lost the trail. He slept. He wandered around lost. They went to look for him but did not find him. Ketédn's wives were Waichúgn and Waimogué. His wives thought he had died and went away in their widow's isolation. Then they cut their hair. Then Pandjumbúgn lived with Waichúgn and Waimogué.

Ketédn wandered around lost until he reached a different camp.

Ketédn fought with the Brazilians alone and killed four while he was lost. They were clearing a field. He took four axes. On his way back he met Kavá, who was with his offspring. Kavá went around with Padnmbá. When Kavá asked Ketédn for an axe he gave him one.

After a while Kavá became angry with him. Probably Ketédn copulated with Kavá's wife. It [the quarrel] happened at a festa. Ketédn went away taking Kavá's axe because the latter had become angry with him. Then Padnmbá said to his [own] wife, "Go after your relative and let him give you one of his axes." So she went. She shouted after him, "Wait for me!" He heard her cry and waited for her. When she caught up to him she said, "*Nyungnyén*,[28] I have come after you for one of your axes." He rested with her. Then they mourned because he was going alone. She pitied him,

[28] Relative. See kinship terms, Appendix II.

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and said, "A tiger may kill you. When you go, and a tiger does not kill you, keep a look-out for me." She gave him her robe which she had brought along. It was new. Then he gave her an axe and she said, "*Nyungnyén*, take my robe and lie on it." He gave her an axe and went.

When he reached his relatives' camp his wives were living with Pandjumbúgn. Then Ketédn lived with them. He gave an axe to his wife's father, Yokégn. He said to his mother-in-law, "Thangglé, my *mbē*, get the bamboo I cut to make arrows with." She was Waichúgn's mother. He had two bamboo sticks.

He went to Yokégn with an axe, and Yokégn stood up and came to meet him, saying: "*Ai!* What is this? Gone for a long time and comes back carrying something? You threw away my children, and now you come back giving me something!" He was saying that he was going to be given something. "Ketédn, make beer for me with this axe!" He gave him all his axes. He kept his relative's robe and his own knife.

After a while Pandjumbúgn became angry because Ketédn lived with his wives. Pandjumbúgn left the two women when Ketédn arrived. Pandjumbúgn had no wives. Several days after Ketédn arrived Pandjumbúgn made a trough for Yokégn and made beer in it. Ketédn's in-laws, Thulí, Thegnndádn, Chuktídn, Tavádn, Waivukté, and Yunggukthí went on a somewhat long hunting trip, sleeping away from camp. Now Pandjumbúgn intended to kill them single-handed. He did not go with them. They shot tapirs and pigs and came back carrying the tapirs on large carrying-frames. When they arrived in the dance place they threw them down, and Thulí said to Pandjumbúgn, "Untie my frame." Then they held a festa. In the meanwhile he untied the frames. They took off the meat and gave it to the people. Pandjumbúgn gave meat to Thulí, Thegnndádn, and the others.

Yunggukthí came to the beer and drank some from a wax-lined basket. Waichúgn came behind him and took the basket from his hand. She took some beer, drank, and joked with him. When Pandjumbúgn saw this he came over and took the basket from her hand. Then Pandjumbúgn became angry with Ketédn and Yunggukthí and fought with them. He also became angry with Thulí, Thegnndádn, Tavádn, and Chuktídn. Yokégn was protecting them with his club so that Pandjumbúgn was unable to strike anyone. Then Yokégn became angry, and Pandjumbúgn stopped. Yokégn was going to talk to them. Pandjumbúgn looked at Yokégn and said: "I'll beat you! When men are angry with me I tear the clubs from their hands and beat them. I'll beat you." When Yokégn heard this he became angry and hit Pandjumbúgn and said, "*Now* beat me!" Pandjumbúgn fell. They danced around him, and when he did not sit up they hit him again and he died. Pandjumbúgn was the son of Nandjaví. When

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537 they saw [that he had died] they stopped and Yokégn said to his offspring: "You don't have to be afraid of me, folks. Set the poor fellow out in the burning-place." So they took him up and set him in the dance ground, and he died there. They burnt him there. They stopped drinking their beer.

Yokégn said to his offspring, "Pour out the poor fellow's beer for me." He was going to dance. "I wonder whether he'll make some more for me." He was saying that since he had been killed he would not make beer for him [Yokégn] again. They poured out the beer for Yokégn alone. The others did not dance. His offspring sat near him. Yokégn drank it all up alone because Pandjumbúgn would never make beer for him again.

One day before Pandjumbúgn was killed Waimogué went for wood. Pandjumbúgn came to her on his way hunting. When she saw him she went away, and Pandjumbúgn became angry, [saying] "So that's the way you treat me, eh?" But she went. Probably she told Ketédn. He [Pandjumbúgn] was telling her that he was going to kill her husband and live with her. She referred to what Pandjumbúgn had said to her.

Later Yokégn saw Pandjumbúgn's son-in-law Kuikégn. Kuikégn had married Pandjumbúgn's daughters Kaklíli and Anggló. Yokégn went along the old trail with his offspring, and Kuikégn was coming along in the other direction. Yokégn went along the trail early in the morning, and Kuikégn came to meet him. While they were resting there together Kuikégn's people came along and also Yokégn's offspring. Then Yokégn told Kuikégn of how he almost died of hunger.[24] "I was hungry and went hunting. I went on and was so nearly dead from hunger that I was retching. When I reached Thangglé [his wife] I said to her, 'Do not do anything for me.'[25] So she made palm-pith cakes and gave me fern shoots and I ate them and vomited. I was sick. Then Tombá [another wife] cooked some of the pine nuts she had kept in her odds-and-ends basket for her pet parrot, and I drank the liquor and became well. If it hadn't been for that I should have died. If I had died of hunger the others would have ridiculed me.

"The next day there was a big river. I swam it and on the other side there was some fern [which I ate]. As I went further I saw some young palms and I did the same thing.[26] As I was coming along I saw some howler monkeys, and I put aside my wooden arrows and took my iron ones. I shot a male. In the meanwhile it had started to pour; so I ran until I reached the edge of the river, and it had risen a great deal. Then I stood

[24] I have introduced a long section from another version of the same story in order to give a more complete view of the character of the detail that is incorporated into these stories

[25] This may mean "I brought nothing home; so there is nothing to do."

[26] Ate the palm shoots.

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on the edge shouting, 'Throw me to the other side!' Then I tied up the monkeys and swam the river. Thangglé singed them and distributed the flesh. They ate it." [The informant adds: "When Pandjumbúgn heard his cry he cut a length of bamboo, and when Yokégn came along swimming he extended the bamboo toward him and dragged him out." The informant also adds the following: "Yokégn shot a deer and she [his wife] roasted it. Then she gave Pandjumbúgn a leg and put another leg and part of the back in a basket and hung it up. Then Pandjumbúgn's wife Chantágn took her son and stood on one leg so that she could hold the other in front of her vagina. She was standing without a robe, for she had put it over her husband with whom she had been lying; so she was standing without anything [on]. Now Thangglé was lying there looking at her [and said under her breath], 'What fool is eating the piece I set aside for them [my children] after having divided it up among the others?' Thangglé was talking because Chantágn had stolen her meat. Thus she would tear off a strip of meat and put it in her child's mouth. That is all. Yokégn shot a deer. When Pandjumbúgn was sick Yokégn treated him, and when he recovered he killed him."]

"In the meanwhile the river rose.[37] A line of bamboo had been stretched across, and that is why Pandjumbúgn's wife Chantágn's son Koikambégn, whom she was carrying, was almost killed there. The others would float holding on to the bamboo and letting their bodies stretch out downstream, but she floated upstream and was swung under it [the bamboo]. Therefore her husband said to Yokégn, "The one whose hair is gray at the temples is drowning!" So when she came to the surface Yokégn seized her. He was swimming toward her, and when he came alongside her she said, "My *kókli*,[38] I am carrying him [her son]." "Well, then, hold on to him well. I'm going to carry you along." So he carried her and swam along until he reached the shore. [When they reached land] her child's belly was distended with the water it had swallowed. So he turned it upside down and shook it until the water poured out of its mouth and it came to.

So he went on telling these things to Kuikégn until the latter said, "Where is Pandjumbúgn?" He hadn't told him anything about Pandjumbúgn; so he asked about him.[39] Yokégn laughed[40] because he remembered that he had killed Pandjumbúgn. He asked again for Pandjumbúgn, and Yokégn said, "Yukúin's father,[41] Pandjumbúgn wandered around

[37] The informant has put himself in the place of Yokégn and is now telling the story as if he were Yokégn.

[38] Ceremonial father. Often used merely as a courtesy term.

[39] End of insert.

[40] He laughs to reassure himself. The Kaingáng laugh in difficult situations in an effort to regain their emotional balance.

[41] Addressing Kuikégn as "Father of So-and-so."

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over there. When Ketédn was lost we thought he had died; so we ignored him. In the meanwhile Pandjumbúgn's relatives were killed by another group of his own people. They tried to kill him at night. He ran out at night, and they burnt torches in pursuit of him. He had gone without lance or bow. He became thin." Then he saw Yokégn, and Yokégn fed him.[22] Yokégn had killed an anteater for him, and he ate it. It was fat. Then he recovered. When he became well he lived with Ketédn's wives. "Pandjumbúgn was lost and arrived [in our camp]. I fed him, and he became well. He went around with me, and when Ketédn was lost he lived with his wives. Then Ketédn came back and lived with the women. When Pandjumbúgn saw this he wanted to kill me. When I saw this I became afraid, and I killed him. Now you have heard all about it." He stopped talking after a while. They camped there. At sunset Kuikégn mourned: "Now in vain have my spouse and I been bearing fine meat looking for the poor thing who we thought was still alive!" After a while he stopped. He became angry. At night he probably said to his wife, "I'm going to kill them at night." At night they slept, but Yokégn's wife lay awake and watched. Kuikégn sat up and took his lance, and Kuikégn's wife Kaklíli seized his lance. Yokégn's wife woke him and said, "My *kókló* almost killed you." Yokégn got up and watched all night.

Kuikégn's son Yuplú was knocking down a tree for troughs. Yokégn said, "What fell?" Kuikégn answered, "Yuplú is knocking down trees for troughs." Before he made the troughs he said to Yokégn's offspring, "Make troughs for me, folks; I'm going to make beer in them for you." So Chuktídn, Thegnndádn, Thulí, Tavádn, and Ketédn went. Yuplú's trough was big. First one and then another helped and by midday it was finished. They cleared a space and made a place for it. Yuplú said, "Go out and get honey for me, folks." Tavádn, Chuktídn, Thulí, Thegnndádn, and Ketédn went; but Yokégn did not go. They brought back honey and mixed it in the troughs. The following day they went for more. Four days later they drank it.

Ketédn came with beer, and so did Yunggukthí. The others were dancing. As Ketédn came to drink beer Kuikégn was going to stab him, when Kuikégn's wife seized the lance. She did this because she was afraid that if he killed anyone they would kill him. Then Kaklíli followed Ketédn and said, "Kuikégn almost killed you." At last the beer became exhausted. It was not the baby-blackening. Kuikégn wanted to kill Ketédn. When there was no more beer they stopped [dancing].

Early next morning they all went away. They slept. Early next day they heard Yuplú knock down a tree for beer. "Who knocked down a tree?" Kuikégn replied, "Yuplú knocked down a tree to make a trough." Then

[22] The informant is no longer identifying himself with Yokégn.

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Yuplú called them to help again. They finished making it and placed it in a cleared space. They carried it—they carry[83] troughs. Then he sent them for honey and they went out to look for it. Tavádn, Chuktídn, Thegnndádn, and Thulí were sent. They followed Ketédn. They saw a young coconut tree and sucked it.[84] Later Yokégn followed them and caught up with them while they were eating.

Kuikégn was going to shoot them. He wanted to shoot them, but his wife prevented him. He became angry with her and beat her with his bow, saying, "Seeing that they want to kill me I was going to kill some of them, but since you like being mounted by them you are trying to defend them!" Then he went around them [where they were camped] and went away. He had gone after them and was about to shoot them, but his wife prevented him. Kuikégn took her robe and went away.

The others went on also. They saw him in the distance with his naked wife, and they followed him, saying, "There's another enemy!" They were worried by him; so they called him "enemy." When they caught up to him they said,[85] "*Ai*, the old fellow frightened me!" Then Kuikégn went with them.

They saw some howler monkeys on the pines and shot them. When Kuikégn heard this he was going over, but his wife restrained him; so he took his bow and went away. He beat her. Then he pierced a beehive, took it out, and came back. Kuikégn arrived in camp before them.

Yuplú came to the beer three days later. He called Thegnndádn, "Thegnndádn, come make a fiesta!" He went and began. Then they all came.

In the afternoon Yuplú stopped and went to the house. Yukúin and Kuikégn also went. They were about to become angry. Yokégn and his offspring continued. Then Kaklíli came to Thegnndádn and said: "Stop drinking the beer I made for my *nyungnyén* [Yukúin]. It will become exhausted." Yukúin had sent her to tell him this. She gave them drink and then went back. They did not stop but drank it all up. Then, probably, Yuplú said to her: "Go over there and talk about it. Strike the one who talks back, and I'll come over." He probably said this. So she went to them and said to Thegnndádn, "Stop drinking the beer; it will become exhausted." "I will not! I made it! Beer is made so that it may be drunk up!" When she heard this she struck him on the cheek. Thegnndádn cried, "*Hai!*" and said, "If men want to kill me let them come over and exchange

[83] This remark was for my benefit. I had only seen the Kaingáng push troughs along the ground.

[84] They chopped it down and pounded out the fibrous interior of the trunk, which yields a cool and refreshing juice when sucked.

[85] Not within Kuikégn's hearing.

blows with me!" Then Yuplú came over behind her. Thegnndádn did not see him come because he was looking at the woman. Yuplú was about to strike him when Thegnndádn raised his lance. The blade fell off from the shock and hit Thegnndádn on the head and he fell. Kuikégn came behind Yuplú with his bow. He aimed an arrow, but his wife seized his bow and took it out of his hands. She also took Yukúin's. Waivukté and Yunggukthí seized Yukúin. They began to fight with Yuplú. Kuikégn took his bow and lance. He shouted to his wife: "Kaklíli, give me something! I'm going to pay back with it!" Yokégn protected him.[36] Yokégn took Kuikégn's bow and arrows from him, and Yokégn's offspring seized Kuikégn; but Kuikégn continued his shouting. Kaklíli took the blade from the lance and gave Kuikégn the handle. He hit Yokégn in the thigh and cut his leg with the corner of the handle. Yokégn fell on one knee and sent his wife for embira to bind up his leg. She bound it around over the wound. Yunggukthí, Tavádn, and Waivukté captured Yukúin. Yunggukthí said to Waivukté: "Hold on to him! I'm going to take a look at Thegnndádn." He went to Thegnndádn, seized his hair, and raised his head. But Thegnndádn was unconscious. Then Yunggukthí said: "*Ai!* I'm going to kill him! He killed *yógn*." Thegnndádn was a child of Yunggukthí's father's [Yokégn's] relative. Then Kuikégn came over to Yunggukthí, still shouting, "Kaklíli, give me something to pay back with!" Yunggukthí hit Kuikégn on the head with his club. Thulí, Tavádn, Ketódn, and Chuktídn were fighting with Yuplú a little way off and they captured him. When Yunggukthí hit Kuikégn the former went to Yuplú. They were going to kill him.

Yokégn stood up and leaned on his lance. He wanted to go to Yuplú but could not. He called his offspring: "Let Yuplú alone, folks! He was *swikeyó* only through his father's instructions!" So they let him alone when they heard this. Yuplú's lance shaft was all broken, and he threw it away. He grasped a trough gouge[37] that was lying in the place where he had been making a trough and took the handle and fought with them until it broke and he had only a little piece left. Nevertheless he continued to protect himself with it. When they heard their *yógn* [Yokégn] they let Yuplú alone and came back with Yuplú. This is the Yuplú that [later] fought with Yokégn against Wanenggló. Yokégn said to Yuplú: "Yuplú, stop! I killed your father. If you become angry again I'll kill you! You were *swikeyó* through your father's instructions. Nevertheless the one I killed is there! Stop! Fix him up and lay him out. I defended him but when he struck me I killed him. Stretch him out in the burning-place."

[36] The conciliatory attitude of Yokégn throughout all this is striking.

[37] A trough gouge is a small, sharp piece of metal with a slender handle about five feet long.

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539 Thegnndádn recovered after a while, and Yuplú went around with them.

When Vomblé[88] was a young man he saw Kuikégn. Yokégn told this to Vomblé.

Then they burnt Kuikégn, and Yokégn said to Kuikégn's children, "Put the poor fellow in a clear space." He said to Kuikégn's children, "Don't be afraid of me. Put him in a clear space."

Then Yuplú went around with them. Yukúin had stopped when he was seized.

Later Wanenggló and his offspring saw them.

The general character of this tale, which is historical, is the same as that of the two preceding folklore examples; the theme, murder and revenge, is the same in all three. The third differs from the others principally in the amount of detail included by one informant.

The impulses that drive all these stories toward their bloody and disruptive ends are the emotional twins, anger and fear. In the third we learn that Kavá became angry with Ketédn because "*probably* Ketédn lay with Kavá's wife." This is a stock explanation, on a par with our own reasoning about stomach ache—"Probably he ate something." The real reason for the final break between Kavá and Ketédn was that Kavá's camp was a "different" camp and Ketédn was an outsider. Although Pandjumbúgn was inflamed because he had been deprived of his two wives by the return of their supposedly dead husband, it is also clear from the story that he was also an outsider in Yokégn's family. There is no safe haven for anyone in Kaingáng society outside the limits of his own extended family. The two basic groups in the drama are the offspring of Yokégn and those of Kuikégn. Ketédn got into trouble among the offspring of Kuikégn, and Pandjumbúgn met his doom among Yokégn's. Pandjumbúgn's fate is all the more arresting in view of the bond that existed between him and Yokégn. Yokégn had rescued Pandjumbúgn from starvation and then saved his child from drowning. When Pandjumbúgn, urged by impulses that he could no longer resist, tried single-handed to annihilate Yokégn and his entire family, Yokégn again stepped in to rescue this obsessed man from death. Yet Pandjumbúgn did not want the safety the pacific Yokégn offered him, and he was killed by the hand of his benefactor.

This story contains a number of the elements of demand and acquiescence that are so crucial in Kaingáng society. In spite of his anger Ketédn gave an axe to Padnmbá's wife when she asked him for it; Yokégn sprang into the swollen river to rescue Pandjumbúgn's wife and child when he

[88] The original male ancestor of one of the extended families. See Chapter VI, p. 51.

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was asked, and Yokégn and his offspring attended the festa given to Kuikégn and his sons even though they knew that it was part of a plan to slaughter them. Another aspect of this state of mind is Thangglé's silent consent to Chantágn's theft of her meat. All she dared do was lie mumbling to herself and to call Chantágn a fool under her breath.

When the lost Ketédn at last wandered back to his father-in-law's camp he was greeted not by solicitous inquiries after his health or by curiosity about his adventures but by "You threw away my children!" Neither the dead nor the recently returned from the dead are beyond the reproach of desertion.

The constructive aspect of *waikayú* is seen in Yokégn's fear of starving because of the ridicule it would bring on him: he had boasted much but might at last die by starvation, a ridiculous death indeed for one who thought so much of himself! He must, therefore, make a great effort to save himself and to justify his great self-esteem. The disruptive aspect of *waikayú* appears in Yuplú's attack on Yokégn and his offspring. "You were *waikayú* because of your father's instruction," cries Yokégn. If we examine the behavior of the principal actors in this drama we can perceive two more characteristics of the *waikayú* individual: he perseveres in the face of great odds, and he continues in spite of the pacific demonstrations of other people. Pandjumbúgn, Kuikégn, and Yuplú, the most disruptive individuals, decidedly *overestimated* their own abilities. In Kuikégn we can see again the operation of the compulsive guilt-projection cycle: because he wished to kill Yokégn he believed that Yokégn desired to kill him. It was partly through the wakefulness of Yokégn's wife that he was not killed the first night he camped with Kuikégn. Sleeplessness is a great virtue among the Kaingáng.

Kaklíli, the only feminine figure of any importance in the story, is a confused and even pitiable person. All she receives for her efforts to keep her husband from committing murder is repeated beatings, and in spite of her eagerness to prevent trouble she is the one who eventually precipitates it and finally causes her husband's death by giving him a weapon to fight with. Had he been weaponless they might have seized him and dissuaded him as they did his two sons. Throughout all the feud stories, historical or fanciful, one cannot escape the conclusion that the Kaingáng women were driven helplessly on by the obsessive resentment-anger-guilt-fear behavior of their men.

The literary style of this story is excellent. In its apparently un-self-conscious way it has plot, heroes, and swift and exciting action. This is characteristic of most of the Kaingáng murder stories. In some primitive cultures the whole literary interest is apt to center around the personality of the story teller, for he combines the loose literary content of his culture

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into ever new patterns as he uses old material in any variety of combinations to suit his fancy. But among the Kaingáng every murder story is a complete unit that must not be tampered with. To put part of one tale into another would be like putting a chapter of *Alice in Wonderland* into *Pilgrim's Progress*. 539

Stories like the third above, even when they are much longer,[20] give the impression of being completely unplanned, but nevertheless there must be among the Kaingáng a definite feeling for drama that centers around some succession of events with an intelligible beginning and an esthetically satisfying end. It is this feeling that determines the selection of incidents in them.

The general type of motivation and incident—anger, revenge, the taking of other men's wives, festa murder—appear in all of the murder tales. But the particular context in which they come into play is different in each. Every tale is oriented about a different plot, and incidents other than those mentioned are various. The great value of the murder tales lies in the innumerable revealing insights they give into the operation of Kaingáng culture. For the Kaingáng themselves it is somewhat different. They derive obvious pleasure from the incidents of violence, enjoying the details of every blow and drop of blood. But they too like to follow out the varied plots, without which the stories would be monotonous. Unlike the ethnologist, they are little interested in the discovery of motivations and causes. The mere succession of incidents is enough for them, and they are swept along by the excitement of the events and eager anticipation of what is to come next.

Tales of Animals and Supernatural Beings

For the first tale of this type I have purposely chosen an extreme example—a story which, more than any other of its sort seems to reflect a little of the mood of the murder tales. But even in this legend of the war of the animals it will be seen that in spite of the fact that it opens with a festa which develops into a slaughter, the general tone is quite different from that of the murder story, and there is no elaboration of the various details of the Kaingáng psychic structure with which we are familiar. Thus, although at first blush my selection of this tale would seem to impair my general thesis of the lack of relationship of the animal and supernatural tales to the intimacies of Kaingáng life, actually it does not.

[20] I have a tale five times as long as that of Yokégn and Kuikégn which took days in the telling but which, in each version I received, begins with the same incident and marches steadfastly through the same plot and incidents.

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4. The War of the Animals

●539 The tiger was sitting next to the deer at the animals' festa. The ounce was sitting next to the tapir, the great hawk next to the porcupine, and the *hovo*[40] next to the armadillo.

Now when the deer began to sing Tiger said to him, "Look here, you're singing about me!" But the deer said: "I'm singing this way: 'Deer, your anus.' That's what I was singing." Then Tiger said to him: "You sang about me, and you sang: 'Tiger, *djõ ve vẽ*,[41] Tiger, *djõ ko tų wandõ*'[41]— that's what you sang. Now then, [sing]: 'Deer, your anus. The place of defecating is the base of a tree. *Chą kla pi lõ.*'"[41] That is what Tiger said to Deer.

Then as Deer danced around, Tiger seized him. At the same time Ounce seized Tapir and dragged him off, and as they struggled Tapir threw Ounce off and ran away. In the meanwhile Deer was lying in his camp site. Great Hawk seized Porcupine and killed him. Hóvo was going to seize Armadillo, but he entered the earth and escaped; he came out far away and ran off. Then Hóvo thrust his leg into [the hole] where Armadillo had entered, saying, *"Mbĩ tộ yũi mbĩ tộ yũi."*[42] But in the meanwhile he saw him come out far away from the place where he went in. Then he pursued him.

A woodpecker was piercing a hive [and Armadillo said to him]: "My *kõklá*, there's a fight on and I escaped. My *kõklá*, Hóvo is chasing me. When he comes here throw your axe into his mouth." That is what they[43] said to him. So Woodpecker put one of them at the base of the tree and covered him with earth and placed another in a basket which he stood on his thighs. Then he went on piercing the hive. In the meanwhile Hóvo came along their trail saying, *"Mbĩ tộ yũi, mbĩ tộ yũi,"* until he arrived beneath him. Then he said, "Have you seen my quarry?" To which he replied: *"Isu*, it's been quiet around here. They may have gone over that way, because you can hear their noise." So Hóvo went to look for their trail. When [one] Armadillo saw this he said to Woodpecker, "My *kõklá*, throw your axe into his mouth." When he heard that he slopped up some honey with tree hair[44] and said to Hóvo, "Eat some of my honey." So he went for something to put the honey in. When Hóvo saw it he said, "Sit

[40] A kind of tiger.

[41] These are meaningless syllables that carry the tune.

[42] Hóvo's way of saying that Armadillo is no good.

[43] We learn here for the first time that there were two armadillos.

[44] A green, moss-like growth on the limbs and trunks of trees. It is used for mopping up honey as it flows out of the comb.

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down[45] there for it. I am waiting open-mouthed down here with my people for the honey." Then he opened his mouth. Then the tree hair fell into his mouth and he swallowed it. Then Woodpecker wrapped the blade of his axe in some more tree hair and said to him, "Open your mouth." When he opened his mouth he threw it in, and it cut his windpipe. He fell in a heap. Then Armadillo said to Woodpecker, "Let me down." So he let him down. When they were all killed they [the armadillos] went away.

Chûlágn (a bird) tried to defend them. He went: *"Chûktú, chugn ve!* Let them alone! *Chûktú, chu ve!*[46] Let them alone!" At last Tekte[47] killed him.

Stories of battles among animals are common among the tribes of the New World. The general character of this tale could be duplicated in any number of groups. What is, perhaps, most typically Kaingáng in it is the festa setting and the peculiar seating arrangement—each animal next to the one he intends to murder. But here the specifically Kaingáng background fades. This tale would be at home in a large number of primitive communities, for it requires no unique cultural context. But the murder tales can be understood only in terms of Kaingáng culture and would be unintelligible outside its limits.

In spite of its resemblance to a feud tale—if men were put in place of the animals, the beginning would sound much like a feud brawl—the story of the war of the animals lacks the two motifs that give the murder tales their specific character: blood relationship and revenge. No animal tale contains them. In so far as this is, in part, a battle tale, the Kaingáng derive a certain pleasure from the fantastic struggle of the animals; but the murder theme is not developed. Porcupine's relatives never take revenge on Hawk, nor Hóvo on Woodpecker or Armadillo. It is a striking characteristic of the animal tales that only this one extends beyond three hundred [English] words. The reason for this is not hard to find. The Kaingáng have, in their murder tales, developed a literary form that is expressive of everything they feel deeply; and they have little need for other material.

As a second illustration of the animal and supernatural-being tales I have chosen a nightmare tale of Vêin.[48] Kaingáng literary expression is

[45] We can see by the use of the plural form of "to sit" that several people are involved here. In this and the succeeding sentence we discover for the first time that several Axeo are referred together.

[46] Informants did not know what this means.

[47] A hawk.

[48] See p. 71.

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devoted principally to the development of the death theme in various aspects. Among the tales treating of death are a number that deal with death caused by a tiger or by a supernatural monster. Where human beings are slain and devoured by supernatural beings or by tigers these creatures should be regarded as projections or hypostatizations of the great Kaingáng fear of death at the hands of vendetta enemies. In these tales the behavior of the attacking tigers or supernaturals parallels that of feud enemies, and the defence precautions taken are the same as those employed against enemy families. Like the warriors of "different" groups tigers and supernaturals strike and strike again; they pursue relentlessly and are satisfied only with total annihilation. And just as the Kaingáng run from their vendetta enemies or build protective fences around their encampments, so also they fly in terror from pursuing tigers and supernatural monsters or build fences to keep them off.

5. The Coming of Véin

The ancients saw Véin. Mumbégn's father's father saw him in the time when they still planted corn.

The women gathered it [corn] and were on their way back when they slept. They had no fire. Late at night Véin came for them. He came along flashing like a firefly,[49] and they spoke to him: "Let the one coming along with a torch of bamboo give some of it to me—I am lying here without fire." Then he came with his flame that was like burning bamboo. Then they made fire and stayed there and slept. Then he would lie down with a woman and copulate with his penis,[50] and her blood would come out. He copulated[51] with them all thus. He came to Chantágn at daybreak and copulated with her, and she almost died. She got up and ran off, and when she arrived [in camp] she said: "Some other thing that is like a man came with fire, and since we had none we asked for some, and he copulated with them all and they died. He copulated with me and I am dying." Then she fell and died. Then they all went off to some other men and told: "Some other *nggïyûdn*, the one that flashes, probably Véin, copulated with all the women." Then they made a fence. "He is coming behind you!" They finished the fence at night and waited for him. Next day they waited for him, and he pursued them. Late at night he was coming along after them. They were in a savannah. He reached the houses and circled them all with

[49] This refers to the way in which he gleamed, not to the size of the light.

[50] Since the verbs "to copulate with" and "to eat" are the same word, my informant found it necessary to make clear how the verb was to be understood in this context.

[51] The verb is, of course, the same as in the preceding sentence.

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his arms. "Who asked for my upper arm?"[82] said he. He was probably carrying a fire. He ate them all. Some people in another house escaped and went to another group and arrived there. "The one that flashes killed all the men." Then they dug a trench around the house. Next night late he came along through the savannah. "Who wants my upper arm?" Then he came and killed them all again. The people from two houses escaped. There was nothing to be done. They looped a pine[83] and climbed up. They made a house in the pine by putting earth on strips of wood. They hoisted the earth up in baskets. There were three pine trees.

Amendó was mourning for her relatives. Her relative Kíyi[84] heard her and became angry. Probably he had seen *nggïyúdn*. [He said,] "When I hear her suffering I become angry." Then he waited for Véin. Late at night he saw Véin coming. He circled the houses again and said the same thing. When he saw that they were empty he stopped. He walked about and at last he saw their fire in the tree. When he climbed up Kíyi went "Kx," which is the cry of the owl, and he [Véin] exploded like a fire and fell down.

They put the women in the basket and lifted them up in it.
Then they all came down.

In this story Véin, the inexorable pursuing nightmare, is the counterpart of the relentlessly vindictive extended families. One village after another flies before him only to be annihilated. The terror-stricken people even build a fence against him as the Kaingáng did against other extended families even after they had abandoned their village life. Not only supernaturals like Véin are conceived of in this human fashion, but tigers too are looked on as bloodthirsty creatures which, having struck once, desire to strike again until they have eaten everyone.

The scene of this story is laid in the ancient villages in the savannah, and the women are pictured as returning from the gardens laden with corn. They are unaccompanied by their menfolk—an excellent opportunity for an enterprising male. There are a few other stories in Kaingáng folklore that reflect this fear on the part of the men of the community that while the women are away gathering wood or drawing water they may be persuaded, and all too easily, into a sex adventure. Nevertheless there is no instance on record of a man who was so aberrant as to attempt to accompany his wife on one of her customary errands.

[82] The meaning is not clear. It may indicate that Véin had fiery arms, but he is not generally so described.

[83] Made a climbing-loop.

[84] *Kïyi*, simplified to Kiyi, is the name of an owl.

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An Origin Myth

539 The origins of things, people, and circumstances are explained in the series of myths that are used for *wainyêklâdn*, the myth-shouting game. The importance of these myths is primarily for this game, secondarily as a source of "explanations" whenever the Kaingáng feel moved to give any. For generations they have not been the bulwark of much that is vital in Kaingáng culture, but they contain echoes of things that may have been important at one time. The content of these myths is not very interesting either for us or for the Kaingáng. The incidents are confused and repetitious, and I have, therefore, abridged them where possible without impairing their value.

6. The Coming of the Groups[85]

Chuvái said to Chu,[86] whose other name is Chuvái, *"Yûgn*, since you are my *kôika kẽ*,[87] come in my road, which you like." Then I came in the road of *yûgn* Chuvái, which I liked, and came into his dance ground. Then we caressed one another and danced together. Now a *wangdjó*[88] whose name was Kíyi came down behind me and entered my dance ground. When I saw this I asked, "What man is this?" and the *wangdjó* whose name was Kíyi said, *"Ívu,*[89] I am *wangdjó,"* and I said: *"Hu ki mbó!*[89] Come in here and dance with me!" Whereupon the *wangdjó* whose name is Kíyi danced with me. I observed him and saw that he had no raiment, but nevertheless he danced with me. Then I approached him with my tied-up corn and suspended it from his upper arm, saying: *"Wangdjó* whose name is Kíyi, now then, swing your arms [in the dancing gesture] and dance with me. I am not *wangdjó*. You have no clothes, but dance with me." Then I danced with him.

In the meanwhile *wangdjó* whose name is Thekpopé came down after me and entered my dance ground. When I saw this I said, "What man is it?" and he replied, *"Ívu!* I am *wangdjó!"* Then I said, *"Hu ki mbó!* Come in and dance with me!" When I saw this I observed him and saw

[85] That is, the several divisions of people having different body-paint designs. See Appendix II.

[86] Mythological ancestors of the Kaingáng. In the origin myths it is often not clear just who is speaking.

[87] People having the same body-paint design as oneself.

[88] In the origin myths the Kaingáng are referred to as *wangdjó*. They, however, do not recognize it as a tribal designation. *Wangdjó* is also the word for the succulent top of the tapir's neck and for a supernatural monster. See p. 71. These meanings are all completely unconnected in Kaingáng thought.

[89] An exclamation.

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that although he had no raiment he was dancing with me. Then I said: 539
"By means of *wangdjó* I make a road for men. I have white cloth." So I approached him with some and put it on him. Then I said: "*Wangdjó* whose name is Thekpopé and Patá, now girdle your *yókiẽ*[60] with my cloth, my white cloth, and dance with me. I am not *wangdjó*. You have no clothes, but dance with me." Then I danced with him.

In the meanwhile his *yókiẽ* were all married off. When I saw this we caressed one another. Then I said: "Thus we are in-laws. Let us live in one house together. When we have been married a long time we will have one house only and divide our firewood into two fires close together." Then I danced with him.

[The same procedure is gone through with two more men, Klendó and Nuklágn. Then, abruptly.]

I danced along where Pathí cleared the earth before me. I entered my other dancing ground. When I heard that many men were coming I danced with fear.

In the meanwhile Pathí made a house over me of closely placed strips of wood. I split wood. I had nothing to split for the house that Pathí made over my head. Then I split young pine. Then after he built the house I prepared *matté* for the divining by belching. After I prepared it I was belching, when along came Pathí who was called Bad Mouth because of his good teeth. His father had died. Now I was divining by belching because many men were coming, and he stood outside. Then I stuck my head out of my big house and jerked him by the arm, saying: "Divine with me! Since many men are coming I am going to divine by belching. Divine with me!" Then I put the *matté* into his mouth and he vomited. When I saw this I pushed him out. Then I said to him: "By this see! Because your teeth are good you are called Bad Mouth, and your father died! Then you vomited the *matté* I was going to drink because many men were coming."

Then I again divined by belching. After divining I stuck my head out of my big house, and I saw that men had already passed along the road of my *kóika kẽ* Wanyekí. The Brazilian Thugnhé had passed along; no-good Ndadnlé had passed along. Then I danced along after them and caught up to no-good Ndadnlé. Then I said, "What man is this?" Then no-good Ndadnlé remained silent. Therefore I thrust him to the side of the road of my *kóika kẽ* Wanyekí.

I was dancing along the road that Yognvái, whose other name is Pathí had cleared for me to the land he had seen, when no-good Ndadnlé behind me [said], "My name is Ndadnlé and Ndatúgn." But I paid no attention and went dancing along the road that Yognvái whose name is Pathí had

[60] Women having the same body-paint design as a man; hence women having the same design as Thekpopé.

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539 cleared to the land he had seen, when there was the road of dangerous Nevó crossing the road of my *kóika hẽ* Wanyekí. There the Brazilians in passing had chopped down trees, blocking Nevó's road.

I went dancing along through the field to the base of Hawk Mountain where live many men. I arrived there. In the meanwhile Black Water of the good teeth came down after me and entered my dance ground. Then I said, "Black Water of the good teeth, you may enter, but all our people are married, including the young girls." Then Black Water became angry because of the women and wanted to go away. When he went away he said, "If you stay here and live together I'll come after you to cut you to bits." When he said this he went away, but I remained dancing at the base of Hawk Mountain among the many people.

[This is repeated with two other men, Chuvái and Kothá. Then the story goes on:]

I remained at the base of Hawk Mountain waiting for my *kóika hẽ*, Black Water. Then Black Water of the good teeth came along after me and arrived at the base of Hawk Mountain. Then I said: "Black Water of the good teeth, come here. I have been waiting for you to do battle." Black Water had for a long time wanted to scatter the men at the base of Hawk Mountain, and at last he put a *pepõbm* [bird] among them and scattered the people.

I did not see which way Black Water went. Then I entered the forest and was dancing when *yûgn* Chu, whose other name is Chuvái, came down after me and entered my dance ground. Then I said to him: "Black Water wanted to put a *pepõbm* among the people at the base of Hawk Mountain, and he did so, scattering them. Then I entered the forest, and here I am."

Then I looked and saw Kukuvá's gourd in the field across from me. Then I went dancing toward it. I wanted to taste some [beer], but I was afraid. Kukuvá was in the field, and I invited him and exchanged rattles with him. I wanted to taste some of Kukuvá's beer, but I was afraid; so I took some feathers of the tucan and put them on my rattle.

That is what they do, then they stop.

The fundamental confusion in which the Kaingáng have been living for generations is shown in the contradictory behavior toward *kóika hẽ* and *yõktẽ*. One's *kóika hẽ* are, according to the theoretical scheme, one's closest relatives. One cannot marry one's *yõktẽ*, for that would be incest; and all one's *kóika hẽ* are called by a kinship term indicating close relationship. These are theories which, although they may reflect historical fact, have not been practised for at least two hundred years. In the origin myths we not only find men committing "incest"—for Chuvái marries his own

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yôktĕ in this myth—but actually fighting with their own *kôika hĕ:* the nameless speaker in the myth fights with his *kôika hĕ* Black Water. Kothá and Chuvái, two men the speaker calls by the kinship term *yâgn,* threaten to cut him to bits.

It is somewhat different in those instances in the myths where relationships through marriage have actually been achieved. The bridegrooms are pictured as sharing their property with the men of the other group and then caressing them and lying down beside the same fire. In a way this mythological behavior reflects the actual situation in Kaingáng society, but it is also in contradiction to the real state of affairs, for the relatives by marriage with whom one has one's strongest bond in contemporary Kaingáng society are members of the *same* group—a group which is closely knit together already by consanguineal and affective ties. Relatives by marriage on the other hand, no matter of what degree, are ruthlessly slaughtered if they are members of another extended family. In the myths marriage relationships are between *groups* of people, but what Kaingáng society is actually interested in is marriage ties between *individuals.* Thus the situation described so touchingly in the myth is either idyllic or antique; probably both—it is not real.

There is another important contradiction of everyday affairs in the mythological relationships. In the myth *kôika hĕ* are pictured as fighting, as in the battle between the speaker and Black Water, while in-laws are described as living in sweet harmony. Now since, theoretically, *kôika hĕ* are blood relatives, this means that blood relatives fight while in-laws love one another. But the more stable relationships in Kaingáng society are between blood relatives, not relatives by marriage.

Corn is a frequently recurring element in Kaingáng myths, and we meet it again in this myth in the reference to the ears of corn suspended from the arms of the dancers. The Kaingáng say that anciently they used to suspend ears of corn from their arms and dance holding their arms bent at the elbow and moving them up and down in time to the music. The Kaingáng women still dance that way, but without the corn.

Pathí is a character developed further in other origin myths. He was a young man with an enormous appetite, and his father fell from a tree which he had climbed in search of food for him; this was the origin of death. The possession of good teeth is a sign of aberrance and malevolence among these people who have such poor dentition. A mouthful of teeth is also an indication of insanity. Two of the evil characters in this myth, Pathí and Black Water, are spoken of as having good teeth.

The type of house referred to has not been built by the Kaingáng for two hundred years or more.

It is curious that the teller of the story should have asked Pathí to divine

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537 with him, for divining by belching, *vayú*, is a solitary affair nowadays; and it is even said that if anyone sees the diviner while he is seeking an augury he will not be able to perform.

No one was able to explain to me what the reference to the *pepõbm* meant.

Thus the small details as well as the general movement of the myth have little reference to the material, sociological, or psychological realities of contemporary Kaingáng life; nor is this story of the coming of the groups a collection of nostalgic memories of a golden age.

They carry the basket with the bones and go to another place to bury them. They carry a long stick, leaning on it, [and they sing:]

1) *nde te tę ve*
what carry
2) *nde te tę ve*
what carry
3) *vẽ ma la nyakthó te tę ve*
look you sun faeces carry
4) *vẽ ma la yudn yó klam tę ve*
look you sun come out place under

Since the words are in perfect syntactic order the obvious translation is:

Line (1) What is being carried?
(2) What is being carried?
(3) Look, you. Sun's faeces are being carried.
(4) Look, you. Under the place where the sun emerges.

I have no explanation of the significance of this song. Klendó said that they sing the song "that it should be light [in weight] and that the people should not slip.

"They sing this song because they are afraid they will die. They are afraid they will slip—a person who is about to die will fall, but one who will live to old age does not fall. If there are many of them they do not sing this song, but if there are few they sing. After carrying the bones they wash themselves with clay and rub themselves with stones. They all do this, not only the one who carries the bones. [They say,] 'I am going to be like the old stone—I am never going to die.' They do not bury the bones in the place the person died—it is not good."

As they walk along they cut *nggign* (fern) repeatedly and throw it away. "They carry it [*nggign*] so that the carrying of our bones should be no more.[88] It is to rub out the sweat caused by carrying the basket. . . . At last they pound the *nggign* and wash themselves [with the titrated sap]."

When they reach the spot where they intend to bury the bones the ground is cleared, and hole dug and lined with fern, the bones and the basket placed in the hole, and a little house erected over the grave by the women.

[88] It is clear from the phraseology and from the general ideology of death ceremonies that this is a way of severing contact with the dead. The precise symbolism, however, eludes me. *Nggign* is a fern with a short (about four feet), woody, extremely thorny trunk that grows exclusively on heavily wooded hillsides. Besides its function in death ceremonies it is used to ferment beer. When titrated it produces a deep red juice.

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764 "When they burn a man or woman they throw away their firebrands after the burning and make a new fire with a fire drill, for if they remained beside the old fires they would die—it was the fire by which the dead used to sleep."

Keening

765 The Kaingáng mourn in a rhythmic chant heavily interspersed with sobbing and snuffling. When a number of people come together at a death they all keen, but most of the keening throughout the year is done by individuals who start to think about their dead relatives and burst into tears. Keening is most commonly heard in the very early morning or evening, when the Kaingáng have nothing to do and it is not yet time for a meal. Nevertheless people may start to keen at any time at all and wherever they may be. Although the Kaingáng feel that it is respectful toward the dead to weep and are scornful of those who do not, they do not particularly select large crowds to weep in. The lusty voices of the Kaingáng carry wonderfully in the cool air before dawn or after sunset, and I have heard them as much as a quarter of a mile away. In a small camp it would be unnecessary for them to raise their voices so in order to be heard, but nowadays when the settlement stretches for half a mile on both sides of the river a powerful voice has its advantages. To me this mourning was always unintelligible, but anyone who has ever tried to understand a sobbing person in our own society will understand that my difficulties were not simply linguistic. The only way I could obtain texts was through informants. The chants thus obtained are a good sample of the general drift of the occasional keening, but since they were not uttered under the influence of emotion and were not taken down while the individuals were actually mourning they lack somewhat the variety of the "natural" product and are greatly reduced in length. Nevertheless they are faithful.

During the very early part of my stay I heard Anggló keening at a festa, and with the help of my interpreter, who gave me snatches of what she said with the interpretation, I managed to record a great deal.

Anggló's Chant

765 I am weeping. I forgot my daughter's[26] name and now I am remember-
53 ing. I loved[27] her much, and now I can love her no more. I desire very
● much to see her again. She used to call me mother. Before my daughter died she wept much. I desire to see my daughter today. My father[28] always provided food for me, but now I am hungry; that is why I am weeping.

[26] Anggló had one child who died.
[27] *Ka ifñ nya.*
[28] Now she begins to mourn for her father.

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765 I am always bewailing my father. Before he died he suffered much. I
539 thought that my father was alive, but he is dead. I always forget my father,
but now I am remembering him. My father had many relatives, but I alone am weeping for him. I feel like weeping all day long for my father. He used always to get food for me. I wish to see him. I weep all day long for my daughter. When my father was alive I used to call him "father," but now I cannot. He always gave me food. I pity him. My father loved me much, but he left me and went away. I am forgetting my father a great deal. He suffered much. I desire to see my daughter who called me "mother." Before she died she called me "mother." My father used always to bring food for me, and now I wish to see him. My father died and never remembered me. My father died, and now I pity him. I am suffering because of my daughter. I cannot sleep because I am always thinking of my daughter. Whenever I eat I do not forget my daughter. She is there now [where she died, at the Post].

Kulá's Chant[29]

I am remembering my mother.[30] I want to call her mother. I am remembering my mother. I am the one who called her mother, but now it is all over. I am remembering my mother. When my mother would look at me she would remember that my father had seen me and she would weep—now that is all over. I am remembering my mother. I and my children used to call my mother mother—that is all over. I am remembering my mother. I want to see my mother. When my father would return after leaving me he would think of how I suffered, and he would weep. Grandmother, whose name I bear, would think of my sickness and suffering.

Kundídn's Chant

One of my *nyo*[31] would see my brother and me suffering, and she would come to us to weep. I suffered with him. My brother and I had no father; so he and I wept for my children. He and I suffered. I want to see my father.

Kundídn has lost all her nearest relatives—husband, parents, brothers, sisters, and four of her five children—and it is probable that if she had continued longer she would have mentioned her mother.

[29] This and the succeeding chants were obtained from informants. Kulá is Anggló's sister, but this chant was recorded eight or nine months after Anggló's, when their mother had died of the grippe. Kulá lost one baby many years ago—apparently she had stopped mourning for it.

[30] Literally, "I am remembering what mother looked like."

[31] See Appendix II.

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Kuthúgn's Chants

I. For His Mother

Mother saw me and mourned every night. I was suffering. I forget what she looked like. I was hungry. I forget what she looked like. I forget what she looked like. I suffered. I forget what she looked like. I suffered. I am always weeping but I never see her. I forget her.

II. For men

Nyungnyén shot things for me. I suffered. I forget what he looked like. I used to wander about with *nyungnyén*, and he loved me. I used to go about with him, and I forget what he looked like. I forget what he looked like. *Nyungnyélé*[32] and I suffered a great deal and I forget him. I forget what he looked like. [Then he sings:] *e ko yo ho nei mo ko ma ve yo na ta ko ma chudn ve yo ne ta ko ma chudn ve.*[33] I suffered with *nyungnyén* a great deal and I forget what they looked like. I attacked other men with *nyungnyén*. I used to shoot things with them. I forget what they looked like.

Klendó's Chants[34]

I. For His Wife

I do not see my wife. Will I see her? I go with my wife. I do not see her.

II. For His Mother

I do not see my mother. Will I not see my mother? I forgot my mother.

III. For Véye (Who Died a Few Weeks Ago)

I do not see *nyungnyélé*. I do not hear *nyungnyélé* call me *yûgn*.

IV. For a Father's Brother

I do not see *yûgn*. I forget what *yûgn* looked like. *Yûgn* lived in me.

V. For a First Cousin Once Removed

I do not see *nyungnyén*. Will I see another who looks like her? I do not see her.

Vomblé's Chants

I. For His Relatives

My relatives shot things for me, and now I and my children are suffering.

[32] The term *nyungnyélé* is a form of *nyungnyén* that occurs only in mourning chants.
[33] This song has no meaning.
[34] These and the chants of Vomblé were recorded while they were my informants.

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II. For His Father

My father used to set food before me, and my children and I ate it; and now my children and I are suffering. My father would weep when he saw me because of my mother's having seen me.[85] Now when I am suffering I think o[illegible]ther's face.[86]

III. For His Mother

I and mother had no *yágn*,[87] and I got nothing for her for a long time.[88] Since she left me I have no mother.

IV. For Véye (Who Died a Few Weeks Ago)

My *klą*[89] came to where he had seen me, and I had forgotten him. My *klą* and my many relatives shot things for me. My *klą* and I have no father. I am remembering his face and his leaving me.

To the Kaingáng these are all tender chants of remembering, forgetting, and regret, and they are striking for the complete absence of any elements of fear. So, too, there is only one resentful expression—in Anggló's chant where she says, "My father died and never remembered me." It is curious that the Kaingáng, who desire less than anything on earth to see their dead relatives, should express in their mourning chants a desire to see them. The chants of Klendó and Kuthúgn, with their monotonous reiteration of "I forget what he looked like" and "I do not see him" may be pure and simple expressions of their horror of seeing the dead again rather than elliptical statements which might be completed: "I forget what he looked like, he has been so long dead; and how sorry I am."

The chants of the three women are of the occasional type, i.e. of the type chanted whenever the mood comes on one, whereas those of the three men are of the type uttered at funerals.

While I was among the Kaingáng the women did much more keening than the men. The Indians, however, could not be made aware of the fact that there was any difference between the amount of keening done by the women and that done by the men.

Death Songs (Ẽhžẽn)

The following songs may be sung as the funeral pyre is being ignited:

[85] His mother was dead.
[86] Literally, "his appearance."
[87] She had no father, and therefore he had no grandfather.
[88] Vanhkó's explanation: "I would go to look for meat and not find it."
[89] See Appendix II.

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I

a to na a wa lê hê nụ yô nê kê ya ma mbû vô yô
ta to na ha vâi kẽgn yâ nggâ kô yêyê ko yĩgn mbâ
ha yê kô yĩgn mbâ.

Vomblé said, "They do this so that the *kuplêng* will go. If they did not do this it would take the living away."

II

kĩ yẽ ụ tộ kô pando mê lêlê nya
kụ̂i kĩ yẽ ha lêlê nya kụ
kụ̂i kĩ yẽ ụ tộ kô pando mêêlêlê nya kụ
kụ̂i kĩ yẽ lêlê nya

Vomblé explained: "They say to them that when they were alive they climbed trees.[40] Then they say '*ha ha.*' When the *kuplêng* hears this it goes off. If they did not sing this all the souls would come and live with the living, and then the living would go with them."

III

la kônang yukê[41] *pĩtpĩlĩ vadnvala*
la kôna yukê pĩtpĩlĩ vadn vala

"This song is sung so that the pyre may burn," said Klendó.

IV

1) *hẽi tệ*[42] *vê hẽi tệ vê*
intact intact
sound
2) *vâ ma la yudn*[43] *yô klạ tẽ*
3) *hẽi tệ vê hẽi tệ vê*
4) *vâ ma la lâdn yô klạ tẽi tẽ*
look you sun down place
5) *tộ vai tệ vê*

[40] The interpretation is clearly one of accommodation to what Vomblé feels to be the ethnologist's taste for interpretations. The song is made up of syllables some of which, though identical with meaningful elements in the Kaingáng language, have no conceivable meaning in the present context.

[41] The first five syllables have a general resemblance to what might be translated as "sun's eyebrows"; the two succeeding words might be translated as "ururú" (a bird) and "fever" respectively. Since, however, no explanation was vouchsafed by the informant and the reference is not clear, it seems best to reserve judgment.

[42] A predicating element.

[43] See p. 193.

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Vomblé said that they sing this song "so that the *kuplêng* will not be *vai* 765
to them. [When they say sing] *hẽi tệ vê* they are saying that when it is 539
burnt the bones will be intact." But he immediately added: "They never sing this song. They sing their real song," i.e. their personal songs. Klendó said that this song made the corpse *vai*. "Kangdádn sang this song, and that is why Patá did not burn. It has [a syllable]*vai*[44] in it—that is why." But then, on the other hand, he says, "When Patá's *kuplêng* heard this it probably became afraid and went away." Another interpretation of this song by the same informant is that "he is singing in order that there should be no *kumbẽdn* on the edge of the burning place where the sun comes up."

Klendó, who is usually silent when asked for interpretations of songs, thought that in line 4 the "place where the sun comes down" referred to the sun's being alive and red and that *tộ vai tệ vê* meant that the edge of the ashes [toward the west] is evil-omened.

Although Vomblé and Klendó give different interpretations of this song there is a general agreement between them. Both informants feel that the effect of the song will be to make things *hẽ*, sound, well, but Klendó feels that it also involves certain dangers because of the presence of the syllable *vai*.

The following are hair-cutting songs:

V

kaichâ yûpĩ tê kô
wa kâ na yô anggû kâi mô a nê
yangvê yukĩ kunê anê vavû ho
anê vavâ kaichâ yûpĩ tê kô
kaichâ yûpĩ tê kô
wa kâ na yô anggû kâi mbô anê
nang vê yûkĩ ku nê anê va vû ho
a nê vâ hâ

This song has no meaning whatsoever.

VI

ụ nụ yômên ho lâ wa
kĩ kẽ lâ kalê hê
ụ nụ yômên hô lâ wa
kuyo kaichô
ụ nụ yômê hô lâ wa
kĩ kẽ kalê hê [and then repeat from the beginning]

[44] See line 5.

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765 539 This song has no meaning whatsoever. Said Vomblé: "This is our song of fear. He is afraid of her [the *thâpáya*]. He is singing for her husband's *kuplêng* to be afraid and go away."

Ceremonies for the Kôklá [Ceremonial Father,] and Mbē [Ceremonial Mother][45]

The Placenta and Umbilical Cord

846 When the child is born the placenta and the piece of the umbilical cord that was attached to the child are wrapped in medicinal herbs, placed in a little basket, and sunk in a stream, and a sharpened stick is forced through the basket to keep it from floating away. This is called by the term *páyú*, which means to steal or to conceal. *páyú* is done most usually by a brother of the mother and his wife. Through the series of rites that begin with the *páyú* of his umbilical cord the child is bound to his father's affinal relatives.

The Baby's Meal of Cooked Food (Yôgndêyê)

852 Soon after the child is born its ankles are wrapped loosely with about twenty turns of cord, its *patthêyê*,[46] foot cords, and these are kept on for two weeks or so. Then the father decides to make a *yôgndêyê* for his child, and he goes out hunting, with perhaps a brother-in-law to help him, and hunts intensively for a number of days to get together enough meat for a big feast. When the meat has been collected the *mbē* and *kôklá* as well as all the close relatives of the child's parents who happen to be around, together with friends, are invited to a feast, and while their guests dine the parents look on without eating. Were they to eat, the father would never be able to shoot game again.

These ceremonies are almost always conducted in high spirits unless the hosts are stingy, and then everyone is rather gloomy and there are secret grumblings afterward. Everyone sits down wherever he wants to, the more distant relatives keeping discreetly in the background and joining but mildly in the conversation, the in-laws acting as if they "belonged," pushing the pots around and dishing out the food. When everyone has eaten as much as he can, or as much as there is, the men start to sing and the baby's mother hastens to remove the *patthêyê*, and when they are all unwound the party wanders off, carrying with it the remains of the feast. Depending on the quantity of meat, the party may last from a half hour to an hour.

[45] The explanation of all these ceremonies for the child is that if they were not performed the child would die, that it would not grow up, or that it would dry up and die.

[46] "The *patthêyê* are put on so they may be taken off at the *yôgndêyê*."

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533 little melodic variety, and quite a number of songs are sung on one note. They gain their variety from the difference in the syllables and from the rhythmic patterning.

Men and women know the songs equally well, but men make more of a show. They sing to impress their sweethearts or prospective sweethearts; they sing at festas; they sing while they work; they sing in the quiet hour before dawn when they are lying awake under their coverings; they sing in the evening as they lie beside the fire squinting along an arrow to see if it is straight. They never sing in unison unless a group of young men are learning from an older man at a festa. Generally when the Kaingáng learn a song they listen attentively while it is being sung and then go off and practice alone. I never suspected that the Kaingáng youngsters who heard my Apache Indian songs knew them until I asked them to sing for me. Then they sang them without a mistake. It was the same with North American myths that I told. They would ask me to repeat the same myth until at last they corrected *me* when I left something out. But before that they had never given a sign that they already knew them.

The name of some man who is supposed to have made it up in the very beginning is attached by tradition to each song. Anyone may learn from anyone at all. From Vomblé I got the impression that there were a limited number of songs and that very few were composed anew, but I had no opportunity to confirm my impression.

I give below an analysis of the lyrics of the first ten stanzas of one song.

Padnmbâ's Song[2]

I

533 (1)	*nẽ yõ vudn vudnẽ ka la ye nya yugn lẽ yõ mba tõgn mẽ*[3]	a
534 (2)	*nẽ yõ vân vũ nẽ ka la ye nya yugn lẽ yõ mba tõgn mẽ*	a
(3)	*nẽ yõ vân vu ne ka la yem*	a—
(4)	*a tõ ẽng mu lo ne a teng dje to va ka kle to to me*	b
(5)	*nẽ yõ vân vudne ka la yem*	a—
(6)	*a tõ ẽng mo lo ne a teng dje to va ka*	b—
(7)	*nggóyo cho me*	c
(8)	*neyõ vân vu ne ka la yem*	a—

Interpretation: "Probably: when the ancients came out [there was] the smoke of their fires." This interpretation is derived from the first five syllables of line 1, which are frequently repeated in somewhat modified form throughout the song. *Néyõ vudn vulu*, in Kaingáng, means "smoke."

[2] I.e. song of the mythical Padnmbâ as sung by Vomblé.

[3] The division is merely to assist in comparison of lines. For meaning of symbols see p. 204.

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II	
(1) *a yugn nẽ kẽgn yẽ to un vẹ*	a(x) 533 539
(2) *a yugn nẽ kẽgn yẽ*	a
(3) *na tobm nat kãlã wanyékó*	b
(4) *te to vãi mẽ pó*	c
(5) *tu tẹ́ yẽbm*	d
(6) *nyékĩ klą nẽ ya*	e
(7) *tẽ to vãi mẽ pó*	c
(8) *pi tẹ́ yĩm lok tẹ́ yẽ a tã kẽ*	f
(9) *tu tẹ́ yẽ*	d
III	
(1) *a vẹ tã va*	a(x)
(2) *a ve tu ve*	a(y)
(3) *a kĩ nya*	b
(4) *a vẹ kã a yó ve na vẹ tų kã yó yã a kĩm*	c
(5) *a kó nyang ve*	d
(6) *a kó nyang ve*	d
(7) *a vẹ kã a yo ve na wẹ tų kã yó yã kĩm*	c
(8) *a kó nyang ve*	d
(9) *a kó nyang ve*	d
(10) *a kĩ nyam*	b
IV	
(1) *a tẹ́ lugn ve yã mu nya*	a(u)
(2) *a tẹ́ lugn ve yã mų*	a(v)
(3) *ye tẹ́ lugn ve yã mų kã*	a(w)(x)
(4) *yãgn ndõ ye tẹ́ a ve na vẹ tų nẽ tẹ́k tų*	b(y)
(5) *lugn vẹ kó yó hẽm kã*	a—(z)
(6) *yãgn ndõ*	b
(7) *yi nẽ ang djã kaichã ku pan hẽm õgn ve lõ kã*	c
(8) *yãgn ndõ*	b
(9) *yi nẽ ang djã kaichã kupan hẽm*	c
(10) *yãgn ndõ*	b
(11) *yi nẽ ang djã kaichã ku pan hẽm*	c

Interpretation: "Probably they made their bird arrows [*ndõ*, lines 4, 6, 8, and 10] of pine knots [*kaichã*, lines 7, 9, and 11], and they are telling about it."

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V

533	(1) *vêle vẹ́*	a
539	(2) *amblīgn nẹ́ tẹ́ wa*	b
	(3) *vêlẹ́ vedn vêlẹ́*	a
	(4) *naichą́ nyẹ́kī*[4] *klą nẹ́ ya ti yõ kle ko tų to*	c
	(5) *amblīgn nẹ́ tẹ́ wa*	b
	(6) *vêlẹ́ vedn vêlẹ́*	a
	(7) *naichą́ mǫ́klẹ́*[4] *klą nẹ́ ya ti yõ kle ko tų to*	c
	(8) *amblīgn nẹ́ tẹ́ wa*	b
	(9) *vêlẹ́ vedn*	a

Interpretation: "Probably something was shot [*yõklẹ́*, somebody's hunting prize, lines 4 and 7] and they did not eat, [*ko :ų*, lines 4 and 7]. They left it. Probably Nyekī [line 4] is joking with him and telling him about his camp [*nẹ́yą́*, lines 4 and 7]."

VI

	(1) *ẽng wai nyẹ́ tẽ la ha nų kẽ*	a
	(2) *nyẹ́kī*[5] *klą nẹ́ ya ti yõ kle kẽ lãgn*	b
	(3) *wai ve lo tẹ́ nẹ́*	c
	(4) *ẽng wai nyẹ́ tẽbm*	a—
	(5) *ẽng wai nyẹ́ tẽbm la ha nų kẽ*	a
	(6) *kanggẽi*[5] *klą nẹ́ ya ti yõ kle kẽlãgn*	b_1
	(7) *wai ve lok tẹ́ nẹ́*	c
	(8) *ẽng wai nyẹ́ tẽbm la ha nų kẽ*	a
	(9) *kĩyitẽ*[5] *klą nẹ́ ya ti yõ kle kẽ lãgn*	b_2
	(10) *wai ve lok tẹ́ nẹ́*	c
	(11) *ẽng wai nyẹ́ tẽbm*	a—
	(12) *ẽng nų hų yẽ*	d
	(13) *ẽng wai nyẹ́ tẽbm*	a—

Interpretation: "Probably when they joke with him they say, 'The animal you shot [*a*, your; *yokle*, hunting prize, lines 2, 6 and 9] is no good [*kulagn*, lines 2, 6 and 9]. When I eat it I get diarrhea and my insides become dry.'" References to diarrhea (*chukchẽyu*) and dry internal organs (*ndju kenggẽ*) do not appear in this song.

VII

(1) *lugn mõ kẽ yõ kõ yõ kẽ*	a
(2) *lugn mõ kẽ yõ kõ yõ kẽ*	a

[4] Male personal names.
[5] Male personal names.

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(3) *lugn mó kẽ yó kó yó kó* a
(4) *lugn mó kẽm* a—
(5) *a tộ nẽ hu vẽ wa hu va ve hũ vẽ wa* b
(6) *lugn mó kẽm* a—
(7) *a tộ a tộ nẽ hũ nyang mbẽ ve ve hũ vẽ wa* b_1
(8) *lugn mó kẽ yó kó yó kó* a
(9) *lugn mó kẽi yó kó yó kẽ* a
(10) *lugn mó kẽ ko kẽbm* a—

Interpretation: "Probably: they came along and camped." The only reference to camping I can discern is the syllable *nẽ*, which really means, "One person camps" [lines 5 and 7].

VIII

(1) *yó nya a tộ tẽ ye tộ a ko kó yá mộ* a
(2) *wai ve yá mộ* b
(3) *a yugn ndẽ yúgn mộ* c
(4) *wai ve yá mụ* b
(5) *kó ku mbá hái kó ku mbá hái kó ko mbá hám* d
(6) *yó nya a tộ tẽ ye tộ a kó ko yá mụ* a
(7) *wai ve yá mụ* b

IX

(1) *ang dju lệ lệ kóinggẽgn hẽ pe wai ndjẽ na yá* a
(2) *ang djú ma ak tẽ nó a yon wai ndjẽ tadn vá* b_1
(3) *ang dju lệ lệ kóinggẽgn hẽ pe wai ndjẽ na yá* a
(4) *ang djú ma ak tẽ nó a yo wai ndjẽ tadn vá ká wa* b
(5) *wai ndjẽ tadn ve ká wa* b—

Interpretation: "I don't know. Probably they were watching for him [*ti*, him; *yá*, for; *lệlệ*, look or watch]; watching for him to come along. Probably they mean *kóinggẽgn mbẽgn waindjẽ wa* [the big man laughs]. Prob-

man large laugh

ably he joked." (See line 1, *kóinggẽgn* etc.)

X

(1) *ndo ko kẽ* a
(2) *ang ndo kó kẽ mbó* b
(3) *áng nya mộ* c
(4) *ang ndo ko kẽm* b
(5) *yó nẽ* c

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533 (6) *nê yâ mbô na e ye lo tobm* d
539 (7) *yô vâ nêng mộ ve yô vâ ma yô vâ vebm* e
(8) *ndo ko kẽ* a
(9) *ndo ko kẽi* a
(10) *ang ndo ko kẽ mbô* b
(11) *êng nya mộ* c
(12) *nas kû lûi*[6] *wanyêkô*[6] *te to* f
(13) *yô vâ nêng mộ ve yo vâ vem* e—

Interpretation: "Probably he became ill from something and they carried him." The whole interpretation is derived from the syllable *te* which appears for the first time in line 12. *te* is the participial form of the verb meaning "to carry on the back."

Little can be done with song analysis without phonographic recording; nevertheless I have analyzed the lyrics of the ten stanzas given, with the object of discovering whether the syllables follow a specific form. Each song has at least two definite syllabic patterns which are repeated over and over again, but the arrangement of the patterns does not follow any order except a general kind of alternation with other patterns. In the analysis below, each syllabic pattern has been marked with one of the first seven letters of the alphabet. When the pattern is repeated with something left out a minus sign is placed after the letter: b—, when the pattern is repeated with some modification it is marked with an inferior number: a_1. Occasional syllables which occur at the beginning or end of well-defined patterns but which are not repeated when the pattern is repeated have been indicated by one of the last six letters of the alphabet placed in parentheses: a(v).

The following schema shows the arrangement of syllabic patterns in the ten stanzas:

(1) aaa—ba—b—ca—
(2) a(x)abcdecfd
(3) a(y)bcddcddb
(4) a(u)a(v)a(w)(x)b(y)a—(z)bcbcbcbc
(5) abacbacba
(6) abca—$ab_1$$cab_2$ca—a—
(7) aaaa—ba—$b_1$aaa—
(8) abcbdab
(9) ababb—
(10) abcbcdefaabcfe

[6] Male personal names.

[For Caingang texts, see category 116, pp. 175(B) - 218 (B).]

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When the fathers were mightily drunk they called their sons by their *nĕklĕ*, the special boasting name that every male has, and repeated stereotyped phrases that referred to no specific deed but to their general prowess. "When my father wanted to kill someone," said Vomblé, "he was *waikayú* and he would boast to me, *'kakthú pi, kakthú pi chugn mbó pi chẽ ẽ pi.*[5] In order that my children may remember me when I am dead I say to them when they drink water, You will not die! The horses' children [the whites] throw their guns about the places where the children sleep and the children hide before them. Therefore I raid their dwellings, and they hide from me with their children.'" Thus the father boasted to his own children. He did not face a large audience and recount in detail the blows he had struck so that he might measure his prowess against that of another man and so that the people might check him if he lied. Boasting among the Kaingáng was not a means by which each man strove to take the measure of his neighbor and outstrip him if he could. Through boasting a man built up his own self-esteem, but boasting had a very limited scope and was peculiar in character.

The Constructive Aspect of Waikayú

Among primitives, individual attainments that make boasting possible are frequently stepping-stones to power; they may at times even permit a man to infringe on the liberties of the less fortunate members of his society. This is true to a certain extent among the Kaingáng also, but the principal function of *waikayú* is not to give unbounded sway to the whims of individuals, but to enforce good behavior; that is, such as is socially sanctioned. Thus, when Cha was bitten by wild pigs, Pandjumbúgn, who had to carry the stricken boy, decided that he was too much of a load and so deserted him. But as he went along through the forest the thought kept recurring to him constantly, "In spite of my boasting I threw him away. When the others hear about it they'll ridicule me." So at last, according to the tale, he went back, and, taking up Cha, carried him home. There are stories of men who have lost their lives because of their strong feeling of *waikayú*, for death itself was preferable to the ridicule that they would certainly draw on themselves if they failed to live up to the opinion which they had of themselves and which they tried to instill in others. When the Kangdjá descended on them one day in a great body, taking the whole camp unawares, their first impulse was to run away; but Tondúin shouted, "'When you taste beer you boast and boast to the children, but now you are leaving them!' So they gathered up all their arrows. Thukúgn said, 'The women and the Kangdjá made fun of me very much and now the latter are coming!' Then they all remained and fought, and many were killed."

[5] Italicized words are Vomblé's *nĕklĕ* names.

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585 As a general rule, the young warrior builds himself a hut where he takes the girl of his choice, who lives henceforth as his wife. Sometimes, when the girl's family is small, he goes to live with his wife in her parents' hut. Incest does not occur among them, for [835] marriage is forbidden among close relatives. It is the custom of the tribe to respect marriage; adultery is unamously condemned and rarely occurs.

595 The warrior chooses his second wife with no more formality than the first. Both women enjoy the same rights. The additional wives are often sisters of the first one.

551 Male children are given the name of an outstanding ancestor, to which is added as a surname that of their father and of his lineage. The name of female children is chosen freely by the mother, whose own name is added as surname along with the name of her lineage.

This explains the great length of their names, such as for instance: Korikrã-Lãksi-Layondêsi, Vaikõidn-Ungrõsima-Põa-Tupi-Vaimusima.

764 Dead adults, men as well as women, are cremated in large fires built with selected woods. Pubescent children of both sexes are granted the same procedure, while young children are buried.

A warrior's weapons and other personal implements are burned along with his body. The ashes are gathered the following day and placed in a round pit, previously lined with tree bark and leaves, which is then filled with earth, covered with fragments of wood, and surmounted with a shelter.

765 The death of a chief or outstanding warrior is lamented by the whole tribe; his exploits are sung in a sort of litany for several days. Then the women recount in similar chants the virtues of the dead man in the domestic life of the tribe.

It is to be noted that on such occasions the Botocudo are seized by a profound sadness. Absorbed in their great sorrow, they become sullen and indifferent to everything and observe for several days a rigorous fast.

476 The social rule of the Botocudo is mutual aid, for which they were naturally trained by the insecure nomadic existence which has always been their lot.

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POLITICAL ORGANIZATION

Chiefs wield little authority. They work in their fields and hunt like the rank and file of the group. Their position is conspicuous only when the community organizes a big feast, which is always given in the chief's name. Chiefs also are the leaders of any collective undertaking. They maintain their hold on their people by distributing gifts and looking after their well-being (Koenigswald, 1908 b, p. 47). A chief who is overbearing or miserly is abandoned by his followers. The son of a chief succeeds to his father if he is acceptable to the group (Horta Barboza, 1913, p. 25). 622

LIFE CYCLE

Birth and childhood.—Formerly, a pregnant *Caingang* woman did not consort with her husband, and both observed food taboos. Women gave birth in the forest, sheltered from the supposedly malefi- cent moonbeams.[4] A few days after delivery the mother and child were fumigated, a rite accompanied by a drinking bout. 843 844 [852]

Nowadays, a *Caingang* woman bears her child wherever she happens to be, knowing how to take care of herself even if she is alone. Usually, she is delivered squatting while a midwife embraces her from behind, raising her now and then until travail is over. The navel cord is cut with a fingernail and tied with a caraguatá string.

Among the *Aweikoma*, the placenta and umbelical cord, wrapped in medicinal herbs, are placed in a basket and sunk in the stream. The mother winds a long cord around the ankles of the baby and removes it 15 days later during a feast given by the father to a group of relatives. The umbilical cord is disposed of by the mother's brother or his wife or by the mother's sister, who later become ceremonial parents. 846

In other *Caingang* groups, the mother pulls open the infant's eyelids immediately after birth "in order that he might see," breathes into his eyes and ears, and presses his temples and head from front to back. The father does not pay much attention to the baby until it is old enough to speak: Then he gives it 5 to 10 names. In the south, the names were bestowed without any rite after the above-mentioned ceremony. [553]

The *Caingang* show the greatest tenderness to their children, seldom punishing them or using harsh words. 854

According to Horta Barboza (1913, p. 27), when a boy reaches the age of 7, his mother rubs his body with the leaves of a certain tree and pours water over his head to make him courageous and diligent. 852 553

[4] It is reported that they gave birth unassisted in a special cabin (Serrano, 1939, p. 26).

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553 352 The child then receives a new name. Later, he may adopt names that refer to notable incidents of his life.

852 304 In the Santa Catarina group, the perforation of the boys' lower lip at the age of 2 or 3 is marked by great celebrations. Women, holding gourd rattles, dance with warriors, who beat the ground with their spears. The children are intoxicated with beer, and shaken until half unconscious, when their ceremonial fathers pierce their lips with a sharp stick (Henry, 1941, pp. 195–197).

582 **Marriage.**—According to Baldus' census (1937 c, p. 43), men are generally older than their wives, in some cases as much as 15 to 20 years; among 37 percent of the couples there was a difference of 10 years.

A man marries when 18 to 20 years of age. If his bride is not yet of age, he stays with her parents, waiting for the first signs of puberty. In case of child betrothal, the lad's parents have to provide for the girl's subsistence.

595 Polygyny is mentioned by all the early sources, but details vary. Some authors declare that it was an old man's privilege, others that it was restricted to the chiefs, good hunters, or famous warriors. There are also indications of sororal polygyny and of marriage simultaneously to a woman and her daughter (Teschauer, 1929, p. 350). In *Tupí-Guaraní* fashion, a girl often married her mother's brother.

[184] The *Caingang* of Palmas are, and claim always to have been monogamous.

Manizer (1930) states that though a man may not marry his cousin—he does not specify which—he usually takes her as a concubine until her own marriage. If pregnancy occurs meanwhile, the girl, as a rule, commits abortion. It often happened that a man grew fonder of his cousin than of his legal wife, and that he sometimes [578] resolutely opposed her marriage. The continuation of such relationship was bitterly resented by the legitimate wife.

For the *Aweikoma*, Henry infers that 60 percent of all marriages are monogamous, a fair proportion of the remainder being polyandrous.

585 A marriage ceremony witnessed by Manizer (1930, p. 776) took place during a drinking bout. Some old men seized the bridegroom and bride and pushed them toward each other in spite of the woman's resistance. Then they dragged them into the bridegroom's hut and left them there under a blanket. The following day the woman ran away, but was brought back by force.

591 Matrilocal residence, formerly the *Caingang* rule, is still frequent, though many couples set up their own households. Baldus (1937 c, p. 43) heard "that only lazy men lived in their father-in-law's house and that, should the father-in-law die, the husband would have to 'govern' his mother-in-law."

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837 581 are that way. When their husbands go away they sleep with others. That is why I want to marry a Brazilian woman."

837 The conflict between the sharing that is experienced and absolutely exclusive possession, which is simply and unqualifiedly theory, is far more fundamental in Kaingáng society than it is in our own. Adultery in Kaingáng society is not a circumstance of some marriages but a condition of practically all. Yet, although husband and wife live in constant suspicion of each other's loyalty, it rarely becomes desperate. Husbands do not as a rule follow their wives about, nor wives their husbands, although if there are good grounds for suspicion a husband may beat his wife or a wife her husband. He often leaves her for days at a time even when he knows that there are enterprising men still in camp and no one to chaperon her. This attitude really saves the culture from becoming a nightmare. In a society in which everyone believes that everybody else is engaged in seducing his neighbor's wife, suspicion backed by intense jealousy would drive people to desperation. But when Waipó leaves his wife to go across the river to make manioc all she has to say to him is a laughing, "You're going over there where everyone is living in very close quarters," and with a rough caress he is gone. One evening when Chukembégn and I were coming from the manioc mill I said to him, "Now that you've left your wife alone she may sleep with someone else." "I don't care; let her," said he. There is something more than mere bravado in this statement. It expresses the typical determination not to see what is not forced on one.

582 Since hunting is the most vital occupation, it might be supposed that a good hunter would be the most desirable husband. It might be felt also that since the Kaingáng used to be perpetually at war with the Brazilians, with the Kangdjá, and with their vendetta enemies, they would place a high premium on ferocity, daring, bravery, enterprise, and intelligence and that these traits would influence a woman in the choice of a husband. Nevertheless a number of attitudes combined to render all these qualities almost completely inoperative.

224 654 Although hunting is the very basis of their economy the Kaingáng, curiously enough, do not recognize differences in hunting skill. If a man returns empty-handed from the hunt he and his wife may share their relatives' food without shame. In all the time I was among the Kaingáng I never heard an unsuccessful hunter spoken of with scorn nor saw one overcome with shame, and although she may scold him roundly, no wife ever leaves her husband for coming home without meat.

828 167 Just as they assume that all men are practically equals in hunting skill the Kaingáng assume that all men are brave. Special emphasis is laid on this trait, therefore, only in exceptional cases. This holds also for intelligence, for the Kaingáng have a strong tendency to think of wisdom

224 The sureness of the first throw, which never misses its mark, is a wonderful thing to behold. The animal is killed instantly and its flesh prepared.

Formerly, and even today, if no dogs were available, the Indians would look for a spoor and follow it cautiously, with unequaled skill, until they came silently upon the tapir in its lair and killed it with their arrows.

They call this animal oyõlema or niã-mbang.

They follow the same procedure when hunting deer, cambêma, which they surround or take by surprise. This is not an easy task, for it is well known that the deer is the fleetest and most alert game to be found in our forests.

Another important game animal is the wild pig, ũgma. The Indians value its flesh greatly, and are particularly enthusiastic about the fact that it can always be killed in such large numbers. Whenever they chance upon the spoor of wild pigs, they follow it carefully until they find and attack the animals. If the herd is large, the Indians often follow it for weeks on end, taking along their wives, children, and all their belongings. They attack the pigs whenever they can, and always kill as many as possible. [120]

Actually, nothing escapes their sure and deadly arrows and their excellent digestion. From the ferocious jaguar, mẽngma, to the graceful and dainty uru partridge, [Odontophorus genus--Translator] pupulẽma, nothing is spared.

[525] They have a special liking for the flesh of monkeys, conhãrema, and howlers, gũma. They believe that the meat of these animals is endowed with exceptional qualities, possibly on account of the legend related below.

● [534] The warriors keep count with great pride of the jaguars they kill, for this adds considerably to their standing in the tribe. Bravery demands that a jaguar be attacked when cornered upon the ground; this is the most dangerous situation for the hunter, who kills the animal with arrows or spear, depending on its position. Then the courageous hunter eats the heart of his victim, and shares the rest of its flesh with those who are present.

252 To roast meat they dig a large pit in the ground and line it with river stones, on which a fire is kept burning until the stones become red-hot. At this point the remnants of the fire are removed

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595 Angneló, the sister of Kangndádn. Kangndádn had married Thunder Storm's sister and the two men had become almost inseparable. Though they are dead their relationship is perpetuated today in the relationship of their sons. But it was only after Kangndádn had married Thunder Storm's sister that Thunder Storm married Angneló. It is not at all rare among the Kaingáng that when a man marries another man's sister, her brother [592] marries her husband's sister. The constant companionship of the two men, thrown together by the first marriage, brings this about in an informal way. Chukembégn, who deserted his wife Tendó and three children, was "led away" from her by his brother-in-law's sister, a young woman whom he saw day after day in his sister's house.

595 578 There is still another way in which polygyny may come about and that is if a wife calls another woman to "work with her." The husband, ostensibly, has no hand in the matter at all. The woman who does this gains a helper and companion, one who will nurse her children when she is away, who will accompany her on fruit-gathering expeditions, who will relieve her of the heavy loads of meat she has to transport and who will care for her when she is ill. At the same time, however, she assumes in herself an ability to share which experience may prove to be non-existent. But the Kaingáng tell me, the first wife may become so jealous of the second that her continual anger at last drives the second wife out, even after she has borne as many as two children. First wives never leave in such a situation. Thus it comes about that a second wife in a polygynous marriage shifts about a good deal. If she is heckled by the first wife she begins to look more seriously on her lovers, and when she slips out of one marriage she slips as easily into another.

Polygyny is not always an entirely pleasant experience for a man, for although it is good to have a second wife during the several months after [853] childbirth when intercourse with the mother is stopped, and two wives lighten each other's and their husband's burdens and bring in more food, a man must put up with their quarreling between themselves and the insults of either one who feels herself slighted.

581 556 Every marriage system is organized around some system of ideas no matter how unformulated they may be. Our own culture continually balances the ideal of love against the desire for property. The ideas that serve as the basis for the contraction of marriage carry within them the criteria by which all individuals are judged. We value people insofar as they are lovable or rich and powerful. Our ideas of what we consider a desirable sex companion are pretty clearly formulated and furnish the subject of many a conversation. But the Kaingáng are not educated to an ideal of love, and they have not formulated success in life in terms of wealth or prestige. Even raiding the Brazilians has given them little property, and

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the little they have they do not keep for themselves, but distribute among 581
their relatives. My greatest trouble with them was that they could never 556
understand "what you want with all that stuff" that I kept for trading, nor
with the wood I accumulated against the rainy season. And they have
carried the same attitudes into their marital relations.

Several wives are not a mark of prestige but the result of special events. 595
Love as the nucleus of sexual relations implies loyalty in our culture, for 581
loyalty is an essential part of love. Even where marriage lacks the essence 181
but preserves the ideal it may still have a certain amount of loyalty left in
it if other factors such as security and power make loyalty expedient, and
early education has conditioned spouses to be loyal when they do not love.
But the Kaingáng have never been educated to sexual loyalty, their *ethos* is
not built on the twin columns of wealth and power, and no one starves
among them as long as there is an ungnawed piece of tapir hide or a pine
nut in camp. So in their informal, almost casual marriages they are not
loyal to one another in the special sexual way in which we think of mar-
riage loyalty—as an exclusive sex interest in one person. And because they
are not fixated in their sexual interests and because there are no social
forms and few economic considerations to stabilize marriage, it is extremely
brittle until several children are born. Even then the stability that marriage
achieves does not fix sexual interest.

The Kaingáng are a people with no sense of social form. As an artist 181
with a fine feeling for form will communicate that sensitivity, that sense 595
and realization of an "inner harmony," as one artist put it to me, to every-
thing he does, a people with a feeling for or an interest in social form will
do most of the things that are important to them in a highly stylized way.[18]
If they are particularly interested in following lines of kinship or some
other rules of organization almost everything will be done in accordance
with their feelings of fitness as determined by these rules, and not a hunt-
ing party or a husking bee will be undertaken without its having been
planned along the lines of this organization. If their interest runs to danc-
ing and ceremonious display instead, they will manage to bring in dancing
and ceremony on every occasion. But the Kaingáng have no interest in
social forms of any kind. They have no pattern that will exclude one kind
of relationship while permitting another. So their sexual relations show the
same formlessness, excluding only parents and blood siblings and admitting
every kind of marriage known to anthropology. The Kaingáng are not
only monogamous and polygynous; but they were polyandrous too and
they also established what I shall call "joint marriages" in which several
men lived together with several women in mutual cohabitation. These last
two types will be discussed in the following chapter.

[18] This refers, of course, to societies which are more highly personalized.

[p. 34 is blank]

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although he was willing to help Chukembégn, he felt quite differently about helping Chukembégn's brother, Kapíli. Kapíli had for a long time felt himself deserted by his wife's brother Waipó, and news of his anger had somehow reached Yuvén. But Waipó was Yuvén's co-husband, and Yuvén was angry, particularly because Waipó had died. "Yuvén came with many jacutingas. Wainlúin [his wife, the sister of Chukembégn and Kapíli] gave some to her brother Kapíli, but Yuvén ignored him. Kanyahé [Waipó's brother] did not speak to Kapíli." The situation between Kapíli and Waipó could be interpreted either as desertion on the part of Waipó or as desertion on the part of Kapíli. The close relatives of Waipó interpreted it, of course, in the latter way. This is the constant condition within the extended families: the streams of resentment are manifold, and the drying up of one does not mean the establishment of accord.

Property

In Kaingáng society there was only one reason for a man's accumulating property—in order to give it away to his affinal relatives when his little boy's lower lip was pierced for the insertion of the lip plug or when his little girl's thigh was pricked to make her "able to walk." In preparation for this festa of "blackening the children"[7] a number of men raided the Brazilians, stole their property, and came back and made beer for their affinal relatives. The people particularly singled out for recognition on this occasion were the child's *kôkla* and *mbẽ*, the male and female affinal relatives who buried the child's umbilical cord in the water and who on this day pierced its lip or thigh and symbolically "made" the child, thereby completing the process through which they become the child's ceremonial father and mother.[8] This was the child's ceremonial induction into the long series of activities through which in later life his bond with his father's relatives by marriage was maintained, with the vicissitudes to which all relationships were subjected in Kaingáng society. But it is not only the *kôkla*, the ceremonial father, and the *mbẽ*, the ceremonial mother, who received gifts on this day, but also other affinal relatives of the father, no matter whether he had come by them through his wife or through his sisters or cousins.

Accumulation of property is incomprehensible to the Kaingáng. Property is for use in the struggle for existence. It is not a means to prestige or power. Like most of the abstract values that our civilization has exploited, the concept of power over people is little developed among the Kaingáng. What property they gather above the immediate needs of existence is distributed throughout life to their close relatives. In days long ago, before the

[7] So called from the practice of smearing the children with charcoal. See Appendix III.
[8] See Appendix III.

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in which the emphasis on obligations to relatives by marriage is followed through. Formerly if the dead man left any little children who had not yet had their lips pierced or their thighs pricked, a close relative, usually a brother, gathered the dead man's possessions together, prepared beer for the child's "blackening," and distributed the goods to the in-laws of the dead man. Perhaps the surviving relative also had children to blacken, and so on such an occasion his own property would also be distributed to his own in-laws.

Once property had been stolen from the Brazilians it flowed by gradual stages from the hands of the warrior into those of his relatives, and on his death it was either distributed to his in-laws or inherited by his wife and children. Societies like those of the Plains Indians of North America had made the distribution of property a device for the attainment of prestige, but when a Kaingáng gave away his booty he was doing simply what was expected of him as a relative. In many societies power tends to concentrate where property accumulates, but although the Kaingáng respect power they cannot tolerate any kind of intensification of it; for such intensification is felt by them to be disruptive. Through their insistence on the primary importance of the other person and their failure to reward achievement, the Kaingáng have suppressed processes that encourage the concentration of power in the hands of outstanding individuals.

The Meaning of the Feuds

One of the sources of aggression was the accumulation of resentments growing out of adultery and rejections by "deserting" relatives. Feuds and raids on the Brazilians provided substitute outlets for these resentments, and at the same time, by projecting the aggressions outside, operated to protect each extended family from internal disruption. A factor powerful in the perpetuation of the feuds is the Kaingáng feeling that once a force has been started it can never be stayed. Paralleling this on the human side is the belief that once a person has committed murder he will keep on.[34] With such a view of the natural world all that is necessary is that murder be committed once in order that there shall be perpetual distrust of the murderer. Given this attitude, the distinction in emotional ties within and between the extended families, and the peculiar social outlook of the Kaingáng, it is easy to see why things should have taken the turn they did: since murderousness is the attribute not only of individuals but also of groups, the groups suspect—and slay—one another forever.

[34] A parallel to this is not hard to find in our own society, for we believe that "a leopard cannot change its spots," and "once a criminal always a criminal." One of the fundamental bases of the theory of capital punishment is that a murderer must be got out of the way because he is likely to commit another murder under similar circumstances.

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to his wife, kicking Klendó in the ear and overturning Amendó's pot in his semi-somnambulism. All of this makes ethnology terribly difficult, for it is hard to be sure that the dark mass you had decided was Yakwá an hour ago isn't Vomblé or just the shadow of the house post now. 513

Kaingáng camp sites are any shape at all. Level ground is rare and what there is is so irregular that the Indians have to distribute themselves about it in the most economical way possible. But they will never sleep on any kind of slope, and if a particular patch of level ground is just a little too small for a family they may build it up by throwing some dirt on a foundation of leaves. When a woman sits down, lays her firebrand on the ground, piles wood on it, and begins to nurse her baby, it is pretty certain that camp will be made right there. No woman sits down without deliberation, for where she sits she stays, and where she stays she and her husband will sleep. Nothing can dislodge her, and no one will dare to suggest that she move over. It is a matter of complete indifference to her that the spot she has picked out may be such that a large family will have to break up in order to conform to her choice. 361 562

After she has nursed her baby, eaten a few nuts, and perhaps put the pot on to boil she gets up and cleans the ground, pushing the surface litter back for a pillow, chopping out the protruding roots, scraping and leveling until it is "clean." Then off she goes for ferns to cover the site, sometimes walking half a mile to get the exact kind she wants. When this is all done the camp looks inviting, but next day, after fifty bare feet have walked, run, fought, or toddled over it and the soup has been spilled, it is untidy and dirty. By the end of a week, if they should stay so long, dirt has piled up around the camp—nut shells, pieces of animal hides, fruit skins, bones, palm-shoot shells, wasp's nests from which the larvae have been taken and eaten, basket splints, and human and animal offal—and the place has a repellent odor. 364

The Kaingáng are awake an hour before dawn. The young men lie huddled together under their blankets, sometimes five or six of them in a row, chattering and laughing, while the married men shout across from their beds with their wives and someone perhaps lies singing quietly to himself. At last a fire is stirred and a woman or a child goes for water. By dawn the pots are on the fire, and the campers are beginning to shake the stiffness out of their bodies. Perhaps some young woman still lies lazily nursing her child while her young husband sits on her feet to keep them warm. Men begin to take down their bows and bend them against their legs, and arms like wrestlers' swell and bend as the bows are drawn. A famished dog yelps as its owner beats it for stealing food; a woman growls at her child in mild, helpless anger as it defecates in camp. The men circulate around while the women sit quietly nursing their children or eating. 512

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from adults it is hard to see why they should bother with one another.[1] They are at the beck and call of anyone who wants a warm little body to caress. As Monyá, age two, wobbles by on fat uncertain legs Kanyahé calls to him. He slowly overcomes the momentum of his walk, turns about, smiles and wobbles obediently over to Kanyahé. Children lie like cats absorbing the delicious stroking of adults. The little children receive an enormous amount of adult attention and one never sees them caress one another or lie down together. It is impossible to keep track of children around the campfire. By choice and from necessity they literally sleep all over the place. They like to cuddle next to an uncle, aunt or step-mother. In the winter when there may be only one blanket to shelter a family, the little ones are driven to crawling under the cover of someone else who welcomes the additional warmth of the little bundle. This wandering around often culminates in the sexual experience to which the grown-ups are eager to introduce the child, and he is generally enjoyed first by a person much older than he. Some married men have nicknames that bear a humorous reference to their experience in trying to deflower young girls. Yakwá was called, "You pierced your mother" because he had deflowered a young girl who had the same name as his mother. Kovi received a nickname because his first cousin clawed his penis when he tried to deflower her. The growing child's sexual experience is primarily humorous, often illicit, administered by adults, and apt to be violent in the case of girls.

When the children grow up to be young men and women a strange dichotomy of behavior is noticeable, which is all the more striking because the Kaingáng lay no emphasis on such differences. Kaingáng young men love to sleep together. At night they call to one another, "Come and lie down here with me, with *me!*" Then there is a shifting and squirming so that Nggugn or Waipó or Kanyahé can lie down where he is bidden. In camp one sees young men caressing. Married and unmarried young men lie cheek by jowl, arms around one another, legs slung across bodies, for all the world like lovers in our own society. Sometimes they lie caressing that way in little knots of three or four. Women never do these things. I have never seen any signs of complete homosexual relations among the men or women. I have sat night after night talking to knots of young men, and I have seen them caressing one another in an absolutely open fashion in the broad light of day. But I never saw them make an overt sexual gesture. In other cultures and even in our own one may see young men continually

[1] This whole situation contrasts strikingly with what I observed among the Pilagá Indians (MSS in preparation). There the children receive slight attention from the adults. Sexual intercourse begins at about 5 years and most of the sexual play of the children is perfectly open. Everyone talks and jokes about the sexual affairs of the children.

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reaching for each other's genitals, but the Kaingáng, although they stand around holding their own penises, do not hold other men's.

In the whole mass of Kaingáng folklore there is one hundred-word story of a homosexual relationship between two men and another that tells of a male supernatural that was killed by a man because it sodomized him by trickery. I never heard a remark that alluded in any way to homosexuality. The men like to congregate together, and when the women are in camp they leave them and sit around in groups, weaving baskets or just talking. Sometimes a woman may join them because her husband is there, but even when the men are away the women rarely come together as the men do. They just visit. Like the indiscriminate playing of the children, these caressings, sleeping parties, and gossipings do not follow relationship lines. Whatever may be the specific obligations of cousins or brothers-in-law, they are completely lost sight of in these ephemeral, wholly casual masculine contacts. The basis for man's loyalty to man has roots in the many warm bodily contacts between them. The violent, annihilating conflicts among men in Kaingáng society were all among those who had never shared the languid exchange of caresses on a hot afternoon under the green arched shelter of a house nor lain together night after night under a blanket against the cold. The very transient, unfixated nature of these contacts leaves no grounds for jealousy. The relationships built on these hours of lying together with anyone at all bear fruit in the softening of conflicts that are so characteristic of the Kaingáng. Indeed, there is a patterned friendship between men that has woven this contact into its very warp and woof, and that is the friendship of hunting companions. Men who have hunted together day after day, raided the Brazilians together, slept together beside the same fire, under the same blanket, wrapped in each other's arms, hold this relationship above their kinship with their brothers. The consequences for the general integration of Kaingáng society are immeasurable.

The elaborate laws of sexual avoidance that chart the behavior of men and women in many primitive societies, dividing the entire community into the touchables and the untouchables, are undreamt of among the Kaingáng. Little boys and girls play together in rough and tumble. Brothers and sisters, brothers- and sisters-in-law and cousins, sleep next to one another, cross legs, or embrace one another. The corollaries to this are the marriages and love affairs among almost all classes of relatives. Only marriages between parents and children and between full brothers and sisters are avoided. Marriages between half brothers and sisters are rare.

A complete lack of emphasis on temperamental differences between the sexes permits to boys and girls, men and women, the same jocular and often violent sexual aggressiveness. The term for intercourse may have

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either a masculine or a feminine object. The vulgar English terms can take only feminine objects, and thus reveal in the very grammatical form of our vulgarisms the feeling that the male is the active and aggressive partner. But among the Kaingáng if Chukembégn picks up his hundred and fifty pound wife by the ears and thumps her down with tears of pain starting from her eyes, she may get up immediately and pound him as the tears trickle down her laughing face, and he roars with delight. Sexual approaches range all the way from the unobtrusive contact of bare legs beside the evening fires to open, ribald, and aggressive onslaughts by both men and women.

Although I never put it to the test, I have a strong feeling that the widowed Kundídn, like many of her sex, was stronger than I. Her amorous pinches, punches, and pushes were a trial to me. Kundídn's aggressiveness stopped only at direct snatches at the sexual organs.

Anggló, who was having a passionate affair with Kanyahé, was not averse to pressing another suit on the side. While she did not square off in the boxerlike manner of Kundídn, she was aggressive enough in her own mild way. She did not pinch so hard nor call so loud, but if there were no one around, her quiet "I should like to talk to you and see the inside of your house" would set me thinking how I could best avoid her without hurting her feelings. But I might have spared myself worry on that score, for in this society, which lays no stress on man's aggressiveness as against woman's passivity, a woman who makes advances feels no vindictive anger at a repulse. In our society a woman who temporarily steps out of her culturally decreed role of the attacked to become the attacker feels shame that quickly becomes resentment against the desired object if she is rebuffed. The shame that she feels at reversing her part in the drama of the sexes is forgotten if she obtains her desire and turns to anger if she does not. But the Kaingáng women are able to make the same jocular approaches day after day without a change of attitude.

When a husband goes away his wife becomes fair game for anyone who is interested, and she is generally willing prey for the enterprising hunter. I must often have served all unwittingly as a chaperon to some man's wife while he was away hunting, but although my naive presence may have seriously handicaped the pair I was left to chaperon, it did not always inhibit them entirely. One day while Chukembégn, his wife Chantágn, Kanggúin, and I were on a hillside feasting on wasp's larvae, the bark of the dogs in pursuit of a tapir came faintly from the distance. Chukembégn seized his gun and was away in a flash, leaving his wife, Kanggúin, and me alone. When he had gone Kanggúin began to boast of his love affairs and to remark how curious it was that he never married. On the way back to camp he kept singing all the way, stopping every once in a while to say:

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628 "they found out" is his remark, "He [Kovĺ] killed Nduichá and they had not avenged him; so they killed Kovĺ"! They wanted to avenge Nduichá, and "they found out" that Kovĺ wanted to kill them. Thus where murder is planned, murder is suspected, and whoever wants to kill his neighbor fears that his neighbor wants to kill him too. When Yakwá says to me, "My cousin wants to kill me," I know that he wants to kill his cousin, who slaughtered his pigs for rooting up his corn; and when he says, "Eduardo [the Agent] is angry with me," I realize that he is angry with the Agent for not having given him a shirt. Yakwá's state of mind is a pale reflection of the Kaingáng habit of projecting their own hate and fear into the minds of those whom they themselves hate and fear. Yet one cannot always be sure that it is just a projection, for in these feuds currents of danger may radiate from any number of points of conflict, and there is often good and sufficient cause for any fear. If Kumbló and Kovĺ feared each other there were grounds for it in Kumbló's association with the dead and wounded men.

With Kovĺ dead, Patklé was in a position analogous to Kumbló's: he had married Kumbló's sister, and one of his own sisters had married Kovĺ. Besides this, Patklé himself had been wounded. When he met Kovĺ's murderers again he was in a quandary, for although they had killed his brother-in-law they were also his brothers-in-law. But if Patklé was confused, Kovĺ's brother Wainló saw his duty clearly; and he said to Patklé: "Call Kuvén and live with him. I am going away. A long time from now I shall return and kill him."

Now Kuvén had intrigued with Patklé's wife, but Patklé had never tried to put a stop to it. Better to have him intriguing with his wife than wandering around in the forest unwatched. So when Kuvén went away one day Patklé sent his wife after him, saying: "Follow your *mbidn* and then come back to me. He wants to kill me, and probably that is why he is going away." So she went after Kuvén and brought him back.

628 This is the darker picture of woman's role in Kaingáng culture, for if she 562 is the nucleus of compact cells of economic security she is also bait for the murderer's trap. The role of the women in the feuds is generally passive. They follow their men wherever they go unless they are captured, and even then they sometimes manage to escape; only rarely do they use their better judgment to prevent murder, or intervene to save their mother's lover. Actively and aggressively sexual though they are and holding, by virtue of this, really a key position in Kaingáng life, they seem nevertheless to have been generally content not to take anything like a vital part in the determination of action. Perhaps these women feared lest were they to intervene to halt a murder, their husbands should turn against them, knowing all too well that the men they sought to protect were their partners in adultery.

852 enormous fire is built in the middle of the circle, and the warriors begin their chanting very early in the morning. At dawn they adorn themselves with all their warrior's badges and perform certain movements in unison around the fire.

[535] Then the women make their entrance, with rattles in both hands; singing, they begin to dance with the warriors. This dance consists of a rhythmic stepping to the regular muffled beat of spears upon the ground and the rattling of gourds.

852 After several hours of continuous dancing, and only then, the
273 troughs are opened and the drinking begins.

The men drink immoderately, as do the women, and the children to be baptized are forced to take some of the liquid. They are revolted by it and refuse to drink it, but the warriors force them to swallow until the children are completely dazed.

When nearly senseless, they are shaken in every conceivable manner by their fathers and relatives to stun them even more. This is done brutally, the children being held by the legs and flung through the air from one man to another until they become totally insensible.

304 The Indians finally proceed to perforate the lips of the
852 neophytes. This is done with a special awl made of very hard wood and hardened further by means of fire.

As soon as the performation is made, a small labret [Portuguese botoque, hence Botocudo, "labretted."--Translator] ngrõkozũdma, is inserted through it; as the child grows, this is gradually exchanged for a thicker one in order to enlarge the hole.

●[563] Female children are not endowed with lip plugs, but with two incisions made with the same instrument just below the kneecap.

Once these operations have been performed, the warriors resume drinking even more immoderately and go back to their dancing. Later, various games are played.

All the various groups of the Botocudo tribe get together for these important celebrations, which can only be carried out in the presence of all the warriors and never separately.

526 The groups break up along lines of kinship and interests to match their strength and skill in various games.

Ngrẽda is one of their most interesting games. It consists in catching or parrying a round stone enclosed in a bag of finely woven embira fiber.

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from adults it is hard to see why they should bother with one another.[1] They are at the beck and call of anyone who wants a warm little body to caress. As Monyá, age two, wobbles by on fat uncertain legs Kanyahé calls to him. He slowly overcomes the momentum of his walk, turns about, smiles and wobbles obediently over to Kanyahé. Children lie like cats absorbing the delicious stroking of adults. The little children receive an enormous amount of adult attention and one never sees them caress one another or lie down together. It is impossible to keep track of children around the campfire. By choice and from necessity they literally sleep all over the place. They like to cuddle next to an uncle, aunt or step-mother. In the winter when there may be only one blanket to shelter a family, the little ones are driven to crawling under the cover of someone else who welcomes the additional warmth of the little bundle. This wandering around often culminates in the sexual experience to which the grown-ups are eager to introduce the child, and he is generally enjoyed first by a person much older than he. Some married men have nicknames that bear a humorous reference to their experience in trying to deflower young girls. Yakwá was called, "You pierced your mother" because he had deflowered a young girl who had the same name as his mother. Kovi received a nickname because his first cousin clawed his penis when he tried to deflower her. The growing child's sexual experience is primarily humorous, often illicit, administered by adults, and apt to be violent in the case of girls.

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837 36 584 Through her marriage Kuvé's family gained Vomblé as an ally in the quest for food. Even before marriage a girl's sexual interests are beneficial [43] to her family, for her lovers come with presents of food, and they are welcome at her parents' fireside. The food a lover brings is not payment for favors he has received but a gift in expectation of favors still to come. Even after her marriage a woman's amorous intrigues are of considerable advantage to those around her—even to her own husband, for every time she attracts a man she has added a hunter to the band. Wherever his mistress is, there the lover stays, and unless her husband gets wind of the affair and flies into a rage the lover may very likely follow the camp almost indefinitely. His presence is welcome, of course, for another gun or bow and another knife and axe mean so much more meat and honey. Thus even adultery plays a constructive role in Kaingáng society, for it keeps within the band men who might otherwise go elsewhere in search of satisfaction, and it often culminated in polyandrous marriage, which has been one of the strongest integrating forces in Kaingáng society.

595 582 The story is told of Kuvén who was the lover of both Kanggá and her mother. Now as Kanggá's father grew old and it became difficult for him to get meat, he felt more and more the necessity of having someone to help him hunt for his large family. As long as Kuvén remained he could depend on him, but when it seemed that the young man was becoming interested in Yemái, a woman who was no relative of his and whom, therefore, Kuvén might follow far away to her relatives, Kanggá's father said to his wife and daughter: "Call Kuvén; if he marries Yemái he will leave me and go away. Let him get food for your children when I die. If he marries another woman he will throw your children away." So Kanggá's mother called Kuvén and said to her daughter: "Marry him. I am going to live with you and him." So Kuvén married both mother and daughter, and when Kanggá's father died Kuvén took care of the latter's children.

621 671 [61] The Kaingáng have no system of clans or moieties[1] to impose social obligations on them. Their kinship system is not the crystallization of inescapable obligations that is found in many other primitive societies but principally a device for grouping people in large age classes. Their mode of life also made the maintenance of complex systems of obligations and loyalties extremely difficult, for they wandered from place to place in little groups of two to twenty adults. Even the biological family had little permanence as a cooperating unit, for children wandered away from their parents when [594] they grew up and brothers separated to go with their in-laws or to travel with childhood playmates and hunting companions in search of adventure. Under the influence of the conflicting obligations of blood and marriage the composition of the small group of adults was forever changing. The dependence of the men on one another, and even their fundamental reali-

[1] See Appendix II, p. 175.

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zation of this dependence, is not enough to stabilize any relationship among them even today, for there are any number of men with whom an individual may join forces, and if he hunts with his father today he may go away with his wife's father tomorrow and with his sister's husband the day after. Nothing compels him to fix his allegiance.

Nevertheless the Kaingáng had achieved a certain degree of social cohesion, and one of the ways in which they managed it was by building permanent cooperating units around their sex interests. It is in this way that social integration, although explicitly expressed in terms of the economically important men, often actually revolved about the women. As in the case of Kanggá and her mother, the women often became the nuclei of polyandrous and also of joint marriages, which often changed their male composition frequently. Thus by her mere existence the woman held together a complex household, which disintegrated when she died. A general lack of formal rules for marriage permitted the easy building up of large *ménages* by gradual additions of men and women. A household might begin with either a monogamous or a polygynous marriage; as time passed another man might be added to the household and become the co-husband; perhaps another wife was added and then another man. Through the years the family would expand and contract or simply change as the wives or husbands died or were killed off in feuds or the raids of the bugreiros.

The Indians told me of the marriages of Wanyekí.[2] Together with his wife Tendó, his sister and his hunting companion Chu, he wandered about, far away from other members of the tribe. This was nothing unusual for the Kaingáng, who sometimes did not see one another for years. When Chu's wife died Wanyekí's wife cooked and made a sleeping-place for him, simply, as the Kaingáng put it, "because he had no wife," and he became her co-husband. So Chu was saved for Wanyekí and his little isolated band and did not wander away in search of another wife. But as time passed Tendó, the wife, died, and Wanyekí and Chu were left alone. Until his nieces, his sister's daughters, grew to adolescence, Wanyekí had no wife. Then one day his sister said to him: "Wanyekí, live with them. There are no other women. They are in the same position as you—there are no men. So go around with them. There is no one else for you to marry. So marry them." Chu had died in the meanwhile, so Wanyekí, who already had had two wives married these three girls, who were much younger than he. This kind of relationship is not difficult for a Kaingáng girl, for far from wishing to retain her hold on the recreations of her childhood she looks forward to the sexual experiences that she has been urged to seek ever since she was a baby in arms.

Wanyekí lived alone with his three wives, his sister's daughters, until

[2] See footnote p. 30.

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Their rigorous environment and lack of a close social structure that would automatically provide the aging hunter with helpers or the widow who has children with a husband make the problem of food supply terribly pressing for these people. It was for this reason that Ketédn made my next-door neighbor, Kuthúgn, a member of his household when the latter was still a boy. "When I am dead," said Ketédn, "you will take care of my wife and children." Events showed that Ketédn had acted with foresight—perhaps because of his supernatural power—for he was killed by the Brazilians, and now Kuthúgn was living next door to me with Ketédn's wife who was so much older than he.

A widow who is no longer young has a hard time of it with her small children. Dependent on relatives, she wanders from household to household. At night she sleeps alone with her little child. There is no one to take care of her. Her brother or cousin or brother-in-law give her food when they have it. They share what they have as a matter of course, but when there is little food their children come first and the widow may get only short rations. Kundídn is such a widow. One day she eats at her cousin's house, the next at her brother's, the next at the house of another cousin. When she is sick her cousin Anggló sometimes comes to sit beside her, but if Anggló is away at some secret rendezvous with her lover, or off hunting with her brother, Kundídn often lies alone and miserable. None of the young men would marry a woman of forty with a goiter. But when she is well Kundídn is vigorous and aggressive. She works longer days in the fields than the younger women, she goes out frequently to look for honey, she is an aggressive and determined suitor and she had almost chopped off Véye's leg when the latter deliberately drowned her brother. Whenever I had to pass her house I made a wide circle because I knew that Kundídn would attempt to seduce me in her violent and jocular manner if she caught sight of me. At last she offered me her wild, thin little daughter, Tombá, aged about eleven. "Take her and bring her up," she said. "When she is grown, marry her, and she will keep house for you."

These forms of marriage and the custom of occasional adoption with an eye to the consummation of a future sex relationship are only crystallizations from an almost amorphous social life. Nevertheless, however imperfectly defined, informal, and even casual their sexual arrangements may be, the Kaingáng have made them the center of some kind of relationship that has a permanent value for this society. The casual relationships among young people in our own society that are the outgrowth of passion often serve no other function than to satisfy an overwhelming desire for sexual experience and companionship. Once the couple has drifted apart they have no claims on each other. They are strangers and can never depend on one another for anything. But among the Kaingáng, who literally have

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their backs to the wall of existence, who have been hunted by the Brazilians and their enemies, the Kangdjá for two hundred years or more, and who have been torn asunder by bloody vendettas, ties created by passion are never really broken. A boy's sweetheart is *plų* and a girl's is *mbádn*. These are terms that they never fully relinquish, and the sense of status implied by these expressions is never quite lost. Although the terms as they are used between sweethearts have not the same significance as between husband and wife, they do indicate that there is an attachment which cannot be entirely broken and which may even be recognized by a woman's children after she has at last married someone else. When Nenggachá[9] was about to be killed by Kenggó, Anggló, the latter's wife dashed between her husband and his victim and grasped the lance that would have killed Nenggachá. He was her mother's lover, the Kaingáng say, and therefore she protected him from her husband.

The feeling that once a man and a woman have been lovers there has been established a relationship which, however tenuous its bonds and obligations may be, never fully loses its significance, is expressed in the Kaingáng use of terms of relationship. In line with their almost complete lack of feeling for social structure, the Kaingáng entertain contradictory ideas about their relationship terms. They have theories about these terms which they never put into practice in anything like a consistent way. Yet some of these unpracticed theories demonstrate a feeling about relationships that has an actual though subtle significance. The Kaingáng feel that the term *yágn* which means "father," but in a broader sense, "any man much older than I," denotes also a paternal relationship. The fact that they use it for men who have been their mothers' lovers is important once we have come to understand the attitude of the Kaingáng toward their love affairs. The man who has been their mother's lover is in some way associated with their father, and they owe him a certain allegiance that will become active in situations of conflict.

The Kaingáng are such enterprising lovers that one would imagine that a woman would call many of the men around her *mbádn* and that a man would refer to most of the women as *plų*. And this is true within certain limits. In making a detailed analysis for the ethnologist an informant carefully distinguishes between the women with whom he has had an affair and those with whom he has not. The number of the latter in a man's own age-group is small and might be even smaller if he were more careful to include not only those women with whom he has been on constantly friendly terms but also those with whom he has had little contact in the last few years. In generalized thinking, however, a woman speaks of all the men of her group[10] as *mbádn* and a man calls all the women *plų*. Thus the

[9] See p. 118. All these people are dead now.

[10] Her own extended family. See p. 50 for exact definition of this term.

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terms *eklá*, "my offspring," and *éng yi*, "my child," which every man or woman applies to individuals who are very much younger than he, come to have a significance that is intimately related to the entire sexual life of the Kaingáng. A mature man who has lead the normal philandering life of the average Kaingáng suspects that not a few of the children who have other putative fathers are really his. At any rate, since he had intercourse with their mothers he bears to them such relationship as springs from all such contacts. Just as their mothers are forever his *plų* these children are his *klą*. The fact that whole groups[21] of a hundred or more people are referred to as the *klą* of so-and-so, a very old man, reflects not only the adult Kaingáng practice of calling all very young people *klą* but also the deep-rooted feeling of having an actual role in their procreation.

"Klendó's daughter, Pathó, is my child," said Vomblé. "How do you know," said I, "since Klendó also lay with her mother?" "Well, when two men lie with a woman they just call her child their child." But not only do men feel that their mistress's children are their children, but people whose mothers have had intercourse with the same man, whether as lover or husband, regard one another as siblings. The result of this socio-sexual outlook is to draw ever more closely together this small, closely inbred group of people. To the clearly defined and explicitly expressed ties of blood, which already connect them intimately, are added the subtler ties of sex, which, however unimportant they may seem at the moment, nevertheless endure in some measure and are capable of playing their part in life's crises. When Véye was sick with the grippe it was not his wife or his wife's sister's husband or some other relative who came to me to get medicine and food for him, but Kulá, his lover, a strong, aggressive woman a good fifteen years older than he and the wife of my best informant. When he at last died she mourned the longest—even longer than his wife.

The Kaingáng present, therefore, the picture of a society whose very structurelessness permitted the building of stable cooperating units around sex interests. Intrigues that frequently might have been the cause of trouble were often stabilized into lasting polyandrous and joint households, and even when they were not, they nevertheless established ties that were never completely dissolved. But although polyandrous and joint marriages were most valuable to their principals, most Kaingáng men and women are possessive enough to want to keep their spouses to themselves, with the result that 60 percent of the marriages are monogamous.[22] Usually when a man marries he looks forward to gaining as allies in the struggle for food

[21] These are the extended families. See p. 50.

[22] An analysis of 308 marriages taken from genealogies that represent about 100 years of Kaingáng history past and present, yields the following percentages: 60 percent monogamous, 18 percent polygynous, 14 percent polyandrous and 8 percent joint.

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571 at least some of his wife's brothers or male cousins. In a group of a few hundred individuals that has had little contact with the outside world for hundreds of years, however, everyone must be related to everyone else in a variety of ways, and no one has any choice but to marry among the people he sees every day and who are his first or second cousins. The moment he marries, a Kaingáng is supposed to shift his attention from various loyalties *which he has developed around the bonds* of common residence or descent to a specialized loyalty to some of his wife's kin. But Kaingáng society is so closely inbred that this shift often cannot really mean very much. One of my informants had married his mother's half-sister, with the result that he came to view all of his mother's brothers as his in-laws and owed them his special allegiance. This did not involve any particular adjustment for him, for he had always wandered around with them anyway. It would be utterly impossible for anyone in such a society to keep tab on all his theoretical loyalties. The Kaingáng have set up for themselves an ideal pattern of affinal relations through which not even the most intellectual Kaingáng can possibly pick his way to clarity.

Far from being embarrassed by this system which says that a man must be solicitous of every one of his wife's relatives down to her second cousins, who may be legion, the Kaingáng go through life supremely indifferent to it. When the ethnologist comes along with his passion for clarity he discovers that Klendó has completely ignored the relatives of his second wife, while Vomblé never hunted for his wives' sisters and brothers at all but devoted himself completely to the husbands of his sisters and cousins. Every once in a while the body of impracticable theory is invoked to excuse a murder that had been years in the planning, or to rail at an affinal relative from whom less has been received than was expected, but on the whole the Kaingáng are quite willing to allow one another to choose what in-laws they shall associate with. Then these become a man's only affinal relatives, and he is unable to see that anyone else is, no matter how much the ethnologist, with his theoretical interest in social structure, may insist that the logic of the theory has been violated. With indignation in his voice my best informant denied that his wife's brothers and sisters were his in-laws. What, call those people in-laws, who never gave him anything? He should say not. At first they were too young to give him anything, and even now that they were grown up they ignored him.

Whoever lived alone with his wife or wives, that is to say more than three-quarters of the adult males, was really without any man on whom he could absolutely depend to keep him from starvation at all times. His own chosen in-laws with whom he went around day after day might leave him at any moment because they felt that they ought to give some attention to some other of their in-laws for whom they had shot nothing in a long time

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or who had invited them to go on a marauding expedition against the Brazilians. His own brothers had similar obligations. The entire adult male population was torn by half a dozen crosscurrents of loyalties that pulled them from one end of the forest to the other. From year to year, throughout their lives, the Kaingáng wandered about, looking for one another, until a man's life became a record of partings, searchings, and encounters. Through all this parents were separated from children, brothers were parted, relatives by marriage drifted apart for years, only to join forces again and continue a severed relationship. Husbands were even parted from their wives, and only matured co-husbands were inseparable.

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V

Disruptive Forces in Kaingáng Society

182 571 THE VERY FORMLESSNESS OF KAINGÁNG society makes us wonder what gave it coherence. There were no territorial boundaries to limit the range of the hunter, there was no chief or government to impose its will on the people, there were no binding marriage forms and incest restrictions were minimal. Marriage was brittle, and even the polyandrous and joint households, by far the most stable units in the society, included only 20 percent of the married population. Men were torn between the ties of blood and the ties of marriage; they spent their years fluctuating between groups of both kinds and haunted by a sense of insecurity.

619 182 571 578 The mechanism of kinship did not enforce cooperation among specific individuals, and there was no large unit of specific outline that might accomplish coordination of effort in some other way. The cooperation among in-laws might be broken almost without reproach, and the ties that bound children to their parents or to one another yielded to the strain of affinal relationships or to stronger bonds that grew up between men and their hunting companions. Yet, with all this, Kaingáng society could have held together, however haphazardly its bonds are slung, for the Kaingáng have a strong sense of being one people against other people. After all, they are all related to one another by blood, and they are all "*our* people" or "*our* living things" to one another, as opposed to all other "living things" that have no possessive pronoun to bring them within the group. They felt the need for renewing ever and again their informal contacts, and whoever let the years pass as he lived in isolation wandering thoughtlessly in a distant part of the forest risked a quarrel when he met again the people he had neglected. The very lack of fixity of relationships and the multitude of ways of forming them left the Kaingáng with no device for controlling a

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conflict. Once a feud arose there was nothing, neither dominating ties of blood nor the voice of chieftainship or government, to stop or limit it. Where the demands of kin by marriage conflicted with the claims of blood and where the call of a hunting companion whose bed one had shared clamored above the voices of blood and affinity the individual was pulled in a dozen directions, by a dozen magnets. Feuds spread, cleaving the society asunder like a deadly axe, blighting its life like the plague. Thus it came about that the very forces of integration carried the seeds of disruption within them. A man's link with his wife's people pulled him from his siblings; his bond with his sister's husband tore him from his wife's people; and his relationships with his hunting companions drew him from all.

The Kaingáng are divided into extended families ranging in numbers from 50 to 300 individuals. These families are made up of the descendants of two or more men who have intermarried and whose children have intermarried. Thus each family is closely inbred, and almost every member can trace his genealogy[1] to one of the two or more male ancestors. These ancestral males are real personalities, and the data on them is usually rather full, but there is always a point beyond which memory cannot go, and it is impossible to learn anything about any of their parents or siblings. Marriages with other extended families occurred, but marriages within the families far outnumber marriages between the families. This endogamy was brought about not by a specific taboo on marrying outside but by the hostility between the families which made them distrust one another and which kept them apart. When members of different families did marry it almost always caused a split in the ranks of one or both of the intermarrying groups. In such a case brother might be aligned against brother to the death. Those who shifted from one family to another either through marriage or through having been captured as youngsters were looked on as blood relatives of their new associates and hence as enemies to their former friends and were given no quarter in case of attack by members of the family to which they once belonged.

The Kaingáng call members of their own extended family "my own people," and the warm personal relationships that have been described in the preceding chapters exist only among one's "own people." For hundreds of years there have been several Kaingáng extended families and they have lived in a state of perpetual feud with one another. Whole lineages have been destroyed, and others, overcome by panic, have wandered away into the endless forests, never to be heard of again. Sometimes two extended families have come together and have been able to live in peace, but gen-

[1] The Kaingáng are minutely interested in their own genealogies, and they know who their father's father's father's son's wife's sister's daughter's husband is down to the last detail of all his names, what he died of, and how many children he had.

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erally whoever went contrary to the behavior of the rest of his "own people" and threw in his lot with "another group of people" was lost, for he had joined forces with those whose hate and fear were directed against the ones with whom he had ties. He became a wanderer divorced from his own blood, sleepless at night for fear that they might come to kill him, anxious in the day lest his new companions slay him. If he survived, his children bore the weight of his deed, for they might never return to their father's people. They were *kóinggẽgn utpé*, "different men," to them, even though they were first cousins by blood. They had never shared their women or caressed their men. They were shut out of the circle of warm arms and bodies that mean security to the Kaingáng, and they were killed on sight or hunted down like wild animals. In Kaingáng terminology "a different group of our people" is a synonym for *thágn*, enemy. The hated Brazilians and "our different people" are both *thágn*, enemies, "something no good," and severed from the ties of blood in behavior if not in fact.

The Feuds

Today Kaingáng memory does not go further back than the murder of Nduichá with anything like exactness. But it transports us to this death more than a century ago with a precision that is almost mathematical. The complicated genealogies of the people whose descendants are alive today check rigorously. When the Kaingáng discuss such killings as Nduichá's they seem to be fitting together the parts of a machine the intricate workings of which they know precisely. Their absorbed interest in the history of their own destruction has impressed on their minds with flawless clarity the multitudinous cross-workings of the feuds. They remember not only the genealogy of everyone but even details of weather, conversation, and facial expression and the precise spot in which an arrow or a lance struck.

In order to understand the feud conditions under which Nduichá was murdered we must take advantage of these memories and try to picture the composition of Kaingáng society at the time. When our story opens three groups of people are living together: the children of Mumbégn,[2] the children of Kanggúin, and the children of Vomblé. Mumbégn had three wives who bore him many children, but for the present our story is concerned only with three of his offspring: Kumbló, and his sister, and their half-brother, Wanyekí,[3] the son of Mumbégn by another wife. Mumbégn himself had died, and one of his wives, the mother of Kumbló, had married Kovẽ, "a different man," one for whom memory provides no blood tie. For

[2] His real name was Kovẽn, but I have called him Mumbégn in order not to confuse him with his son Kovẽn, who was killed later. These three men are the ancestors of the extended family with which I lived.

[3] See pp. 57-58.

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hunter's skill. A branch from a very thorny bush is burnt and the charcoal mixed with the meat of the animal and eaten "so the hunter's arrows will cut and tear like the thorn."

The bee, since it is a thing that lives and moves, is included in the animistic conceptualization of the world. When the Kaingáng chop out a hive, they say: "Bee, produce! I chopped you out to make beer of you! Yukúi's wife died, and I am making beer of you so that I can cut his hair." Or if they find that the larvae have eaten all the honey, they take the larvae and cry: "Bee, produce! It is I! I am alive! You ate up your honey and that is why you did not produce." And they throw a stick into the hive. After they have taken the honey they rub the sugar over the outside of the tree to show how high up the new hive should extend, and as they do so they exclaim, "Bee, make your honey go up along this way and leave off here" (at the limit of the sugar). The Yukúi mentioned in the formula is an imaginary person whom they use as an excuse for taking the honey. The implication is that since the post-mourning ceremony is extremely important, Bee certainly would not begrudge honey taken under pressure of such a necessity. When a Kaingáng cries, "It is I," he implies that the bee knows him, for such a statement can be intelligible only when the speaker is known.

Behind the requests, commands, and adjurations of the hunting and honey-seeking formulae of the Kaingáng lies not a faith in the magical power of words, but a deep conviction that people will do whatever they are asked and that any reason is sufficient in this society where reasons are unimportant and needs are everything. Whoever asks the Kaingáng to work for him must understand that they are motivated not only by hope of gain but particularly by their fear of refusing. Whoever stands his ground and asserts his rights can move mountains.[28]

Divining

There is scarcely a phenomenon in nature which has not at some time an immediate bearing on the small and insecure cosmos of the Kaingáng. But the feeling that things outside of a man's own body have direct reference to it is reduceable to a conception that most such things have a *destructive* reference. On the human level, the Kaingáng partially overcome this threat by extending their bodies through physical and emotional diffusion—the symbol of security is *ka lélé wyá*, to live in someone else. But everything outside of this social personality, that is to say, members of other extended families, is destructive. In the realm of the supernatural the

[28] This compulsive obedience is at the bottom of the feud victims' attendance at feasts which they know are held solely to entrap them.

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precipitate it into a boiling pot. He also describes the slippery path 764
from which it may fall into a swamp, where a huge crab awaits it 775
(Nimuendajú, 1914, p. 372).

But at last the soul arrives at an underworld in the west, where it is day during our night, and where the forests teem with tapirs, deer, and other game. The souls of the aged become young again and live for the span of a human life. After a second death, the soul turns into a small insect, generally a mosquito or an ant, whose death ends everything; for this reason the *Caingang* never kill these insects (Baldus, 1937 c, p. 49).

WARFARE

A man who has been offended by some member of the community 578
stands in front of his hut and in a loud voice enumerates all his griev- 627
ances, sometimes bursting into a chant. He ends with threats against his enemy who, in the meantime, behaves in the same manner on the other side of the camp. After reciprocal abuses that often last a whole night, the challenger, followed by a group of supporters, advances toward the offender, who is immediately assisted by his own partisans. Both factions, armed with wooden clubs, fight a pitched battle, but are careful not to kill anybody. The sham battles of the *Caingang* have been described by many observers and may well be formalized brawls which have been interpreted as sportive games.

Feuds between *Caingang* groups may develop into regular warfare. 628
When one group engages another, the members of the Kadnyerú moity 726
subdivision always form the first line. The Kamé constitute the second [616]
line and enter the fight as a reserve to take the place of the exhausted Kadnyerú. Battles between related groups are always preceded by exchanges of insults and by other demonstrations of anger. Although [411]
no weapons but cudgels are used, blows are so lustily administered that many are seriously wounded or killed.

Wars against foreign tribes or the Whites were less strictly pat- 726
terned. The *Caingang*, like all Indians, relied mainly on surprise 648
attacks carried on at dawn. After a general discharge of arrows, the warriors, armed with their clubs, rushed against the enemy (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 49).

Women and children were generally spared and were adopted by 727
the victorious group. They cut off the heads of slain enemies but did not keep them as trophies.

REQUESTS

When a *Caingang* visits another village, he hides in the vicinity until 574
able to announce his presence to some relative. The host receives him 576
with his face covered with a cloth and does not look at his guest until

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574 food is served. If the visitor mentions the death of some relative, the
576 women start to wail (Ambrosetti, 1895, p. 321).

ESTHETIC AND RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES

534 **Musical instruments.**—Most information on *Caingang* musical instruments comes from Manizer (1934). The trumpets (fig. 59, *f*) have a bell made of a thick section of bamboo and the blow hole on the side, a rare feature in South America. The bell of some trumpets is made of the involucres of the coqueiro or gerivá palm (*Cocos botryophora*) (Teschauer, 1929, p. 348; Debret, 1940, pl. 11).

The clarinets are of the idioglotal type, that is, the tongue is split from the reed mouthpiece. The bell is either a gourd or a cowhorn. The *Caingang* also have an instrument which Izikowitz (1935, p. 254) calls "slit-valve." According to Manizer (1934, p. 312), it consists of a reed tube, closed at one end and crushed at the middle so that it bursts into longitudinal slits.

In playing this instrument, an air current blown through the open end passes out through the slits thereby causing these to vibrate and produce a tone.

Similar instruments were used by the *Bororo* and the *Paressi-Cabishí*.

The *Caingang* are among the few South American Indians who play the nose flute. This flute, about 3 feet (1 m.) long, has two stops at the distal end and one at the proximal end; the blow hole is in the septum of the reed, which has been left in place (fig. 59, *e*). Another flute, reproduced by Izikowitz (1935, p. 299, figs. *a*, *g*) has the same number of stops but is blown sidewise (transverse flute). It is possible that the latter type is also blown with the nose. The specimen is decorated with a basketry cover.

The *Caingang* also play the notched flute (quena) with four stops. They do not seem to have known the panpipes, though Izikowitz (1935, p. 408) attributes it to them on very flimsy evidence. This instrument does not occur in the whole area, and its presence among the *Caingang* would constitute an inexplicable anomaly.

The rhythms of dances and songs are beaten with the gourd rattle and the stamping tube. The handle of the rattle is often trimmed with bark strips and feather tufts; the gourd itself is covered with engraved designs.

593 **Songs.**—The words of songs, generally improvised, refer to events taking place around the singers or allude to past wars, hunting, and other economic activities. Sometimes a singer enumerates his grievances against a fellow tribesman, an action regarded as a challenge. The chants of the *Aweikoma-Caingang* are a succession of meaningless syllables often sung on one note. These Indians seldom sing in unison.

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273 the juice of a fern to "make the beer red," is fermented in wooden troughs from 5 to 6 feet (1.5 to 1.8 m.) long made of tree stumps hollowed out by burning and chopping, then closed at both ends with wax. To accelerate fermentation, the beverage is heated every 3d day with red-hot stones and then covered with pieces of bark.

COMMUNICATION

202 The *Caingang* leave messages in symbolic code for those who will follow the same path. A stick with honey indicates where a bees nest has been found; dolls and sticks represent a feast to which some group is being invited; an inclined stick shows the time of day at which some event took place; feathers scattered on the ground tell of a successful hunting party, etc. (Manizer, 1930, p. 790). Lozano (1873, 1:425) stated that to declare war, the *Guayaná* (i. e., the *Caingang*) stuck an arrow into a tree near a path followed by their enemies.
●[574] A circle of maize cobs on the ground or hanging from a tree was an invitation to a drinking bout.

RELIGION

771 **Religious beliefs.**—The *Aweikoma* conceive the world to be
776 strongly animistic, peopled with ghosts (kuplêng) and spirits (nggi-yũdn) of all sorts who dwell in trees, rocks, mountains, stars, winds, and in large and small animals. To meet a spirit is, as a rule, an ominous event. But spirits may be friendly and appear to a man to offer their aid. Those who are assisted in hunting by a guardian spirit share with it the game which they have killed. A man may even adopt a spirit child and place it in his wife's womb.

825 *Aweikoma-Caingang* share the widespread belief that all animals have "masters," that is to say, spirits that control and protect them. Such spirits are willing to give up some of their kin to satisfy men's needs, but are angered if people destroy them wantonly or if hunters refuse an animal "offered" to them.

756 **Shamanism.**—The *Caingang* shaman consults spirits at night, puffing his pipe until he is surrounded by a cloud of smoke. The spirits talk to him in long whistles and tell him where to find a favorable hunting ground or abundant honey. They may also reveal the outcome of an undertaking involving the band.

755 Shamans are also doctors, but this role is less conspicuous among
757 the *Caingang* than elsewhere and is even absent among the *Caingang* of Palmas and of São Paulo. Among the decadent *Aweikoma-Caingang*, observed by Henry (1941, p. 76), shamans only treated members of their immediate family and did not receive a fee for their cures. The shaman knows many magic remedies, generally herbs, the virtues

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628 an inevitable retaliation in the slaughter of men, women, and children by Kumbló's family. They stole upon a camp late at night, intending to kill the sleepers with clubs, but suddenly they remembered that the captured children were among them and that in the darkness they might be killed. So they waited until someone rose and stepped out of a house. When his cries aroused the camp the attacking party pursued each individual, killing them, men, women and children, like cornered rats. Those who escaped wandered about, sick and half starved, until they at last met with other members of their family. Since Kumbló's half-brother Wanyekí[5] had by this time become firmly bound to the children of Vomblé and Kanggúin, it did not seem strange to them that they should ask him to go in pursuit of his brother and kill him. Because of some trifling quarrel, however, Wanyekí never undertook the massacre, and before long he died. When his sons grew to manhood their relationship with their father's brother's family had become so obscured that they regarded them as "different people." Kumbló and his children were, to them, simply the murderers of members of their family, and they nursed a desire to kill them all until at last they pursued and slaughtered them. Kumbló and a few of his group escaped, but soon afterward the Brazilians killed Kumbló and the rest of his family, so that their extermination was complete.

Before this happened Patklé's entire line was annihilated, and the story of this massacre, which took place about 1885, is full of refinements of treachery and dissimulation. As the years passed the grandsons of Vomblé, Kanggúin and Mumbégn grew to manhood. There had been a series of intermarriages between the children of Patklé and the grandchildren of his ancient enemy Vomblé, who was now long dead. But Patklé never trusted his in-laws and was forever wandering away and returning. At last Kanyahé,[6] a son of Vomblé, who still remembered the murder of Nduichá, the wounding of his own father, and the whole series of murders and counter murders that had followed them, resolved to kill Patklé and his line. The fact that two of Patklé's daughters were his wives did not deter him. The killing was to be done in traditional Kaingáng style: they were to be invited to a festa, made to drink, and then slaughtered. Although the 628 Kaingáng associate festas with quarreling and murder they never refused ● 504 an invitation to one even though they knew their lives were in danger. One 549 might imagine that at a festa where large sections of the tribe come together to enjoy themselves the bonds of kinship would be renewed and strengthened and old attachments of man for man would draw new warmth from the general good feeling.

Although this was true of some Kaingáng festas they were as often the

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2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

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Aweikoma

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Kanyahé decided to "make beer for Patklé" and his family and sent one of his nephews to invite them. Kanyahé and his group were afraid of Patklé, for his history gave them no reason to trust him. The statement of one of Patklé's daughters made after the death of her father and brothers, that her father wanted to kill Kanyahé's group, showed that Kanyahé had good grounds for fear. With the background of mutual distrust of the characters in this drama, we are in a position to understand their hypocritical behavior.

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Y. "Is it really, then, the truth?"

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Then Yuplú caressed Kuthúgn—the very token by which the Kaingáng understand security.

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Then Yuplú called his wife and told her to give meat to Kuthúgn, a second token of security.

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When Kuthúgn had eaten, proving by his acceptance of the food that there was no evil in his mind, Yuplú spoke to him again. "Kuthúgn, where is your dog?" Kuthúgn had had a dog that was a fine tapir hunter, and he and Yuplú had hunted together with it.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

precipitate it into a boiling pot. He also describes the slippery path from which it may fall into a swamp, where a huge crab awaits it (Nimuendajú, 1914, p. 372). 764 775

But at last the soul arrives at an underworld in the west, where it is day during our night, and where the forests teem with tapirs, deer, and other game. The souls of the aged become young again and live for the span of a human life. After a second death, the soul turns into a small insect, generally a mosquito or an ant, whose death ends everything; for this reason the *Caingang* never kill these insects (Baldus, 1937 c, p. 49).

WARFARE

A man who has been offended by some member of the community stands in front of his hut and in a loud voice enumerates all his grievances, sometimes bursting into a chant. He ends with threats against his enemy who, in the meantime, behaves in the same manner on the other side of the camp. After reciprocal abuses that often last a whole night, the challenger, followed by a group of supporters, advances toward the offender, who is immediately assisted by his own partisans. Both factions, armed with wooden clubs, fight a pitched battle, but are careful not to kill anybody. The sham battles of the *Caingang* have been described by many observers and may well be formalized brawls which have been interpreted as sportive games. 578 627

Feuds between *Caingang* groups may develop into regular warfare. When one group engages another, the members of the Kadnyerú moity subdivision always form the first line. The Kamé constitute the second line and enter the fight as a reserve to take the place of the exhausted Kadnyerú. Battles between related groups are always preceded by exchanges of insults and by other demonstrations of anger. Although no weapons but cudgels are used, blows are so lustily administered that many are seriously wounded or killed. 628 726 [616] [411]

Wars against foreign tribes or the Whites were less strictly patternised. The *Caingang*, like all Indians, relied mainly on surprise attacks carried on at dawn. After a general discharge of arrows, the warriors, armed with their clubs, rushed against the enemy (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 42). 726 648

Women and children were generally spared and were adopted by the victorious group. They cut off the heads of slain enemies but did not keep them as trophies. 727

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574 food is served. If the visitor mentions the death of some relative, the
●576 women start to wail (Ambrosetti, 1895, p. 321).

ESTHETIC AND RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES

534 **Musical instruments.**—Most information on *Caingang* musical instruments comes from Manizer (1934). The trumpets (fig. 59, *f*) have a bell made of a thick section of bamboo and the blow hole on the side, a rare feature in South America. The bell of some trumpets is made of the involucres of the coqueiro or gerivá palm (*Cocos botryophora*) (Teschauer, 1929, p. 348; Debret, 1940, pl. 11).

The clarinets are of the idioglotal type, that is, the tongue is split from the reed mouthpiece. The bell is either a gourd or a cowhorn. The *Caingang* also have an instrument which Izikowitz (1935, p. 254) calls "slit-valve." According to Manizer (1934, p. 312), it consists of a reed tube, closed at one end and crushed at the middle so that it bursts into longitudinal slits.

In playing this instrument, an air current blown through the open end passes out through the slits thereby causing these to vibrate and produce a tone.

Similar instruments were used by the *Bororo* and the *Paressi-Cabishí*.

The *Caingang* are among the few South American Indians who play the nose flute. This flute, about 3 feet (1 m.) long, has two stops at the distal end and one at the proximal end; the blow hole is in the septum of the reed, which has been left in place (fig. 59, *e*). Another flute, reproduced by Izikowitz (1935, p. 299, figs. *a*, *g*) has the same number of stops but is blown sidewise (transverse flute). It is possible that the latter type is also blown with the nose. The specimen is decorated with a basketry cover.

The *Caingang* also play the notched flute (quena) with four stops. They do not seem to have known the panpipes, though Izikowitz (1935, p. 408) attributes it to them on very flimsy evidence. This instrument does not occur in the whole area, and its presence among the *Caingang* would constitute an inexplicable anomaly.

The rhythms of dances and songs are beaten with the gourd rattle and the stamping tube. The handle of the rattle is often trimmed with bark strips and feather tufts; the gourd itself is covered with engraved designs.

593 **Songs.**—The words of songs, generally improvised, refer to events taking place around the singers or allude to past wars, hunting, and other economic activities. Sometimes a singer enumerates his grievances against a fellow tribesman, an action regarded as a challenge. The chants of the *Aweikoma-Caingang* are a succession of meaningless syllables often sung on one note. These Indians seldom sing in unison.

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553 The child then receives a new name. Later, he may adopt names
352 that refer to notable incidents of his life.

In the Santa Catarina group, the perforation of the boys' lower lip
852 at the age of 2 or 3 is marked by great celebrations. Women, holding
304 gourd rattles, dance with warriors, who beat the ground with their spears. The children are intoxicated with beer, and shaken until half unconscious, when their ceremonial fathers pierce their lips with a sharp stick (Henry, 1941, pp. 195–197).

582 **Marriage.**—According to Baldus' census (1937 c, p. 43), men are generally older than their wives, in some cases as much as 15 to 20 years; among 37 percent of the couples there was a difference of 10 years.

A man marries when 18 to 20 years of age. If his bride is not yet of age, he stays with her parents, waiting for the first signs of puberty. In case of child betrothal, the lad's parents have to provide for the girl's subsistence.

595 Polygyny is mentioned by all the early sources, but details vary. Some authors declare that it was an old man's privilege, others that it was restricted to the chiefs, good hunters, or famous warriors. There are also indications of sororal polygyny and of marriage simultaneously to a woman and her daughter (Teschauer, 1929, p. 350). In *Tupí-Guaraní* fashion, a girl often married her mother's brother.

[184] The *Caingang* of Palmas are, and claim always to have been monogamous.

Manizer (1930) states that though a man may not marry his cousin—he does not specify which—he usually takes her as a concubine until her own marriage. If pregnancy occurs meanwhile, the girl, as a rule, commits abortion. It often happened that a man grew fonder of his cousin than of his legal wife, and that he sometimes
● [578] resolutely opposed her marriage. The continuation of such relationship was bitterly resented by the legitimate wife.

For the *Aweikoma*, Henry infers that 60 percent of all marriages are monogamous, a fair proportion of the remainder being polyandrous.

585 A marriage ceremony witnessed by Manizer (1930, p. 776) took place during a drinking bout. Some old men seized the bridegroom and bride and pushed them toward each other in spite of the woman's resistance. Then they dragged them into the bridegroom's hut and left them there under a blanket. The following day the woman ran away, but was brought back by force.

591 Matrilocal residence, formerly the *Caingang* rule, is still frequent, though many couples set up their own households. Baldus (1937 c, p. 43) heard "that only lazy men lived in their father-in-law's house and that, should the father-in-law die, the husband would have to 'govern' his mother-in-law."

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

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595 Angneló, the sister of Kangndádn. Kangndádn had married Thunder Storm's sister and the two men had become almost inseparable. Though they are dead their relationship is perpetuated today in the relationship of their sons. But it was only after Kangndádn had married Thunder Storm's sister that Thunder Storm married Angneló. It is not at all rare among the Kaingáng that when a man marries another man's sister, her brother [592] marries her husband's sister. The constant companionship of the two men, thrown together by the first marriage, brings this about in an informal way. Chukembégn, who deserted his wife Tendó and three children, was "led away" from her by his brother-in-law's sister, a young woman whom he saw day after day in his sister's house.

595 There is still another way in which polygyny may come about and that 578 is if a wife calls another woman to "work with her." The husband, ostensibly, has no hand in the matter at all. The woman who does this gains a helper and companion, one who will nurse her children when she is away, who will accompany her on fruit-gathering expeditions, who will relieve her of the heavy loads of meat she has to transport and who will care for her when she is ill. At the same time, however, she assumes in herself an ability to share which experience may prove to be non-existent. But the Kaingáng tell me, the first wife may become so jealous of the second that her continual anger at last drives the second wife out, even after she has borne as many as two children. First wives never leave in such a situation. Thus it comes about that a second wife in a polygynous marriage shifts about a good deal. If she is heckled by the first wife she begins to look more seriously on her lovers, and when she slips out of one marriage she slips as easily into another.

Polygyny is not always an entirely pleasant experience for a man, for [853] although it is good to have a second wife during the several months after childbirth when intercourse with the mother is stopped, and two wives lighten each other's and their husband's burdens and bring in more food, a man must put up with their quarreling between themselves and the insults of either one who feels herself slighted.

581 Every marriage system is organized around some system of ideas no 556 matter how unformulated they may be. Our own culture continually balances the ideal of love against the desire for property. The ideas that serve as the basis for the contraction of marriage carry within them the criteria by which all individuals are judged. We value people insofar as they are lovable or rich and powerful. Our ideas of what we consider a desirable sex companion are pretty clearly formulated and furnish the subject of many a conversation. But the Kaingáng are not educated to an ideal of love, and they have not formulated success in life in terms of wealth or prestige. Even raiding the Brazilians has given them little property, and

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V

Disruptive Forces in Kaingáng Society

182 571 THE VERY FORMLESSNESS OF KAINGÁNG society makes us wonder what gave it coherence. There were no territorial boundaries to limit the range of the hunter, there was no chief or government to impose its will on the people, there were no binding marriage forms and incest restrictions were minimal. Marriage was brittle, and even the polyandrous and joint households, by far the most stable units in the society, included only 20 percent of the married population. Men were torn between the ties of blood and the ties of marriage; they spent their years fluctuating between groups of both kinds and haunted by a sense of insecurity.

619 182 571 578 The mechanism of kinship did not enforce cooperation among specific individuals, and there was no large unit of specific outline that might accomplish coordination of effort in some other way. The cooperation among in-laws might be broken almost without reproach, and the ties that bound children to their parents or to one another yielded to the strain of affinal relationships or to stronger bonds that grew up between men and their hunting companions. Yet, with all this, Kaingáng society could have held together, however haphazardly its bonds are slung, for the Kaingáng have a strong sense of being one people against other people. After all, they are all related to one another by blood, and they are all "*our* people" or "*our* living things" to one another, as opposed to all other "living things" that have no possessive pronoun to bring them within the group. They felt the need for renewing ever and again their informal contacts, and whoever let the years pass as he lived in isolation wandering thoughtlessly in a distant part of the forest risked a quarrel when he met again the people he had neglected. The very lack of fixity of relationships and the multitude of ways of forming them left the Kaingáng with no device for controlling a

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conflict. Once a feud arose there was nothing, neither dominating ties of blood nor the voice of chieftainship or government, to stop or limit it. Where the demands of kin by marriage conflicted with the claims of blood and where the call of a hunting companion whose bed one had shared clamored above the voices of blood and affinity the individual was pulled in a dozen directions, by a dozen magnets. Feuds spread, cleaving the society asunder like a deadly axe, blighting its life like the plague. Thus it came about that the very forces of integration carried the seeds of disruption within them. A man's link with his wife's people pulled him from his siblings; his bond with his sister's husband tore him from his wife's people; and his relationships with his hunting companions drew him from all.

The Kaingáng are divided into extended families ranging in numbers from 50 to 300 individuals. These families are made up of the descendants of two or more men who have intermarried and whose children have intermarried. Thus each family is closely inbred, and almost every member can trace his genealogy[1] to one of the two or more male ancestors. These ancestral males are real personalities, and the data on them is usually rather full, but there is always a point beyond which memory cannot go, and it is impossible to learn anything about any of their parents or siblings. Marriages with other extended families occurred, but marriages within the families far outnumber marriages between the families. This endogamy was brought about not by a specific taboo on marrying outside but by the hostility between the families which made them distrust one another and which kept them apart. When members of different families did marry it almost always caused a split in the ranks of one or both of the intermarrying groups. In such a case brother might be aligned against brother to the death. Those who shifted from one family to another either through marriage or through having been captured as youngsters were looked on as blood relatives of their new associates and hence as enemies to their former friends and were given no quarter in case of attack by members of the family to which they once belonged.

The Kaingáng call members of their own extended family "my own people," and the warm personal relationships that have been described in the preceding chapters exist only among one's "own people." For hundreds of years there have been several Kaingáng extended families and they have lived in a state of perpetual feud with one another. Whole lineages have been destroyed, and others, overcome by panic, have wandered away into the endless forests, never to be heard of again. Sometimes two extended families have come together and have been able to live in peace, but gen-

[1] The Kaingáng are minutely interested in their own genealogies, and they know who their father's father's father's son's wife's sister's daughter's husband is down to the last detail of all his names, what he died of, and how many children he had.

476 The hunter who kills an animal is not forced to share it, nor
224 do the others demand this from him.

Yet it is a natural thing among them, and they cannot conceive of any course of action other than to share the proceeds of the hunt, no matter how small, with everyone else.

727 [127] This same "instinctive" rule also applied to the distribution of plunder following their raids on civilized communities.

628 They have no judges to solve their disagreements, but attempt
[578] to reach a decision first through words and then through a duel.

If a man happens to be killed in the course of such a fight, his close relatives nearly always try to avenge him. Such "vendettas" have often led to the subdivision of the tribe into mutually hostile groups, frequently numerous, which exterminated each other in mass slaughters. This is the main reason for the decimation of this tribe, which used to be quite large and which numbered great quantities of warriors.

531 The Botocudo manifest their artistic taste in the carefully woven spear ornaments which surround the junction of the blade and shaft; in the manufacture of their arrows; and in the embellishment of the small waterproof baskets used within the huts. They also express it in their multicolored linear drawings and the fringes of their aprons, as well as in the ornamentation carved or burned in, which adorn many of their implements.

534 Their gourd rattles are heavily decorated. The handle is
531 covered with a cross-braiding made with the black fibers of imbõ-mirim bark; the base of the gourd is surrounded with multicolored hair and feathers; the gourd itself is covered with carved designs; and the tip of the handle is ornamented in the same fashion as its base.

Like all primitive peoples, the Botocudo are familiar with the rudiments of those sciences directly related to their daily needs.

805 They recognize three yearly seasons: summer (lãmbang), the time of great heat; winter (kotschõma), the time of cold weather; and autumn (kõzõiõ-to-kutãma), the time when trees shed their leaves.

The lunar month is called kutschã and calculated from one full moon to another. Their recognition of seasons provides them with the concept of a yearly cycle; they are also guided by the flowering of certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

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627 an inevitable retaliation in the slaughter of men, women, and children by Kumbló's family. They stole upon a camp late at night, intending to kill the sleepers with clubs, but suddenly they remembered that the captured children were among them and that in the darkness they might be killed. So they waited until someone rose and stepped out of a house. When his cries aroused the camp the attacking party pursued each individual, killing them, men, women and children, like cornered rats. Those who escaped wandered about, sick and half starved, until they at last met with other members of their family. Since Kumbló's half-brother Wanyekí[5] had by this time become firmly bound to the children of Vomblé and Kanggúin, it did not seem strange to them that they should ask him to go in pursuit of his brother and kill him. Because of some trifling quarrel, however, Wanyekí never undertook the massacre, and before long he died. When his sons grew to manhood their relationship with their father's brother's family had become so obscured that they regarded them as "different people." Kumbló and his children were, to them, simply the murderers of members of their family, and they nursed a desire to kill them all until at last they pursued and slaughtered them. Kumbló and a few of his group escaped, but soon afterward the Brazilians killed Kumbló and the rest of his family, so that their extermination was complete.

Before this happened Patklé's entire line was annihilated, and the story of this massacre, which took place about 1885, is full of refinements of treachery and dissimulation. As the years passed the grandsons of Vomblé, Kanggúin and Mumbégn grew to manhood. There had been a series of intermarriages between the children of Patklé and the grandchildren of his ancient enemy Vomblé, who was now long dead. But Patklé never trusted his in-laws and was forever wandering away and returning. At last Kanyahé,[6] a son of Vomblé, who still remembered the murder of Nduichá, the wounding of his own father, and the whole series of murders and counter murders that had followed them, resolved to kill Patklé and his line. The fact that two of Patklé's daughters were his wives did not deter him. The killing was to be done in traditional Kaingáng style: they were to be invited to a festa, made to drink, and then slaughtered. Although the 627 Kaingáng associate festas with quarreling and murder they never refused 504 an invitation to one even though they knew their lives were in danger. One 579 might imagine that at a festa where large sections of the tribe come together to enjoy themselves the bonds of kinship would be renewed and strengthened and old attachments of man for man would draw new warmth from the general good feeling.

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killed you. When they killed you, I wandered around suffering, but you come to call me!" When the ghost-soul at last went away, she was "all green. She stood there without saying anything. He [her husband] said to her, 'Why are you green?' But she said nothing. She sat down holding on to a post. Then he asked if she was sick—if she had a pain in the belly. But she did not talk. Wanenggló [her husband] asked her whether she had seen a ghost-soul. Probably she saw a ghost-soul. But she did not say anything." Like vendetta enemies, the ghost-souls are "other things"—it is the only category the Kaingáng have for those who dwell outside the limits of the extended families—and for people in this category they know only one emotion, fear-anger.

When the Kaingáng are drunk, their malevolent and fearsome impulses rise to the surface, and the memory of death plays its part in this. Festa time, when the beer troughs are brimming with the steaming, sourish, honey beer, is a special occasion for remembering the dead. It is also the occasion when recollections of adultery unpunished or of slights unrequited surge into consciousness. While some dance, sing, or brawl, others sit around the edge of the dance circle with their heads in their hands and tears streaming down their faces, and their sobs and high rhythmic keening mingle with the noise of quarreling and disordered singing. When they have done with their hour or so of weeping, they rise and fill their baskets or gourds with beer and join in the festa. No recollection of the dead can occur without unleashing fear, and fear cannot be liberated without the eruption of anger, so the memory of the dead only adds to the disruptive forces that are set in motion by the beer. The more one knows about the Kaingáng, the more one is struck by the extent to which the very roots of their being have been undermined and torn by impulses to violence. This is all the more amazing when we remember what affectionate people they seem to be—how much they love to multiply a hundredfold all kinds of personal attachments. Nevertheless, when drunkenness uncovers the Kaingáng personality, it does not bubble over in rivulets of tenderness, but pours out in torrents of violence. The only outlet is murder, and that is why festas, if not actually the scene of murders, used to be almost always the forerunners of raids on the Brazilians or on vendetta enemies. The Kaingáng themselves understand, in a way, what the festa meant to them, for they say, "We had festas in order to go to attack the Brazilians." Of course not every festa is characterized by violence, but many are.[3]

[3] Although the Kaingáng hold an old-time beer festa at my request the aboriginal beer troughs have been superseded by jugs of sugar cane whiskey, and the monotonous singing by the music of an accordion played by a white man. These changes, however, have not curbed the essential temper of the Indians, and fights still occur at festas.

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[171] 22 Unlike their neighbors in JUNGLE PEOPLE

831 Paraná the Kaingáng have no love magic. They are, in general, a very practical and aggressive people and not given to the use of charms. They view all people but little children as spontaneously, vigorously and indiscriminately sexual, and act accordingly.

The young man who, urged at last by his desire for a woman to cook and keep house for him, and the young woman who, impelled by her wish to have someone who will constantly care for her, at last settle down with a spouse, have this background of philandering, jesting and frequently adulterous sexual experience that will color married life into old age. Kaingáng men and women are not advised by their parents to be [864] faithful to one another. The only case I heard of is that of Amendó who was one of the wives of Wanyekí. When she and her sisters married him her mother said to her: "Live with him. If they leave him, you remain with him." And she always did.[2]

581 In our society the traditional, the ideal stabilizer of marriage is love—an
586 exclusive sex interest in one person. The Kaingáng have no tradition, no background for the development of such an interest. Marriage in other [583] primitive societies is sometimes stabilized by a large payment for the bride, but in Kaingáng society there is no such payment. If a woman leaves her husband she can always find a relative who will take care of her. Her brother or her cousin or her sister will always take her in, and although she lacks the full security that marriage gave her she need not starve, for there are any number of men who will accept her as an added responsibility without complaint, even boasting a little that they took care of her and that she called them *yúgn*.[3] Besides having this dependable bulwark to her security a woman's own aggressiveness makes it far easier for her to get another husband than for a woman in a similar position in our society. When a woman is left without a husband the liaisons which she has established surreptitiously serve her in good stead, for then one of her lovers may become her new husband.[4]

586 Chukembégn had been having some trouble with his wife, Chantágn. When he left her for a few days to go hunting he told his hunting companions that he was going to leave his wife. News got back to the post before he returned. One day Chantágn, who had previously amused herself by casual approaches to me, called me. I came out of my house and sat down where anyone who happened to be around could see us. "What do

[2] See p. 30. These people have been long dead.

[3] See Appendix II, p. 177. Such a woman can partially earn her keep by gathering fruit and wood, helping with the cooking and the children, and clearing the ground for camp sites. If she has lovers they will contribute to the family larder.

[4] Sometimes, though rarely, former husbands may become lovers, but this does not occur where the woman herself has rejected them as husbands.

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you want?" said I. "Chukembégn is going to leave me." "Oh, no, he isn't." 586
"Yes, he is. He said so up the river and they are talking about it." "But he is not going to leave you." "How do you know?" "He told me." "What did he tell you?" "He told me that he loves you." I used the strongest term that the language has to offer, a term that I heard used only in folktales. "But he *is* going to leave me. Julio, if he leaves me, will you marry me?" "No," said I; "I never marry anyone." And there the matter rested.[8]

A man separated from his wife may live with someone else and share 581
his fire. At the worst he can cook his own meals and spread his own bed, 593
for no shame attaches to a man who does a woman's work. But after a 855
woman has borne three children a marriage does not break up. The 764
woman needs the man to take care of her children, and Kaingáng men are 766
fond fathers. There is no end to the fondling and delousing a child gets from its father and other men. He makes toys for it and takes it hunting for company. Nowadays they are as much interested in having their little girls decked out in brand new calico dresses as American mothers are in getting their children permanent waves. Even in death parents do not relinquish their children, for, they say, a child who dies before the age of about twelve returns to its mother's womb and is reborn. The corpse of a grown-up is placed on the funeral pyre, pounded on the chest and told to go away, and summarily burnt. But, I was told, a little child is placed in a grave, covered with wholesome herbs and begged to return. Its mother puts a little honey and meat aside for it, puts her baby's carrying-band on her head and walks about crying, "Come here, come here! Come and eat the meat and honey I have put aside for you. If you stay in some other camp one will be angry with you! Come back! Come back!"

Except for the somewhat aberrant Chukembégn there is not a single case 586
of a marriage dissolved after three children had been born. Chukembégn was a child of about nine when the Kaingáng settled on the reservation, and he grew up in close contact with the agent. He married Tendó but left her after she had borne him three children. His present wife, Chantágn, "led him away by the hand." Now he rarely goes near Tendó, but she is still regarded as his wife. Two years after leaving her he still buys cloth for her to make dresses for herself and her children. Yet idle tongues will wag, and one day when Chukembégn, Klendó, and I were hunting together, Chukembégn burst out: "It is not true that I ignore her. I got medicine and bought a chicken for her when she was ill!" Klendó observed mildly that he had never said that Chukembégn had not taken care of her. Then Chukembégn, turning to me, blurted in Portuguese: "This man has

[8] I mention this, and other cases in which I myself have been one of the actors, not because they are the only instances of the kind that I have, but because they are usually the most complete.

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been saying that I have not been taking care of that woman, but I have!" Tendó had not married again and the community refused to admit that Chukembégn's obligations to her were ended.

Indeed I have no way of telling what would happen if a woman in such a position remarried, for Kaingáng society has no other such case to offer in more than a hundred and fifty years of its history.[6] Unless a woman is separated from her husband under the conditions of vendetta, a couple with several children stays together till death. Although the case of Chukembégn and Tendó is isolated it emphasizes the Kaingáng attitude toward marriages of long standing that have produced several children. The breaking up of Tendó's household left the society confused as to just how it should treat Chukembégn for there were no parallel instances. So they simply continued to insist that he owed some kind of support to Tendó, even though he planted his field with Chantágn, seldom went to visit Tendó, and that only when absolutely necessary, and maintained the most tenuous relations with her family.

But separations before many children are born are legion. Young people frequently pass through one or two marriages before they finally settle down. The relationship between the sexes is informal, and there is no marriage ceremony. In its early stages the only thing that distinguishes a marriage from a protracted affair is the announcement by the principals that they are married. There is no term for marriage. The Kaingáng use the term *sé*, to sit, to express the husband-wife relationship. "He sat with her" means "he married her." Sometimes people do not know whether a couple who have separated have ever been "married." Even before marriage a man and woman may go hunting together, and unless her family takes it upon itself to "send her to him" or the man and woman themselves decide to set up a household, the relationship between the two remains unchanged. The man may even hunt with his sweetheart's relatives and contribute to the household's food supply without yet having the status of a husband. When one of the woman's brothers or sisters or parents see that she is pregnant they may "send her to" her most constant lover, but no stigma attaches to an extramarital birth. Mothers are just as passionately attached to their illegitimate[7] children as they are to their legitimate and all the children have equal chances in life. Illegitimacy, so often the pivotal point of some of the most dramatic episodes in our own and in primitive societies, is completely lacking in drama among the Kaingáng.

Though the Kaingáng know that unfaithfulness and brittleness are inevitable conditions of marriage among them, its implied permanence and

[6] My genealogies go back about two hundred years and include five hundred individuals of all ages. The fact that a woman has one or two children is no obstacle to her remarriage.

[7] I use this term simply to indicate children born out of wedlock.

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the actual security it affords make them seek it eagerly, and in spite of the lightness with which they seem to take it no marriage can be broken without some kind of mild stir and an early effort on the part of the principals to form another alliance, while their relatives try to patch up the old one. When Chantágn only felt that she *might* lose her husband she was already at my door asking whether I would be her next. However, unstable it may be, particularly in the beginning, marriage nevertheless is one of the ideal pillars of security on which the Kaingáng personality seeks ever to support itself. They have built their society on warm personal attachments, and anyone without such attachments makes them uneasy and perplexed. No one is spoken of more sadly than a mature person who is alone. "For a long time," said Vomblé sadly, "my father wandered around all over without a wife. At last when his brother died he married his wives." The women who did not try to interest me in themselves or in their children besought me to marry someone else—anyone—and one day even Yokó, a matron who was generally too shy to speak much to me, quizzed me uncomprehendingly on my bachelorhood and advised me to marry—not so that I could have someone to cook for me and mend my clothes, but just in order to be married. "Why? Why?" she kept repeating, "why do you live thus without a wife? Get a wife." "Whom shall I marry?" said I. "Marry anybody. Why go around unmarried?" Even the children found it hard to believe that I was single and they used to question me interminably: "Have you a wife in your country?" "Have you a sweetheart in your country?" "Will you marry her when you go back?" "Do you intend to marry?"

Once a couple are married they do not drop the liaisons formed before marriage. Their long training in philandering and the absence of an ideal of faithfulness have not suited them to the stability that marriage implies. Furthermore the absence of binding legal forms or big property stakes, as well as the knowledge that a meal can always be found at one's father's or brother's fire, that one's mother or sister-in-law is ready to cook the food and spread the bed, makes marriage brittle and its rupture not sharply felt. Yet, in an utterly contradictory manner, the Kaingáng believe that a man and woman, once they are "sitting together," belong to each other, and they use the same word to designate this possession as they use for the exclusive possession of material objects. This theoretical possessiveness comes into constant conflict with the actual sharing in which the young people have taken part all their lives. The young man who for years before his marriage has dallied with the wife of anyone from his father to his second cousin, who has day in and day out enjoyed adultery with an equally delighted adulteress, decides suddenly, once he is married, that his possession should be exclusive. "I left my wife," Yuvén said to me, "because she took Kanyahé and Kundígn as lovers. She sleeps with everyone. All the women

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837 are that way. When their husbands go away they sleep with others. That is
● 581 why I want to marry a Brazilian woman."

837 The conflict between the sharing that is experienced and absolutely exclusive possession, which is simply and unqualifiedly theory, is far more fundamental in Kaingáng society than it is in our own. Adultery in Kaingáng society is not a circumstance of some marriages but a condition of practically all. Yet, although husband and wife live in constant suspicion of each other's loyalty, it rarely becomes desperate. Husbands do not as a rule follow their wives about, nor wives their husbands, although if there are good grounds for suspicion a husband may beat his wife or a wife her husband. He often leaves her for days at a time even when he knows that there are enterprising men still in camp and no one to chaperon her. This attitude really saves the culture from becoming a nightmare. In a society in which everyone believes that everybody else is engaged in seducing his neighbor's wife, suspicion backed by intense jealousy would drive people to desperation. But when Waipó leaves his wife to go across the river to make manioc all she has to say to him is a laughing, "You're going over there where everyone is living in very close quarters," and with a rough caress he is gone. One evening when Chukembégn and I were coming from the manioc mill I said to him, "Now that you've left your wife alone she may sleep with someone else." "I don't care; let her," said he. There is something more than mere bravado in this statement. It expresses the typical determination not to see what is not forced on one.

582 Since hunting is the most vital occupation, it might be supposed that a good hunter would be the most desirable husband. It might be felt also that since the Kaingáng used to be perpetually at war with the Brazilians, with the Kangdjá, and with their vendetta enemies, they would place a high premium on ferocity, daring, bravery, enterprise, and intelligence and that these traits would influence a woman in the choice of a husband. Nevertheless a number of attitudes combined to render all these qualities almost completely inoperative.

224 Although hunting is the very basis of their economy the Kaingáng,
654 curiously enough, do not recognize differences in hunting skill. If a man returns empty-handed from the hunt he and his wife may share their relatives' food without shame. In all the time I was among the Kaingáng I never heard an unsuccessful hunter spoken of with scorn nor saw one overcome with shame, and although she may scold him roundly, no wife ever leaves her husband for coming home without meat.

227 Just as they assume that all men are practically equals in hunting skill
167 the Kaingáng assume that all men are brave. Special emphasis is laid on this trait, therefore, only in exceptional cases. This holds also for intelligence, for the Kaingáng have a strong tendency to think of wisdom

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Angneló, the sister of Kangndádn. Kangndádn had married Thunder Storm's sister and the two men had become almost inseparable. Though they are dead their relationship is perpetuated today in the relationship of their sons. But it was only after Kangndádn had married Thunder Storm's sister that Thunder Storm married Angneló. It is not at all rare among the Kaingáng that when a man marries another man's sister, her brother marries her husband's sister. The constant companionship of the two men, thrown together by the first marriage, brings this about in an informal way. Chukembégn, who deserted his wife Tendó and three children, was "led away" from her by his brother-in-law's sister, a young woman whom he saw day after day in his sister's house.

There is still another way in which polygyny may come about and that is if a wife calls another woman to "work with her." The husband, ostensibly, has no hand in the matter at all. The woman who does this gains a helper and companion, one who will nurse her children when she is away, who will accompany her on fruit-gathering expeditions, who will relieve her of the heavy loads of meat she has to transport and who will care for her when she is ill. At the same time, however, she assumes in herself an ability to share which experience may prove to be non-existent. But the Kaingáng tell me, the first wife may become so jealous of the second that her continual anger at last drives the second wife out, even after she has borne as many as two children. First wives never leave in such a situation. Thus it comes about that a second wife in a polygynous marriage shifts about a good deal. If she is heckled by the first wife she begins to look more seriously on her lovers, and when she slips out of one marriage she slips as easily into another.

Polygyny is not always an entirely pleasant experience for a man, for although it is good to have a second wife during the several months after childbirth when intercourse with the mother is stopped, and two wives lighten each other's and their husband's burdens and bring in more food, a man must put up with their quarreling between themselves and the insults of either one who feels herself slighted.

Every marriage system is organized around some system of ideas no matter how unformulated they may be. Our own culture continually balances the ideal of love against the desire for property. The ideas that serve as the basis for the contraction of marriage carry within them the criteria by which all individuals are judged. We value people insofar as they are lovable or rich and powerful. Our ideas of what we consider a desirable sex companion are pretty clearly formulated and furnish the subject of many a conversation. But the Kaingáng are not educated to an ideal of love, and they have not formulated success in life in terms of wealth or prestige. Even raiding the Brazilians has given them little property, and

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the little they have they do not keep for themselves, but distribute among their relatives. My greatest trouble with them was that they could never understand "what you want with all that stuff" that I kept for trading, nor with the wood I accumulated against the rainy season. And they have carried the same attitudes into their marital relations.

Several wives are not a mark of prestige but the result of special events. Love as the nucleus of sexual relations implies loyalty in our culture, for loyalty is an essential part of love. Even where marriage lacks the essence but preserves the ideal it may still have a certain amount of loyalty left in it if other factors such as security and power make loyalty expedient, and early education has conditioned spouses to be loyal when they do not love. But the Kaingáng have never been educated to sexual loyalty, their *ethos* is not built on the twin columns of wealth and power, and no one starves among them as long as there is an ungnawed piece of tapir hide or a pine nut in camp. So in their informal, almost casual marriages they are not loyal to one another in the special sexual way in which we think of marriage loyalty—as an exclusive sex interest in one person. And because they are not fixated in their sexual interests and because there are no social forms and few economic considerations to stabilize marriage, it is extremely brittle until several children are born. Even then the stability that marriage achieves does not fix sexual interest.

The Kaingáng are a people with no sense of social form. As an artist with a fine feeling for form will communicate that sensitivity, that sense and realization of an "inner harmony," as one artist put it to me, to everything he does, a people with a feeling for or an interest in social form will do most of the things that are important to them in a highly stylized way.[13] If they are particularly interested in following lines of kinship or some other rules of organization almost everything will be done in accordance with their feelings of fitness as determined by these rules, and not a hunting party or a husking bee will be undertaken without its having been planned along the lines of this organization. If their interest runs to dancing and ceremonious display instead, they will manage to bring in dancing and ceremony on every occasion. But the Kaingáng have no interest in social forms of any kind. They have no pattern that will exclude one kind of relationship while permitting another. So their sexual relations show the same formlessness, excluding only parents and blood siblings and admitting every kind of marriage known to anthropology. The Kaingáng are not only monogamous and polygynous; but they were polyandrous too and they also established what I shall call "joint marriages" in which several men lived together with several women in mutual cohabitation. These last two types will be discussed in the following chapter.

[13] This refers, of course, to societies which are more highly structuralized.

[P. 34 is blank]

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

616 groups of his moiety he would forever belong (Baldus, 1937 c). The alleged purpose of this assignment was to equalize the groups numerically, so that they could be paired for dancing; but, as each group danced separately, the explanation is probably a rationalization. In fact, the two divisions are not even approximately equal. Members of each group could be recognized by their facial painting. The Kadnyerú display round patterns, the Kamé stripes. (See Horta Barboza, 1913, p. 39.)

Nimuendajú's (1914, pp. 373–375) earlier report concerning the *Caingang* between the Tieté and Ijuhí Rivers, speaks of two moieties associated with the ancestral twins Kañerú and Kamé. The former was of fiery and resolute, but volatile, temperament, and of light, slim build. Kamé, on the other hand, was mentally and physically slow, but persistent. Each moity included three (formerly four) classes: Paí, Votóro, Pénye.

All natural phenomena are divided between these two moieties; the sun is Kamé, the moon, Kañerú. In general, slender and spotted objects belong to the Kañerú, clumsy and striped ones to the Kamé. Their use in ritual is confined to the appropriate group.

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* lack moieties, but have five groups with distinctive sets of personal names and body-paint designs. Though recent genealogical inquiry failed to establish either strict inheritance of group membership or exogamy, the natives insisted that individuals bearing the same designs should not marry, so that a former patrilineal clan system is indicated (Henry, 1941, pp. 59, 88, 175 f.).

Marriage groups.—Concerning marriage rules between sub-
● 582 groups, Horta Barboza (1913, p. 26) gives the following information:

> Marriages obey complicated rules depending on the groups [moieties] and subgroups into which the *Kaingang* families are divided. The most important of these groups are the Camens and Canherucrens; marriages can take place only between the men of one group and the women of the other. However, it must not be thought that it is licit for a Camen to marry any Canherucren for, in order to make things more complicated, there is a division into subgroups, fairly numerous. Individuals of a certain Kamé subgroup can only marry a woman of a certain Canherucren [Kadnyerú] subgroup, save for a few exceptions which confuse a question which otherwise should be so simple.

601 **Kinship terms.**—The relationship system is based on relative age. A man calls his father, his grandfather, and the men of their generations by the same term, and his mother and grandmother by another term. He uses a single name for all male and female blood relatives, excepting real parents and grandparents and grandparents' siblings and own children. One word (child) serves for all people much younger than ego and for the children of all people with whom he has sexual relations. There is a word for husband and another for wife. A single word applies to all relatives-in-law (Henry, 1941, pp. 177–178).

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553 352 The child then receives a new name. Later, he may adopt names that refer to notable incidents of his life.

852 304 In the Santa Catarina group, the perforation of the boys' lower lip at the age of 2 or 3 is marked by great celebrations. Women, holding gourd rattles, dance with warriors, who beat the ground with their spears. The children are intoxicated with beer, and shaken until half unconscious, when their ceremonial fathers pierce their lips with a sharp stick (Henry, 1941, pp. 195–197).

●582 **Marriage.**—According to Baldus' census (1937 c, p. 43), men are generally older than their wives, in some cases as much as 15 to 20 years; among 37 percent of the couples there was a difference of 10 years.

A man marries when 18 to 20 years of age. If his bride is not yet of age, he stays with her parents, waiting for the first signs of puberty. In case of child betrothal, the lad's parents have to provide for the girl's subsistence.

595 Polygyny is mentioned by all the early sources, but details vary. Some authors declare that it was an old man's privilege, others that it was restricted to the chiefs, good hunters, or famous warriors. There are also indications of sororal polygyny and of marriage simultaneously to a woman and her daughter (Teschauer, 1929, p. 350). In *Tupí-Guaraní* fashion, a girl often married her mother's brother.

[184] The *Caingang* of Palmas are, and claim always to have been monogamous.

Manizer (1930) states that though a man may not marry his cousin—he does not specify which—he usually takes her as a concubine until her own marriage. If pregnancy occurs meanwhile, the girl, as a rule, commits abortion. It often happened that a man grew fonder of his cousin than of his legal wife, and that he sometimes [578] resolutely opposed her marriage. The continuation of such relationship was bitterly resented by the legitimate wife.

For the *Aweikoma*, Henry infers that 60 percent of all marriages are monogamous, a fair proportion of the remainder being polyandrous.

585 A marriage ceremony witnessed by Manizer (1930, p. 776) took place during a drinking bout. Some old men seized the bridegroom and bride and pushed them toward each other in spite of the woman's resistance. Then they dragged them into the bridegroom's hut and left them there under a blanket. The following day the woman ran away, but was brought back by force.

591 Matrilocal residence, formerly the *Caingang* rule, is still frequent, though many couples set up their own households. Baldus (1937 c, p. 43) heard "that only lazy men lived in their father-in-law's house and that, should the father-in-law die, the husband would have to 'govern' his mother-in-law."

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837 The conflict between the sharing that is experienced and absolutely exclusive possession, which is simply and unqualifiedly theory, is far more fundamental in Kaingáng society than it is in our own. Adultery in Kaingáng society is not a circumstance of some marriages but a condition of practically all. Yet, although husband and wife live in constant suspicion of each other's loyalty, it rarely becomes desperate. Husbands do not as a rule follow their wives about, nor wives their husbands, although if there are good grounds for suspicion a husband may beat his wife or a wife her husband. He often leaves her for days at a time even when he knows that there are enterprising men still in camp and no one to chaperon her. This attitude really saves the culture from becoming a nightmare. In a society in which everyone believes that everybody else is engaged in seducing his neighbor's wife, suspicion backed by intense jealousy would drive people to desperation. But when Waipó leaves his wife to go across the river to make manioc all she has to say to him is a laughing, "You're going over there where everyone is living in very close quarters," and with a rough caress he is gone. One evening when Chukembégn and I were coming from the manioc mill I said to him, "Now that you've left your wife alone she may sleep with someone else." "I don't care; let her," said he. There is something more than mere bravado in this statement. It expresses the typical determination not to see what is not forced on one.

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but they were never the equals in accomplishment of the men of middle age and over. So positive judgments were not made of young men. They were just *kēlú*, who had yet to make many attacks on the Brazilians and who had yet to bathe their spoon-shaped lance blades in the blood of a vendetta enemy. We can understand now why a man's *waikayú* did not influence a young woman in the choice of a husband, for all men were assumed to be *waikayú* and only the warriors of middle age or over could be adjudged as outstanding.

If the absence of emphasis on hunting skill, the knowledge that relatives will always feed them, and the lack of expectation of great deeds from *kēlú* effectually muffled all estimates of young men, the concentration of vital effort in the hands of males and the scarcity of women with a number of brothers eliminated the necessity for judging of *tētágn*,[9] young women. After all, what could they do? What techniques did they have that men had not? Only the increasingly unimportant techniques of textile weaving and pottery. The most important occupations, hunting and basketry, were masculine. As for brothers-in-law, they were good to have, and polygyny that did not provide them was to be avoided, but the small and scattered populations made it impossible to demand brothers-in-law as one of the conditions of marriage. Marriage among the young people was and still is, therefore, largely a matter of chance. It is the crystallizing-out of informal sexual relations, which may be due solely to their own initiative, when the couple feel that their needs will be satisfied by the relationship or when they may be instigated by some one of their relatives who sees that they are lovers and decides that they ought to live together.

If human beings followed our ideas of consistency the ethnologist's task of investigation and understanding would be simple. If the Kaingáng were eager to marry off the daughters for whom they have such a difficult time in providing, it would be perfectly understandable. But the Kaingáng see parents as so attached to their daughters, so full of misgivings at the fate that might await them at the hands of their husbands, that they sometimes have fits of anger when they are approached by a go-between. They are sometimes pictured as clinging to a daughter so strongly that they must be asked to "let her alone." Not the parents, but some other member of the family, a brother or an uncle, is often the one who is concerned because a son or daughter is without a spouse. With certain reservations, the following conversation is typical of a dozen others that I recorded.

When Tondúin became interested in marrying off his cousin's son Vomblé, he went to the latter's father and said, "I am going to ask Kemblén

[9] *tē*, woman. *tágn*, fat (noun or adjective), said of animals; hence desirable; also, new or fresh, said of tracks or weapons.

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837 36 524 Through her marriage Kuvé's family gained Vomblé as an ally in the quest for food. Even before marriage a girl's sexual interests are beneficial [43] to her family, for her lovers come with presents of food, and they are welcome at her parents' fireside. The food a lover brings is not payment for favors he has received but a gift in expectation of favors still to come. Even after her marriage a woman's amorous intrigues are of considerable advantage to those around her—even to her own husband, for every time she attracts a man she has added a hunter to the band. Wherever his mistress is, there the lover stays, and unless her husband gets wind of the affair and flies into a rage the lover may very likely follow the camp almost indefinitely. His presence is welcome, of course, for another gun or bow and another knife and axe mean so much more meat and honey. Thus even adultery plays a constructive role in Kaingáng society, for it keeps within the band men who might otherwise go elsewhere in search of satisfaction, and it often culminated in polyandrous marriage, which has been one of the strongest integrating forces in Kaingáng society.

595 582 The story is told of Kuvén who was the lover of both Kanggá and her mother. Now as Kanggá's father grew old and it became difficult for him to get meat, he felt more and more the necessity of having someone to help him hunt for his large family. As long as Kuvén remained he could depend on him, but when it seemed that the young man was becoming interested in Yemái, a woman who was no relative of his and whom, therefore, Kuvén might follow far away to her relatives, Kanggá's father said to his wife and daughter: "Call Kuvén; if he marries Yemái he will leave me and go away. Let him get food for your children when I die. If he marries another woman he will throw your children away." So Kanggá's mother called Kuvén and said to her daughter: "Marry him. I am going to live with you and him." So Kuvén married both mother and daughter, and when Kanggá's father died Kuvén took care of the latter's children.

621 571 The Kaingáng have no system of clans or moieties[1] to impose social obligations on them. Their kinship system is not the crystallization of inescapable obligations that is found in many other primitive societies but prin- [61] cipally a device for grouping people in large age classes. Their mode of life also made the maintenance of complex systems of obligations and loyalties extremely difficult, for they wandered from place to place in little groups of two to twenty adults. Even the biological family had little permanence as a cooperating unit, for children wandered away from their parents when [594] they grew up and brothers separated to go with their in-laws or to travel with childhood playmates and hunting companions in search of adventure. Under the influence of the conflicting obligations of blood and marriage the composition of the small group of adults was forever changing. The dependence of the men on one another, and even their fundamental reali-

[1] See Appendix II, p. 175.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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zation of this dependence, is not enough to stabilize any relationship among them even today, for there are any number of men with whom an individual may join forces, and if he hunts with his father today he may go away with his wife's father tomorrow and with his sister's husband the day after. Nothing compels him to fix his allegiance.

Nevertheless the Kaingáng had achieved a certain degree of social cohesion, and one of the ways in which they managed it was by building permanent cooperating units around their sex interests. It is in this way that social integration, although explicitly expressed in terms of the economically important men, often actually revolved about the women. As in the case of Kanggá and her mother, the women often became the nuclei of polyandrous and also of joint marriages, which often changed their male composition frequently. Thus by her mere existence the woman held together a complex household, which disintegrated when she died. A general lack of formal rules for marriage permitted the easy building up of large *ménages* by gradual additions of men and women. A household might begin with either a monogamous or a polygynous marriage; as time passed another man might be added to the household and become the co-husband; perhaps another wife was added and then another man. Through the years the family would expand and contract or simply change as the wives or husbands died or were killed off in feuds or the raids of the bugreiros.

The Indians told me of the marriages of Wanyekí.[2] Together with his wife Tendó, his sister and his hunting companion Chu, he wandered about, far away from other members of the tribe. This was nothing unusual for the Kaingáng, who sometimes did not see one another for years. When Chu's wife died Wanyekí's wife cooked and made a sleeping-place for him, simply, as the Kaingáng put it, "because he had no wife," and he became her co-husband. So Chu was saved for Wanyekí and his little isolated band and did not wander away in search of another wife. But as time passed Tendó, the wife, died, and Wanyekí and Chu were left alone. Until his nieces, his sister's daughters, grew to adolescence, Wanyekí had no wife. Then one day his sister said to him: "Wanyekí, live with them. There are no other women. They are in the same position as you—there are no men. So go around with them. There is no one else for you to marry. So marry them." Chu had died in the meanwhile, so Wanyekí, who already had had two wives married these three girls, who were much younger than he. This kind of relationship is not difficult for a Kaingáng girl, for far from wishing to retain her hold on the recreations of her childhood she looks forward to the sexual experiences that she has been urged to seek ever since she was a baby in arms.

Wanyekí lived alone with his three wives, his sister's daughters, until

[2] See footnote p. 30.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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they each bore him a child. Then he joined forces with two men whom he had left long ago, and he once more became monogamous, for two of his wives left him to live with these men. Wanyekí did not object. Even though his wives took their sons with them the children remained attached to their father and were frequently in his camp. If Wanyekí had objected there would have been two courses open to him. He could have beaten his wives, in which case they would have left him anyway, or he could have quarreled with the men. In the latter case he would have lost the companionship of the angry men, who would certainly have left him. Actually Wanyekí lived for many years on friendly terms with them, and they continued to make love to his remaining wife Amendó even though they now had wives of their own.

Soon after this Wanyekí was joined by two other men, who became the co-husbands of Amendó, and when Wanyekí's son Véye by his first and now long-dead wife grew to manhood he too shared his father's wife. So father and son, instead of glowering at each other across the fire out of their jealous desire for the same woman, cohabited with her in peace, strengthening the precarious bonds of Kaingáng society. The solution would not be the same in every case, for in another such household Kangndádn beat his son and drove him out for daring to copulate with his second wife. But Wanyekí and Véye shot game for each other and for their robust wife while she bore her four husbands nine lusty children and one weakling who died.

Judging from her numerous love affairs it could never be said that Amendó was unable to cope with the sexual demands of her husbands, but, as the Kaingáng put it, she had a great deal of work to do cooking and fetching water for four hungry men and her children; so she called Nggevén, one of her husbands' nieces, to be her co-wife. Amendó had nothing to fear from the younger woman, for they had four husbands to share between them and Amendó was active in seeking enjoyment outside the bonds of matrimony. So without jealousy or disruption Nggevén moved into this household. She did not have the ignominious position[8] of the second wife that is so common in primitive societies, nor did Amendó ever attempt to drive her out. This closely-knit cooperating unit held together through the years until Nggevén had borne the four husbands ten children. Then Wanyekí and one of his co-husbands died. But although two of the oldest members of the household were dead, although Wanyekí, the husband of Amendó's youth, was dead, the remaining husbands stayed by her and hunted for her. But soon only Véye was left, for the Brazilians killed

[8] The position of the first wife is superior to that of the second only in one respect: in a case of jealous conflict the first wife never leaves.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
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Amendó and the other husbands and Nggevén married her young son-in-law and went away.

In relationships like these the violent hostility between an aging father and his son, both striving for the same woman, is resolved through the son's marriage to his step-mother. This has happened over and over again in Kaingáng society, and it is one of the few instances in which a people have been able to settle this ancient conflict peaceably. Instead of being violently possessive like the typical male in our society and like not a few in his own, Wanyekí was willing to share his wives. First he relinquished two of them and then he permitted his son and other men to come and share his remaining wife. This brought peace and security not only to him but also to the men who escaped conflict through his behavior, to the innumerable sympathizers who would have taken sides in the concomitant quarreling, and to the women who escaped the beatings that an angry husband might have given them. Wanyekí possessed a foresight that Yuvén[4] lacked. Yuvén, young, jealous and possessive, drove out his two co-husbands, but as he grew older and his family multiplied he was compelled to accept Kuvén as the husband of both his wife and daughter, for only in that way did he feel that his wife and children would be adequately cared for.

Yakwá is another violent possessive man who got into difficulties because he was unwilling to share his wife. Although he is about sixty years old he is as vigorous as any young man. His powerful muscles bulge beneath his skin and he is tireless in the hunt. No one is faster than he at clearing land for planting. For a nomad, unused to the ways of white civilization, he is an unusually energetic farmer. His violent rages were a trial to me. His wife was not at all like him. She was given to thieving, it is true, but my battles with her were always more or less genial. She was a persistent but gentle thief. She must have been about fifty years old, wonderfully well preserved, and her skin was a beautiful golden tan. There was no doubt that Anggló wanted a kind of love-making that her husband could not give her. So she turned to her son-in-law Kanyahé. Years before she and Yakwá had had a daughter, an only child, who had married Kanyahé but died a few years before I came to the reservation. Kanyahé was about thirty years old. He too was powerfully built, and for energy in the hunt he could match Yakwá. He kept a large household supplied with meat when no one else had any. His sexuality was aggressive and open, and he carried on his affairs almost under the noses of the husbands.

His affair with Anggló made the older man desperate. When Anggló came home he fought with her, not daring to mention the subject of the

[4] Kanggé's father. See p. 36.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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649 conflict. Once a feud arose there was nothing, neither dominating ties of
182 blood nor the voice of chieftainship or government, to stop or limit it.
571 Where the demands of kin by marriage conflicted with the claims of blood
518 and where the call of a hunting companion whose bed one had shared clamored above the voices of blood and affinity the individual was pulled in a dozen directions, by a dozen magnets. Feuds spread, cleaving the society asunder like a deadly axe, blighting its life like the plague. Thus it came about that the very forces of integration carried the seeds of disruption within them. A man's link with his wife's people pulled him from his siblings; his bond with his sister's husband tore him from his wife's people; and his relationships with his hunting companions drew him from all.

522 The Kaingáng are divided into extended families ranging in numbers
596 from 50 to 300 individuals. These families are made up of the descendants
591 of two or more men who have intermarried and whose children have intermarried. Thus each family is closely inbred, and almost every member can trace his genealogy[1] to one of the two or more male ancestors. These ancestral males are real personalities, and the data on them is usually rather full, but there is always a point beyond which memory cannot go, and it is impossible to learn anything about any of their parents or siblings. Marriages with other extended families occurred, but marriages within the families far outnumber marriages between the families. This endogamy was brought about not by a specific taboo on marrying outside but by the hostility between the families which made them distrust one another and which kept them apart. When members of different families did marry it almost always caused a split in the ranks of one or both of the intermarrying groups. In such a case brother might be aligned against brother to the death. Those who shifted from one family to another either through marriage or through having been captured as youngsters were looked on as blood relatives of their new associates and hence as enemies to their former friends and were given no quarter in case of attack by members of the family to which they once belonged.

The Kaingáng call members of their own extended family "my own people," and the warm personal relationships that have been described in the preceding chapters exist only among one's "own people." For hundreds of years there have been several Kaingáng extended families and they have lived in a state of perpetual feud with one another. Whole lineages have been destroyed, and others, overcome by panic, have wandered away into the endless forests, never to be heard of again. Sometimes two extended families have come together and have been able to live in peace, but gen-

[1] The Kaingáng are minutely interested in their own genealogies, and they know who their father's father's father's son's wife's sister's daughter's husband is down to the last detail of all his names, what he died of, and how many children he had.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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erally whoever went contrary to the behavior of the rest of his "own people" and threw in his lot with "another group of people" was lost, for he had joined forces with those whose hate and fear were directed against the ones with whom he had ties. He became a wanderer divorced from his own blood, sleepless at night for fear that they might come to kill him, anxious in the day lest his new companions slay him. If he survived, his children bore the weight of his deed, for they might never return to their father's people. They were *kánggĕgn utpá*, "different men," to them, even though they were first cousins by blood. They had never shared their women or caressed their men. They were shut out of the circle of warm arms and bodies that mean security to the Kaingáng, and they were killed on sight or hunted down like wild animals. In Kaingáng terminology "a different group of our people" is a synonym for *thágn*, enemy. The hated Brazilians and "our different people" are both *thágn*, enemies, "something no good," and severed from the ties of blood in behavior if not in fact.

The Feuds

Today Kaingáng memory does not go further back than the murder of Nduichá with anything like exactness. But it transports us to this death more than a century ago with a precision that is almost mathematical. The complicated genealogies of the people whose descendants are alive today check rigorously. When the Kaingáng discuss such killings as Nduichá's they seem to be fitting together the parts of a machine the intricate workings of which they know precisely. Their absorbed interest in the history of their own destruction has impressed on their minds with flawless clarity the multitudinous cross-workings of the feuds. They remember not only the genealogy of everyone but even details of weather, conversation, and facial expression and the precise spot in which an arrow or a lance struck.

In order to understand the feud conditions under which Nduichá was murdered we must take advantage of these memories and try to picture the composition of Kaingáng society at the time. When our story opens three groups of people are living together: the children of Mumbégn,[2] the children of Kanggúin, and the children of Vomblé. Mumbégn had three wives who bore him many children, but for the present our story is concerned only with three of his offspring: Kumbló, and his sister, and their half-brother, Wanyeká,[3] the son of Mumbégn by another wife. Mumbégn himself had died, and one of his wives, the mother of Kumbló, had married Kovĕ, "a different man," one for whom memory provides no blood tie. For

[2] His real name was Kuvén, but I have called him Mumbégn in order not to confuse him with his son Kuvén, who was killed later. These three men are the ancestors of the extended family with which I lived.

[3] See pp. 37-38.

285 Chusquea pinifolia--Translator] strips which vary only in their width
415 and thickness.

The larger waxed baskets are used as a sort of pail to convey water and honey. The small baskets, also waterproof, are used as vessels--mugs of a sort--for water and for mong-ma on festive occasions.

286 The Botocudo do not plait fans or mats. But they do weave a
482 strap, eight centimeters in width, tied at the ends with a special slipping knot which permits its shortening or lengthening. These straps are woven, sometimes in two colors, of embira fiber. The women use
[554] them placed against the forehead, or against the top of the head, to carry children. The Botocudo carry everything in this fashion, with the weight steadied against the head and resting along the back.

412 These Indians use large tongs made of taquaruçu [a large bamboo, Guadua superba--Translator] or hard wood. These pincers are used to remove food from the fire and from boiling pots. They are called ko-pama, "wooden hand."

619 The Botocudo make up a single tribe composed of various families with equal rights.

622 Power rests with a single chief, pahi, who steers the destinies of the tribe and usually rules on all its actions.

The chief wields this power as long as his worth as a brave and fearless warrior is recognized by all. In his absence the most experienced and courageous warriors take over and exert authority upon the other members of the tribe.

When elderly the chief transfers his command to a worthy warrior, without losing his ascendancy over the tribe. He becomes its respected and venerated counselor.

595 The Botocudo are polygamous. According to his worth, the warrior usually marries two or three women; the chiefs always take more than three wives. [126]

304 On reaching adulthood the youths are tattooed on the arm with a warrior's badge, which consists of two dots laid horizontally. As they prove their manly qualities they are granted another two marks,
[512] tattooed similarly underneath the first. Once thus admitted among the warriors, they are considered ready to marry.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

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[171] 22 Unlike their neighbors in JUNGLE PEOPLE

831 Paraná the Kaingáng have no love magic. They are, in general, a very practical and aggressive people and not given to the use of charms. They view all people but little children as spontaneously, vigorously and indiscriminately sexual, and act accordingly.

The young man who, urged at last by his desire for a woman to cook and keep house for him, and the young woman who, impelled by her wish to have someone who will constantly care for her, at last settle down with a spouse, have this background of philandering, jesting and frequently adulterous sexual experience that will color married life into old [864] age. Kaingáng men and women are not advised by their parents to be faithful to one another. The only case I heard of is that of Amendó who was one of the wives of Wanyekí. When she and her sisters married him her mother said to her: "Live with him. If they leave him, you remain with him." And she always did.[2]

581 In our society the traditional, the ideal stabilizer of marriage is love—an
586 exclusive sex interest in one person. The Kaingáng have no tradition, no background for the development of such an interest. Marriage in other [583] primitive societies is sometimes stabilized by a large payment for the bride, but in Kaingáng society there is no such payment. If a woman leaves her husband she can always find a relative who will take care of her. Her brother or her cousin or her sister will always take her in, and although she lacks the full security that marriage gave her she need not starve, for there are any number of men who will accept her as an added responsibility without complaint, even boasting a little that they took care of her and that she called them *yágn*.[3] Besides having this dependable bulwark to her security a woman's own aggressiveness makes it far easier for her to get another husband than for a woman in a similar position in our society. When a woman is left without a husband the liaisons which she has established surreptitiously serve her in good stead, for then one of her lovers may become her new husband.[4]

586 Chukembégn had been having some trouble with his wife, Chantágn. When he left her for a few days to go hunting he told his hunting companions that he was going to leave his wife. News got back to the post before he returned. One day Chantágn, who had previously amused herself by casual approaches to me, called me. I came out of my house and sat down where anyone who happened to be around could see us. "What do

[2] See p. 30. These people have been long dead.

[3] See Appendix II, p. 177. Such a woman can partially earn her keep by gathering fruit and wood, helping with the cooking and the children, and clearing the ground for camp sites. If she has lovers they will contribute to the family larder.

[4] Sometimes, though rarely, former husbands may become lovers, but this does not occur where the woman herself has rejected them as husbands.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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but they were never the equals in accomplishment of the men of middle age and over. So positive judgments were not made of young men. They were just *kẽlé*, who had yet to make many attacks on the Brazilians and who had yet to bathe their spoon-shaped lance blades in the blood of a vendetta enemy. We can understand now why a man's *swikayá* did not influence a young woman in the choice of a husband, for all men were assumed to be *swikayá* and only the warriors of middle age or over could be adjudged as outstanding.

If the absence of emphasis on hunting skill, the knowledge that relatives will always feed them, and the lack of expectation of great deeds from *kẽlé* effectually muffled all estimates of young men, the concentration of vital effort in the hands of males and the scarcity of women with a number of brothers eliminated the necessity for judging of *tẽtógo*,[9] young women. After all, what could they do? What techniques did they have that men had not? Only the increasingly unimportant techniques of textile weaving and pottery. The most important occupations, hunting and basketry, were masculine. As for brothers-in-law; they were good to have, and polygyny that did not provide them was to be avoided, but the small and scattered populations made it impossible to demand brothers-in-law as one of the conditions of marriage. Marriage among the young people was and still is, therefore, largely a matter of chance. It is the crystallizing-out of informal sexual relations, which may be due solely to their own initiative, when the couple feel that their needs will be satisfied by the relationship or when they may be instigated by some one of their relatives who sees that they are lovers and decides that they ought to live together.

If human beings followed our ideas of consistency the ethnologist's task of investigation and understanding would be simple. If the Kaingáng were eager to marry off the daughters for whom they have such a difficult time in providing, it would be perfectly understandable. But the Kaingáng see parents as so attached to their daughters, so full of misgivings at the fate that might await them at the hands of their husbands, that they sometimes have fits of anger when they are approached by a go-between. They are sometimes pictured as clinging to a daughter so strongly that they must be asked to "let her alone." Not the parents, but some other member of the family, a brother or an uncle, is often the one who is concerned because a son or daughter is without a spouse. With certain reservations, the following conversation is typical of a dozen others that I recorded.

When Tondfin became interested in marrying off his cousin's son Vomblé, he went to the latter's father and said, "I am going to ask Kemblén

[9] *tẽ*, woman. *tógo*, fat (noun or adjective), said of animals; human desirable; also, new or fresh, said of tracks or weapons.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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for one of his children." Kemblén was Tondúin's younger brother. "For whom are you going to ask him for one?" "For [your son] Vomblé. He is full-grown, but he has no wife. I have been waiting for someone or other to send a daughter to him, but they never do; so I am going to send one of Kemblén's daughters to him." Then Vomblé's father said, "What shall I do? He is full-grown; yet no one sends a child to him. If you tell Kemblén he may be angry. But tell him." When Tondúin told Kemblén he sat in silence and at last said: "I shall never send her to some *kẽlá* who will beat her when I am dead and gone. Send her to some one of your affinal relatives who treats you well. Then he will give you food and ignore me, eating it alone. He will not give any to me." "That is what he said," remarked Vomblé, as he told it to me; "he was a fool." But in the teeth of Kemblén's anger his brother sent Kulá to Vomblé, and he married her. If a young couple do not decide to take matters into their own hands they may continue as lovers indefinitely. At last someone may take enough interest in their affairs to assume the task of go-between. Then in the face of opposition they cheerfully settle down—at least for a while—and continue their relations with the various parties as if the waters had never been troubled.

The culture has so little immediate stake in marriage that it exercises itself very little about it. There are no dramatic stories of girls who were betrothed to boys they did not like, of sudden passion interrupting a prearranged marriage, of flight by night and lonely wandering in the forest away from enraged parents or from potential in-laws who felt themselves cheated of the prize for which they had already paid dearly. There are no ramifying laws of incest for the violation of which the culture might administer a swift and violent punishment. The assumed personal equality of all young people, the dead level of economic conditions, the lack of accumulated property, and the fact that there are no class lines make all planning for a first marriage unnecessary. The relatives of the young man do not have to save up over a long period of time to pay for the bride, nor do they have to sit awake at night for fear that she might be suddenly raped, toppling at one blow the complicated structure of preparation and throwing the community into an uproar. Kaingáng marriage, except when it becomes the temporary concern of some go-between, is the immediate affair only of the principals. And even the go-between has no stake in the marriage. It is true that he (or she) automatically becomes the in-law of the young man, but this is not particularly important in a society of myriad relationships; and if the young man refuses the young woman who is "sent" to him the matter is forgotten.

Polygyny comes about in Kaingáng society in the same informal, almost accidental manner as monogamic unions. In Kaingáng ideology one of the

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

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837 36
584 Through her marriage Nulá's family gained Vomblé as an ally in the quest for food. Even before marriage a girl's sexual interests are beneficial
[43] to her family, for her lovers come with presents of food, and they are welcome at her parents' fireside. The food a lover brings is not payment for favors he has received but a gift in expectation of favors still to come. Even after her marriage a woman's amorous intrigues are of considerable advantage to those around her—even to her own husband, for every time she attracts a man she has added a hunter to the band. Wherever his mistress is, there the lover stays, and unless her husband gets wind of the affair and flies into a rage the lover may very likely follow the camp almost indefinitely. His presence is welcome, of course, for another gun or bow and another knife and axe mean so much more meat and honey. Thus even adultery plays a constructive role in Kaingáng society, for it keeps within the band men who might otherwise go elsewhere in search of satisfaction, and it often culminated in polyandrous marriage, which has been one of the strongest integrating forces in Kaingáng society.

595 The story is told of Kuvén who was the lover of both Kanggá and her
582 mother. Now as Kanggá's father grew old and it became difficult for him to get meat, he felt more and more the necessity of having someone to help him hunt for his large family. As long as Kuvén remained he could depend on him, but when it seemed that the young man was becoming interested in Yemái, a woman who was no relative of his and whom, therefore, Kuvén might follow far away to her relatives, Kanggá's father said to his wife and daughter: "Call Kuvén; if he marries Yemái he will leave me and go away. Let him get food for your children when I die. If he marries another woman he will throw your children away." So Kanggá's mother called Kuvén and said to her daughter: "Marry him. I am going to live with you and him." So Kuvén married both mother and daughter, and when Kanggá's father died Kuvén took care of the latter's children.

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[61] cipally a device for grouping people in large age classes. Their mode of life also made the maintenance of complex systems of obligations and loyalties extremely difficult, for they wandered from place to place in little groups of two to twenty adults. Even the biological family had little permanence as a cooperating unit, for children wandered away from their parents when
[34] they grew up and brothers separated to go with their in-laws or to travel with childhood playmates and hunting companions in search of adventure. Under the influence of the conflicting obligations of blood and marriage the composition of the small group of adults was forever changing. The dependence of the men on one another, and even their fundamental reali-

[1] See Appendix E, p. 175.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

553 352 The child then receives a new name. Later, he may adopt names that refer to notable incidents of his life.

852 304 In the Santa Catarina group, the perforation of the boys' lower lip at the age of 2 or 3 is marked by great celebrations. Women, holding gourd rattles, dance with warriors, who beat the ground with their spears. The children are intoxicated with beer, and shaken until half unconscious, when their ceremonial fathers pierce their lips with a sharp stick (Henry, 1941, pp. 195–197).

582 **Marriage.**—According to Baldus' census (1937 c, p. 43), men are generally older than their wives, in some cases as much as 15 to 20 years; among 37 percent of the couples there was a difference of 10 years.

A man marries when 18 to 20 years of age. If his bride is not yet of age, he stays with her parents, waiting for the first signs of puberty. In case of child betrothal, the lad's parents have to provide for the girl's subsistence.

595 Polygyny is mentioned by all the early sources, but details vary. Some authors declare that it was an old man's privilege, others that it was restricted to the chiefs, good hunters, or famous warriors. There are also indications of sororal polygyny and of marriage simultaneously to a woman and her daughter (Teschauer, 1929, p. 350). In *Tupí-Guaraní* fashion, a girl often married her mother's brother.

[184] The *Caingang* of Palmas are, and claim always to have been monogamous.

Maniser (1930) states that though a man may not marry his cousin—he does not specify which—he usually takes her as a concubine until her own marriage. If pregnancy occurs meanwhile, the girl, as a rule, commits abortion. It often happened that a man grew fonder of his cousin than of his legal wife, and that he sometimes [578] resolutely opposed her marriage. The continuation of such relationship was bitterly resented by the legitimate wife.

For the *Aweikoma*, Henry infers that 60 percent of all marriages are monogamous, a fair proportion of the remainder being polyandrous.

● 585 A marriage ceremony witnessed by Maniser (1930, p. 776) took place during a drinking bout. Some old men seized the bridegroom and bride and pushed them toward each other in spite of the woman's resistance. Then they dragged them into the bridegroom's hut and left them there under a blanket. The following day the woman ran away, but was brought back by force.

591 Matrilocal residence, formerly the *Caingang* rule, is still frequent, though many couples set up their own households. Baldus (1937 c, p. 43) heard "that only lazy men lived in their father-in-law's house and that, should the father-in-law die, the husband would have to 'govern' his mother-in-law."

585 As a general rule, the young warrior builds himself a hut where he takes the girl of his choice, who lives henceforth as his wife. Sometimes, when the girl's family is small, he goes to live with his wife in her parents' hut. Incest does not occur among them, for [535] marriage is forbidden among close relatives. It is the custom of the tribe to respect marriage; adultery is unamously condemned and rarely occurs.

595 The warrior chooses his second wife with no more formality than the first. Both women enjoy the same rights. The additional wives are often sisters of the first one.

551 Male children are given the name of an outstanding ancestor, to which is added as a surname that of their father and of his lineage. The name of female children is chosen freely by the mother, whose own name is added as surname along with the name of her lineage.

This explains the great length of their names, such as for instance: Korikrã-Lãksi-Layondési, Vaikõidn-Ungrósima-Póa-Tupi-Vaimunima.

764 Dead adults, men as well as women, are cremated in large fires built with selected woods. Pubescent children of both sexes are granted the same procedure, while young children are buried.

A warrior's weapons and other personal implements are burned along with his body. The ashes are gathered the following day and placed in a round pit, previously lined with tree bark and leaves, which is then filled with earth, covered with fragments of wood, and surmounted with a shelter.

765 The death of a chief or outstanding warrior is lamented by the whole tribe; his exploits are sung in a sort of litany for several days. Then the women recount in similar chants the virtues of the dead man in the domestic life of the tribe.

It is to be noted that on such occasions the Botocudo are seized by a profound sadness. Absorbed in their great sorrow, they become sullen and indifferent to everything and observe for several days a rigorous fast.

476 The social rule of the Botocudo is mutual aid, for which they were naturally trained by the insecure nomadic existence which has always been their lot.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

SM3 Caingang SM3 Aweikoma

[171] 22 Unlike their neighbors in JUNGLE PEOPLE

831 Paraná the Kaingáng have no love magic. They are, in general, a very practical and aggressive people and not given to the use of charms. They view all people but little children as spontaneously, vigorously and indiscriminately sexual, and act accordingly.

The young man who, urged at last by his desire for a woman to cook and keep house for him, and the young woman who, impelled by her wish to have someone who will constantly care for her, at last settle down with a spouse, have this background of philandering, jesting and frequently adulterous sexual experience that will color married life into old age. Kaingáng men and women are not advised by their parents to be [864] faithful to one another. The only case I heard of is that of Amendó who was one of the wives of Wanyekí. When she and her sisters married him her mother said to her: "Live with him. If they leave him, you remain with him." And she always did.[2]

581 In our society the traditional, the ideal stabilizer of marriage is love—an
586 exclusive sex interest in one person. The Kaingáng have no tradition, no background for the development of such an interest. Marriage in other [583] primitive societies is sometimes stabilized by a large payment for the bride, but in Kaingáng society there is no such payment. If a woman leaves her husband she can always find a relative who will take care of her. Her brother or her cousin or her sister will always take her in, and although she lacks the full security that marriage gave her she need not starve, for there are any number of men who will accept her as an added responsibility without complaint, even boasting a little that they took care of her and that she called them *yúgu*.[3] Besides having this dependable bulwark to her security a woman's own aggressiveness makes it far easier for her to get another husband than for a woman in a similar position in our society. When a woman is left without a husband the liaisons which she has established surreptitiously serve her in good stead, for then one of her lovers may become her new husband.[4]

586 Chukembégn had been having some trouble with his wife, Chantágn. When he left her for a few days to go hunting he told his hunting companions that he was going to leave his wife. News got back to the post before he returned. One day Chantágn, who had previously amused herself by casual approaches to me, called me. I came out of my house and sat down where anyone who happened to be around could see us. "What do

[2] See p. 30. These people have been long dead.

[3] See Appendix II, p. 177. Such a woman can partially earn her keep by gathering fruit and wood, helping with the cooking and the children, and clearing the ground for camp sites. If she has lovers they will contribute to the family larder.

[4] Sometimes, though rarely, former husbands may become lovers, but this does not occur where the woman herself has rejected them as husbands.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

you want?" said I. "Chukembégn is going to leave me." "Oh, no, he isn't." 586
"Yes, he is. He said so up the river and they are talking about it." "But he is not going to leave you." "How do you know?" "He told me." "What did he tell you?" "He told me that he loves you." I used the strongest term that the language has to offer, a term that I heard used only in folktales. "But he *is* going to leave me. Julio, if he leaves me, will you marry me?" "No," said I; "I never marry anyone." And there the matter rested.[8]

A man separated from his wife may live with someone else and share 581
his fire. At the worst he can cook his own meals and spread his own bed, 593
for no shame attaches to a man who does a woman's work. But after a 855
woman has borne three children a marriage does not break up. The 764
woman needs the man to take care of her children, and Kaingáng men are 766
fond fathers. There is no end to the fondling and delousing a child gets from its father and other men. He makes toys for it and takes it hunting for company. Nowadays they are as much interested in having their little girls decked out in brand new calico dresses as American mothers are in getting their children permanent waves. Even in death parents do not relinquish their children, for, they say, a child who dies before the age of about twelve returns to its mother's womb and is reborn. The corpse of a grown-up is placed on the funeral pyre, pounded on the chest and told to go away, and summarily burnt. But, I was told, a little child is placed in a grave, covered with wholesome herbs and begged to return. Its mother puts a little honey and meat aside for it, puts her baby's carrying-band on her head and walks about crying, "Come here, come here! Come and eat the meat and honey I have put aside for you. If you stay in some other camp one will be angry with you! Come back! Come back!"

Except for the somewhat aberrant Chukembégn there is not a single case 586
of a marriage dissolved after three children had been born. Chukembégn was a child of about nine when the Kaingáng settled on the reservation, and he grew up in close contact with the agent. He married Tendó but left her after she had borne him three children. His present wife, Chantégn, "led him away by the hand." Now he rarely goes near Tendó, but she is still regarded as his wife. Two years after leaving her he still buys cloth for her to make dresses for herself and her children. Yet idle tongues will wag, and one day when Chukembégn, Klendó, and I were hunting together, Chukembégn burst out: "It is not true that I ignore her. I got medicine and bought a chicken for her when she was ill!" Klendó observed mildly that he had never said that Chukembégn had not taken care of her. Then Chukembégn, turning to me, blurted in Portuguese: "This man has

[8] I mention this, and other cases in which I myself have been one of the names, not because they are the only instances of the kind that I have, but because they are usually the most complete.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

586 been saying that I have not been taking care of that woman, but I have!" Tendó had not married again and the community refused to admit that Chukembégn's obligations to her were ended.

Indeed I have no way of telling what would happen if a woman in such a position remarried, for Kaingáng society has no other such case to offer in more than a hundred and fifty years of its history.[6] Unless a woman is separated from her husband under the conditions of vendetta, a couple with several children stays together till death. Although the case of Chukembégn and Tendó is isolated it emphasizes the Kaingáng attitude toward marriages of long standing that have produced several children. The breaking up of Tendó's household left the society confused as to just how it should treat Chukembégn for there were no parallel instances. So they simply continued to insist that he owed some kind of support to Tendó, even though he planted his field with Chantágn, seldom went to visit Tendó, and that only when absolutely necessary, and maintained the most tenuous relations with her family.

581 But separations before many children are born are legion. Young people frequently pass through one or two marriages before they finally settle down. The relationship between the sexes is informal, and there is no marriage ceremony. In its early stages the only thing that distinguishes a marriage from a protracted affair is the announcement by the principals that they are married. There is no term for marriage. The Kaingáng use the term *sé*, to sit, to express the husband-wife relationship. "He sat with her" means "he married her." Sometimes people do not know whether a couple who have separated have ever been "married." Even before marriage a man and woman may go hunting together, and unless her family takes it upon itself to "send her to him" or the man and woman themselves decide to set up a household, the relationship between the two remains unchanged. The man may even hunt with his sweetheart's relatives and contribute to the household's food supply without yet having the status of a husband. When one of the woman's brothers or sisters or parents see that she is pregnant they may "send her to" her most constant lover, but no stigma attaches to an extramarital birth. Mothers are just as passionately attached to their illegitimate[7] children as they are to their legitimate and all the children have equal chances in life. Illegitimacy, so often the pivotal point of some of the most dramatic episodes in our own and in primitive societies, is completely lacking in drama among the Kaingáng.

Though the Kaingáng know that unfaithfulness and brittleness are inevitable conditions of marriage among them, its implied permanence and

[6] My genealogies go back about two hundred years and include five hundred individuals of all ages. The fact that a woman has one or two children is no obstacle to her remarriage.

[7] I use this term simply to indicate children born out of wedlock.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

primary causes of polygyny is that "There are no other men." Like Wanyekí,[10] the first husband of Amendó, a man may acquire two or more wives because there "are no other men around." But although this was true in the case of Wanyekí who lived far away from other people, it is necessary to remember that it is easier to give this as a blanket explanation than to bother about the numerous causes of a man's taking two or more wives. Among the young men on the reservation today there are several young bachelors; Nanmblá, however, has two wives.

Kuthúgn, old Thunder Storm, on the other hand, went around without a wife for years until his older brother died, leaving two wives, and Kuthúgn married them. But the Kaingáng do not impose or bestow on men the duty or the privilege of marrying their dead brothers' wives, nor do they compel widows to marry their brothers-in-law. Since the Kaingáng have no lien on spouses, since spouses are not conceived of as belonging to one group that has bought them or whose entire pattern of affinal exchanges is based on their permanent attachment to it, and since, furthermore, no group has given a man or woman in marriage in exchange for one received from a different group, there is no mechanism to compel a widow or widower to accept any particular new spouse. The ideology of mourning and the isolation of the widowed shows a complete lack of interest in these things.

A widowed person is dangerous, for the ghost of the departed clings to its last earthly vestiges in the hair of the surviving spouse that touched its own while living and under the nails where the dirt from food cooked or killed for the one now dead still lies. It follows its spouse about wherever it goes, for it is loath to give up its earthly attachments. It is a menace not only to the surviving spouse but to the whole community, for no one knows whom it may select as desirable to keep it company in the land of souls. So the widowed must be got out of camp for two weeks or two months, until the attachment of the ghost is enfeebled. Then, at the end of this time of fasting from the foods that he killed for his wife or that she cooked for her husband, the spouse is brought back with hair and nails cut off and is thus freed from the dirt that was so close a link to the ghost. Before the Kaingáng came to the reservation the return of the surviving spouse was the occasion for an elaborate ritual. With head covered with feathers as a disguise to fool the ghost, with wholesome herbs strewn in the path, to the noise of frantic singing and rattling to frighten the ghost away the widowed person came back and soon began his sex life anew. When the ghost of her husband had been frightened away contact with the woman was safe, for Kaingáng ghosts do not suffer from sexual jealousy after the first few weeks but oscillate eerily between the land of the dead and the dwellings of the living, harassed by a loneliness that urges them from time to time to

[10] He and Amendó died in about 1905.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

snatch away some human being to bear them company. If the ghost longs 765
to renew intercourse and return at night for this purpose, it is the old spouse who suffers, never the new partner. No woman remains a widow because men are afraid to marry her. The Kaingáng are forever daring the supernatural anyway.

The children belong to their parents, if one can speak of "belonging" in 593
a society in which children are not valued as property. What we so strongly idealize the Kaingáng actually feel, for to them children are like highly charged emotional batteries. They are valued for their potentialities as emotionally satisfying living things, like most other pets.[11] There is no idea expressed that when they grow up they will feed and protect their parents,[12] 888
for in nomadic days the latter knew only too well the whims that urged and the necessities that compelled their children to wander away from them. They themselves had felt the desire to go north or west or east to see the country or to attack the Brazilians, and they too had left their own parents to follow the camps of their wives' relatives. But when children are left fatherless it often devolves upon the father's family to take care of them, for they feel that responsibility, and it is in this way that it comes about that a widow often marries someone of her husband's kin. She goes where her [587]
children are, and it is there, in the midst of her husband's close kin, that she begins her sex life anew and often finds her new husband.

It is a similar factor of residence that brings it about that in the majority 595
of cases the co-spouses in a polygynous or polyandrous marriage are either siblings or first cousins. For in the closer relationship that springs up among the members of the families related by marriage the most obvious choice is a person whom one sees all the time and with whom, therefore, one delights to have an affair. Since this choice rests almost wholly with the widow and since it is conditioned by a large number of accidental factors, principally what men are available at the moment, her new husband is as likely to be older than her dead husband as younger. Even when he is past middle age a man is still a vigorous hunter, and even if he is an old man, he can depend on someone to help toward the support of his household. His wife may philander as she will, but she is still his wife, and if he catches or suspects her he may beat her or even put a club through her chest. [684]

If we were to believe Yatí as quoted by Thunder Storm's son, we could say that Thunder Storm acquired his third wife because he was an outstanding figure. But I am inclined to doubt this. His third wife was

[11] The Kaingáng, like many South American peoples, keep pet monkeys, pigs, quetí and hawks. Only the latter are used—for their feathers. Dogs are not pets; emotionally they belong rather in the category of nonsexual human beings.

[12] It is true, nevertheless, that the parents could generally depend to some extent on their children's help, particularly before marriage.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

553 852 The child then receives a new name. Later, he may adopt names that refer to notable incidents of his life.

852 304 In the Santa Catarina group, the perforation of the boys' lower lip at the age of 2 or 3 is marked by great celebrations. Women, holding gourd rattles, dance with warriors, who beat the ground with their spears. The children are intoxicated with beer, and shaken until half unconscious, when their ceremonial fathers pierce their lips with a sharp stick (Henry, 1941, pp. 195–197).

582 **Marriage.**—According to Baldus' census (1937 c, p. 43), men are generally older than their wives, in some cases as much as 15 to 20 years; among 37 percent of the couples there was a difference of 10 years.

A man marries when 18 to 20 years of age. If his bride is not yet of age, he stays with her parents, waiting for the first signs of puberty. In case of child betrothal, the lad's parents have to provide for the girl's subsistence.

595 Polygyny is mentioned by all the early sources, but details vary. Some authors declare that it was an old man's privilege, others that it was restricted to the chiefs, good hunters, or famous warriors. There are also indications of sororal polygyny and of marriage simultaneously to a woman and her daughter (Teschauer, 1929, p. 350). In *Tupí-Guaraní* fashion, a girl often married her mother's brother.

[584] The *Caingang* of Palmas are, and claim always to have been monogamous.

Maniser (1930) states that though a man may not marry his cousin—he does not specify which—he usually takes her as a concubine until her own marriage. If pregnancy occurs meanwhile, the girl, as a rule, commits abortion. It often happened that a man grew fonder of his cousin than of his legal wife, and that he sometimes [578] resolutely opposed her marriage. The continuation of such relationship was bitterly resented by the legitimate wife.

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2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

Angneló, the sister of Kangndáin. Kangndáin had married Thunder Storm's sister and the two men had become almost inseparable. Though they are dead their relationship is perpetuated today in the relationship of their sons. But it was only after Kangndáin had married Thunder Storm's sister that Thunder Storm married Angneló. It is not at all rare among the Kaingáng that when a man marries another man's sister, her brother marries her husband's sister. The constant companionship of the two men, thrown together by the first marriage, brings this about in an informal way. Chukembégn, who deserted his wife Tendó and three children, was "led away" from her by his brother-in-law's sister, a young woman whom he saw day after day in his sister's house.

There is still another way in which polygyny may come about and that is if a wife calls another woman to "work with her." The husband, ostensibly, has no hand in the matter at all. The woman who does this gains a helper and companion, one who will nurse her children when she is away, who will accompany her on fruit-gathering expeditions, who will relieve her of the heavy loads of meat she has to transport and who will care for her when she is ill. At the same time, however, she assumes in herself an ability to share which experience may prove to be non-existent. But the Kaingáng tell me, the first wife may become so jealous of the second that her continual anger at last drives the second wife out, even after she has borne as many as two children. First wives never leave in such a situation. Thus it comes about that a second wife in a polygynous marriage shifts about a good deal. If she is heckled by the first wife she begins to look more seriously on her lovers, and when she slips out of one marriage she slips as easily into another.

Polygyny is not always an entirely pleasant experience for a man, for although it is good to have a second wife during the several months after childbirth when intercourse with the mother is stopped, and two wives lighten each other's and their husband's burdens and bring in more food, a man must put up with their quarreling between themselves and the insults of either one who feels herself slighted.

Every marriage system is organized around some system of ideas no matter how unformulated they may be. Our own culture continually balances the ideal of love against the desire for property. The ideas that serve as the basis for the contraction of marriage carry within them the criteria by which all individuals are judged. We value people insofar as they are lovable or rich and powerful. Our ideas of what we consider a desirable sex companion are pretty clearly formulated and furnish the subject of many a conversation. But the Kaingáng are not educated to an ideal of love, and they have not formulated success in life in terms of wealth or prestige. Even raiding the Brazilians has given them little property, and

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

xtion of this dependence, is not enough to stabilize any relationship among 621
them even today, for there are any number of men with whom an indi- 671
vidual may join forces, and if he hunts with his father today he may go away with his wife's father tomorrow and with his sister's husband the day after. Nothing compels him to fix his allegiance.

Nevertheless the Kaingáng had achieved a certain degree of social co- 585
hesion, and one of the ways in which they managed it was by building 592
permanent cooperating units around their sex interests. It is in this way 582
that social integration, although explicitly expressed in terms of the economically important men, often actually revolved about the women. As in the case of Kanggá and her mother, the women often became the nuclei of polyandrous and also of joint marriages, which often changed their male composition frequently. Thus by her mere existence the woman held together a complex household, which disintegrated when she died. A general lack of formal rules for marriage permitted the easy building up of large *ménages* by gradual additions of men and women. A household might begin with either a monogamous or a polygynous marriage; as time passed another man might be added to the household and become the co-husband; perhaps another wife was added and then another man. Through the years the family would expand and contract or simply change as the wives or husbands died or were killed off in feuds or the raids of the bugreiros.

The Indians told me of the marriages of Wanyekí.[2] Together with his wife Tendó, his sister and his hunting companion Chu, he wandered about, far away from other members of the tribe. This was nothing unusual for the Kaingáng, who sometimes did not see one another for years. When Chu's wife died Wanyekí's wife cooked and made a sleeping-place for him, simply, as the Kaingáng put it, "because he had no wife," and he became her co-husband. So Chu was saved for Wanyekí and his little isolated band and did not wander away in search of another wife. But as time passed Tendó, the wife, died, and Wanyekí and Chu were left alone. Until his nieces, his sister's daughters, grew to adolescence, Wanyekí had no wife. Then one day his sister said to him: "Wanyekí, live with them. There are no other women. They are in the same position as you—there are no men. So go around with them. There is no one else for you to marry. So marry them." Chu had died in the meanwhile, so Wanyekí, who already had had two wives married these three girls, who were much younger than he. This kind of relationship is not difficult for a Kaingáng girl, for far from wishing to retain her hold on the recreations of her childhood she looks forward to the sexual experiences that she has been urged to seek ever since she was a baby in arms.

Wanyekí lived alone with his three wives, his sister's daughters, until

[2] See footnote p. 30.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Awe'ikoma

they each bore him a child. Then he joined forces with two men whom he had left long ago, and he once more became monogamous, for two of his wives left him to live with these men. Wanyekí did not object. Even though his wives took their sons with them the children remained attached to their father and were frequently in his camp. If Wanyekí had objected there would have been two courses open to him. He could have beaten his wives, in which case they would have left him anyway, or he could have quarreled with the men. In the latter case he would have lost the companionship of the angry men, who would certainly have left him. Actually Wanyekí lived for many years on friendly terms with them, and they continued to make love to his remaining wife Amendó even though they now had wives of their own.

Soon after this Wanyekí was joined by two other men, who became the co-husbands of Amendó, and when Wanyekí's son Véye by his first and now long-dead wife grew to manhood he too shared his father's wife. So father and son, instead of glowering at each other across the fire out of their jealous desire for the same woman, cohabited with her in peace, strengthening the precarious bonds of Kaingáng society. The solution would not be the same in every case, for in another such household Kangndádn beat his son and drove him out for daring to copulate with his second wife. But Wanyekí and Véye shot game for each other and for their robust wife while she bore her four husbands nine lusty children and one weakling who died.

Judging from her numerous love affairs it could never be said that Amendó was unable to cope with the sexual demands of her husbands, but, as the Kaingáng put it, she had a great deal of work to do cooking and fetching water for four hungry men and her children; so she called Nggevén, one of her husbands' nieces, to be her co-wife. Amendó had nothing to fear from the younger woman, for they had four husbands to share between them and Amendó was active in seeking enjoyment outside the bonds of matrimony. So without jealousy or disruption Nggevén moved into this household. She did not have the ignominious position[8] of the second wife that is so common in primitive societies, nor did Amendó ever attempt to drive her out. This closely-knit cooperating unit held together through the years until Nggevén had borne the four husbands ten children. Then Wanyekí and one of his co-husbands died. But although two of the oldest members of the household were dead, although Wanyekí, the husband of Amendó's youth, was dead, the remaining husbands stayed by her and hunted for her. But soon only Véye was left, for the Brazilians killed

[8] The position of the first wife is superior to that of the second only in one respect: in a case of jealous conflict the first wife never leaves.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

Amendó and the other husbands and Nggevén married her young son-in-law and went away. 545 582

In relationships like these the violent hostility between an aging father and his son, both striving for the same woman, is resolved through the son's marriage to his step-mother. This has happened over and over again in Kaingáng society, and it is one of the few instances in which a people have been able to settle this ancient conflict peaceably. Instead of being violently possessive like the typical male in our society and like not a few in his own, Wanyekí was willing to share his wives. First he relinquished two of them and then he permitted his son and other men to come and share his remaining wife. This brought peace and security not only to him but also to the men who escaped conflict through his behavior, to the innumerable sympathizers who would have taken sides in the concomitant quarreling, and to the women who escaped the beatings that an angry husband might have given them. Wanyekí possessed a foresight that Yuvén[4] lacked. Yuvén, young, jealous and possessive, drove out his two co-husbands, but as he grew older and his family multiplied he was compelled to accept Kuvén as the husband of both his wife and daughter, for only in that way did he feel that his wife and children would be adequately cared for. 542

Yakwí is another violent possessive man who got into difficulties because he was unwilling to share his wife. Although he is about sixty years old he is as vigorous as any young man. His powerful muscles bulge beneath his skin and he is tireless in the hunt. No one is faster than he at clearing land for planting. For a nomad, unused to the ways of white civilization, he is an unusually energetic farmer. His violent rages were a trial to me. His wife was not at all like him. She was given to thieving, it is true, but my battles with her were always more or less genial. She was a persistent but gentle thief. She must have been about fifty years old, wonderfully well preserved, and her skin was a beautiful golden tan. There was no doubt that Anggló wanted a kind of love-making that her husband could not give her. So she turned to her son-in-law Kanyahé. Years before she and Yakwí had had a daughter, an only child, who had married Kanyahé but died a few years before I came to the reservation. Kanyahé was about thirty years old. He too was powerfully built, and for energy in the hunt he could match Yakwí. He kept a large household supplied with meat when no one else had any. His sexuality was aggressive and open, and he carried on his affairs almost under the noses of the husbands. 237

His affair with Anggló made the older man desperate. When Anggló came home he fought with her, not daring to mention the subject of the

[4] Kanggí's father. See p. 36.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

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woman has borne three children a marriage does not break up. The 764
woman needs the man to take care of her children, and Kaingáng men are 766
fond fathers. There is no end to the fondling and delousing a child gets from its father and other men. He makes toys for it and takes it hunting for company. Nowadays they are as much interested in having their little girls decked out in brand new calico dresses as American mothers are in getting their children permanent waves. Even in death parents do not relinquish their children, for, they say, a child who dies before the age of about twelve returns to its mother's womb and is reborn. The corpse of a grown-up is placed on the funeral pyre, pounded on the chest and told to go away, and summarily burnt. But, I was told, a little child is placed in a grave, covered with wholesome herbs and begged to return. Its mother puts a little honey and meat aside for it, puts her baby's carrying-band on her head and walks about crying, "Come here, come here! Come and eat the meat and honey I have put aside for you. If you stay in some other camp one will be angry with you! Come back! Come back!"

Except for the somewhat aberrant Chukembégn there is not a single case 586
of a marriage dissolved after three children had been born. Chukembégn was a child of about nine when the Kaingáng settled on the reservation, and he grew up in close contact with the agent. He married Tendó but left her after she had borne him three children. His present wife, Chantágn, "led him away by the hand." Now he rarely goes near Tendó, but she is still regarded as his wife. Two years after leaving her he still buys cloth for her to make dresses for herself and her children. Yet idle tongues will wag, and one day when Chukembégn, Klendó, and I were hunting together, Chukembégn burst out: "It is not true that I ignore her. I got medicine and bought a chicken for her when she was ill!" Klendó observed mildly that he had never said that Chukembégn had not taken care of her. Then Chukembégn, turning to me, blurted in Portuguese: "This man has

[8] I mention this, and other cases in which I myself have been one of the actors, not because they are the only instances of the kind that I have, but because they are usually the most complete.

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but they were never the equals in accomplishment of the men of middle age and over. So positive judgments were not made of young men. They were just *kẽlé*, who had yet to make many attacks on the Brazilians and who had yet to bathe their spoon-shaped lance blades in the blood of a vendetta enemy. We can understand now why a man's *waikayá* did not influence a young woman in the choice of a husband, for all men were assumed to be *waikayá* and only the warriors of middle age or over could be adjudged as outstanding.

If the absence of emphasis on hunting skill, the knowledge that relatives will always feed them, and the lack of expectation of great deeds from *kẽlé* effectually muffled all estimates of young men, the concentration of vital effort in the hands of males and the scarcity of women with a number of brothers eliminated the necessity for judging of *tẽtógn*,[9] young women. After all, what could they do? What techniques did they have that men had not? Only the increasingly unimportant techniques of textile weaving and pottery. The most important occupations, hunting and basketry, were masculine. As for brothers-in-law, they were good to have, and polygyny that did not provide them was to be avoided, but the small and scattered populations made it impossible to demand brothers-in-law as one of the conditions of marriage. Marriage among the young people was and still is, therefore, largely a matter of chance. It is the crystallizing-out of informal sexual relations, which may be due solely to their own initiative, when the couple feel that their needs will be satisfied by the relationship or when they may be instigated by some one of their relatives who sees that they are lovers and decides that they ought to live together.

If human beings followed our ideas of consistency the ethnologist's task of investigation and understanding would be simple. If the Kaingáng were eager to marry off the daughters for whom they have such a difficult time in providing, it would be perfectly understandable. But the Kaingáng see parents as so attached to their daughters, so full of misgivings at the fate that might await them at the hands of their husbands, that they sometimes have fits of anger when they are approached by a go-between. They are sometimes pictured as clinging to a daughter so strongly that they must be asked to "let her alone." Not the parents, but some other member of the family, a brother or an uncle, is often the one who is concerned because a son or daughter is without a spouse. With certain reservations, the following conversation is typical of a dozen others that I recorded.

When Tondñin became interested in marrying off his cousin's son Vomblé, he went to the latter's father and said, "I am going to ask Kemblén

[9] *tẽ*, woman. *tógn*, fat (noun or adjective), said of animals; hence desirable; also, new or fresh, said of tracks or weapons.

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593 for one of his children." Kemblén was Tondúin's younger brother. "For
584 whom are you going to ask him for one?" "For [your son] Vomblé. He is full-grown, but he has no wife. I have been waiting for someone or other to send a daughter to him, but they never do; so I am going to send one of Kemblén's daughters to him." Then Vomblé's father said, "What shall I do? He is full-grown; yet no one sends a child to him. If you tell Kemblén he may be angry. But tell him." When Tondúin told Kemblén he sat in silence and at last said: "I shall never send her to some *kēlá* who will beat her when I am dead and gone. Send her to some one of your affinal relatives who treats you well. Then he will give you food and ignore me, eating it alone. He will not give any to me." "That is what he said," remarked Vomblé, as he told it to me; "he was a fool." But in the teeth of Kemblén's anger his brother sent Kulá to Vomblé, and he married her. If a young couple do not decide to take matters into their own hands they may continue as lovers indefinitely. At last someone may take enough interest in their affairs to assume the task of go-between. Then in the face of opposition they cheerfully settle down—at least for a while—and continue their relations with the various parties as if the waters had never been troubled.

584 The culture has so little immediate stake in marriage that it exercises itself very little about it. There are no dramatic stories of girls who were betrothed to boys they did not like, of sudden passion interrupting a prearranged marriage, of flight by night and lonely wandering in the forest away from enraged parents or from potential in-laws who felt themselves cheated of the prize for which they had already paid dearly. There are no ramifying laws of incest for the violation of which the culture might administer a swift and violent punishment. The assumed personal equality of all young people, the dead level of economic conditions, the lack of accumulated property, and the fact that there are no class lines make all planning for a first marriage unnecessary. The relatives of the young man do not have to save up over a long period of time to pay for the bride, nor do they have to sit awake at night for fear that she might be suddenly raped, toppling at one blow the complicated structure of preparation and throwing the community into an uproar. Kaingáng marriage, except when it becomes the temporary concern of some go-between, is the immediate affair only of the principals. And even the go-between has no stake in the marriage. It is true that he (or she) automatically becomes the in-law of the young man, but this is not particularly important in a society of myriad relationships; and if the young man refuses the young woman who is "sent" to him the matter is forgotten.

595 Polygyny comes about in Kaingáng society in the same informal, almost accidental manner as monogamic unions. In Kaingáng ideology one of the

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snatch away some human being to bear them company. If the ghost longs 765
to renew intercourse and return at night for this purpose, it is the old spouse who suffers, never the new partner. No woman remains a widow because men are afraid to marry her. The Kaingáng are forever daring the supernatural anyway.

The children belong to their parents, if one can speak of "belonging" in 593
a society in which children are not valued as property. What we so strongly idealize the Kaingáng actually feel, for to them children are like highly charged emotional batteries. They are valued for their potentialities as emotionally satisfying living things, like most other pets.[31] There is no idea expressed that when they grow up they will feed and protect their parents,[32] 587
for in nomadic days the latter knew only too well the whims that urged and the necessities that compelled their children to wander away from them. They themselves had felt the desire to go north or west or east to see the country or to attack the Brazilians, and they too had left their own parents to follow the camps of their wives' relatives. But when children are left fatherless it often devolves upon the father's family to take care of them, for they feel that responsibility, and it is in this way that it comes about that a widow often marries someone of her husband's kin. She goes where her [587]
children are, and it is there, in the midst of her husband's close kin, that she begins her sex life anew and often finds her new husband.

It is a similar factor of residence that brings it about that in the majority 595
of cases the co-spouses in a polygynous or polyandrous marriage are either siblings or first cousins. For in the closer relationship that springs up among the members of the families related by marriage the most obvious choice is a person whom one sees all the time and with whom, therefore, one delights to have an affair. Since this choice rests almost wholly with the widow and since it is conditioned by a large number of accidental factors, principally what men are available at the moment, her new husband is as likely to be older than her dead husband as younger. Even when he is past middle age a man is still a vigorous hunter, and even if he is an old man, he can depend on someone to help toward the support of his household. His wife may philander as she will, but she is still his wife, and if he [584]
catches or suspects her he may beat her or even put a club through her chest.

If we were to believe Yatí as quoted by Thunder Storm's son, we could say that Thunder Storm acquired his third wife because he was an outstanding figure. But I am inclined to doubt this. His third wife was

[31] The Kaingáng, like many South American peoples, keep pet monkeys, pigs, quail and hawks. Only the latter are used—for their feathers. Dogs are not pets; emotionally they belong rather in the category of unrelated human beings.

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PLATE VII

301
593

a Dance ornament Kondijeida b Lu

[facing p. 188]

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837 36
584 Through her marriage Hitá's family gained Yemblá as an ally in the
quest for food. Even before marriage a girl's sexual interests are beneficial
[43] to her family, for her lovers come with presents of food, and they are welcome at her parents' fireside. The food a lover brings is not payment for favors he has received but a gift in expectation of favors still to come. Even after her marriage a woman's amorous intrigues are of considerable advantage to those around her—even to her own husband, for every time she attracts a man she has added a hunter to the band. Wherever his mistress is, there the lover stays, and unless her husband gets wind of the affair and flies into a rage the lover may very likely follow the camp almost indefinitely. His presence is welcome, of course, for another gun or bow and another knife and axe mean so much more meat and honey. Thus even adultery plays a constructive role in Kaingáng society, for it keeps within the band men who might otherwise go elsewhere in search of satisfaction, and it often culminated in polyandrous marriage, which has been one of the strongest integrating forces in Kaingáng society.

595 The story is told of Kuvén who was the lover of both Kanggá and her
582 mother. Now as Kanggá's father grew old and it became difficult for him to get meat, he felt more and more the necessity of having someone to help him hunt for his large family. As long as Kuvén remained he could depend on him, but when it seemed that the young man was becoming interested in Yemái, a woman who was no relative of his and whom, therefore, Kuvén might follow far away to her relatives, Kanggá's father said to his wife and daughter: "Call Kuvén; if he marries Yemái he will leave me and go away. Let him get food for your children when I die. If he marries another woman he will throw your children away." So Kanggá's mother called Kuvén and said to her daughter: "Marry him. I am going to live with you and him." So Kuvén married both mother and daughter, and when Kanggá's father died Kuvén took care of the latter's children.

621 The Kaingáng have no system of clans or moieties[1] to impose social obli-
591 gations on them. Their kinship system is not the crystallization of inescapable obligations that is found in many other primitive societies but prin-
[61] cipally a device for grouping people in large age classes. Their mode of life also made the maintenance of complex systems of obligations and loyalties extremely difficult, for they wandered from place to place in little groups of two to twenty adults. Even the biological family had little permanence as a cooperating unit, for children wandered away from their parents when
[594] they grew up and brothers separated to go with their in-laws or to travel with childhood playmates and hunting companions in search of adventure. Under the influence of the conflicting obligations of blood and marriage the composition of the small group of adults was forever changing. The dependence of the men on one another, and even their fundamental reali-

[1] See Appendix II, p. 175.

553 852 The child then receives a new name. Later, he may adopt names that refer to notable incidents of his life.

852 904 In the Santa Catarina group, the perforation of the boys' lower lip at the age of 2 or 3 is marked by great celebrations. Women, holding gourd rattles, dance with warriors, who beat the ground with their spears. The children are intoxicated with beer, and shaken until half unconscious, when their ceremonial fathers pierce their lips with a sharp stick (Henry, 1941, pp. 195–197).

582 **Marriage.**—According to Baldus' census (1937 c, p. 43), men are generally older than their wives, in some cases as much as 15 to 20 years; among 37 percent of the couples there was a difference of 10 years.

A man marries when 18 to 20 years of age. If his bride is not yet of age, he stays with her parents, waiting for the first signs of puberty. In case of child betrothal, the lad's parents have to provide for the girl's subsistence.

595 Polygyny is mentioned by all the early sources, but details vary. Some authors declare that it was an old man's privilege, others that it was restricted to the chiefs, good hunters, or famous warriors. There are also indications of sororal polygyny and of marriage simultaneously to a woman and her daughter (Teschauer, 1929, p. 350). In *Tupí-Guaraní* fashion, a girl often married her mother's brother.

[104] The *Caingang* of Palmas are, and claim always to have been monogamous.

Maniser (1930) states that though a man may not marry his cousin—he does not specify which—he usually takes her as a concubine until her own marriage. If pregnancy occurs meanwhile, the girl, as a rule, commits abortion. It often happened that a man grew fonder of his cousin than of his legal wife, and that he sometimes [578] resolutely opposed her marriage. The continuation of such relationship was bitterly resented by the legitimate wife.

For the *Aweikoma*, Henry infers that 60 percent of all marriages are monogamous, a fair proportion of the remainder being polyandrous.

585 A marriage ceremony witnessed by Maniser (1930, p. 776) took place during a drinking bout. Some old men seized the bridegroom and bride and pushed them toward each other in spite of the woman's resistance. Then they dragged them into the bridegroom's hut and left them there under a blanket. The following day the woman ran away, but was brought back by force.

591 Matrilocal residence, formerly the *Caingang* rule, is still frequent, though many couples set up their own households. Baldus (1937 c, p. 43) heard "that only lazy men lived in their father-in-law's house and that, should the father-in-law die, the husband would have to 'govern' his mother-in-law."

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"Chanrégn, listen to this. Chanrégn, listen to this." Singing is a favorite 837
way of showing off among the Kaingáng, as among ourselves. Sometime later after Chukembégn had had a fight with his wife he complained bitterly that Kanggúin had said to her: "'If you were my wife I would not treat you that way.' Whenever anyone has a fight with his wife Kanggúin always talks that way to her. He wants a wife, but no one will live with him!"

Nanmblá has two wives. Although his wives compete for him they are 594
not totally at a loss if they have to sleep without him. When I was at his brother-in-law's house one day while he was away, Nanmblá's wife Wainlúin was there watching with amused appreciation while Padnmbá cast a knife at a log. Nothing passed between them but their boisterous laughter, but when Padnmbá at last went away Wainlúin leaned against the housepost and gazed after him. When he had gone fifty paces down the path he turned around, flashed a smile, and disappeared down the slope. I never heard what happened between Wainlúin and Padnmbá after that, but I did hear of a quarrel that Nanmblá had with both his wives because they had relations with other men. One day I saw Vomblé caressing his son's mother-in-law. Another time Chukembégn told me that he and a few others were on the side of a hill when a little way's off they saw Padnmbá making love to Waikuklé's wife in the bushes. Soon she got up and ran off but Chukembégn and his companions called out laughingly "You don't have to run; we saw you." A complete account of all the sexual intrigues would fill a long but rather repetitious chapter.

The amorous history of every young man or woman is one of the favorite 839
themes of conversation among the young people. "First Koktá had an 521
affair with Yonggó, then with Kanggúin and then with me. Then she went around with Kanyahé but he left her and took up with Yu'ó." "I went around for a while with Koktá. . . ." "Oh, no you didn't. She used to go around with Kundégn but now she's going to change to Kanyahé." They enumerate, expand, correct without end and with unflagging interest.

I never heard them discuss these affairs in front of the principals' spouses, but Amendó's presence did not prevent them from joking about her unmarried daughter's relations with Padnmbá and Ndíli. "Layongndá [her daughter] is lying with Ndíli. She has gone off with her lover Ndíli to get nuts." Amendó sat listening and laughing while she nursed her little bastard of five months.

The Kaingáng preoccupation with sex expresses itself also in the belief 831
that death is often caused by intercourse with a supernatural monster or with a ghost. Both men and women may wake up in the morning sick and 761
bleeding or insane because they have spent the night with the supernatural, who has lured or forced them into intercourse. Unlike their neighbors in

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593 for one of his children." Kemblén was Tondúin's younger brother. "For
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675 primary causes of polygyny is that "There are no other men." Like Wanyekí,[10] the first husband of Amendó, a man may acquire two or more wives because there "are no other men around." But although this was true in the case of Wanyekí who lived far away from other people, it is necessary to remember that it is easier to give this as a blanket explanation than to bother about the numerous causes of a man's taking two or more wives. Among the young men on the reservation today there are several young bachelors; Nanmblá, however, has two wives.

587 595 Kuhúgn, old Thunder Storm, on the other hand, went around without a wife for years until his older brother died, leaving two wives, and Kuhúgn married them. But the Kaingáng do not impose or bestow on men the duty or the privilege of marrying their dead brothers' wives, nor do they compel widows to marry their brothers-in-law. Since the Kaingáng have no lien on spouses, since spouses are not conceived of as belonging to one group that has bought them or whose entire pattern of affinal exchanges is based on their permanent attachment to it, and since, furthermore, no group has given a man or woman in marriage in exchange for one received from a different group, there is no mechanism to compel a widow or widower to accept any particular new spouse. The ideology of mourning and the isolation of the widowed shows a complete lack of interest in these things.

765 A widowed person is dangerous, for the ghost of the departed clings to its last earthly vestiges in the hair of the surviving spouse that touched its own while living and under the nails where the dirt from food cooked or killed for the one now dead still lies. It follows its spouse about wherever it goes, for it is loath to give up its earthly attachments. It is a menace not only to the surviving spouse but to the whole community, for no one knows whom it may select as desirable to keep it company in the land of souls. So the widowed must be got out of camp for two weeks or two months, until the attachment of the ghost is enfeebled. Then, at the end of this time of fasting from the foods that he killed for his wife or that she cooked for her husband, the spouse is brought back with hair and nails cut off and is thus freed from the dirt that was so close a link to the ghost. Before the Kaingáng came to the reservation the return of the surviving spouse was the occasion for an elaborate ritual. With head covered with feathers as a disguise to fool the ghost, with wholesome herbs strewn in the path, to the noise of frantic singing and rattling to frighten the ghost away the widowed person came back and soon began his sex life anew. When the ghost of her husband had been frightened away contact with the woman was safe, for Kaingáng ghosts do not suffer from sexual jealousy after the first few weeks but oscillate eerily between the land of the dead and the dwellings of the living, harassed by a loneliness that urges them from time to time to

[10] He and Amendó died in about 1905.

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The children belong to their parents, if one can speak of "belonging" in 593
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for in nomadic days the latter knew only too well the whims that urged and the necessities that compelled their children to wander away from them. They themselves had felt the desire to go north or west or east to see the country or to attack the Brazilians, and they too had left their own parents to follow the camps of their wives' relatives. But when children are left fatherless it often devolves upon the father's family to take care of them, for they feel that responsibility, and it is in this way that it comes about that a widow often marries someone of her husband's kin. She goes where her [587]
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It is a similar factor of residence that brings it about that in the majority 595
of cases the co-spouses in a polygynous or polyandrous marriage are either siblings or first cousins. For in the closer relationship that springs up among the members of the families related by marriage the most obvious choice is a person whom one sees all the time and with whom, therefore, one delights to have an affair. Since this choice rests almost wholly with the widow and since it is conditioned by a large number of accidental factors, principally what men are available at the moment, her new husband is as likely to be older than her dead husband as younger. Even when he is past middle age a man is still a vigorous hunter, and even if he is an old man, he can depend on someone to help toward the support of his household. His wife may philander as she will, but she is still his wife, and if he [634]
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595 Angneló, the sister of Kangndádn. Kangndádn had married Thunder Storm's sister and the two men had become almost inseparable. Though they are dead their relationship is perpetuated today in the relationship of their sons. But it was only after Kangndádn had married Thunder Storm's sister that Thunder Storm married Angneló. It is not at all rare among the Kaingáng that when a man marries another man's sister, her brother [592] marries her husband's sister. The constant companionship of the two men, thrown together by the first marriage, brings this about in an informal way. Chukembégn, who deserted his wife Tendó and three children, was "led away" from her by his brother-in-law's sister, a young woman whom he saw day after day in his sister's house.

595 There is still another way in which polygyny may come about and that 578 is if a wife calls another woman to "work with her." The husband, ostensibly, has no hand in the matter at all. The woman who does this gains a helper and companion, one who will nurse her children when she is away, who will accompany her on fruit-gathering expeditions, who will relieve her of the heavy loads of meat she has to transport and who will care for her when she is ill. At the same time, however, she assumes in herself an ability to share which experience may prove to be non-existent. But the Kaingáng tell me, the first wife may become so jealous of the second that her continual anger at last drives the second wife out, even after she has borne as many as two children. First wives never leave in such a situation. Thus it comes about that a second wife in a polygynous marriage shifts about a good deal. If she is heckled by the first wife she begins to look more seriously on her lovers, and when she slips out of one marriage she slips as easily into another.

Polygyny is not always an entirely pleasant experience for a man, for [853] although it is good to have a second wife during the several months after childbirth when intercourse with the mother is stopped, and two wives lighten each other's and their husband's burdens and bring in more food, a man must put up with their quarreling between themselves and the insults of either one who feels herself slighted.

581 Every marriage system is organized around some system of ideas no 556 matter how unformulated they may be. Our own culture continually balances the ideal of love against the desire for property. The ideas that serve as the basis for the contraction of marriage carry within them the criteria by which all individuals are judged. We value people insofar as they are lovable or rich and powerful. Our ideas of what we consider a desirable sex companion are pretty clearly formulated and furnish the subject of many a conversation. But the Kaingáng are not educated to an ideal of love, and they have not formulated success in life in terms of wealth or prestige. Even raiding the Brazilians has given them little property, and

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the little they have they do not keep for themselves, but distribute among their relatives. My greatest trouble with them was that they could never understand "what you want with all that stuff" that I kept for trading, nor with the wood I accumulated against the rainy season. And they have carried the same attitudes into their marital relations.

Several wives are not a mark of prestige but the result of special events. Love as the nucleus of sexual relations implies loyalty in our culture, for loyalty is an essential part of love. Even where marriage lacks the essence but preserves the ideal it may still have a certain amount of loyalty left in it if other factors such as security and power make loyalty expedient, and early education has conditioned spouses to be loyal when they do not love. But the Kaingáng have never been educated to sexual loyalty, their *ethos* is not built on the twin columns of wealth and power, and no one starves among them as long as there is an ungnawed piece of tapir hide or a pine nut in camp. So in their informal, almost casual marriages they are not loyal to one another in the special sexual way in which we think of marriage loyalty—as an exclusive sex interest in one person. And because they are not fixated in their sexual interests and because there are no social forms and few economic considerations to stabilize marriage, it is extremely brittle until several children are born. Even then the stability that marriage achieves does not fix sexual interest.

The Kaingáng are a people with no sense of social form. As an artist with a fine feeling for form will communicate that sensitivity, that sense and realization of an "inner harmony," as one artist put it to me, to everything he does, a people with a feeling for or an interest in social form will do most of the things that are important to them in a highly stylized way.[18] If they are particularly interested in following lines of kinship or some other rules of organization almost everything will be done in accordance with their feelings of fitness as determined by these rules, and not a hunting party or a husking bee will be undertaken without its having been planned along the lines of this organization. If their interest runs to dancing and ceremonious display instead, they will manage to bring in dancing and ceremony on every occasion. But the Kaingáng have no interest in social forms of any kind. They have no pattern that will exclude one kind of relationship while permitting another. So their sexual relations show the same formlessness, excluding only parents and blood siblings and admitting every kind of marriage known to anthropology. The Kaingáng are not only monogamous and polygynous; but they were polyandrous too and they also established what I shall call "joint marriages" in which several men lived together with several women in mutual cohabitation. These last two types will be discussed in the following chapter.

[18] This refers, of course, to cultures which are more highly structuralized.

[P. 34 is blank]

through her marriage Hiã's family gained Vanhé as an ally in the quest for food. Even before marriage a girl's sexual interests are beneficial to her family, for her lovers come with presents of food, and they are welcome at her parents' fireside. The food a lover brings is not payment for favors he has received but a gift in expectation of favors still to come. Even after her marriage a woman's amorous intrigues are of considerable advantage to those around her—even to her own husband, for every time she attracts a man she has added a hunter to the band. Wherever his mistress is, there the lover stays, and unless her husband gets wind of the affair and flies into a rage the lover may very likely follow the camp almost indefinitely. His presence is welcome, of course, for another gun or bow and another knife and axe mean so much more meat and honey. Thus even adultery plays a constructive role in Kaingáng society, for it keeps within the band men who might otherwise go elsewhere in search of satisfaction, and it often culminated in polyandrous marriage, which has been one of the strongest integrating forces in Kaingáng society.

The story is told of Kuvén who was the lover of both Kanggí and her mother. Now as Kanggí's father grew old and it became difficult for him to get meat, he felt more and more the necessity of having someone to help him hunt for his large family. As long as Kuvén remained he could depend on him, but when it seemed that the young man was becoming interested in Yemfi, a woman who was no relative of his and whom, therefore, Kuvén might follow far away to her relatives, Kanggí's father said to his wife and daughter: "Call Kuvén; if he marries Yemfi he will leave me and go away. Let him get food for your children when I die. If he marries another woman he will throw your children away." So Kanggí's mother called Kuvén and said to her daughter: "Marry him. I am going to live with you and him." So Kuvén married both mother and daughter, and when Kanggí's father died Kuvén took care of the latter's children.

The Kaingáng have no system of clans or moieties[1] to impose social obligations on them. Their kinship system is not the crystallization of inescapable obligations that is found in many other primitive societies but principally a device for grouping people in large age classes. Their mode of life also made the maintenance of complex systems of obligations and loyalties extremely difficult, for they wandered from place to place in little groups of two to twenty adults. Even the biological family had little permanence as a cooperating unit, for children wandered away from their parents when they grew up and brothers separated to go with their in-laws or to travel with childhood playmates and hunting companions in search of adventure. Under the influence of the conflicting obligations of blood and marriage the composition of the small group of adults was forever changing. The dependence of the men on one another, and even their fundamental reali-

[1] See Appendix II, p. 173.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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ration of this dependence, is not enough to stabilize any relationship among them even today, for there are any number of men with whom an individual may join forces, and if he hunts with his father today he may go away with his wife's father tomorrow and with his sister's husband the day after. Nothing compels him to fix his allegiance.

Nevertheless the Kaingáng had achieved a certain degree of social cohesion, and one of the ways in which they managed it was by building permanent cooperating units around their sex interests. It is in this way that social integration, although explicitly expressed in terms of the economically important men, often actually revolved about the women. As in the case of Kanggí and her mother, the women often became the nuclei of polyandrous and also of joint marriages, which often changed their male composition frequently. Thus by her mere existence the woman held together a complex household, which disintegrated when she died. A general lack of formal rules for marriage permitted the easy building up of large *ménages* by gradual additions of men and women. A household might begin with either a monogamous or a polygynous marriage; as time passed another man might be added to the household and become the co-husband; perhaps another wife was added and then another man. Through the years the family would expand and contract or simply change as the wives or husbands died or were killed off in feuds or the raids of the bugreiros.

The Indians told me of the marriages of Wanyekí.[2] Together with his wife Tendó, his sister and his hunting companion Chu, he wandered about, far away from other members of the tribe. This was nothing unusual for the Kaingáng, who sometimes did not see one another for years. When Chu's wife died Wanyekí's wife cooked and made a sleeping-place for him, simply, as the Kaingáng put it, "because he had no wife," and he became her co-husband. So Chu was saved for Wanyekí and his little isolated band and did not wander away in search of another wife. But as time passed Tendó, the wife, died, and Wanyekí and Chu were left alone. Until his nieces, his sister's daughters, grew to adolescence, Wanyekí had no wife. Then one day his sister said to him: "Wanyekí, live with them. There are no other women. They are in the same position as you—there are no men. So go around with them. There is no one else for you to marry. So marry them." Chu had died in the meanwhile, so Wanyekí, who already had had two wives married these three girls, who were much younger than he. This kind of relationship is not difficult for a Kaingáng girl, for far from wishing to retain her hold on the recreations of her childhood she looks forward to the sexual experiences that she has been urged to seek ever since she was a baby in arms.

Wanyekí lived alone with his three wives, his sister's daughters, until

[2] See footnote p. 30.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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they each bore him a child. Then he joined forces with two men whom he had left long ago, and he once more became monogamous, for two of his wives left him to live with these men. Wanyekí did not object. Even though his wives took their sons with them the children remained attached to their father and were frequently in his camp. If Wanyekí had objected there would have been two courses open to him. He could have beaten his wives, in which case they would have left him anyway, or he could have quarreled with the men. In the latter case he would have lost the companionship of the angry men, who would certainly have left him. Actually Wanyekí lived for many years on friendly terms with them, and they continued to make love to his remaining wife Amendó even though they now had wives of their own.

Soon after this Wanyekí was joined by two other men, who became the co-husbands of Amendó, and when Wanyekí's son Véye by his first and now long-dead wife grew to manhood he too shared his father's wife. So father and son, instead of glowering at each other across the fire out of their jealous desire for the same woman, cohabited with her in peace, strengthening the precarious bonds of Kaingáng society. The solution would not be the same in every case, for in another such household Kangndáán beat his son and drove him out for daring to copulate with his second wife. But Wanyekí and Véye shot game for each other and for their robust wife while she bore her four husbands nine lusty children and one weakling who died.

Judging from her numerous love affairs it could never be said that Amendó was unable to cope with the sexual demands of her husbands, but, as the Kaingáng put it, she had a great deal of work to do cooking and fetching water for four hungry men and her children; so she called Nggevén, one of her husbands' nieces, to be her co-wife. Amendó had nothing to fear from the younger woman, for they had four husbands to share between them and Amendó was active in seeking enjoyment outside the bonds of matrimony. So without jealousy or disruption Nggevén moved into this household. She did not have the ignominious position[1] of the second wife that is so common in primitive societies, nor did Amendó ever attempt to drive her out. This closely-knit cooperating unit held together through the years until Nggevén had borne the four husbands ten children. Then Wanyekí and one of his co-husbands died. But although two of the oldest members of the household were dead, although Wanyekí, the husband of Amendó's youth, was dead, the remaining husbands stayed by her and hunted for her. But soon only Véye was left, for the Brazilians killed

[1] The position of the first wife is superior to that of the second only in one respect: in a case of jealous conflict the first wife never leaves.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
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Amendó and the other husbands and Nggevén married her young son-in-law and went away.

In relationships like these the violent hostility between an aging father and his son, both striving for the same woman, is resolved through the son's marriage to his step-mother. This has happened over and over again in Kaingáng society, and it is one of the few instances in which a people have been able to settle this ancient conflict peaceably. Instead of being violently possessive like the typical male in our society and like not a few in his own, Wanyekí was willing to share his wives. First he relinquished two of them and then he permitted his son and other men to come and share his remaining wife. This brought peace and security not only to him but also to the men who escaped conflict through his behavior, to the innumerable sympathizers who would have taken sides in the concomitant quarreling, and to the women who escaped the beatings that an angry husband might have given them. Wanyekí possessed a foresight that Yuvén[4] lacked. Yuvén, young, jealous and possessive, drove out his two co-husbands, but as he grew older and his family multiplied he was compelled to accept Kuvén as the husband of both his wife and daughter, for only in that way did he feel that his wife and children would be adequately cared for.

Yakwí is another violent possessive man who got into difficulties because he was unwilling to share his wife. Although he is about sixty years old he is as vigorous as any young man. His powerful muscles bulge beneath his skin and he is tireless in the hunt. No one is faster than he at clearing land for planting. For a nomad, unused to the ways of white civilization, he is an unusually energetic farmer. His violent rages were a trial to me. His wife was not at all like him. She was given to thieving, it is true, but my battles with her were always more or less genial. She was a persistent but gentle thief. She must have been about fifty years old, wonderfully well preserved, and her skin was a beautiful golden tan. There was no doubt that Anggló wanted a kind of love-making that her husband could not give her. So she turned to her son-in-law Kanyahé. Years before she and Yakwí had had a daughter, an only child, who had married Kanyahé but died a few years before I came to the reservation. Kanyahé was about thirty years old. He too was powerfully built, and for energy in the hunt he could match Yakwí. He kept a large household supplied with meat when no one else had any. His sexuality was aggressive and open, and he carried on his affairs almost under the noses of the husbands.

His affair with Anggló made the older man desperate. When Anggló came home he fought with her, not daring to mention the subject of the

[4] Kanggí's father. See p. 36.

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Later in the day Kanyahé took it into his head to make fun of me. 337
"You're always walking around making love," he shouted. "No I'm not," I yelled back. We had a large audience. "You make love everywhere," Kanyahé bellowed; "everybody sees you!" "You lie, you're the one who makes love." "You bet I do," he roared. This was my cue to see how far he was willing to walk on thin ice, and I retaliated: "No one has to see you. It is the talk of everyone, how much you walk about taking women." This was too much even for Kanyahé. He dropped the subject immediately without another word and turned to weeding. Through it all Yakwá stood, his powerful hands on the handle of his scythe, a broad smile on his face, completely enjoying the show.

This affair throws into bold relief the fate that awaits the principals in a conflict whose solution is prevented by a possessive husband. The jealous husband pursues his wife to the point where his behavior causes much smiling behind polite hands. His endless quarrels with her culminate in blows and often in dissolution of the marriage. Yakwá's threat to kill Kanyahé would never have been carried out because murder in Kaingáng [634]
society must have a background of vendetta,[5] but it illustrates well the complete break between the two men.

Another drama enacted by a mother and a son-in-law, illustrates the 595 606
ever-ripening character of this relationship. Just as they have resolved the struggle between a man and his son for the same woman through the son's marriage to his stepmother, the Kaingáng have arrested the conflict between a woman and her daughter for the same man by the man's marrying his mother-in-law too.[6] Instead of surrounding the mother-in-law with disrupting taboos that send the son-in-law flying when he hears her coming or keeping him cooling his heels outside as long as his mother-in-law, whose face he may not see, is in the house, the Kaingáng have developed the relationship between a man and his mother-in-law to the point where he sometimes marries her and becomes the second father of her children. Such was the relationship between Kuvén and Kanngá's mother and between the captive Nyepá and his mother-in-law, Kuichó. Yakwá has no one to take care of him if his wife Anggló chooses to remain at the post while he goes hunting with me and the Indians. But if his widowed mother-in-law, whose household he never left as long as she was alive, went along, his food was cooked when he came back after a long day's range in the forest just as if she had been his wife and there were always fresh fern leaves for him to stretch his body on. At night he slept beside the old woman or at her feet across the campfire. When he moved camp it was she who carried his few belongings, and when she needed a basket it was

[5] See pp. 52, 60.
[6] I have no instances of a man's marrying his daughter-in-law.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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she who made it for her. When her family gathered around her it was she who gave him food. An Indian told me that when the old woman died[7] he did not say to her, as the Kaingáng usually say to the dead, "Leave me and go away," so that her soul would not take him along, but instead: "Do not leave me. When I am sick I shall ask your protection."

The relationship between co-husbands in polyandrous and joint marriage was one of the strongest in the society. Children might leave their parents, brothers might separate to follow their affinal relatives, brothers-in-law and parents and their sons-in-law might rarely see one another or might interrupt long-standing relationships casually, but co-husbands who had grown to maturity did not part. The strongest loyalties in such marriages were not between the husbands and their wife or wives but among the men. However strongly the men and women may be linked together in a common household the charm of casual intrigues is too great for them to forego. Although Amendó had four husbands she still had time for swift rendezvous in the forest, and many children called Wanyekí and his co-husbands *yágn*[8] "because he had intercourse with their mother."

The motive that lead a man to accept a co-husband was always the same, his own and his family's security. The more independent and the more possessive avoided it as long as they could. Many could avoid it all their lives, but others, driven by old age and the lack of young sons to take care of them or forced by a crippling injury, at last accepted co-husbands. And it was generally only because there were no marriageable women around that a man consented to become a co-husband. Young co-husbands separated as soon as a likely young woman appeared on the scene and that was why polyandry among young men was so unstable. Older men preferred the comfortable security of joint households, so that even if they encountered a marriageable woman they preferred to absorb her into a joint household rather than venture the precarious independence of a separate *ménage*. When one of my informants, Klendó, was a young man he asked his half-brother to come and live with him and his wife, but after a while the half-brother, having acquired a wife of his own, established his own household. The young men shifted around, but when they had matured in polyandry and had learned the value of such a relationship they did not change. A nice realization of their mutual dependence prompted father and son to live peacefully together with the same wife, and impelled a man to share his wife with his brother or even with a distant relative. Father-in-law and son-in-law also became co-husbands, forming a firm cooperating unit which guaranteed food to the older man and his wife and children and which gave the younger man an additional claim on his wife's relatives.

[7] She died during the grippe epidemic in 1933.

[8] The term a person uses for his father and all men very much older than he.

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Their rigorous environment and lack of a close social structure that would automatically provide the aging hunter with helpers or the widow who has children with a husband make the problem of food supply terribly pressing for these people. It was for this reason that Ketédn made my next-door neighbor, Kuthúgn, a member of his household when the latter was still a boy. "When I am dead," said Ketédn, "you will take care of my wife and children." Events showed that Ketédn had acted with foresight—perhaps because of his supernatural power—for he was killed by the Brazilians, and now Kuthúgn was living next door to me with Ketédn's wife who was so much older than he.

A widow who is no longer young has a hard time of it with her small children. Dependent on relatives, she wanders from household to household. At night she sleeps alone with her little child. There is no one to take care of her. Her brother or cousin or brother-in-law give her food when they have it. They share what they have as a matter of course, but when there is little food their children come first and the widow may get only short rations. Kundídn is such a widow. One day she eats at her cousin's house, the next at her brother's, the next at the house of another cousin. When she is sick her cousin Anggló sometimes comes to sit beside her, but if Anggló is away at some secret rendezvous with her lover, or off hunting with her brother, Kundídn often lies alone and miserable. None of the young men would marry a woman of forty with a goiter. But when she is well Kundídn is vigorous and aggressive. She works longer days in the fields than the younger women, she goes out frequently to look for honey, she is an aggressive and determined suitor and she had almost chopped off Véye's leg when the latter deliberately drowned her brother. Whenever I had to pass her house I made a wide circle because I knew that Kundídn would attempt to seduce me in her violent and jocular manner if she caught sight of me. At last she offered me her wild, thin little daughter, Tombá, aged about eleven. "Take her and bring her up," she said. "When she is grown, marry her, and she will keep house for you."

These forms of marriage and the custom of occasional adoption with an eye to the consummation of a future sex relationship are only crystallizations from an almost amorphous social life. Nevertheless, however imperfectly defined, informal, and even casual their sexual arrangements may be, the Kaingáng have made them the center of some kind of relationship that has a permanent value for this society. The casual relationships among young people in our own society that are the outgrowth of passion often serve no other function than to satisfy an overwhelming desire for sexual experience and companionship. Once the couple has drifted apart they have no claims on each other. They are strangers and can never depend on one another for anything. But among the Kaingáng, who literally have

285 Chusquea pinifolia--Translator] strips which vary only in their width
415 and thickness.

The larger waxed baskets are used as a sort of pail to convey water and honey. The small baskets, also waterproof, are used as vessels--mugs of a sort--for water and for mong-ma on festive occasions.

286 The Botocudo do not plait fans or mats. But they do weave a
482 strap, eight centimeters in width, tied at the ends with a special slipping knot which permits its shortening or lengthening. These straps are woven, sometimes in two colors, of embira fiber. The women use
[554] them placed against the forehead, or against the top of the head, to carry children. The Botocudo carry everything in this fashion, with the weight steadied against the head and resting along the back.

412 These Indians use large tongs made of taquarucu [a large bamboo, Guadua superba--Translator] or hard wood. These pincers are used to remove food from the fire and from boiling pots. They are called ko-pama, "wooden hand."

619 The Botocudo make up a single tribe composed of various families with equal rights.

622 Power rests with a single chief, pahi, who steers the destinies of the tribe and usually rules on all its actions.

The chief wields this power as long as his worth as a brave and fearless warrior is recognized by all. In his absence the most experienced and courageous warriors take over and exert authority upon the other members of the tribe.

When elderly the chief transfers his command to a worthy warrior, without losing his ascendancy over the tribe. He becomes its respected and venerated counselor.

595 The Botocudo are polygamous. According to his worth, the warrior usually marries two or three women; the chiefs always take more than three wives. [126]

304 On reaching adulthood the youths are tattooed on the arm with a warrior's badge, which consists of two dots laid horizontally. As they prove their manly qualities they are granted another two marks,
[582] tattoed similarly underneath the first. Once thus admitted among the warriors, they are considered ready to marry.

585 As a general rule, the young warrior builds himself a hut where he takes the girl of his choice, who lives henceforth as his wife. Sometimes, when the girl's family is small, he goes to live with his wife in her parents' hut. Incest does not occur among them, for [835] marriage is forbidden among close relatives. It is the custom of the tribe to respect marriage; adultery is unamously condemned and rarely occurs.

595 The warrior chooses his second wife with no more formality than the first. Both women enjoy the same rights. The additional wives are often sisters of the first one.

551 Male children are given the name of an outstanding ancestor, to which is added as a surname that of their father and of his lineage. The name of female children is chosen freely by the mother, whose own name is added as surname along with the name of her lineage.

This explains the great length of their names, such as for instance: Korikrã̃-Lãksi-Layondẽsi, Vaikõidn-Ungrõsima-Põa-Tupi-Vaimusima.

764 Dead adults, men as well as women, are cremated in large fires built with selected woods. Pubescent children of both sexes are granted the same procedure, while young children are buried.

A warrior's weapons and other personal implements are burned along with his body. The ashes are gathered the following day and placed in a round pit, previously lined with tree bark and leaves, which is then filled with earth, covered with fragments of wood, and surmounted with a shelter.

765 The death of a chief or outstanding warrior is lamented by the whole tribe; his exploits are sung in a sort of litany for several days. Then the women recount in similar chants the virtues of the dead man in the domestic life of the tribe.

It is to be noted that on such occasions the Botocudo are seized by a profound sadness. Absorbed in their great sorrow, they become sullen and indifferent to everything and observe for several days a rigorous fast.

476 The social rule of the Botocudo is mutual aid, for which they were naturally trained by the insecure nomadic existence which has always been their lot.

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conflict. Once a feud arose there was nothing, neither dominating ties of blood nor the voice of chieftainship or government, to stop or limit it. Where the demands of kin by marriage conflicted with the claims of blood and where the call of a hunting companion whose bed one had shared clamored above the voices of blood and affinity the individual was pulled in a dozen directions, by a dozen magnets. Feuds spread, cleaving the society asunder like a deadly axe, blighting its life like the plague. Thus it came about that the very forces of integration carried the seeds of disruption within them. A man's link with his wife's people pulled him from his siblings; his bond with his sister's husband tore him from his wife's people; and his relationships with his hunting companions drew him from all.

The Kaingáng are divided into extended families ranging in numbers from 50 to 300 individuals. These families are made up of the descendants of two or more men who have intermarried and whose children have intermarried. Thus each family is closely inbred, and almost every member can trace his genealogy[1] to one of the two or more male ancestors. These ancestral males are real personalities, and the data on them is usually rather full, but there is always a point beyond which memory cannot go, and it is impossible to learn anything about any of their parents or siblings. Marriages with other extended families occurred, but marriages within the families far outnumber marriages between the families. This endogamy was brought about not by a specific taboo on marrying outside but by the hostility between the families which made them distrust one another and which kept them apart. When members of different families did marry it almost always caused a split in the ranks of one or both of the intermarrying groups. In such a case brother might be aligned against brother to the death. Those who shifted from one family to another either through marriage or through having been captured as youngsters were looked on as blood relatives of their new associates and hence as enemies to their former friends and were given no quarter in case of attack by members of the family to which they once belonged.

The Kaingáng call members of their own extended family "my own people," and the warm personal relationships that have been described in the preceding chapters exist only among one's "own people." For hundreds of years there have been several Kaingáng extended families and they have lived in a state of perpetual feud with one another. Whole lineages have been destroyed, and others, overcome by panic, have wandered away into the endless forests, never to be heard of again. Sometimes two extended families have come together and have been able to live in peace, but gen-

[1] The Kaingáng are minutely interested in their own genealogies, and they know who their father's father's father's son's wife's sister's daughter's husband is down to the last detail of all his names, what he died of, and how many children he had.

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erally whoever went contrary to the behavior of the rest of his "own people" and threw in his lot with "another group of people" was lost, for he had joined forces with those whose hate and fear were directed against the ones with whom he had ties. He became a wanderer divorced from his own blood, sleepless at night for fear that they might come to kill him, anxious in the day lest his new companions slay him. If he survived, his children bore the weight of his deed, for they might never return to their father's people. They were *kôinggẽgn utpá*, "different men," to them, even though they were first cousins by blood. They had never shared their women or caressed their men. They were shut out of the circle of warm arms and bodies that mean security to the Kaingáng, and they were killed on sight or hunted down like wild animals. In Kaingáng terminology "a different group of our people" is a synonym for *thâgn*, enemy. The hated Brazilians and "our different people" are both *thâgn*, enemies, "something no good," and severed from the ties of blood in behavior if not in fact.

The Feuds

Today Kaingáng memory does not go further back than the murder of Nduichá with anything like exactness. But it transports us to this death more than a century ago with a precision that is almost mathematical. The complicated genealogies of the people whose descendants are alive today check rigorously. When the Kaingáng discuss such killings as Nduichá's they seem to be fitting together the parts of a machine the intricate workings of which they know precisely. Their absorbed interest in the history of their own destruction has impressed on their minds with flawless clarity the multitudinous cross-workings of the feuds. They remember not only the genealogy of everyone but even details of weather, conversation, and facial expression and the precise spot in which an arrow or a lance struck.

In order to understand the feud conditions under which Nduichá was murdered we must take advantage of these memories and try to picture the composition of Kaingáng society at the time. When our story opens three groups of people are living together: the children of Mumbégn,[2] the children of Kangguín, and the children of Vomblé. Mumbégn had three wives who bore him many children, but for the present our story is concerned only with three of his offspring: Kumbló, and his sister, and their half-brother, Wanyeki,[3] the son of Mumbégn by another wife. Mumbégn himself had died, and one of his wives, the mother of Kumbló, had married Kovĩ, "a different man," one for whom memory provides no blood tie. For

[2] His real name was Kuvén, but I have called him Mumbégn in order not to confuse him with his son Kuvén, who was killed later. These three men are the ancestors of the extended family with which I lived.

[3] See pp. 57-58.

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VII

The Processes of Internal Order

THE EXTENDED FAMILY is the unit of security—outside all is uncertain and deadly. It is this dichotomy that underlies the movements of food and property and the handling of conflicts in Kaingáng society. In all these situations it is not so much that one individual acts over against another as that the entire group cooperates in an effort to keep intact the last shred of security that remains to them in a hostile universe.

Hunting and the Distribution of Food

The Kaingáng inhabit an enormous territory. Through this land they scatter in small groups in search of food, for there is not enough game concentrated in any one area to support a large population. The small hunting bands are made up of men who are related as brothers, as fathers and children, and as in-laws. This is the standard composition of the bands from the Kaingáng point of view. Sometimes men are associated who are first cousins or who have inherited hunting relationships from their fathers. The inheritance of paternal loyalties is very important in Kaingáng society. If two men have been close associates for years, their sons will be close companions by the pure accident of their fathers' association. To the Kaingáng such a relationship has a special warmth because it is a reminder of their parents.

Thus the hunting band, however ephemeral its composition, is made up of individuals who are closely related by consanguinal, affinal, and sentimental ties; and as long as the nightmare of vendetta has never raised barriers between them, the members of the group live without serious conflicts. Their life is not idyllic by any means—they have their quarrels, and sometimes they separate, but there is never any bloodshed. Stability is

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helpfulness and support, and it is at this point that one of the greatest weaknesses of Kaingáng social structure becomes evident.

All of a person's brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, and first and second cousins are his *nungnyén*, and when a man marries, all of his wife's *nungnyén* become his in-laws. It is obvious that the number of any one person's in-laws will be enormous, especially when we consider the fact that he has in-laws not only through his wife but also through his own brothers and sisters and cousins and uncles and aunts. When we remember in addition how closely inbred Kaingáng extended families are it is at once evident that almost all the extended families may be in-laws to any one person. Since it is impossible to give attention to such an enormous number each man selects only a few. Owing to the fact that the lines of his selection are not defined for him, the group with which he throws in his lot is determined only by his own choice, and the character of the group of affinal relatives acknowledged by every individual is different. One man may associate principally with his wife's uncles and brothers, while another may ignore them almost entirely in favor of his sisters' husbands. There is no mechanism to fix and stabilize any kind of relationship. The consequent slighting or exclusion of some relatives and the general fluidity of the social scheme produce undercurrents of resentment that are ultimately drained off substitutively by the feuds.

Within the extended family feelings of rejection may be strong but they never break out into bloodshed. Although Vomblé did not see his brother-in-law Tokéle for a long time, all that passed between them when they met was words. "Tokéle used to shoot animals for me," said Vomblé, "but before he died he went away, so that I did not see him. [When I met him again I said to him,] 'I raided the Brazilians, but you went far away and I did not see you after that. I thought that when I went to attack the Brazilians you would follow me, but you did not. I was the companion of your [adoptive] father until he died; then I became angry with you. When your real father was killed[3] you were small, and he [the adoptive father] brought you up. At last you grew to manhood, but you went away and you did not see him die. Therefore I was angry with you. I thought to myself, if I were to see you I would be angry with you. *I am telling you this to no purpose.*' Then Tokéle said to me, 'I thought that you would be that way [angry]. When you went away I was going to follow you, but *yágn*[4] asked me [to go with him], and so I went with him. That is why I did not see *yágn* [his adoptive father] die. Are you going to be angry with me on that account?' 'Yes, I am. I went around with your *yágn* and suffered hunger

[3] In a feud.

[4] His adoptive father's brother who was also his wife's mother's brother and hence a relative by marriage.

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with him. That is why I am about to be angry with you—because you did not see him. He was always watching for you; that is why I who have seen you am talking to you. Now that I have done it I'm going to stop.' Tokéle also said: 'When I was your companion I shot animals for you. Then I went about with Kopaké[6] [Vomblé's brother] and shot animals for him. I went about with him; so I shot none for you, but you went around alone with *yégn* [Tokéle's adoptive father], and so you are angry because I did not see him die.'"

Tokéle was caught in the confusion of his culture. His obligations to all of the individuals in question were real and pressing, but it was impossible to fulfill them all. His only excuse was that he was "asked" to go elsewhere by another relative by marriage, but it was not enough to soften Vomblé's anger. In spite of this resentment, however, Vomblé added that he was "telling . . . this to no purpose," for it is essential to do everything possible to remove the sting from an angry outburst within the family. In typical Kaingáng fashion Vomblé deflected the stream of interest from himself to his dead father-in-law by saying over and over again that he was angry because Tokéle "did not see him die." Failure to see a relative die is a theoretical offence which may be invoked to obscure the real causes of anger when it is felt necessary to do so. When Kanyahé brought about the murder of Patklé[6] the "reasons" he gave were (1) that he had been deserted and (2) that Patklé had not "seen his child [i.e. Kanyahé's wife] die." The true motive for the murder was that Patklé was "a different man" who had long had it coming to him. The real reason for Vomblé's anger appears in such remarks as "Tokéle used to shoot animals for me, but before he died he went away, so that I did not see him," and in similar statements in which Tokéle's desertion is emphasized.

The only way to avoid reproach was to wander constantly in search of other people and to live with them and give them food. But even this might fail. When the co-husband of Kapíli was killed in a feud massacre and Chukembégn, Kapíli's brother, was wounded, Kapíli needed another man to aid him in the food quest. But Yuvén, who had married his sister, was far away. "Yuvén and his children were his affinal relatives but never shot anything for him, and therefore he was angry and hungry." When Kapíli and the wounded Chukembégn at last met one of their relatives Chukembégn said to him. "Let Yuvén come and shoot some birds that I desire so much." Then the relative went away, and when he reached Yuvén he said to him: "Yuvén, Kapíli has called you. He said, 'Let Yuvén come to me and let him live with me.' Chukembégn and Kapíli called you to shoot birds for them." But Yuvén's coming did not solve the problem, for

[6] Tokéle's wife's first cousin—an affinal relative.

[6] See p. 58, Chapter V.

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596 although he was willing to help Chukembégn, he felt quite differently about helping Chukembégn's brother, Kapíli. Kapíli had for a long time felt himself deserted by his wife's brother Waipó, and news of his anger had somehow reached Yuvén. But Waipó was Yuvén's co-husband, and Yuvén was angry, particularly because Waipó had died. "Yuvén came with many jacutingas. Wainlúin [his wife, the sister of Chukembégn and Kapíli] gave some to her brother Kapíli, but Yuvén ignored him. Kanyahé [Waipó's brother] did not speak to Kapíli." The situation between Kapíli and Waipó could be interpreted either as desertion on the part of Waipó or as desertion on the part of Kapíli. The close relatives of Waipó interpreted it, of course, in the latter way. This is the constant condition within the extended families: the streams of resentment are manifold, and the drying up of one does not mean the establishment of accord.

Property

556 252 In Kaingáng society there was only one reason for a man's accumulating property—in order to give it away to his affinal relatives when his little boy's lower lip was pierced for the insertion of the lip plug or when his little girl's thigh was pricked to make her "able to walk." In preparation for this festa of "blackening the children"[7] a number of men raided the Brazilians, stole their property, and came back and made beer for their affinal relatives. The people particularly singled out for recognition on this occasion were the child's *kókla* and *mbē*, the male and female affinal relatives who buried the child's umbilical cord in the water and who on this day pierced its lip or thigh and symbolically "made" the child, thereby completing the process through which they become the child's ceremonial father and mother.[8] This was the child's ceremonial induction into the long series of activities through which in later life his bond with his father's relatives by marriage was maintained, with the vicissitudes to which all relationships were subjected in Kaingáng society. But it is not only the *kókla*, the ceremonial father, and the *mbē*, the ceremonial mother, who received gifts on this day, but also other affinal relatives of the father, no matter whether he had come by them through his wife or through his sisters or cousins.

421 Accumulation of property is incomprehensible to the Kaingáng. Property is for use in the struggle for existence. It is not a means to prestige or power. Like most of the abstract values that our civilization has exploited, the concept of power over people is little developed among the Kaingáng. What property they gather above the immediate needs of existence is distributed throughout life to their close relatives. In days long ago, before the

[7] So called from the practice of smearing the children with charcoal. See Appendix III.
[8] See Appendix III.

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It may be that the use of the leg instead of the thigh is due in the case of men to their wearing trousers and in the case of women to their unwillingness, since they have begun to wear dresses, to impair their newly acquired modesty by lifting them above their knees. 283 832 291

A Kaingáng Bridge

Two trees (A and B) are felled on opposite banks of the stream so that they will fall into it, and posts (C) are sunk on the downstream side to keep the trees from being carried away. A third log (D) is lashed to A and B just above the surface of the water. Then three sets of tall uprights (E) are sunk into the stream bed on either side of A and B and tied together at the top. At the bottom they are united by horizontal boughs (F) that pass across the top of D. A bough (G) is laid on either side of D and lashed to F. These structures, D and G, form the gangway. Now railings are made by tying long boughs (H) to E on both sides. 491

Ornaments

Lip Plugs

The Kaingáng no longer wear lip plugs. These were usually made from pine knots but some men preferred beef bone.[16] Still others liked to slip a fine deer bone over the pine-knot plug. There was a considerable amount of individual variation in the shape of the plugs, and the members of some extended families were distinguished by the shape of their lip plugs. 304 [596]

Dance Ornaments

These are made only for baby blackenings. 293

kôndjáidn are, as the name implies, sticks about three feet long covered with feathers and stuck in the ground around the dance circle. Near the top they are provided with a tiny plaited square or disk and are usually surmounted by feathers. In making these ornaments the men do not try to surpass one another in originality, and all the *kôndjáidn* are very much alike. The most striking innovation at the blackening that I witnessed was that of Chukembégn, who put the tail of a tesoureiro on top of his *kôndjáidn* instead of the usual feather. 301

Ln are made of small basketlike objects set on the ends of poles about thirty feet long and set up on the dance ground. As the festivities mount they are lifted out of their holes and carried around on the shoulders of the men.

Smaller *ln*, about eight inches long, are held in the hand.

[16] Obtained from cattle killed in raids on the Brazilians.

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Their rigorous environment and lack of a close social structure that would automatically provide the aging hunter with helpers or the widow who has children with a husband make the problem of food supply terribly pressing for these people. It was for this reason that Ketédn made my next-door neighbor, Kuthúgn, a member of his household when the latter was still a boy. "When I am dead," said Ketédn, "you will take care of my wife and children." Events showed that Ketédn had acted with foresight—perhaps because of his supernatural power—for he was killed by the Brazilians, and now Kuthúgn was living next door to me with Ketédn's wife who was so much older than he.

A widow who is no longer young has a hard time of it with her small children. Dependent on relatives, she wanders from household to household. At night she sleeps alone with her little child. There is no one to take care of her. Her brother or cousin or brother-in-law give her food when they have it. They share what they have as a matter of course, but when there is little food their children come first and the widow may get only short rations. Kundídn is such a widow. One day she eats at her cousin's house, the next at her brother's, the next at the house of another cousin. When she is sick her cousin Anggló sometimes comes to sit beside her, but if Anggló is away at some secret rendezvous with her lover, or off hunting with her brother, Kundídn often lies alone and miserable. None of the young men would marry a woman of forty with a goiter. But when she is well Kundídn is vigorous and aggressive. She works longer days in the fields than the younger women, she goes out frequently to look for honey, she is an aggressive and determined suitor and she had almost chopped off Véye's leg when the latter deliberately drowned her brother. Whenever I had to pass her house I made a wide circle because I knew that Kundídn would attempt to seduce me in her violent and jocular manner if she caught sight of me. At last she offered me her wild, thin little daughter, Tombá, aged about eleven. "Take her and bring her up," she said. "When she is grown, marry her, and she will keep house for you."

These forms of marriage and the custom of occasional adoption with an eye to the consummation of a future sex relationship are only crystallizations from an almost amorphous social life. Nevertheless, however imperfectly defined, informal, and even casual their sexual arrangements may be, the Kaingáng have made them the center of some kind of relationship that has a permanent value for this society. The casual relationships among young people in our own society that are the outgrowth of passion often serve no other function than to satisfy an overwhelming desire for sexual experience and companionship. Once the couple has drifted apart they have no claims on each other. They are strangers and can never depend on one another for anything. But among the Kaingáng, who literally have

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

616 groups of his moiety he would forever belong (Baldus, 1937 c). The alleged purpose of this assignment was to equalize the groups numerically, so that they could be paired for dancing; but, as each group danced separately, the explanation is probably a rationalization. In fact, the two divisions are not even approximately equal. Members of each group could be recognized by their facial painting. The Kadnyerú display round patterns, the Kamé stripes. (See Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 39.)

Nimuendajú's (1914, pp. 373–375) earlier report concerning the *Caingang* between the Tietê and Ijuhí Rivers, speaks of two moieties associated with the ancestral twins Kañerú and Kamé. The former was of fiery and resolute, but volatile, temperament, and of light, slim build. Kamé, on the other hand, was mentally and physically slow, but persistent. Each moity included three (formerly four) classes: Paí, Votóro, Pénye.

All natural phenomena are divided between these two moieties; the sun is Kamé, the moon, Kañerú. In general, slender and spotted objects belong to the Kañerú, clumsy and striped ones to the Kamé. Their use in ritual is confined to the appropriate group.

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* lack moieties, but have five groups with distinctive sets of personal names and body-paint designs. Though recent genealogical inquiry failed to establish either strict inheritance of group membership or exogamy, the natives insisted that individuals bearing the same designs should not marry, so that a former patrilineal clan system is indicated (Henry, 1941, pp. 59, 88, 175 f.).

Marriage groups.—Concerning marriage rules between sub-
582 groups, Horta Barbosa (1913, p. 26) gives the following information:

> Marriages obey complicated rules depending on the groups [moieties] and subgroups into which the *Kaingang* families are divided. The most important of these groups are the Camens and Canberucrens; marriages can take place only between the men of one group and the women of the other. However, it must not be thought that it is licit for a Camen to marry any Canberucren for, in order to make things more complicated, there is a division into subgroups, fairly numerous. Individuals of a certain Kamé subgroup can only marry a woman of a certain Canberucren [Kadnyerú] subgroup, save for a few exceptions which confuse a question which otherwise should be so simple.

● 601 **Kinship terms.**—The relationship system is based on relative age. A man calls his father, his grandfather, and the men of their generations by the same term, and his mother and grandmother by another term. He uses a single name for all male and female blood relatives, excepting real parents and grandparents and grandparents' siblings and own children. One word (child) serves for all people much younger than ego and for the children of all people with whom he has sexual relations. There is a word for husband and another for wife. A single word applies to all relatives-in-law (Henry, 1941, pp. 177–178).

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their backs to the wall of existence, who have been hunted by the Brazilians and their enemies, the Kangdjá for two hundred years or more, and who have been torn asunder by bloody vendettas, ties created by passion are never really broken. A boy's sweetheart is *plų* and a girl's is *mbádn*. These are terms that they never fully relinquish, and the sense of status implied by these expressions is never quite lost. Although the terms as they are used between sweethearts have not the same significance as between husband and wife, they do indicate that there is an attachment which cannot be entirely broken and which may even be recognized by a woman's children after she has at last married someone else. When Nenggachá[9] was about to be killed by Kenggó, Anggló, the latter's wife dashed between her husband and his victim and grasped the lance that would have killed Nenggachá. He was her mother's lover, the Kaingáng say, and therefore she protected him from her husband.

The feeling that once a man and a woman have been lovers there has been established a relationship which, however tenuous its bonds and obligations may be, never fully loses its significance, is expressed in the Kaingáng use of terms of relationship. In line with their almost complete lack of feeling for social structure, the Kaingáng entertain contradictory ideas about their relationship terms. They have theories about these terms which they never put into practice in anything like a consistent way. Yet some of these unpracticed theories demonstrate a feeling about relationships that has an actual though subtle significance. The Kaingáng feel that the term *yágn* which means "father," but in a broader sense, "any man much older than I," denotes also a paternal relationship. The fact that they use it for men who have been their mothers' lovers is important once we have come to understand the attitude of the Kaingáng toward their love affairs. The man who has been their mother's lover is in some way associated with their father, and they owe him a certain allegiance that will become active in situations of conflict.

The Kaingáng are such enterprising lovers that one would imagine that a woman would call many of the men around her *mbádn* and that a man would refer to most of the women as *plų*. And this is true within certain limits. In making a detailed analysis for the ethnologist an informant carefully distinguishes between the women with whom he has had an affair and those with whom he has not. The number of the latter in a man's own age-group is small and might be even smaller if he were more careful to include not only those women with whom he has been on constantly friendly terms but also those with whom he has had little contact in the last few years. In generalized thinking, however, a woman speaks of all the men of her group[10] as *mbádn* and a man calls all the women *plų*. Thus the

[9] See p. 118. All these people are dead now.

[10] Her own extended family. See p. 50 for exact definition of this term.

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terms *cklá*, "my offspring," and *fag yi*, "my child," which every man or woman applies to individuals who are very much younger than he, come to have a significance that is intimately related to the entire sexual life of the Kaingáng. A mature man who has lead the normal philandering life of the average Kaingáng suspects that not a few of the children who have other putative fathers are really his. At any rate, since he had intercourse with their mothers he bears to them such relationship as springs from all such contacts. Just as their mothers are forever his *plá* these children are his *klá*. The fact that whole groups[11] of a hundred or more people are referred to as the *klá* of so-and-so, a very old man, reflects not only the adult Kaingáng practice of calling all very young people *klá* but also the deep-seated feeling of having an actual role in their procreation.

"Klendó's daughter, Pathó, is my child," said Vomblé. "How do you know," said I, "since Klendó also lay with her mother?" "Well, when two men lie with a woman they just call her child their child." But not only do men feel that their mistress's children are their children, but people whose mothers have had intercourse with the same man, whether as lover or husband, regard one another as siblings. The result of this socio-sexual outlook is to draw ever more closely together this small, closely inbred group of people. To the clearly defined and explicitly expressed ties of blood, which already connect them intimately, are added the subtler ties of sex, which, however unimportant they may seem at the moment, nevertheless endure in some measure and are capable of playing their part in life's crises. When Véye was sick with the grippe it was not his wife or his wife's sister's husband or some other relative who came to me to get medicine and food for him, but Kulá, his lover, a strong, aggressive woman a good fifteen years older than he and the wife of my best informant. When he at last died she mourned the longest—even longer than his wife.

The Kaingáng present, therefore, the picture of a society whose very structurelessness permitted the building of stable cooperating units around sex interests. Intrigues that frequently might have been the cause of trouble were often stabilized into lasting polyandrous and joint households, and even when they were not, they nevertheless established ties that were never completely dissolved. But although polyandrous and joint marriages were most valuable to their principals, most Kaingáng men and women are possessive enough to want to keep their spouses to themselves, with the result that 60 percent of the marriages are monogamous.[12] Usually when a man marries he looks forward to gaining as allies in the struggle for food

[11] These are the extended families. See p. 50.

[12] An analysis of 308 marriages taken from genealogies that represent about 100 years of Kaingáng history past and present, yields the following percentages: 60 percent monogamous, 18 percent polygynous, 14 percent polyandrous and 8 percent joint.

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the dead.[7] The only function of the marks is magical. When a person dies all the people around him paint themselves with their marks in order to frighten the *kuplêng* away. "It sees them and becomes afraid and goes." A widowed person, a *thâpẹya*, paints himself with marks other than his own on his return from his period of isolation in order that the *kuplêng* may not recognize him. About five years before my arrival a number of people added the circle design to their other marks because when Kemblén died he told all the people to change their marks "so that the *kuplêng* would see it and go away."

A number of kinship usages are explained on the basis of the marks. These will be discussed in the section on the kinship system. It is only necessary to say here that all such explanations are purely theoretical and do not support kinship usage.

The Kinship System

(1) *pl̨*, wife; women with whom a man has had sexual relations; women with marks different from a man, and with whom, therefore, such relationships are "permissible."

(2) *mbdá*, husband; men with whom a woman has had sexual relations; men with marks different from a woman, and with whom, therefore, such relationships are "permissible."

(3) *yógu*, father; grandfather; all males much older than Ego;[8] men who have had relations with Ego's mother.

(4) *nyŋ́*, mother; grandmother; all females much older than Ego; women who have had relations with Ego's father.

(5) *nyuugnyén*, all blood relatives excepting real parents and grandparents and grandparents' siblings and own children. All members of the same extended family. It is often used specifically for Ego's own brothers, sisters, and first cousins, and for anyone about Ego's own age. In this case the term becomes reciprocal. It may be used also for anyone a little older than Ego. All individuals having the same mark as Ego.

(6) *yuví*, all people somewhat younger than Ego.

(7) *yi*, child; all people very much younger than Ego and the children of all the people with whom Ego has had sexual relations.

(8) *klẹ*, offspring. Tapirs and dogs have *klẹ*, but to speak of an animal's *yi* provokes laughter.

(9) *yónbld*, (plural) *yígunbld*, all the blood relatives of No. 2 and No. 1. In a more limited sense, all the No. 5 of No. 2 and No. 1 with the

[7] See fn. 1, p. 175.

[8] Regardless speaking or spoken about.

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602 exception of second cousins and their descendants and first cousins once removed and their descendants.

(10) *lânglé*, co-spouse.

(11) *kaké*, relation. This term is not as strict in its application as No. 5, in that its use may extend outside the extended family. It is used regularly between cousins of all classes, rarely for aunt, never for brother or sister. It is a courtesy term for people not related by blood.

Although the major stress of this system is on relative age the culture actually fails to take cognizance of it in any formal way. In the distribution of food and property, for example, no one age class takes precedence over another. Nor does the principle of relative age play an important role in marriage. Marriage is on the whole between age-mates, although some informants seem to feel that the man should be older than the woman. Leadership is determined by personality factors, by *waikayú*, not by age.

The term *nyungnyén* expresses the attitudes within the extended families. Its use for blood relatives, combined with its extension to include a much wider group, indicates precisely how the Kaingáng feel about members of the same extended family even when they are not related by blood. Socially they are siblings to one another and the same blood flows in their veins, no matter what the actual conditions are.[9]

I have frequently pointed out the wide difference in affect between the relationships within the extended families and those that obtain between them. Since, therefore, the terms *nyungnyén*, *yavi*, *yi*, and *klą* are used almost exclusively for members of the same extended family it follows that they express a considerable amount of in-group affect. Since, also, the extended families are intensely inbred and the general sibling feeling is strong, there is a correlation here with the fact that the kinship system completely ignores questions of specific relationship. Since the kinship terms at the most, therefore, express only generalized blood relationship the most important correlations in the Kaingáng kinship system are with age pure and simple, and with the affect associated with the in-group.

In Chapter VII I pointed out that the Kaingáng do not keep to the theoretical formulation of their affinal relationships but that each man selects particular individuals for attention. Hand in hand with this goes the fact that although for all the Kaingáng the category of affinity[10] is the same each person uses the term *yónbld* in everyday life for a different

[9] An excellent example of this can be found on p. 122. Although Wanyeki and Kuvén were not blood relatives of Kãi they were his *nyungnyén* because they came from the same extended family.

[10] Relationship by marriage.

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group of affinities. There is an additional variability in the use of this term due to the fact that some individuals prefer to use the age term series rather than *yómbil*. Although some people are singled out as affinal relatives toward whom Ego has specific obligations he might never call them *yómbil*, preferring instead to use the age terms. 601 602

The significance of terms 1, 2, and 8 has been discussed in Chapter III, and the further implications of 3 have also been discussed in that chapter.

[p. 180 is blank]

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reaching for each other's genitals, but the Kaingáng, although they stand around holding their own penises, do not hold other men's.

In the whole mass of Kaingáng folklore there is one hundred-word story of a homosexual relationship between two men and another that tells of a male supernatural that was killed by a man because it sodomized him by trickery. I never heard a remark that alluded in any way to homosexuality. The men like to congregate together, and when the women are in camp they leave them and sit around in groups, weaving baskets or just talking. Sometimes a woman may join them because her husband is there, but even when the men are away the women rarely come together as the men do. They just visit. Like the indiscriminate playing of the children, these caressings, sleeping parties, and gossipings do not follow relationship lines. Whatever may be the specific obligations of cousins or brothers-in-law, they are completely lost sight of in these ephemeral, wholly casual masculine contacts. The basis for man's loyalty to man has roots in the many warm bodily contacts between them. The violent, annihilating conflicts among men in Kaingáng society were all among those who had never shared the languid exchange of caresses on a hot afternoon under the green arched shelter of a house nor lain together night after night under a blanket against the cold. The very transient, unfixated nature of these contacts leaves no grounds for jealousy. The relationships built on these hours of lying together with anyone at all bear fruit in the softening of conflicts that are so characteristic of the Kaingáng. Indeed, there is a patterned friendship between men that has woven this contact into its very warp and woof, and that is the friendship of hunting companions. Men who have hunted together day after day, raided the Brazilians together, slept together beside the same fire, under the same blanket, wrapped in each other's arms, hold this relationship above their kinship with their brothers. The consequences for the general integration of Kaingáng society are immeasurable.

The elaborate laws of sexual avoidance that chart the behavior of men and women in many primitive societies, dividing the entire community into the touchables and the untouchables, are undreamt of among the Kaingáng. Little boys and girls play together in rough and tumble. Brothers and sisters, brothers- and sisters-in-law and cousins, sleep next to one another, cross legs, or embrace one another. The corollaries to this are the marriages and love affairs among almost all classes of relatives. Only marriages between parents and children and between full brothers and sisters are avoided. Marriages between half brothers and sisters are rare.

A complete lack of emphasis on temperamental differences between the sexes permits to boys and girls, men and women, the same jocular and often violent sexual aggressiveness. The term for intercourse may have

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helpfulness and support, and it is at this point that one of the greatest weaknesses of Kaingáng social structure becomes evident.

All of a person's brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, and first and second cousins are his *nungnyén*, and when a man marries, all of his wife's *nungnyén* become his in-laws. It is obvious that the number of any one person's in-laws will be enormous, especially when we consider the fact that he has in-laws not only through his wife but also through his own brothers and sisters and cousins and uncles and aunts. When we remember in addition how closely inbred Kaingáng extended families are it is at once evident that almost all the extended families may be in-laws to any one person. Since it is impossible to give attention to such an enormous number each man selects only a few. Owing to the fact that the lines of his selection are not defined for him, the group with which he throws in his lot is determined only by his own choice, and the character of the group of affinal relatives acknowledged by every individual is different. One man may associate principally with his wife's uncles and brothers, while another may ignore them almost entirely in favor of his sisters' husbands. There is no mechanism to fix and stabilize any kind of relationship. The consequent slighting or exclusion of some relatives and the general fluidity of the social scheme produce undercurrents of resentment that are ultimately drained off substitutively by the feuds.

Within the extended family feelings of rejection may be strong but they never break out into bloodshed. Although Vomblé did not see his brother-in-law Tokéle for a long time, all that passed between them when they met was words. "Tokéle used to shoot animals for me," said Vomblé, "but before he died he went away, so that I did not see him. [When I met him again I said to him,] 'I raided the Brazilians, but you went far away and I did not see you after that. I thought that when I went to attack the Brazilians you would follow me, but you did not. I was the companion of your [adoptive] father until he died; then I became angry with you. When your real father was killed[3] you were small, and he [the adoptive father] brought you up. At last you grew to manhood, but you went away and you did not see him die. Therefore I was angry with you. I thought to myself, if I were to see you I would be angry with you. *I am telling you this to no purpose.*' Then Tokéle said to me, 'I thought that you would be that way [angry]. When you went away I was going to follow you, but *yãgn*[4] asked me [to go with him], and so I went with him. That is why I did not see *yãgn* [his adoptive father] die. Are you going to be angry with me on that account?' 'Yes, I am. I went around with your *yãgn* and suffered hunger

[3] In a feud.

[4] His adoptive father's brother who was also his wife's mother's brother and hence a relative by marriage.

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the dead.[7] The only function of the marks is magical. When a person dies all the people around him paint themselves with their marks in order to frighten the *kuplêng* away. "It sees them and becomes afraid and goes." A widowed person, a *thâpẹya*, paints himself with marks other than his own on his return from his period of isolation in order that the *kuplêng* may not recognize him. About five years before my arrival a number of people added the circle design to their other marks because when Kemblén died he told all the people to change their marks "so that the *kuplêng* would see it and go away."

A number of kinship usages are explained on the basis of the marks. These will be discussed in the section on the kinship system. It is only necessary to say here that all such explanations are purely theoretical and do not support kinship usage.

The Kinship System

(1) *plų*, wife; women with whom a man has had sexual relations; women with marks different from a man, and with whom, therefore, such relationships are "permissible."

(2) *mbâdn*, husband; men with whom a woman has had sexual relations; men with marks different from a woman, and with whom, therefore, such relationships are "permissible."

(3) *yâgn*, father; grandfather; all males much older than Ego;[8] men who have had relations with Ego's mother.

(4) *nyộ*, mother; grandmother; all females much older than Ego; women who have had relations with Ego's father.

(5) *nyungnyên*, all blood relatives excepting real parents and grandparents and grandparents' siblings and own children. All members of the same extended family. It is often used specifically for Ego's own brothers, sisters, and first cousins, and for anyone about Ego's own age. In this case the term becomes reciprocal. It may be used also for anyone a little older than Ego. All individuals having the same mark as Ego.

(6) *yuvi*, all people somewhat younger than Ego.

(7) *yi*, child; all people very much younger than Ego and the children of all the people with whom Ego has had sexual relations.

(8) *klą*, offspring. Tapirs and dogs have *klą*, but to speak of an animal's *yi* provokes laughter.

(9) *yẽmbld*, (plural) *yẽgnmbld*, all the blood relatives of No. 2 and No. 1. In a more limited sense, all the No. 5 of No. 2 and No. 1 with the

[7] See fn. 1, p. 175.

[8] Egocentric speaking or spoken about.

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601
602 exception of second cousins and their descendants and first cousins once removed and their descendants.

(10) *lânglé*, co-spouse.

(11) *kaké*, relation. This term is not as strict in its application as No. 5, in that its use may extend outside the extended family. It is used regularly between cousins of all classes, rarely for aunt, never for brother or sister. It is a courtesy term for people not related by blood.

Although the major stress of this system is on relative age the culture actually fails to take cognizance of it in any formal way. In the distribution of food and property, for example, no one age class takes precedence over another. Nor does the principle of relative age play an important role in marriage. Marriage is on the whole between age-mates, although some informants seem to feel that the man should be older than the woman. Leadership is determined by personality factors, by *waikayú*, not by age.

The term *nyungnyén* expresses the attitudes within the extended families. Its use for blood relatives, combined with its extension to include a much wider group, indicates precisely how the Kaingáng feel about members of the same extended family even when they are not related by blood. Socially they are siblings to one another and the same blood flows in their veins, no matter what the actual conditions are.[9]

I have frequently pointed out the wide difference in affect between the relationships within the extended families and those that obtain between them. Since, therefore, the terms *nyungnyén, yavi, yi,* and *klą* are used almost exclusively for members of the same extended family it follows that they express a considerable amount of in-group affect. Since, also, the extended families are intensely inbred and the general sibling feeling is strong, there is a correlation here with the fact that the kinship system completely ignores questions of specific relationship. Since the kinship terms at the most, therefore, express only generalized blood relationship the most important correlations in the Kaingáng kinship system are with age pure and simple, and with the affect associated with the in-group.

In Chapter VII I pointed out that the Kaingáng do not keep to the theoretical formulation of their affinal relationships but that each man selects particular individuals for attention. Hand in hand with this goes the fact that although for all the Kaingáng the category of affinity[10] is the same each person uses the term *yómblé* in everyday life for a different

[9] An excellent example of this can be found on p. 122. Although Wanyeki and Kuvên were not blood relatives of Kôi they were his *nyungnyén* because they came from the same extended family.

[10] Relationship by marriage.

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group of affinities. There is an additional variability in the use of this term due to the fact that some individuals prefer to use the age term series rather than *yómbld*. Although some people are singled out as affinal relatives toward whom Ego has specific obligations he might never call them *yómbld*, preferring instead to use the age terms. 601 602

The significance of terms 1, 2, and 8 has been discussed in Chapter III, and the further implications of 3 have also been discussed in that chapter.

[p. 180 is blank]

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Later in the day Kanyahé took it into his head to make fun of me. 837
"You're always walking around making love," he shouted. "No I'm not," I yelled back. We had a large audience. "You make love everywhere," Kanyahé bellowed; "everybody sees you!" "You lie, you're the one who makes love." "You bet I do," he roared. This was my cue to see how far he was willing to walk on thin ice, and I retaliated: "No one has to see you. It is the talk of everyone, how much you walk about taking women." This was too much even for Kanyahé. He dropped the subject immediately without another word and turned to weeding. Through it all Yakwá stood, his powerful hands on the handle of his scythe, a broad smile on his face, completely enjoying the show.

This affair throws into bold relief the fate that awaits the principals in a conflict whose solution is prevented by a possessive husband. The jealous husband pursues his wife to the point where his behavior causes much smiling behind polite hands. His endless quarrels with her culminate in blows and often in dissolution of the marriage. Yakwá's threat to kill Kanyahé would never have been carried out because murder in Kaingáng [684]
society must have a background of vendetta,[5] but it illustrates well the complete break between the two men.

Another drama enacted by a mother and a son-in-law, illustrates the 595
ever-ripening character of this relationship. Just as they have resolved the 606
struggle between a man and his son for the same woman through the son's marriage to his stepmother, the Kaingáng have arrested the conflict between a woman and her daughter for the same man by the man's marrying his mother-in-law too.[6] Instead of surrounding the mother-in-law with disrupting taboos that send the son-in-law flying when he hears her coming or keeping him cooling his heels outside as long as his mother-in-law, whose face he may not see, is in the house, the Kaingáng have developed the relationship between a man and his mother-in-law to the point where he sometimes marries her and becomes the second father of her children. Such was the relationship between Kuvén and Kanngá's mother and between the captive Nyepá and his mother-in-law, Kuichó. Yakwá has no one to take care of him if his wife Anggló chooses to remain at the post while he goes hunting with me and the Indians. But if his widowed mother-in-law, whose household he never left as long as she was alive, went along, his food was cooked when he came back after a long day's range in the forest just as if she had been his wife and there were always fresh fern leaves for him to stretch his body on. At night he slept beside the old woman or at her feet across the campfire. When he moved camp it was she who carried his few belongings, and when she needed a basket it was

[5] See pp. 52, 60.
[6] I have no instances of a man's marrying his daughter-in-law.

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745 606 he who made it for her. When her family gathered around her it was she who gave him food. An Indian told me that when the old woman died[7] he did not say to her, as the Kaingáng usually say to the dead, "Leave me and go away," so that her soul would not take him along, but instead: "Do not leave me. When I am sick I shall ask your protection."

595 The relationship between co-husbands in polyandrous and joint marriage was one of the strongest in the society. Children might leave their parents, brothers might separate to follow their affinal relatives, brothers-in-law and parents and their sons-in-law might rarely see one another or might interrupt long-standing relationships casually, but co-husbands who had grown to maturity did not part. The strongest loyalties in such marriages were not between the husbands and their wife or wives but among the men. However strongly the men and women may be linked together in a common household the charm of casual intrigues is too great for them to forego. Although Amendó had four husbands she still had time for swift rendezvous in the forest, and many children called Wanyekí and his co-husbands *yûgn*[8] "because he had intercourse with their mother."

The motive that lead a man to accept a co-husband was always the same, his own and his family's security. The more independent and the more possessive avoided it as long as they could. Many could avoid it all their lives, but others, driven by old age and the lack of young sons to take care of them or forced by a crippling injury, at last accepted co-husbands. And it was generally only because there were no marriageable women around that a man consented to become a co-husband. Young co-husbands separated as soon as a likely young woman appeared on the scene and that was why polyandry among young men was so unstable. Older men preferred the comfortable security of joint households, so that even if they encountered a marriageable woman they preferred to absorb her into a joint household rather than venture the precarious independence of a separate *ménage*. When one of my informants, Klendó, was a young man he asked his half-brother to come and live with him and his wife, but after a while the half-brother, having acquired a wife of his own, established his own household. The young men shifted around, but when they had matured in polyandry and had learned the value of such a relationship they did not change. A nice realization of their mutual dependence prompted father and son to live peacefully together with the same wife, and impelled a man to share his wife with his brother or even with a distant relative. Father-in-law and son-in-law also became co-husbands, forming a firm cooperating unit which guaranteed food to the older man and his wife and children and which gave the younger man an additional claim on his wife's relatives.

[7] She died during the grippe epidemic in 1933.

[8] The term a person uses for his father and all men very much older than he.

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his back, and begins to walk back and forth across the circle singing. Then he and the rest of the men stop and shout, "This is your [the infant's] making," followed by: 852 304

hili about twelve times; and then *lililihilihilihililiholololo changa changai yetyetyethohoho.*[49] [533]

Vomblé said that the cries were in imitation of the cry of Water's Talking, a water-dwelling supernatural monster. Since, however, the water monster has no part in the extremely scanty ideology of this ceremony, I regard this explanation as very dubious.

Following the baby's "making" they play the game of *kavign*, with soft bags[50] made of the inner bark of the embira tree and stuffed with tree hair. The bags are supposed to be thrown back and forth between the parents and the children's *kôklá* and *mbẽ*, but everyone joins in the fun of tossing the bags high in the air across the dance ground and catching them when they are thrown back. Meanwhile the people shout: "Come here! Catch my animal";[51] and *kavi kavi kavi* or *tẽ tẽ tẽ*[52] or *tektektek*.[53] 852 524

When the beer is gone the camp breaks up.

Although the Kaingáng do not say so, it is clear that the ceremonies of *pâyú* and *waichẽdn* have the purpose of giving the child a ceremonial father and mother. The *kôklá* or the *mbẽ* are usually brothers or sisters of the mother. They perform the first formal act after the child is born by putting the umbilical cord, the symbol of its birth, in the water; and at last they "make the child" at the ceremony of baby-blackening. On this occasion they receive presents along with the other affinal relatives of the parents, but they are especially rewarded for their services in the lip-piercing. 852 608 846

[49] Instead of these syllables they might also shout the following: *chui* (about 12 times); *yo* (about 4 times); *chui yoyoyoyo o halalala halalala holo* (about 6 times); *tivi* (about 12 times), followed by *tivivi tivivivivi net* (about 5 times); *ho* (about 4 times); *tivi* (about a dozen times); *tivivi tivivivi ho* (4 times).

[50] These are plaited especially for the occasion and then thrown away.

[51] "Probably the first ones to come up [in the very beginning of things] referred to these as owned animals [*mang*]. The long bags are men and the short ones women. They are called his wives."

[52] Vomblé said that this was the cry of the dot people, who were imitating the small hawk called *tẽtẽ*.

[53] The same informant said that this was the cry of the circle people.

[p. 198 is blank]

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837 36 Through her marriage Kuvé's family gained Vomblé as an ally in the
584 quest for food. Even before marriage a girl's sexual interests are beneficial
[143] to her family, for her lovers come with presents of food, and they are welcome at her parents' fireside. The food a lover brings is not payment for favors he has received but a gift in expectation of favors still to come. Even after her marriage a woman's amorous intrigues are of considerable advantage to those around her—even to her own husband, for every time she attracts a man she has added a hunter to the band. Wherever his mistress is, there the lover stays, and unless her husband gets wind of the affair and flies into a rage the lover may very likely follow the camp almost indefinitely. His presence is welcome, of course, for another gun or bow and another knife and axe mean so much more meat and honey. Thus even adultery plays a constructive role in Kaingáng society, for it keeps within the band men who might otherwise go elsewhere in search of satisfaction, and it often culminated in polyandrous marriage, which has been one of the strongest integrating forces in Kaingáng society.

595 The story is told of Kuvén who was the lover of both Kanggá and her
582 mother. Now as Kanggá's father grew old and it became difficult for him to get meat, he felt more and more the necessity of having someone to help him hunt for his large family. As long as Kuvén remained he could depend on him, but when it seemed that the young man was becoming interested in Yemái, a woman who was no relative of his and whom, therefore, Kuvén might follow far away to her relatives, Kanggá's father said to his wife and daughter: "Call Kuvén; if he marries Yemái he will leave me and go away. Let him get food for your children when I die. If he marries another woman he will throw your children away." So Kanggá's mother called Kuvén and said to her daughter: "Marry him. I am going to live with you and him." So Kuvén married both mother and daughter, and when Kanggá's father died Kuvén took care of the latter's children.

621 The Kaingáng have no system of clans or moieties[1] to impose social obli-
671 gations on them. Their kinship system is not the crystallization of inescapable obligations that is found in many other primitive societies but prin-
[61] cipally a device for grouping people in large age classes. Their mode of life also made the maintenance of complex systems of obligations and loyalties extremely difficult, for they wandered from place to place in little groups of two to twenty adults. Even the biological family had little permanence as a cooperating unit, for children wandered away from their parents when
[594] they grew up and brothers separated to go with their in-laws or to travel with childhood playmates and hunting companions in search of adventure. Under the influence of the conflicting obligations of blood and marriage the composition of the small group of adults was forever changing. The dependence of the men on one another, and even their fundamental reali-

[1] See Appendix II, p. 175.

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60/ Thus the
61/ terms *eklą*, "my offspring," and *éng yi*, "my child," which every man or woman applies to individuals who are very much younger than he, come to have a significance that is intimately related to the entire sexual life of the Kaingáng. A mature man who has lead the normal philandering life of the average Kaingáng suspects that not a few of the children who have other putative fathers are really his. At any rate, since he had intercourse with their mothers he bears to them such relationship as springs from all such contacts. Just as their mothers are forever his *plų* these children are his *klą*. The fact that whole groups[11] of a hundred or more people are referred to as the *klą* of so-and-so, a very old man, reflects not only the adult Kaingáng practice of calling all very young people *klą* but also the deep-rooted feeling of having an actual role in their procreation.

61/ "Klendó's daughter, Pathó, is my child," said Vomblé. "How do you know," said I, "since Klendó also lay with her mother?" "Well, when two men lie with a woman they just call her child their child." But not only do men feel that their mistress's children are their children, but people whose mothers have had intercourse with the same man, whether as lover or husband, regard one another as siblings. The result of this socio-sexual outlook is to draw ever more closely together this small, closely inbred group of people. To the clearly defined and explicitly expressed ties of blood, which already connect them intimately, are added the subtler ties of sex, which, however unimportant they may seem at the moment, nevertheless endure in some measure and are capable of playing their part in life's crises. When Véye was sick with the grippe it was not his wife or his wife's sister's husband or some other relative who came to me to get medicine and food for him, but Kulá, his lover, a strong, aggressive woman a good fifteen years older than he and the wife of my best informant. When he at last died she mourned the longest—even longer than his wife.

57/ The Kaingáng present, therefore, the picture of a society whose very structurelessness permitted the building of stable cooperating units around sex interests. Intrigues that frequently might have been the cause of trouble were often stabilized into lasting polyandrous and joint households, and even when they were not, they nevertheless established ties that were never completely dissolved. But although polyandrous and joint marriages were most valuable to their principals, most Kaingáng men and women are possessive enough to want to keep their spouses to themselves, with the result that 60 percent of the marriages are monogamous.[12] Usually when a man marries he looks forward to gaining as allies in the struggle for food

[11] These are the extended families. See p. 50.

[12] An analysis of 308 marriages taken from genealogies that represent about 100 years of Kaingáng history past and present, yields the following percentages: 60 percent monogamous, 18 percent polygynous, 14 percent polyandrous and 8 percent joint.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

turns very light when dry. To straighten a reed, they lash it against a horizontal piece of wood, fastening a weight at one end. Arrowheads are wide taquara splinters, barbed rods (fig. 59, *h*), wooden rods tipped with a sharp point of monkey or deer bones (fig. 59, *c*), and massive, blunt wooden knobs used for birds (fig. 59, *a*, *b*). Some bird arrows are also tipped with four slightly diverging sticks or thorns. In recent years, the hunting and war arrows of the Santa Catarina *Aweikoma-Caingang* have been tipped with duck-bill iron heads (fig. 59, *i*). Feathering is of the arched type (eastern Brazilian). Hunters always carry a ready supply of bone heads, shafts, and feathers to replace lost arrows.

Spears are common among the *Caingang*, who tipped them with iron blades obtained from the Whites (fig. 59, *m*). The *Aweikoma* were extremely skillful in handling these weapons, which they decorated with fire-engraved designs and with basketry coverings.

The clubs of the Paraná *Caingang* are short cylindrical cudgels covered with basketry (fig. 59, *l*); those of the so-called *Botocudo* are more or less tapering, with the cross section often prismatic, thus presenting sharp cutting edges (fig. 59, *k*). They are decorated with fire engravings and with a basketry sheath. The cudgels of the São Paulo *Caingang* have a bulging head and are from 5 to 6 feet long.

Countless stone rings have been found on archeological sites of the State of Rio Grande do Sul. In the 17th century, some tribes of the upper Paraguay River used clubs with stone heads (itaiza), but there is no evidence that these Indians were *Caingang;* it is more likely that they were *Guaraní*.

To frustrate attack or pursuit by an enemy, the *Caingang* strewed the paths leading to their camps with caltrops made of sharp bone splinters bound in a bundle with cotton thread and wax. They also dug pitfalls in the bottom of which they placed sharp spears.

SOCIAL ORGANIZATION

Moieties.—The *Caingang* of Palmas have two exogamous, patrilineal moieties, each split into two groups. Baldus (1935, pp. 44–47) does not give the names of the moieties, merely stating that they were called by the word for both "friend" and "two," and that fellow members considered one another cousins. On the other hand, he lists the four subgroups according to their prestige as follows: Votóro, Kadnyerú (Kañerú), Aniky, and Kamé. The reason for this preferential ranking could not be ascertained. Every individual is born into a moiety, but is assigned to one of the subgroups at a mortuary feast by a man or a woman of his own moiety.

Among the *Caingang* of Palmas, the father decided, when he painted a son or a daughter for the first time, to which of the two

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616 groups of his moiety he would forever belong (Baldus, 1937 c). The alleged purpose of this assignment was to equalize the groups numerically, so that they could be paired for dancing; but, as each group danced separately, the explanation is probably a rationalization. In fact, the two divisions are not even approximately equal. Members of each group could be recognized by their facial painting. The Kadnyerú display round patterns, the Kamé stripes. (See Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 39.)

Nimuendajú's (1914, pp. 373–375) earlier report concerning the *Coingang* between the Tieté and Ijuhí Rivers, speaks of two moieties associated with the ancestral twins Kañerú and Kamé. The former was of fiery and resolute, but volatile, temperament, and of light, slim build. Kamé, on the other hand, was mentally and physically slow, but persistent. Each moity included three (formerly four) classes: Paí, Votóro, Péngre.

All natural phenomena are divided between these two moieties; the sun is Kamé, the moon, Kañerú. In general, slender and spotted objects belong to the Kañerú, clumsy and striped ones to the Kamé. Their use in ritual is confined to the appropriate group.

The *Aweikoma-Coingang* lack moieties, but have five groups with distinctive sets of personal names and body-paint designs. Though recent genealogical inquiry failed to establish either strict inheritance of group membership or exogamy, the natives insisted that individuals bearing the same designs should not marry, so that a former patrilineal clan system is indicated (Henry, 1941, pp. 59, 88, 175 f.).

582 **Marriage groups.**—Concerning marriage rules between subgroups, Horta Barbosa (1913, p. 26) gives the following information:

> Marriages obey complicated rules depending on the groups [moieties] and subgroups into which the *Kaingang* families are divided. The most important of these groups are the Camems and Canherocrens; marriages can take place only between the men of one group and the women of the other. However, it must not be thought that it is licit for a Camem to marry any Canherucren for, in order to make things more complicated, there is a division into subgroups, fairly numerous. Individuals of a certain Kamé subgroup can only marry a woman of a certain Canherucren [Kadnyerú] subgroup, save for a few exceptions which confuse a question which otherwise should be so simple.

601 **Kinship terms.**—The relationship system is based on relative age. A man calls his father, his grandfather, and the men of their generations by the same term, and his mother and grandmother by another term. He uses a single name for all male and female blood relatives, excepting real parents and grandparents and grandparents' siblings and own children. One word (child) serves for all people much younger than ego and for the children of all people with whom he has sexual relations. There is a word for husband and another for wife. A single word applies to all relatives-in-law (Henry, 1941, pp. 177–178).

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precipitate it into a boiling pot. He also describes the slippery path from which it may fall into a swamp, where a huge crab awaits it (Nimuendajú, 1914, p. 372). 764 775

But at last the soul arrives at an underworld in the west, where it is day during our night, and where the forests teem with tapirs, deer, and other game. The souls of the aged become young again and live for the span of a human life. After a second death, the soul turns into a small insect, generally a mosquito or an ant, whose death ends everything; for this reason the *Caingang* never kill these insects (Baldus, 1937 c, p. 49).

WARFARE

A man who has been offended by some member of the community stands in front of his hut and in a loud voice enumerates all his grievances, sometimes bursting into a chant. He ends with threats against his enemy who, in the meantime, behaves in the same manner on the other side of the camp. After reciprocal abuses that often last a whole night, the challenger, followed by a group of supporters, advances toward the offender, who is immediately assisted by his own partisans. Both factions, armed with wooden clubs, fight a pitched battle, but are careful not to kill anybody. The sham battles of the *Caingang* have been described by many observers and may well be formalised brawls which have been interpreted as sportive games. 578 627

Fe[illegible] between *Caingang* groups may develop into regular warfare. When one group engages another, the members of the Kadnyerú moity subdivision always form the first line. The Kamé constitute the second line and enter the fight as a reserve to take the place of the exhausted Kadnyerú. Battles between related groups are always preceded by exchanges of insults and by other demonstrations of anger. Although no weapons but cudgels are used, blows are so lustily administered that many are seriously wounded or killed. 628 726 [616] [411]

Wars against foreign tribes or the Whites were less strictly patterned. The *Caingang*, like all Indians, relied mainly on surprise attacks carried on at dawn. After a general discharge of arrows, the warriors, armed with their clubs, rushed against the enemy (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 42). 726 648

Women and children were generally spared and were adopted by the victorious group. They cut off the heads of slain enemies but did not keep them as trophies. 727

REMQUETTE

When a *Caingang* visits another village, he hides in the vicinity until able to announce his presence to some relative. The host receives him with his face covered with a cloth and does not look at his guest until 574 576

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THE CAINGANG

By Alfred Métraux

TRIBAL DIVISIONS AND HISTORY

101 131 The name *Caingang* (map 1, *No. 10*) was introduced in 1882 by Telemaco Morocines Borba to designate the non-*Guaraní* Indians of the States of São Paulo, Paraná, Santa Catarina, and Rio Grande do Sul, who previously were known as *Guayaná*, *Coroado*, *Bugre*, *Shokleng*, *Tupí*, *Botocudo*, etc., but who are all linguistically and culturally related to one another and form the southern branch of the *Ge* family (long. 50° W. between lat. 20° to 30° S.).

101 619 **Guayaná.**—These Indians appear for the first time in the literature under the name of *Guayaná* (*Goyaná*, *Goaiazes*, *Guayná*, *Wayannas*, etc.). Staden (1925, part 2, chap. 3) mentions them in the Capitania of São Vicente. Early documents assign to them the plains of Piratininga and the region where São Paulo was founded. According to Soares de Souza (1851, pp. 99–100) they were the masters of the entire coast of the present State of São Paulo, from Angra dos Reis to Cananéia. Actually, they shared the seashore with the *Guaraní*-speaking *Tupinikin*. The Portuguese chronicler describes them as noncannibalistic people with softer dispositions than the *Tupinamba*, living in the open country, and shunning the forest where they were worsted by their *Tupinamba* neighbors. Tebyreçá, who played such an important part in the early history of São Paulo, was a *Guayaná* chief. The settlement of Pinheiros, near old São Paulo, was formed by Indians of that tribe. Since the toponymy of this region is *Guaraní*, some authors consider the *Guayaná* a *Tupi-Guaraní* tribe. Though it is possible that the *Guayaná* of Piratininga spoke *Tupí*, there is little doubt that the majority of *Guayaná* belonged to a different family and were the ancestors of the modern *Caingang*. In the last century the name *Guayaná* was still applied in the State of São Paulo to a group of 200 *Caingang* who were settled in 1843 near Itapeva (Saint-Hilaire, 1830–51, 2:439–461; Machado de Oliveira, 1846, pp. 248–254).

The chronicler Rui Díaz de Guzmán (1914, p. 14) speaks of *Guayaná*, *Pattos* (*Bazas?*), *Chouas*, and *Chouacas*, who spoke related languages and had their habitat on the Piquiry River and on the Rio Negro.[1]

[1] Xarque (1909, 4:284) states that the "Guañana" were situated on the Piquiry River, near the missions of San Pedro, São Paulo, and Concepción.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

101 619 Lozano (1873–74, 1:423) calls *Guañana*, *Guayaná*, or *Gualacho* the non-*Guaraní* "who lived on the Iguassú River and extended to the Atlantic." His description of the culture of the *Guayaná* of the Iguassú River leaves little doubt that these *Guayaná* were the modern *Caingang*, the more so that the only word of their language which he mentions is a *Caingang* word (soul, "acupli"; modern, "vaicupli").

Azara (1904, pp. 404–407) divides the *Guayaná* into two unrelated groups. The first ranged west of the Uruguay River from the region of La Guayrá to an undetermined boundary in the north. These *Guayaná*, who did not speak *Guaraní*, practiced bloodletting, used long bows, and raised some crops, were certainly identical to the *Caingang* who now occupy the same territory and who share the very culture traits enumerated by Azara.

The other *Guayaná* Indians described by Azara spoke *Guaraní* and lived on the right side of the Paraná River from the Caraguarapé River to the Monday River and on the left side from Corpus to the Iguassú River. The descendants of these *Guaraní*-speaking *Guayaná* resided, at the beginning of this century, near Villa Azara, on a stream called Pirá-pytá. They disclaimed any connection with the *Caingang*, though Ramon Lista (1883) seems to have included them among the latter. (On the *Guaraní*-speaking *Guayaná*, see Vogt, 1904, pp. 216–218.)

North of these *Guaraní*-speaking *Guayaná*, on both sides of the Paraná River, lived a *Caingang* subtribe called *Ingain* (*Tain*) or *Ivotirocay*, after the stream (a western tributary of the Paraná River) on which they had their headquarters. Their bands were scattered from the stream of Ivotirocay to the vicinity of La Guayrá falls. Their name, *Tain*, suggests close affinities or identity with the *Taven*, who lived in the same region between the Paraná, the Piquiry, and the Itatú Rivers. These *Ingain* or *Taven* are the Indians whom Lista (1883) and Martinez (1904) describe as *Guayaná*. (On the *Guayaná* question, see Ihering, 1904 a, pp. 23–44; Sampaio, 1897; Martinez, 1904; Vogt, 1904, pp. 352–376.)

At the beginning of the century, *Caingang* groups could be found in the vast territory of the State of Paraná between the Iguassú and the Paranapanema Rivers, but in recent times they had no settlements near either river, but were fairly numerous along the Tibagy and Piquiry Rivers. The *Caingang* who lived between the Rio das Cinzas and the Tibagy River called themselves *Nyacfateitei;* they were separated by the Tibagy River from closely related Indians, who were their bitter enemies.

The names Votóro, Kamé, and Cayurukré, given to *Caingang* groups of Guarapuava and Palmas, are simply appelations of moiety or class subdivisions and not, as it has been long believed, of independent bands

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

or subtribes. The *Dorin*, who lived on the river of the same name, and the *Taven* (see above), whose habitat was bounded by the Paraná, the Piquirý, and the Itatú Rivers, were true *Caingang* subgroups different from the subtribe of the Guarapuava region. 101 619

The first settlers of the Campos of Guarapuava found these plains in 1810 entirely occupied by *Caingang*. These Indians were placed in aldeas under the care of Father das Chagas Lima, who wrote the first eye-witness account of them. In order to prevent constant clashes between the *Caingang* and the first colonists, the Brazilian Government made various attempts to settle them in aldeamentos. In 1855–56, the settlements of São Pedro de Alcántara, San Jeronymo, and Jatahý were founded for them on the Tibagý River. However, many *Caingang* groups remained independent in the forests between the Piquirý, upper Ivahý, and the Iguassú Rivers. 101 619 648

A census of the *Caingang* of the Guarapuava region taken in 1827 by Father das Chagas Lima (1842, p. 62) gave: Kamé, 152; Votóro, 120; *Dorin*, 400; *Shocren*, 60; and *Taven*, 240. In 1905, Koenigswald (1908 a, p. 47) estimated the *Caingang* of the State of Paraná at about 2,000. 101 619 [161]

Coroado.—From the 18th century to the present day, the *Caingang* of São Paulo, Paraná, and Rio Grande do Sul have frequently been designated as *Coronado* or *Coroado* (The Crowned Ones) because of their typical Franciscan-like tonsure, a hairdress which they have abandoned only in recent years. This unfortunate term is responsible for the confusion between the *Caingang-Coroado* and the *Puri-Coroado*, who seem linguistically unrelated.

Coronado, Gualacho, and Caagua.—Lozano (1873, 1:69) applies the name "*Coronados*" to the Indians of the open plains or Campos de los Camperos, del Guarayru, del Cayyu, de los Cabelludos, and de los Coronados between the Huibay (Ivahí) and Iguassú Rivers. These *Coronado*, who were certainly *Caingang*, were the same as the *Gualacho* (*Gualachí*), *Chiqui*,[2] and *Cabelludo*, who lived in the same region. As a matter of fact, Lozano himself considers these names to be synonyms of *Guañaná* (i. e., *Guayaná*). In the Cartas Anuas of 1628 (Cartas Anuas, 1927–29, 20:344), the *Gualacho* who did not speak *Guaraní* lived 4 days' travel from the mission of San Pablo, that is to say, in the basin of the Tibagý River in the very heart of the *Caingang* region. Likewise, the *Caagua* (*Caaigua*, "Forest Dwellers") of the Jesuits who roved between the Paraná and Uruguay Rivers, near Acaray in the region of La Guaira, were undoubtedly representatives of the *Caingang* subfamily. Jesuit maps indicate other *Caagua* in the

[2] According to Xarque (1900, 2:62), the *Chiqui* lived between the Iguassú and Itatí (Iesta) Rivers.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

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region of Tapé (State of Rio Grande do Sul), an area where *Caingang* groups lived until the 19th century.[2]

Tupí.—The Indians whom Azara (1809, 2:70–75) calls *Tupy*, and who formed an enclave within the *Guaraní* region, were also the ancestors of the modern *Caingang* of the upper Uruguay River. Their territory corresponded to the forested land east of the Uruguay River between the Jesuit missions of San Xavier and San Ángel and between San Xavier and lat. 27°23′ S. Jesuit sources assign to them the region extending between the headwaters of the Piratini (near San Miguel) and the Iguassú and Jacuhy (Igay) Rivers. There is not a detail in the short description of their culture given by Azara which does not fit modern *Caingang*: agriculture, tonsure, fiber cloth, shell necklaces, bow, etc. Moreover, modern *Guaraní* still apply the name *Tupí* to the *Caingang* of San Pedro in the Argentine Territory of Misiones (Ambrosetti, 1895, p. 305).

Botocudo.—The *Aweikoma-Caingang* groups of the State of Santa Catarina, have adopted the use of the labret and are, therefore, often called *Botocudo*, a name which erroneously suggests a connection with the northern *Botocudo* of the State of Espírito Santo.

Bugre.—The name *Bugre* applied by the colonists to the *Caingang* had a pejorative meaning. It is a Portuguese word of the same root as the French "bougre." The *Guaraní* also called the *Caingang* *Caauba*, and *Caahans* (Serrano, 1939, p. 25).

PRESENT SITUATION OF THE CAINGANG GROUPS

Caingang of the State of São Paulo.—At the beginning of the present century there were five groups of wild *Caingang*, known as *Coroado*, between the Peixe, and the Aguapehy (Feio) Rivers. Formerly there were also *Caingang* groups on the lower Tieté River. They resisted the advance of the Whites and continually assaulted the workers building the railroad from São Paulo to Corumbá. In 1910, thanks to the efforts of General Rondon and of the Serviço de Protecção aos Indios, peace was established and many *Caingang* settled around the two government posts created for them near the Aguapehy (Feio) River. Horta Barbosa (1913, p. 24), who was one of the inspectors of the Indian Service, estimated the number of *Caingang* in that region at 500. The *Caingang* of São Paulo are also known as *Nyacfatellei* (*Nyakfã-d-ag-téie*, "Those with the long frontal hair").

Caingang of the State of Paraná.—The *Caingang* who are now established around Palmas in the State of Paraná come from the region between the Iguassú and Uruguay Rivers. In 1938, they lived in two villages near Palmas: Toldo las Lontras, on the river of the

[2] Serrano (1941) extends the southern limit of the *Caingua* to the Santa Lucia River in Corrientes.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

same name, and Toldo de Chapecó, in the region of Xanxerê. According to Baldus (1935), the population of the first village was 108, that of the second was somewhat higher but no exact figure is given. In earlier sources, the *Caingang* of the region of Palmas are often designated as Kamé after one of their moiety subdivisions.

Caingang of Santa Catarina (*Shokleng, Socré, Botocudo, Aweikoma*).—The nomadic or half-nomadic *Caingang* who ranged in the State of Santa Catarina from the Timbo River to the forests of the Serra do Mar and from the Rio Negro to the Uruguay River are better known as *Bugre*, a derogatory term given to them by their enemies the White settlers, or as *Shokleng*, or *Botocudo* of Santa Catarina because of their wooden labrets. Nimuendajú calls them *Aweikoma*, a word of their language meaning Indians. Though they differ culturally from the Paraná *Caingang* (Baldus, 1937 c), there is little doubt that they belong to the same linguistic family, even if their dialect is not easily understood by the *Caingang* of Palmas.

During the whole 19th century, the *Aweikoma-Caigang* of Santa Catarina have stubbornly opposed the encroachments of the Brazilian and German settlers. They were constantly pursued by professional Indian hunters, the famous "bugreiros," until the Serviço de Protecção aos Indios intervened on behalf of the remnants of the tribe. Most of them were settled in the Reservation Duque de Caixas (Municipality of Dalbergia), near the junction of the Plate River with the Rio Itajahi do Norte. In 1930, the reservation consisted of 106 persons. Another small group of *Caingang* was reported in 1935 at São Jão, south of Porto da União.

Caingang of Rio Grande do Sul.—The *Caingang* who ranged north of the Uruguay River from the mouth of the Pepiri-guassú River to that of the Rio das Canoas and those who lived between the Rio das Canoas and the Rio Pelotas were distinct from the *Aweikoma*, though the demarcation between *Caingang-Coroado* and "*Botocudo*" cannot be exactly ascertained. The *Caingang* of the northern bank of the Uruguay River were the same as, or closely related to, the groups who had their villages between the Serra Geral, the upper Uruguay River, and the Sete Missões.

In 1850 Jesuit missionaries founded three settlements for the *Caingang* of the upper Uruguay: Nonohay, Campo do Meio, and Guarita. The Indians of Nonohay numbered about 400; those of Campo do Meio, 90. The Jesuit missions were short-lived; Nonohay, however, was restored in 1872 with 300 *Caingang*, who at the end of the century were almost entirely absorbed into the local rural population. According to Von Ihering (1895, p. 40), six "aldeamentos" of *Caingang* existed in 1864 in the State of Rio Grande do Sul, with a total population of about 2,000. In 1880, their number was already greatly reduced. In the same period "wild" *Caingang* were reported

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between the Taquarí and Cahy Rivers. Today their settlements lie between Inhacorá (Nucorá) (long. 54°15′ W.) and Lagoa Vermelha (long. 51°30′ W.).

The Caingang of Misiones, Argentina.—At the end of the 19th century about 60 *Caingang* lived in the Argentine Territory of Misiones on the eastern slopes of the Sierra Central, 3 miles (5 km.) from the town of San Pedro, near the Yabotí River. According to Ambrosetti (1895, p. 307), these Indians, who were known in the region as *Tupí*, had come from Palmas or Rio Grande by crossing the upper Uruguay River. A few years later (1902), some of them returned to Brazil.

Literature on the Caingang.—Few data on the *Caingang* can be gleaned from the Colonial literature. Though the *Caingang* are often mentioned in the Jesuit texts on the Paraguayan missions, Lozano (1873–74, 1:418–427) and Azara (1904, pp. 402–407) are the only authors who give short, but fairly accurate, descriptions of these Indians. The accounts of Father Luiz de Cemitille and of Telemaco Morocines Borba were for many years our best sources. Later, L. B. Horta Barbosa (1913) published very exact observations on their customs, which were supplemented by Manizer (1930). Ambrosetti (1895) has written an interesting article on the *Caingang* of San Pedro, in Misiones. The social organization and funerary rites of the *Caingang* were the subject of a special monograph by Baldus (1937 c). Henry (1941) studied the decadent remnants of the *Aweikoma* group and described their culture in psychological terms. Their language is known mainly through an excellent dictionary by Father Mansueto Barcatta de Valfloriana (1918, 1920) and a linguistic analysis by Jules Henry (1935). Ploetz and Métraux (1930) have attempted to bring together most of the data about the *Caingang* contained in the literature up to 1928.

CULTURE

SUBSISTENCE ACTIVITIES

Farming.—The only *Caingang* who subsisted entirely by hunting and collecting were those of the State of Santa Catarina, the so-called *Botocudo or Aweikoma*. These Indians, however, remembered a time when they, like all other *Caingang* groups, practiced agriculture.

The ancient *Guayaná*, ancestors of the modern *Caingang*, are described as relatively sedentary agriculturists, though our sources stress the importance of hunting in their economy. This was also true for the *Caingang* at the end of the 19th century. All their groups raised maize (red, white, and violet varieties), pumpkins, and beans (a white variety), but perhaps depended less than their *Guaraní* neighbors on these crops. Like many Indians who had become acquainted with farming in recent times through the intermediary of

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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V

Disruptive Forces in Kaingáng Society

182 571 THE VERY FORMLESSNESS OF KAINGÁNG society makes us wonder what gave it coherence. There were no territorial boundaries to limit the range of the hunter, there was no chief or government to impose its will on the people, there were no binding marriage forms and incest restrictions were minimal. Marriage was brittle, and even the polyandrous and joint households, by far the most stable units in the society, included only 20 percent of the married population. Men were torn between the ties of blood and the ties of marriage; they spent their years fluctuating between groups of both kinds and haunted by a sense of insecurity.

619 182 571 578 The mechanism of kinship did not enforce cooperation among specific individuals, and there was no large unit of specific outline that might accomplish coordination of effort in some other way. The cooperation among in-laws might be broken almost without reproach, and the ties that bound children to their parents or to one another yielded to the strain of affinal relationships or to stronger bonds that grew up between men and their hunting companions. Yet, with all this, Kaingáng society could have held together, however haphazardly its bonds are slung, for the Kaingáng have a strong sense of being one people against other people. After all, they are all related to one another by blood, and they are all "*our* people" or "*our* living things" to one another, as opposed to all other "living things" that have no possessive pronoun to bring them within the group. They felt the need for renewing ever and again their informal contacts, and whoever let the years pass as he lived in isolation wandering thoughtlessly in a distant part of the forest risked a quarrel when he met again the people he had neglected. The very lack of fixity of relationships and the multitude of ways of forming them left the Kaingáng with no device for controlling a

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

649 conflict. Once a feud arose there was nothing, neither dominating ties of
182 blood nor the voice of chieftainship or government, to stop or limit it.
571 Where the demands of kin by marriage conflicted with the claims of blood
578 and where the call of a hunting companion whose bed one had shared clamored above the voices of blood and affinity the individual was pulled in a dozen directions, by a dozen magnets. Feuds spread, cleaving the society asunder like a deadly axe, blighting its life like the plague. Thus it came about that the very forces of integration carried the seeds of disruption within them. A man's link with his wife's people pulled him from his siblings; his bond with his sister's husband tore him from his wife's people; and his relationships with his hunting companions drew him from all.

582 The Kaingáng are divided into extended families ranging in numbers
596 from 50 to 300 individuals. These families are made up of the descendants
571 of two or more men who have intermarried and whose children have intermarried. Thus each family is closely inbred, and almost every member can trace his genealogy[1] to one of the two or more male ancestors. These ancestral males are real personalities, and the data on them is usually rather full, but there is always a point beyond which memory cannot go, and it is impossible to learn anything about any of their parents or siblings. Marriages with other extended families occurred, but marriages within the families far outnumber marriages between the families. This endogamy was brought about not by a specific taboo on marrying outside but by the hostility between the families which made them distrust one another and which kept them apart. When members of different families did marry it almost always caused a split in the ranks of one or both of the intermarrying groups. In such a case brother might be aligned against brother to the death. Those who shifted from one family to another either through marriage or through having been captured as youngsters were looked on as blood relatives of their new associates and hence as enemies to their former friends and were given no quarter in case of attack by members of the family to which they once belonged.

The Kaingáng call members of their own extended family "my own people," and the warm personal relationships that have been described in the preceding chapters exist only among one's "own people." For hundreds of years there have been several Kaingáng extended families and they have lived in a state of perpetual feud with one another. Whole lineages have been destroyed, and others, overcome by panic, have wandered away into the endless forests, never to be heard of again. Sometimes two extended families have come together and have been able to live in peace, but gen-

[1] The Kaingáng are minutely interested in their own genealogies, and they know who their father's father's father's son's wife's sister's daughter's husband is down to the last detail of all his names, what he died of, and how many children he had.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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Kaingáng have attempted the same extension of their positive emotional relationships, but with little success. The supernatural, to them, is an embodiment of terrors; for it is burdened with portents of death, and no matter what benefits the Kaingáng derive from the supernatural, death always dominates their outlook. In *vayú,* divining by belching, the great preoccupation is escape from death; *kumbĕdn,* divining by insects in the ashes of the dead, is completely devoted to omens of death; *kóplĕgn,* divining with charcoal, is concerned with the location of animals that may be hunted and killed, or with the impending death of human beings, and the meteorological omens of rain, darkness, tempest, and flood are all portents of death.

The oral functions of biting, spitting, and blowing form part of supernatural curing techniques, but belching has been elevated to prophetic dignity. Through *vayú,* divining by belching, the Kaingáng obtain many important insights. Any adult who feels that he can divine by belching may take this function on himself, and he or she may be sought out and asked to drink an infusion of *matte*[26] so that his belches may give some information about the chances of death from the enemy, the hunting prospects in a given direction, or the whereabouts of a lost dog. The oracular belch always comes in answer to a request that is usually put to the practitioner in a form like this: "Belch to see whether, if I go to look for my wife and child, the enemy will see me." Then the practitioner drinks the infusion, and if he belches strongly it means "No"; and if weakly, "Yes."

Kumbĕdn, divining by insects, is connected with the exogamous system which the Kaingáng say they possessed far back in ancient times. According to this tradition the Kaingáng were divided into five groups, with each of which was associated a set of personal names and a design with which its members used to paint their bodies.[27] The Kaingáng still use these designs, but their only functions for two hundred years or more have been to protect the wearers against *kuplĕng* and supposedly to provide a point of reference for this system of divining by insects. To each group belong certain insects, the presence of which in funeral ashes betokened the impending death of a member of the group. A certain fly and a little butterfly called *toto,* for example, indicated the future death of those who use the dot pattern; and other insects, among them all the different varieties of bees, a wasp, and insects that the Indians call *úpá* and *thathakumbĕdn* foretold the death of someone who bore the line pattern.

In spite of the precise way in which the Kaingáng formulate it, they

[26] This is the familiar *yerba maté* or *matte* that grows wild in southeastern South America, particularly in Brazil, Argentina, and Paraguay.

[27] See Appendix II for full explanation of this scheme.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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Aweikoma

Appendix II

Body Paints and Kinship System[1]

THE THEORETICAL SOCIAL STRUCTURE, which has been largely so much cultural flotsam for at least two hundred years and probably much longer, divides the Kaingáng into five groups. To each group belongs a distinct body-paint design and a series of personal names. Throughout the six generations of the genealogies these names are repeated many times. All the people wearing the same design are *kôika hẽ*,[2] good people, to one another. Each design has a name that describes its objective character, and all those who wear it are grouped together under one of the personal names belonging to the group. Two marks, however, the disc and the horizontal bar with vertical lines, are not distinguished by one particular name. The scheme may be tabulated as follows:

Group name	*Design*	*Name of design*	*Translation*
Wanyekí *kôika hẽ*	●	*mẽvidn*	scattered all over
Klendó *kôika hẽ*	|	*kalẽbm*	coming down
Kainlé *kôika hẽ*	○	*kuikẽn*	in a ring
None	▥	*kakẽng ku kalẽbm*	horizontal and coming down
None	●	*kanẽm*	placed there

[1] This discussion is abstracted from a study of genealogies of more than 500 individuals. They include the ancestors of all the people on the reservation today back to the great grandparents.

[2] *KÔIKA*, relatives; *hẽ*, whole, serviceable.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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Aweikoma

619 The names of the marks are simply descriptive. *Mevidn* refers to small 302 dots scattered all over the body, *kalébm* to vertical lines drawn downward, etc.

All people having the same mark are *kôika hẽ* to one another, but in addition a man calls all the women having the same mark as he *yôkẽ*,[3] and these women call him *kôika hẽ*. He calls all men with a different mark from his own *wamǫ́*,[4] and all women in a similar position he calls *plų*, sexual partner.[5] Women call all women with marks different from their own *wamǫ́*, and all men in a similar position are called *mbâdn*, sexual partner.[5] Women with the same mark call each other *kôika hẽ*. Men with the same mark call each other *kôika hẽ*.

Even two hundred years ago a very large number of people had names from at least two groups, and a not inconsiderable number had names from three. Thus the groups are not separate. Within the obvious limits of historical investigation they have not formed the basis for any systematic organization. Marks do not descend systematically from parents or any other relatives to the younger generation, and there is no fixed system through which names are given to children. In general close relatives give the names of their own close relatives to newborn children. Individuals may have anywhere from one to eight names.

There was considerable disagreement among my informants as to the marks belonging to each person, and even though they might agree on his names they very often disagreed as to the marks proper to his names. Certain names, however, are associated by everyone with the same marks. Among the not inconsiderable number[6] of such names are the basic ones, Wanyekí, Klendó, and Kainlé.

The present-day Kaingáng say that people having the same marks cannot marry, but for two hundred years there has been absolutely no attempt to live up to the theory, and no feeling of shame is connected with marrying a person of the same mark. If the conversation happens to turn on the subject of the marks light jesting may arise in connection with some couple who both have the same marks. In general, however, the subject is sociosexually a dead issue.

Extensive checking shows that the marking scheme not only does not regulate marriage but also has nothing to do with the composition of hunting bands, the distribution of food and property, or the cremation of

[3] *yôk*, formal prefix; *ẽ*, woman.

[4] *wa*, formal prefix; *mǫ́*, dative. It implies the giving of something to someone and may actually have something to do with the belief that in the beginning some groups gave some of their personal names to other groups that did not have enough.

[5] See kinship terms p. 178.

[6] Exactly 49 out of 193, i.e. 25 percent.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

the dead.[7] The only function of the marks is magical. When a person dies all the people around him paint themselves with their marks in order to frighten the *kuplêng* away. "It sees them and becomes afraid and goes." A widowed person, a *thâpaya*, paints himself with marks other than his own on his return from his period of isolation in order that the *kuplêng* may not recognize him. About five years before my arrival a number of people added the circle design to their other marks because when Kemblén died he told all the people to change their marks "so that the *kuplêng* would see it and go away."

A number of kinship usages are explained on the basis of the marks. These will be discussed in the section on the kinship system. It is only necessary to say here that all such explanations are purely theoretical and do not support kinship usage.

The Kinship System

(1) *plą*, wife; women with whom a man has had sexual relations; women with marks different from a man, and with whom, therefore, such relationships are "permissible."

(2) *mbŏdn*, husband; men with whom a woman has had sexual relations; men with marks different from a woman, and with whom, therefore, such relationships are "permissible."

(3) *yâgn*, father; grandfather; all males much older than Ego;[8] men who have had relations with Ego's mother.

(4) *nyǫ́*, mother; grandmother; all females much older than Ego; women who have had relations with Ego's father.

(5) *nyungnyên*, all blood relatives excepting real parents and grandparents and grandparents' siblings and own children. All members of the same extended family. It is often used specifically for Ego's own brothers, sisters, and first cousins, and for anyone about Ego's own age. In this case the term becomes reciprocal. It may be used also for anyone a little older than Ego. All individuals having the same mark as Ego.

(6) *yuvi*, all people somewhat younger than Ego.

(7) *yi*, child; all people very much younger than Ego and the children of all the people with whom Ego has had sexual relations.

(8) *klą*, offspring. Tapirs and dogs have *klą*, but to speak of an animal's *yi* provokes laughter.

(9) *yŏmbld*, (plural) *yĕgnmbld*, all the blood relatives of No. 2 and No. 1. In a more limited sense, all the No. 5 of No. 2 and No. 1 with the

[7] See fn. 1, p. 175.

[8] Egocentric speaking or spoken about.

285 Chusquea pinifolia--Translator] strips which vary only in their width
415 and thickness.

The larger waxed baskets are used as a sort of pail to convey water and honey. The small baskets, also waterproof, are used as vessels--mugs of a sort--for water and for mong-ma on festive occasions.

286 The Botocudo do not plait fans or mats. But they do weave a
482 strap, eight centimeters in width, tied at the ends with a special slipping knot which permits its shortening or lengthening. These straps are woven, sometimes in two colors, of embira fiber. The women use
[854] them placed against the forehead, or against the top of the head, to carry children. The Botocudo carry everything in this fashion, with the weight steadied against the head and resting along the back.

412 These Indians use large tongs made of taquarucu [a large bamboo, Guadua superba--Translator] or hard wood. These pincers are used to remove food from the fire and from boiling pots. They are called ko-pama, "wooden hand."

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The chief wields this power as long as his worth as a brave and fearless warrior is recognized by all. In his absence the most experienced and courageous warriors take over and exert authority upon the other members of the tribe.

When elderly the chief transfers his command to a worthy warrior, without losing his ascendancy over the tribe. He becomes its respected and venerated counselor.

595 The Botocudo are polygamous. According to his worth, the warrior usually marries two or three women; the chiefs always take more than three wives. [126]

304 On reaching adulthood the youths are tattooed on the arm with a warrior's badge, which consists of two dots laid horizontally. As they prove their manly qualities they are granted another two marks,
[512] tattoed similarly underneath the first. Once thus admitted among the warriors, they are considered ready to marry.

837 36 584 Through her marriage Kuvé's family gained Vomblé as an ally in the quest for food. Even before marriage a girl's sexual interests are beneficial [43] to her family, for her lovers come with presents of food, and they are welcome at her parents' fireside. The food a lover brings is not payment for favors he has received but a gift in expectation of favors still to come. Even after her marriage a woman's amorous intrigues are of considerable advantage to those around her—even to her own husband, for every time she attracts a man she has added a hunter to the band. Wherever his mistress is, there the lover stays, and unless her husband gets wind of the affair and flies into a rage the lover may very likely follow the camp almost indefinitely. His presence is welcome, of course, for another gun or bow and another knife and axe mean so much more meat and honey. Thus even adultery plays a constructive role in Kaingáng society, for it keeps within the band men who might otherwise go elsewhere in search of satisfaction, and it often culminated in polyandrous marriage, which has been one of the strongest integrating forces in Kaingáng society.

595 582 The story is told of Kuvén who was the lover of both Kanggá and her mother. Now as Kanggá's father grew old and it became difficult for him to get meat, he felt more and more the necessity of having someone to help him hunt for his large family. As long as Kuvén remained he could depend on him, but when it seemed that the young man was becoming interested in Yemái, a woman who was no relative of his and whom, therefore, Kuvén might follow far away to her relatives, Kanggá's father said to his wife and daughter: "Call Kuvén; if he marries Yemái he will leave me and go away. Let him get food for your children when I die. If he marries another woman he will throw your children away." So Kanggá's mother called Kuvén and said to her daughter: "Marry him. I am going to live with you and him." So Kuvén married both mother and daughter, and when Kanggá's father died Kuvén took care of the latter's children.

621 671 The Kaingáng have no system of clans or moieties[1] to impose social obligations on them. Their kinship system is not the crystallization of inescapable obligations that is found in many other primitive societies but prin- [61] cipally a device for grouping people in large age classes. Their mode of life also made the maintenance of complex systems of obligations and loyalties extremely difficult, for they wandered from place to place in little groups of two to twenty adults. Even the biological family had little permanence as a cooperating unit, for children wandered away from their parents when [594] they grew up and brothers separated to go with their in-laws or to travel with childhood playmates and hunting companions in search of adventure. Under the influence of the conflicting obligations of blood and marriage the composition of the small group of adults was forever changing. The dependence of the men on one another, and even their fundamental reali-

[1] See Appendix II, p. 175.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

zation of this dependence, is not enough to stabilize any relationship among them even today, for there are any number of men with whom an individual may join forces, and if he hunts with his father today he may go away with his wife's father tomorrow and with his sister's husband the day after. Nothing compels him to fix his allegiance.

Nevertheless the Kaingáng had achieved a certain degree of social cohesion, and one of the ways in which they managed it was by building permanent cooperating units around their sex interests. It is in this way that social integration, although explicitly expressed in terms of the economically important men, often actually revolved about the women. As in the case of Kanggá and her mother, the women often became the nuclei of polyandrous and also of joint marriages, which often changed their male composition frequently. Thus by her mere existence the woman held together a complex household, which disintegrated when she died. A general lack of formal rules for marriage permitted the easy building up of large *ménages* by gradual additions of men and women. A household might begin with either a monogamous or a polygynous marriage; as time passed another man might be added to the household and become the co-husband; perhaps another wife was added and then another man. Through the years the family would expand and contract or simply change as the wives or husbands died or were killed off in feuds or the raids of the bugreiros.

The Indians told me of the marriages of Wanyekí.[2] Together with his wife Tendó, his sister and his hunting companion Chu, he wandered about, far away from other members of the tribe. This was nothing unusual for the Kaingáng, who sometimes did not see one another for years. When Chu's wife died Wanyekí's wife cooked and made a sleeping-place for him, simply, as the Kaingáng put it, "because he had no wife," and he became her co-husband. So Chu was saved for Wanyekí and his little isolated band and did not wander away in search of another wife. But as time passed Tendó, the wife, died, and Wanyekí and Chu were left alone. Until his nieces, his sister's daughters, grew to adolescence, Wanyekí had no wife. Then one day his sister said to him: "Wanyekí, live with them. There are no other women. They are in the same position as you—there are no men. So go around with them. There is no one else for you to marry. So marry them." Chu had died in the meanwhile, so Wanyekí, who already had had two wives married these three girls, who were much younger than he. This kind of relationship is not difficult for a Kaingáng girl, for far from wishing to retain her hold on the recreations of her childhood she looks forward to the sexual experiences that she has been urged to seek ever since she was a baby in arms.

Wanyekí lived alone with his three wives, his sister's daughters, until

[2] See footnote p. 30.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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VII

The Processes of Internal Order

THE EXTENDED FAMILY is the unit of security—outside all is uncertain and deadly. It is this dichotomy that underlies the movements of food and property and the handling of conflicts in Kaingáng society. In all these situations it is not so much that one individual acts over against another as that the entire group cooperates in an effort to keep intact the last shred of security that remains to them in a hostile universe.

Hunting and the Distribution of Food

The Kaingáng inhabit an enormous territory. Through this land they scatter in small groups in search of food, for there is not enough game concentrated in any one area to support a large population. The small hunting bands are made up of men who are related as brothers, as fathers and children, and as in-laws. This is the standard composition of the bands from the Kaingáng point of view. Sometimes men are associated who are first cousins or who have inherited hunting relationships from their fathers. The inheritance of paternal loyalties is very important in Kaingáng society. If two men have been close associates for years, their sons will be close companions by the pure accident of their fathers' association. To the Kaingáng such a relationship has a special warmth because it is a reminder of their parents.

Thus the hunting band, however ephemeral its composition, is made up of individuals who are closely related by consanguineal, affinal, and sentimental ties; and as long as the nightmare of vendetta has never raised barriers between them, the members of the group live without serious conflicts. Their life is not idyllic by any means—they have their quarrels, and sometimes they separate, but there is never any bloodshed. Stability is

2: Henry Σ-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
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621 maintained by yielding to the aggressor, by grumbling under one's breath, and, at last, by going away—that is the end of all tension.

624 When a hunter kills an animal he rarely keeps it—even though he has no meat himself, he gives it away to a member of the band. He knows, of course, that he will get a piece of it, but if it is a bird and the recipient's family is large, it may be a very little piece. Under such a system of distribution it would be impossible for anyone to hoard meat even if the Kaingáng knew how to preserve it. It is also of little importance who the best hunter is, for all live by his prowess—his kills are the property of all. Not he, but the man to whom he gives his kill, receives the lion's share—the head of the tapir with its succulent neck. Whoever cuts the tapir takes as large a piece as he wishes, and no one murmurs—within his hearing.

One day, when I understood, at last, that the Kaingáng felt this way about butchering, I saw Vomblé, who had received a delicious young tapir from his brother-in-law, carry off half of it. I was somewhat puzzled because, since I was keeping a minute check on the distribution of pieces of the kill, I thought that Vomblé might divide it somewhere else and I might miss some information. As he stalked off down the river with the head and front legs of the animal on his shoulder, I asked him, "Who's going to get that?" "This is mine," said Vomblé. "All of it?" I asked in amazement. "Well," said he, slightly embarrassed, "I may give some to someone else." He did give a leg to his sister-in-law, but that was all.

Once the butcher has taken the head and whatever other choice morsels he may select, he will cut out large pieces for his in-laws, his brothers and sisters, and his hunting companions—and give the rest to whoever asks for it. Or he may simply let the women carry it back to camp, where it will be divided by someone else. Sometimes the butcher is influenced by the amount of meat he knows to be in the hands of other people. If they have plenty he may give them none at all even though they are close relatives.

Sometimes meat is even appropriated by people who had no hand in its killing, but it is impossible to call this thieving, for thieving can occur only where there are clearly conceived ideas of property rights which are buttressed by strongly felt sanctions. But in Kaingáng culture the whole concept of property is most closely tied up with this desire to keep peace among relatives. One day Waipó and I shot a tapir, but since it was growing late we took only a little of the meat in the expectation of getting the rest the following day; but when we arrived at the scene of the kill the following morning we found that other people had come from an encampment near us and had already got the meat cut up. They had taken it into their heads to divide the animal among themselves, and no one opposed them. Of course, they had not bothered about me any more than they had bothered about anyone else in my camp. I suggested that I should like to have a leg,

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

POLITICAL ORGANIZATION

Chiefs wield little authority. They work in their fields and hunt like the rank and file of the group. Their position is conspicuous only when the community organizes a big feast, which is always given in the chief's name. Chiefs also are the leaders of any collective undertaking. They maintain their hold on their people by distributing gifts and looking after their well-being (Koenigswald, 1908 b, p. 47). A chief who is overbearing or miserly is abandoned by his followers. The son of a chief succeeds to his father if he is acceptable to the group (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 25). 622

LIFE CYCLE

Birth and childhood.—Formerly, a pregnant *Caingang* woman did not consort with her husband, and both observed food taboos. Women gave birth in the forest, sheltered from the supposedly malefi-cent moonbeams.* A few days after delivery the mother and child were fumigated, a rite accompanied by a drinking bout. 843 844 [852]

Nowadays, a *Caingang* woman bears her child wherever she happens to be, knowing how to take care of herself even if she is alone. Usually, she is delivered squatting while a midwife embraces her from behind, raising her now and then until travail is over. The navel cord is cut with a fingernail and tied with a caraguatá string.

Among the *Aweikoma*, the placenta and umbelical cord, wrapped in medicinal herbs, are placed in a basket and sunk in the stream. The mother winds a long cord around the ankles of the baby and removes it 15 days later during a feast given by the father to a group of relatives. The umbilical cord is disposed of by the mother's brother or his wife or by the mother's sister, who later become ceremonial parents. 846

In other *Caingang* groups, the mother pulls open the infant's eyelids immediately after birth "in order that he might see," breathes into his eyes and ears, and presses his temples and head from front to back. The father does not pay much attention to the baby until it is old enough to speak: Then he gives it 5 to 10 names. In the south, the names were bestowed without any rite after the above-mentioned ceremony. [553]

The *Caingang* show the greatest tenderness to their children, seldom punishing them or using harsh words. 854

According to Horta Barbosa (1913, p. 27), when a boy reaches the age of 7, his mother rubs his body with the leaves of a certain tree and pours water over his head to make him courageous and diligent. 852 553

* It is reported that they give birth unassisted in a special cabin (Serrano, 1939, p. 28).

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WARFARE

A man who has been offended by some member of the community stands in front of his hut and in a loud voice enumerates all his grievances, sometimes bursting into a chant. He ends with threats against his enemy who, in the meantime, behaves in the same manner on the other side of the camp. After reciprocal abuses that often last a whole night, the challenger, followed by a group of supporters, advances toward the offender, who is immediately assisted by his own partisans. Both factions, armed with wooden clubs, fight a pitched battle, but are careful not to kill anybody. The sham battles of the *Caingang* have been described by many observers and may well be formalized brawls which have been interpreted as sportive games. 578 627

Feuds between *Caingang* groups may develop into regular warfare. When one group engages another, the members of the Kadnyerú moity subdivision always form the first line. The Kamé constitute the second line and enter the fight as a reserve to take the place of the exhausted Kadnyerú. Battles between related groups are always preceded by exchanges of insults and by other demonstrations of anger. Although no weapons but cudgels are used, blows are so lustily administered that many are seriously wounded or killed. 628 726 [616] [411]

Wars against foreign tribes or the Whites were less strictly patternized. The *Caingang*, like all Indians, relied mainly on surprise attacks carried on at dawn. After a general discharge of arrows, the warriors, armed with their clubs, rushed against the enemy (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 42). 726 648

Women and children were generally spared and were adopted by the victorious group. They cut off the heads of slain enemies but did not keep them as trophies. 727

ETIQUETTE

When a *Caingang* visits another village, he hides in the vicinity until able to announce his presence to some relative. The host receives him with his face covered with a cloth and does not look at his guest until 574 576

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Analysis

628 The most striking single feature of Kaingáng disintegration is the contrast between the warm, highly affective relationships within the "families" and the uninhibited ferocity of the behavior of the members toward all outsiders. Within their own circle of relatives and companions the Kaingáng will endure a high degree of personal discomfort to avoid a quarrel, but toward "other" groups of their "own people" their overwhelming desire is to shed blood. The result of the nervous insistence on the preservation of internal peace is that serious quarrels scarcely arise, and when they do they are swiftly forgotten or their effects muted. In quarrels over adultery within the extended family the entire brunt of the squabble is usually shifted on to the shoulders of the defaulting spouse, with the result that amity among the men—the very cornerstone of Kaingáng society—is preserved. But adultery by "other men" was fuel to the smoldering flames of long-cherished hate and always precipitated murder. The sexual aggressiveness of man against man never finds full expression within the family, spending itself, at the most, in secret intrigues and surreptitious "home-breaking." But with "other men" it broke out into the frank "taking away" of their women—the deliberate asking for wives who were never refused.

The taking away of wives was a kind of dangerous play indulged in by groups of "other men" when they met. The deadly consequences of such open preempting of sexual rights were known, but they never acted as deterrents. The taking away of women created an atmosphere of fearfulness that formed a perfect medium for the development of states of mind leading to murder. When the children of Wanenggló met with the children of Yokégn the children of Wanenggló took away their wives; but when they had "led them away," the children of Wanenggló feared that their victims wished to kill them to regain their wives and to wipe out the shame of the experience. The children of Yokégn really were secretly enraged and eager to kill their wives' new husbands. The two families dwelt in fear of each other, and it soon became a question only of who would be clever enough to strike the first blow. It turned out that Yokégn was the slyest and in a single night he destroyed Wanenggló and all his children. But nothing like this ever happens within the extended family, where peaceful relations have been the rule for generations.

181 627 Another aspect of this same insistence on preserving peace within the family at any cost is the reluctance to look for trouble. The Kaingáng are utterly unwilling to face a situation pregnant with conflict unless it is thrust under their noses. That is why husbands do not follow their wives around but are content to leave them in camp alone for weeks while they go hunting, and that is why when things are stolen no one prowls around

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to find who took them. Unless he is confronted with his stolen property a Kaingáng is content to murmur in secret rather than precipitate a quarrel by accusing the thief and demanding the return of the property. The same attitude leads them to make concessions rather than to back their demands with vigorous self-assertion. An aggressive individual can usually obtain his ends simply by asserting his wishes with vigor and insistence—provided he is driven to that extreme. But generally people get what they want if they ask for it, and it is only the aggressive people who ask. The rest take what they get and complain in secret if they are dissatisfied. The Kaingáng avoid any internal quarrel and run with headlong fury into an external one. They are by no means a passive, acquiescent people, but they cannot oppose self-assertion within the extended family.

One day while Chukembégn was out hunting, a few families arrived in camp, and one of them moved into Chukembégn's camp. He and his wife took this eviction without comment and simply moved into my tent. "Why do you let him put you out?" said I. "It's your camp, isn't it?" "Ah," he replied, "if I put him out there would be the deuce of a quarrel." If two self-assertive people happen to desire the same thing the Kaingáng are utterly confused, for generally that kind of situation does not arise. Before I went hunting up the river my cook asked me to get him a deer skin. As we drew near our destination a deer suddenly slipped into the river with that wild and quiet grace that is their special gift. All the Indians were caught unprepared, and before they could fire I slipped a cartridge into my rifle and shot the deer, breaking its leg. The swift current swept it downstream, and it was picked up by Ndíli and killed. In the old days the Kaingáng never used skins for anything, but now that they can sell them to the Brazilians for a few cents the Indians are eager to have them. The old pattern of gain through self-assertion still holds, and the person who gets the skin is the one who asks for it. The practice among the white Brazilians is to give the skin to the owner of the dogs that brought the animal to bay, but the Kaingáng rarely follow the Brazilians in this. Now both Ndíli and I wanted the skin, and Ndíli was a violent and aggressive person. In the past I had always given away the skins of the animals my dogs had flushed, but here was one skin I wanted. At last Chukembégn came over to me and said, "Why don't you give him that skin? He wants it." I refused to surrender. Had I not already given deer skins to Ndíli? Why shouldn't he give me this one? At last he yielded me the skin, only to steal it later.

The most striking feature of the dispute was Chukembégn's failure to understand why I should cling to the skin in the face of the obvious fact that Ndíli wanted it so badly. Another time I wanted to give the skin of a deer my dogs had flushed to the cripple they called Dung, for I felt that

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since he had clubbed the deer he should have the skin. But when I went to hand it to him, Ndíli said, "I want the skin," to which Dung replied, "He wants it; so give it to him." The willingness to yield to aggressiveness, coupled with the indifference to trouble unless it faces one squarely, operates to reduce enormously the number and severity of conflicts within the extended family.

The obsessive interest of the Kaingáng in destruction and murder was all externalized against the "other people," and it was this ability to externalize their obsession that was in part responsible for whatever coherence and security the families preserved. The overpowering urge toward destruction that manifests itself still in the wanton gashing of trees and the killing of the tiniest bird that happens to perch on a limb where stick or stone may reach it is never directed inward against the family but always outward. The function of the feuds, therefore, was twofold, for they served both to gratify the need to destroy and to direct it away from the extended family; and this duality contributed to their perpetuation.

The overwhelming bulk of Kaingáng folklore is murder stories—murder committed in every imaginable way and on all relatives except sons. Stories begin with murders committed for no reason and rehearse over and over again the whole wearisome theme of treachery and retaliation. The interest in the feuds has suffocated any other mythological theme, and instead of the elaborate variations on widespread mythological elements that are so common among many primitive peoples we find that when these elements actually do appear in Kaingáng folklore they are bare, fossilized, neglected plots which the literary imagination has never developed. The one elaborate art form that the Kaingáng have, their folklore, is overwhelmingly concerned with their own destruction.

Perhaps the best proof of the obsessive nature of this trait lies in a split within an extended family which occurred after the Kaingáng were localized on the reservation and which culminated in the murder of Thechá. For years the Kaingáng had committed no murder. Their vendetta enemies had been killed or driven far away, and now the group that had lived in harmony for generations was isolated from the dangers of attack and settled peacefully on the reservation. But Thechá took to saying that he wasn't afraid of anyone, and he was angry at everyone; so "since he was angry with them they became angry with him." They decided to kill him, and one of the plotters was his own first cousin, his father's sister's son, Kovĺ. Now Thechá was a most unusual Kaingáng, for he could not swim. That simplified matters, and one day when he was crossing the river with a number of people—"nine people and five women," as one informant put it—"the canoe tipped over." Nobody tipped it, for such baldness of statement would offend Kaingáng good taste, but "the canoe tipped over" and

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582 596 571

erally whoever went contrary to the behavior of the rest of his "own people" and threw in his lot with "another group of people" was lost, for he had joined forces with those whose hate and fear were directed against the ones with whom he had ties. He became a wanderer divorced from his own blood, sleepless at night for fear that they might come to kill him, anxious in the day lest his new companions slay him. If he survived, his children bore the weight of his deed, for they might never return to their father's people. They were *kôinggẽgn utpá*, "different men," to them, even though they were first cousins by blood. They had never shared their women or caressed their men. They were shut out of the circle of warm arms and bodies that mean security to the Kaingáng, and they were killed on sight or hunted down like wild animals. In Kaingáng terminology "a different group of our people" is a synonym for *thûgn*, enemy. The hated Brazilians and "our different people" are both *thûgn*, enemies, "something no good," and severed from the ties of blood in behavior if not in fact.

The Feuds

628

Today Kaingáng memory does not go further back than the murder of Nduichá with anything like exactness. But it transports us to this death more than a century ago with a precision that is almost mathematical. The complicated genealogies of the people whose descendants are alive today check rigorously. When the Kaingáng discuss such killings as Nduichá's they seem to be fitting together the parts of a machine the intricate workings of which they know precisely. Their absorbed interest in the history of their own destruction has impressed on their minds with flawless clarity the multitudinous cross-workings of the feuds. They remember not only the genealogy of everyone but even details of weather, conversation, and facial expression and the precise spot in which an arrow or a lance struck.

In order to understand the feud conditions under which Nduichá was murdered we must take advantage of these memories and try to picture the composition of Kaingáng society at the time. When our story opens three groups of people are living together: the children of Mumbégn,[2] the children of Kamggúin, and the children of Vomblé. Mumbégn had three wives who bore him many children, but for the present our story is concerned only with three of his offspring: Kumbló, and his sister, and their half-brother, Wanyekí,[3] the son of Mumbégn by another wife. Mumbégn himself had died, and one of his wives, the mother of Kumbló, had married Kovĩ, "a different man," one for whom memory provides no blood tie. For

[2] His real name was Kuvén, but I have called him Mumbégn in order not to confuse him with his son Kuvén, who was killed later. These three men are the ancestors of the extended family with which I lived.

[3] See pp. 37-38.

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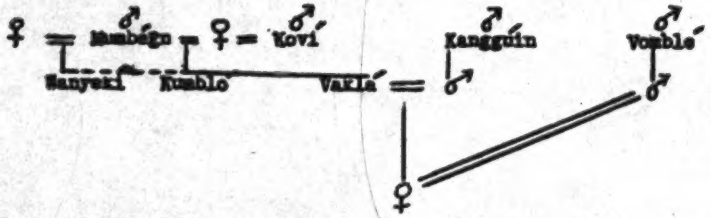
628 many years Vomblé, Kanggúin, and Mumbégn had lived harmoniously together. Together they had exterminated another group of "different men," and far from wanting to shed each other's blood, they had saved each other from destruction. One of Kanggúin's sons had married a daughter of Mumbégn, and their daughter in turn had married a son of Vomblé, so that the ties of companionship were strengthened by the bonds

GENEALOGY I



of marriage. But the marriage of Mumbégn's widow to Koví (the "different man") was destined to split this compact group, for true to the character of "different men," which Kaingáng history has repeated time out of mind, Koví slew Nduichá, a hunting companion of his new wife's people.

No Indian knows how Koví came to kill Nduichá, but many think they know. They say that because Nduichá lay with one of Koví's wives and ridiculed him, Koví slew him with an axe as Nduichá bent over to cut him a piece of meat from a tapir that he had killed. But if the Kaingáng killed one another for adultery they would all have been dead long ago, for their life is the very essence of adultery. The children of Vomblé and their hunting companions have intrigued with each other's wives and husbands for two hundred years with never a murder among them. It is true that the Kaingáng often told me that murders occurred because one man lay with the wife of another, but whenever I was able to trace them back I always found that each was just one in a long series of vendetta murders whose origins are forgotten. And here exact genealogical records help us to bridge the gap between two episodes of the same history where Kaingáng memory begins to falter, for years before this murder Vomblé, Kanggúin and Kuvén, the hunting companions of Nduichá, had joined in the midnight slaughter of Koví's brothers-in-law, and their deaths were still unavenged. Thus the murder of Nduichá, although perhaps provoked by his relationship with Koví's wife, would never have occurred had not Nduichá and Koví been destined to be enemies because of a pre-existing feud.

But having killed Nduichá, Koví had started himself and his group on a path of blood from which they could never turn. With the bitter logic that has characterized Kaingáng murderers as far as the living can re-

* Dotted line indicates step-sibling relationship.

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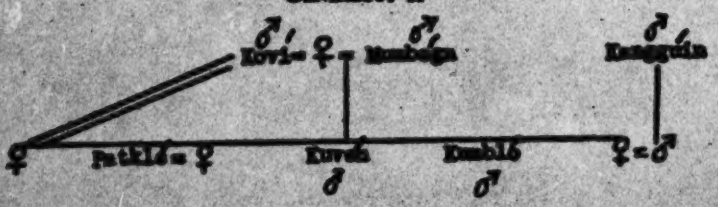
member, they reasoned that unless they killed all of Nduichá's group his relatives and hunting companions would kill them. With a single murder the murderer enters a locked system. He must kill and kill again, he must plan whole massacres lest a single survivor remain to avenge his kin. Kaingáng murderers are like the characters of a Greek tragedy in the grip of a natural law whose processes once started can never be stayed. So when Kovĺ killed Nduichá he at once plotted the murder of all of Nduichá's relatives and hunting companions. But although he and his accomplice succeeded in killing and wounding several, among them Kumbló's own brother-in-law, they themselves soon became the hunted. All of the adult males of Nduichá's group, an entire well-knit family, banded together and tracked them through the forest day after day until they scattered in panic, throwing away their possessions to lighten their flight.

Perhaps the most tragic figure in this drama was Kumbló, for he was related by marriage and association to both camps. To make things worse a half-brother, Wanyekí, had been the hunting companion of the murdered men, and Kumbló never dared to face him again. But he could never rest with the murderers with whom he had thrown in his lot, for how did he know that they did not suspect him?

These seeds of disruption bore their inevitable fruit, and Kovĺ himself was slain by Kumbló's brother Kuvén. They say that Kumbló, Kuvén, and their hunting companion "found out" that Kovĺ wanted to kill them; but in an atmosphere of distrust and terror, where people do not sleep at night and an almost paranoid fear oppresses the mind, it is not necessary to "find out" anything. When fear swells beyond control, and they can stand it no longer, the Kaingáng strike and they often "find out" afterward. With characteristic cunning they plotted the death of Kovĺ, for centuries of feud have made the Kaingáng masters of deadly shrewdness. Kumbló took Kovĺ's bow from him, saying, "Kuvén asked me to get your bow, for his is broken." So the foolish Kovĺ handed over his bow, leaving himself incapable of fighting at a distance. At night they slept near Kovĺ and early in the morning they attacked, killing him, their stepfather, and wounding Patklé, their own brother-in-law.[4] Quaintly contradictory to my informant's

GENEALOGY II



[4] See Genealogy II.

628 "they found out" is his remark, "He [Koví] killed Nduichá and they had not avenged him; so they killed Koví"! They wanted to avenge Nduichá, and "they found out" that Koví wanted to kill them. Thus where murder is planned, murder is suspected, and whoever wants to kill his neighbor fears that his neighbor wants to kill him too. When Yakwá says to me, "My cousin wants to kill me," I know that he wants to kill his cousin, who slaughtered his pigs for rooting up his corn; and when he says, "Eduardo [the Agent] is angry with me," I realize that he is angry with the Agent for not having given him a shirt. Yakwá's state of mind is a pale reflection of the Kaingáng habit of projecting their own hate and fear into the minds of those whom they themselves hate and fear. Yet one cannot always be sure that it is just a projection, for in these feuds currents of danger may radiate from any number of points of conflict, and there is often good and sufficient cause for any fear. If Kumbló and Koví feared each other there were grounds for it in Kumbló's association with the dead and wounded men.

With Koví dead, Patklé was in a position analogous to Kumbló's: he had married Kumbló's sister, and one of his own sisters had married Koví. Besides this, Patklé himself had been wounded. When he met Koví's murderers again he was in a quandary, for although they had killed his brother-in-law they were also his brothers-in-law. But if Patklé was confused, Koví's brother Wainló saw his duty clearly; and he said to Patklé: "Call Kuvén and live with him. I am going away. A long time from now I shall return and kill him."

Now Kuvén had intrigued with Patklé's wife, but Patklé had never tried to put a stop to it. Better to have him intriguing with his wife than wandering around in the forest unwatched. So when Kuvén went away one day Patklé sent his wife after him, saying: "Follow your *mbddn* and then come back to me. He wants to kill me, and probably that is why he is going away." So she went after Kuvén and brought him back.

628 562 This is the darker picture of woman's role in Kaingáng culture, for if she is the nucleus of compact cells of economic security she is also bait for the murderer's trap. The role of the women in the feuds is generally passive. They follow their men wherever they go unless they are captured, and even then they sometimes manage to escape; only rarely do they use their better judgment to prevent murder, or intervene to save their mother's lover. Actively and aggressively sexual though they are and holding, by virtue of this, really a key position in Kaingáng life, they seem nevertheless to have been generally content not to take anything like a vital part in the determination of action. Perhaps these women feared lest were they to intervene to halt a murder, their husbands should turn against them, knowing all too well that the men they sought to protect were their partners in adultery.

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So Patklé's wife brought Kuvén back, and one day as he wandered about in the forest he was killed by Wainló, who had secretly returned and was lying in wait for him. With the murder of his brother, Kumbló became even more frightened and enraged. He blamed his own sister for luring Kuvén and him to their death. But Wainló too was miserable, for he was utterly alone. He stole back to live with Patklé but never dared sleep at the same fire with him for fear that Kumbló would come and kill him. He would sleep in some hidden place and his wife would come to him in secret at night. At last in desperation he went away, leaving his wife and children with Patklé and saying, "If Kumbló does not kill you but comes to live with you, let him bring them [the children] up." This brings to a close the first episode in the story of the killing of Nduichá. His murderers fled, but they came to distrust one another, with the inevitable result at last of more murders and disruption. Throughout the years the companions of Nduichá were content to let his murderers escape, but at last they hunted them down and killed four women and captured two, one of whom they had wounded. They also captured six boys, three of them sons of Kumbló.

Since Kaingáng economy is built primarily on the occupations of men, a large cooperating male population is a necessary condition of its survival. If the male population is scattered and reduced by feuds, the economic support is destroyed, and if the women are killed the loss of men cannot be compensated. Had the Brazilians known how efficiently the Kaingáng were destroying themselves, they might never have bothered to hire bands of murderers but could have depended on the Kaingáng to do away with themselves. The Brazilians killed many women and children, the death rate that they inflicted on women being about twice that of the men; but since the intratribal Kaingáng feuds also reduced the men, the women were dying off only about 25 percent faster. The population was scattered in two different ways by internal conflict: first through the escape of murderers and second through the sudden flight of whole families terrified by murders. But it was not only internal conflict that scattered the Kaingáng but also aggression from without, for their usual way of protecting themselves was to scatter in all directions when there was danger of attack. They ran away from their ancient enemies the Kangdjá, from the Brazilians, and from each other. Whenever they attacked the Brazilians and feared pursuit they scattered. When the Kangdjá hunted them they scattered, and they themselves say that the reason that they now live so widely separated is "because Kovi killed Nduichá." The Kaingáng have no idea of coming together and forming a solid unit against an outside aggressor. For them there was safety only in wakefulness and flight. Whoever pursues them constantly has them at his mercy, for they become panic-stricken and never turn to face their pursuers until they are brought to bay like hunted animals.

The killing of the women and children by Nduichá's avengers brought

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an inevitable retaliation in the slaughter of men, women, and children by Kumbló's family. They stole upon a camp late at night, intending to kill the sleepers with clubs, but suddenly they remembered that the captured children were among them and that in the darkness they might be killed. So they waited until someone rose and stepped out of a house. When his cries aroused the camp the attacking party pursued each individual, killing them, men, women and children, like cornered rats. Those who escaped wandered about, sick and half starved, until they at last met with other members of their family. Since Kumbló's half-brother Wanyekí[5] had by this time become firmly bound to the children of Vomblé and Kanggúin, it did not seem strange to them that they should ask him to go in pursuit of his brother and kill him. Because of some trifling quarrel, however, Wanyekí never undertook the massacre, and before long he died. When his sons grew to manhood their relationship with their father's brother's family had become so obscured that they regarded them as "different people." Kumbló and his children were, to them, simply the murderers of members of their family, and they nursed a desire to kill them all until at last they pursued and slaughtered them. Kumbló and a few of his group escaped, but soon afterward the Brazilians killed Kumbló and the rest of his family, so that their extermination was complete.

Before this happened Patklé's entire line was annihilated, and the story of this massacre, which took place about 1885, is full of refinements of treachery and dissimulation. As the years passed the grandsons of Vomblé, Kanggúin and Mumbégn grew to manhood. There had been a series of intermarriages between the children of Patklé and the grandchildren of his ancient enemy Vomblé, who was now long dead. But Patklé never trusted his in-laws and was forever wandering away and returning. At last Kanyahé,[6] a son of Vomblé, who still remembered the murder of Nduichá, the wounding of his own father, and the whole series of murders and counter murders that had followed them, resolved to kill Patklé and his line. The fact that two of Patklé's daughters were his wives did not deter him. The killing was to be done in traditional Kaingáng style: they were to be invited to a festa, made to drink, and then slaughtered. Although the Kaingáng associate festas with quarreling and murder they never refused an invitation to one even though they knew their lives were in danger. One might imagine that at a festa where large sections of the tribe come together to enjoy themselves the bonds of kinship would be renewed and strengthened and old attachments of man for man would draw new warmth from the general good feeling.

Although this was true of some Kaingáng festas they were as often the

[5] See Genealogy I.

[6] Died of old age shortly before the Kaingáng came to the reservation.

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scene of violent quarreling and disruption as they were of friendliness and solidarity. The men and women got drunk, and the men boasted to their children of their invulnerability and their deeds of blood. The men "told their *waikayá*," walking about, shaking their clubs or lances, slashing at the air, crying out the deeds they had done and the murders they would yet commit. As the beer and excitement mounted to their heads they turned on their neighbors and quarreled with them because they suspected them of adultery with their wives or because they themselves had had affairs with their neighbors' wives and themselves felt suspected and hated. Courage, daring, suspicion and ferocity were screwed to the sticking-point, and even among friends the atmosphere might become so charged with conflict that half the men would engage in brawls. Kaingáng folklore abounds in tales of festa massacres, and the expression, "Let us make beer for him," has such a sinister connotation that it needs no explanation.

Kanyahé decided to "make beer for Patklé" and his family and sent one of his nephews to invite them. Kanyahé and his group were afraid of Patklé, for his history gave them no reason to trust him. The statement of one of Patklé's daughters made after the death of her father and brothers, that her father wanted to kill Kanyahé's group, showed that Kanyahé had good grounds for fear. With the background of mutual distrust of the characters in this drama, we are in a position to understand their hypocritical behavior.

Kuthúgn [Thunder Storm] came to invite the group of Patklé, and when Yuplú, Patklé's son, saw him, he said, "Who is it?"

K. "It is I!"

Y. "Have you still the name I once knew you by?"

K. "Yes."

Y. "Is it really, then, the truth?"

K. "Yes, it is I."

Then Yuplú caressed Kuthúgn—the very token by which the Kaingáng understand security.

Y. "I have been thinking about you. Whenever someone died I thought of you. Did you think about seeing me, too?"

K. "Yes. I do just that. I have remembered you. I had almost forgotten you, and now, at last, I see you."

Then Yuplú called his wife and told her to give meat to Kuthúgn, a second token of security.

Y. "Kuthúgn, eat this and then talk with me."

When Kuthúgn had eaten, proving by his acceptance of the food that there was no evil in his mind, Yuplú spoke to him again. "Kuthúgn, where is your dog?" Kuthúgn had had a dog that was a fine tapir hunter, and he and Yuplú had hunted together with it.

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K. "My dog died recently. It got sick and died."

Y. "What a pity! That big dog that used to be so good for tapirs! That big dog that I used to hunt with; that big dog that I have been thinking about, is dead!"

This "friendly" conversation continued with first one and then another of Patklé's sons joining in to tell how much they wished to see various members of Kanyahé's family. For days they hunted and talked together until Kuthúgn returned and another messenger went out from Kanyahé's camp to continue the friendly overtures. At last part of Patklé's family arrived at the festa. But since only some came, the rest remaining away in fear, they were permitted to dance and drink until nightfall, and nothing happened; for their hosts wanted to wait until they had them all in the trap. In some way Yuplú had found out that the women were saying that he intended to kill Kanyahé's group, and in the evening, when he was resting after his day of dancing, he addressed the enemy group, saying: "My *plų* [the women of his enemies] are lying, and when you hear their lie you will kill me. I saw you and came to look for you, but when the women lie you will kill me." Yet he slept where he was and left the following day, but before he went Kuthúgn said, "I am going to make beer and invite you again."

At last the entire group of Patklé arrived and joined in the festa. Each of the people of Kanyahé placed himself next to an individual of the other band, and as they drank they watched one another in mutual suspicion. Waimbégn[7] said to Kiyitá[8]: "Do not look at me while you sing. I am going to sing with you. Do not look at my eyes!" Kiyitá became enraged and said: "I go around with men, and when I hold a festa with them I do not look at them. It seems to me that you were going to talk to me and that you called my name, but you said that I see your eyes!" At last when Patklé and his sons were drunk the group of Kanyahé turned on them as they danced and drank and killed Patklé and four of his sons and wounded a fifth. When the wounded man recovered and ran away with another who had been spared, most of the women and all of the children escaped with them. They were not heard of again until they were localized on a reservation in Palmas in 1915. Not long after this those who massacred Patklé and his sons completed their task of avenging the murders of Nduichá and his companion by slaughtering the children of Kumbló.

The history of this feud may be summed up in the following way:

First. Peaceful living together of the sons of Mumbégn, the sons of Vemblé, and the sons of Kanggúin.

Second. Murder of Nduichá by Kovĩ, "a different man," wounding of

[7] Patklé's son.
[8] Kanyahé's group.

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Vomblé, killing of his wife, wounding of Kanggúin and killing of his son, followed by the flight of some of the sons of Mumbégn together with their relatives by marriage and their hunting companions.

Third. Suspicion, followed by murder, breaks out among the murderers of Nduichá *et al.*

Fourth. Final disruption of the forces of the murderers (i.e. separation of Kumbló and Patklé).

Fifth. Slaughter of the women of Kumbló's group by Nduichá's group.

Sixth. Slaughter of men, women, and children of Nduichá's group by Kumbló's group.

Seventh. Massacre of Patklé and his sons by their relatives by marriage.

Eighth. Massacre of Kumbló and his sons by the children of Kumbló's half-brother Wanyeki.

It is easy to see from this summary what the history of the Kaingáng vendettas has been: murder, followed by flight of the killers; then conflict within the ranks of the murderers themselves, with ensuing murder and splitting of the group. The murderers are hunted down by the relatives and companions of the dead men and women until not one is left. No society can stand such conflict, and the history of the Kaingáng shows clearly that they have been diminishing in numbers. Even they themselves are perfectly aware of the fact that their population has dwindled and that they have been split up into smaller and smaller groups because of the feuds.

Many societies must have gone to pieces and disappeared under the influence of disruptive forces within. In the course of the development of social forms those that fostered severe conflicts must ultimately have destroyed the societies in which they developed. The result would obviously be the gradual weeding out of such societies, and we would have left only such as could maintain themselves by satisfactorily reconciling the disintegrating forces within them. But from time to time in some societies situations develop that are incapable of adjustment, and that of the Kaingáng is one of these. In its otiose social theories and a curious system of body paints Kaingáng society shows traces of what may once have been a more complex social system. Their history goes back to a time when they lived in villages and cultivated the soil, but even then there were feuds. It is impossible to tell at present whether the development of the feuds brought about the destruction of a more complex social life or whether the contradictory social theories that we hear of today were ever more than notions picked up from contact with other cultures and never fully understood. But even in those very early times the Kaingáng were busily killing their affinal relatives and raiding the villages of "other" groups of their "own people."

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Analysis

The most striking single feature of Kaingáng disintegration is the contrast between the warm, highly affective relationships within the "families" and the uninhibited ferocity of the behavior of the members toward all outsiders. Within their own circle of relatives and companions the Kaingáng will endure a high degree of personal discomfort to avoid a quarrel, but toward "other" groups of their "own people" their overwhelming desire is to shed blood. The result of the nervous insistence on the preservation of internal peace is that serious quarrels scarcely arise, and when they do they are swiftly forgotten or their effects muted. In quarrels over adultery within the extended family the entire brunt of the squabble is usually shifted on to the shoulders of the defaulting spouse, with the result that amity among the men—the very cornerstone of Kaingáng society—is preserved. But adultery by "other men" was fuel to the smoldering flames of long-cherished hate and always precipitated murder. The sexual aggressiveness of man against man never finds full expression within the family, spending itself, at the most, in secret intrigues and surreptitious "home-breaking." But with "other men" it broke out into the frank "taking away" of their women—the deliberate asking for wives who were never refused.

The taking away of wives was a kind of dangerous play indulged in by groups of "other men" when they met. The deadly consequences of such open preempting of sexual rights were known, but they never acted as deterrents. The taking away of women created an atmosphere of fearfulness that formed a perfect medium for the development of states of mind leading to murder. When the children of Wanenggló met with the children of Yokégn the children of Wanenggló took away their wives; but when they had "led them away," the children of Wanenggló feared that their victims wished to kill them to regain their wives and to wipe out the shame of the experience. The children of Yokégn really were secretly enraged and eager to kill their wives' new husbands. The two families dwelt in fear of each other, and it soon became a question only of who would be clever enough to strike the first blow. It turned out that Yokégn was the slyest and in a single night he destroyed Wanenggló and all his children. But nothing like this ever happens within the extended family, where peaceful relations have been the rule for generations.

Another aspect of this same insistence on preserving peace within the family at any cost is the reluctance to look for trouble. The Kaingáng are utterly unwilling to face a situation pregnant with conflict unless it is thrust under their noses. That is why husbands do not follow their wives around but are content to leave them in camp alone for weeks while they go hunting, and that is why when things are stolen no one prowls around

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768 in which the emphasis on obligations to relatives by marriage is followed
881 through. Formerly if the dead man left any little children who had not yet had their lips pierced or their thighs pricked, a close relative, usually a brother, gathered the dead man's possessions together, prepared beer for the child's "blackening," and distributed the goods to the in-laws of the dead man. Perhaps the surviving relative also had children to blacken, and so on such an occasion his own property would also be distributed to his own in-laws.

556 Once property had been stolen from the Brazilians it flowed by gradual stages from the hands of the warrior into those of his relatives, and on his death it was either distributed to his in-laws or inherited by his wife and children. Societies like those of the Plains Indians of North America had made the distribution of property a device for the attainment of prestige, but when a Kaingáng gave away his booty he was doing simply what was expected of him as a relative. In many societies power tends to concentrate where property accumulates, but although the Kaingáng respect power they cannot tolerate any kind of intensification of it; for such intensification is felt by them to be disruptive. Through their insistence on the primary importance of the other person and their failure to reward achievement, the Kaingáng have suppressed processes that encourage the concentration of power in the hands of outstanding individuals.

The Meaning of the Feuds

628 One of the sources of aggression was the accumulation of resentments growing out of adultery and rejections by "deserting" relatives. Feuds and raids on the Brazilians provided substitute outlets for these resentments, and at the same time, by projecting the aggressions outside, operated to protect each extended family from internal disruption. A factor powerful in the perpetuation of the feuds is the Kaingáng feeling that once a force has been started it can never be stayed. Paralleling this on the human side is the belief that once a person has committed murder he will keep on.[14] With such a view of the natural world all that is necessary is that murder be committed once in order that there shall be perpetual distrust of the murderer. Given this attitude, the distinction in emotional ties within and between the extended families, and the peculiar social outlook of the Kaingáng, it is easy to see why things should have taken the turn they did: since murderousness is the attribute not only of individuals but also of groups, the groups suspect—and slay—one another forever.

[14] A parallel to this is not hard to find in our own society, for we believe that "a leopard cannot change its spots," and "once a criminal always a criminal." One of the fundamental bases of the theory of capital punishment is that a murderer must be got out of the way because he is likely to commit another murder under similar circumstances.

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Social Forms and the Solution of Conflict

Students of social forms tend to interpret behavior in terms of the social mechanisms operative in a given culture, and when conflicts persist they explain such persistence as due to the absence of adequate social forms with which to handle them. Thus, in discussing societies in which feuds occur, they point out that vendettas are frequently stayed through some device such as the *ler talionis* or marriage between the warring groups and that where feuds continue it is because the society lacks a mechanism with which to stop them.

In discussing the solution of conflicts, however, we must understand what we mean by a solution and what personal factors are involved. A social mechanism is a device for handling a situation, and where the way of handling the situation accords with the kind of personality involved there is a perfect integration between the social form and the individual emotions. Often, however, this integration is not achieved. Let us consider a case in our own society. Before it was made illegal, a suit for breach of promise to marry was a device available to women seeking restitution for unfulfilled proposals. If a woman was successful in her suit one of the things for which the law compensated her was the "mental anguish" she endured. But such compensation was, at best, a solution for only certain types of personality. For many women the seeking of material compensation was repugnant and so irrelevant to their emotional needs that the idea never occurred to them. Thus, suits for breach of promise were adequate to the needs of only a certain type of personality, i.e. of the type whose status and whose emotions were measurable in terms of currency. The breach of promise suit would be a perfect mechanism only in cultures where the principal things involved in marital relations were the economic correlates of woman's status and where joy in the monetary gain from such a suit was so great that it allayed all mental anguish. In such a case of integration between personality and social mechanism there is a perfect structural and emotional balance between wrong suffered and compensation awarded. There is no residue of economic loss or personal suffering: it has all been washed out in a wave of economic satisfactions.[10]

Pepó, one of the personalities in a Kaingáng feud, was satisfied to live in peace after having killed the man who murdered his brother. A tit-for-tat solution of this kind is called the *ler talionis*. In other words, Pepó's nature

[10] But the man is in quite a different position, for the woman's gain is his loss, and depending upon the culture he will cherish resentment or accept his lot without complaint. But in the case of the woman it is not certain that she will be satisfied. She may still hate the one who has wronged her and cherish the hope of getting even in some more direct way. If the culture condones resentful individuals who harbor grudges until future years, however, then the basic conflict must be resolved in some non-formal way.

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628 was completely satisfied by the death of one man. If nothing more had come of the murder of Pepó's brother we could say that in this situation the conflict was solved through the operation of the *lex talionis*. But something else did happen, because Wainló, the foster son of Pepó's brother, could never forget the murder of his foster father. For years he nourished his hate until with the help of allies he exterminated the entire male line—sons, affinal relatives, and hunting companions—of the original murderer. Thus the *lex talionis* could not function because it was repugnant to the obsessive personality of Wainló. The *lex talionis* was no *lex* in Kaingáng society, not because the idea had never occurred to the Kaingáng, but because the people as a whole were incapable of accepting it. There are a number of instances of this kind in Kaingáng history. In the section of folklore I have given a long historical tale[16] in which it can be seen clearly how one man, Yokégn, tries twice to stay the forces of annihilation simply by refusing to take action, but in vain—his enemies literally force him to kill them. There are ample data even at the present time to show that such socially wholesome attitudes have appeared a number of times, but to no avail. As in our own society, individuals with insight are overcome and swept into the whirlpool by the obsessive behavior of others.

In Kaingáng society the men who have shown this special insight have never been the weaklings. They have, on the contrary, been among the most *waikayú*; they have been the *waikayú yónggi*, the very brave, the very vicious, the very dangerous. They were Thunder Storm, Pepó, and Yokégn. With the exception of Pepó they were physically powerful men, and they fought like tigers.[17] Pepó, who had been spared because he was thought incapable of harm, slew his brother's murderer single-handed and then walked into the enemy camp and cowed them all, so that Wanenggló, his chief enemy, lay awake night after night, slinking off in the day to sleep in hiding. Day after day he sent his wife to Pepó to beg him to spare him, until at last the exasperated Pepó exclaimed: "I've forgotten all about that. I killed the one who killed him [my brother]. Let him [Wanenggló] forget about me and sleep whenever he wants to."

Men like Thunder Storm, Pepó, and Yokégn were not "deviants."[18] On the contrary the Kaingáng looked on them as highly representative of their ideals. Indeed, Yokégn himself, although he twice tried unsuccessfully to avoid killing, deliberately plotted a holocaust[19] with the obsessive Wainló some time later. Thunder Storm too, although he was not inclined to

[16] Chapter IX, p. 134.

[17] *Waikayú* men are frequently compared to tigers.

[18] The term "deviant" has been used in anthropology to describe the type of personality that is completely unable to adjust to the standard emphases of a particular culture.

[19] When he overheard a plot to kill him.

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slaughter "different men," bathed his own lance in blood when social pressure forced him to it, and he loved to raid the Brazilians. No, we are not dealing with deviants here but with typical individuals who had developed the particular Kaingáng obsession with slaughter to a lesser degree, or whose fear of "other men" was not very great. These three were definitely of one type: they were as specifically peaceful with reference to "different men," as Kanyahé, Kundágo, and Nenggachá were dangerous. 628

[p.112 is blank]

476 The hunter who kills an animal is not forced to share it, nor
226 do the others demand this from him.

Yet it is a natural thing among them, and they cannot conceive of any course of action other than to share the proceeds of the hunt, no matter how small, with everyone else.

727 [127] This same "instinctive" rule also applied to the distribution of plunder following their raids on civilized communities.

228 They have no judges to solve their disagreements, but attempt
[278] to reach a decision first through words and then through a duel.

If a man happens to be killed in the course of such a fight, his close relatives nearly always try to avenge him. Such "vendettas" have often led to the subdivision of the tribe into mutually hostile groups, frequently numerous, which exterminated each other in mass slaughters. This is the main reason for the decimation of this tribe, which used to be quite large and which numbered great quantities of warriors.

531 The Botocudo manifest their artistic taste in the carefully woven spear ornaments which surround the junction of the blade and shaft; in the manufacture of their arrows; and in the embellishment of the small waterproof baskets used within the huts. They also express it in their multicolored linear drawings and the fringes of their aprons, as well as in the ornamentation carved or burned in, which adorn many of their implements.

534 Their gourd rattles are heavily decorated. The handle is
531 covered with a cross-lacing made with the black fibers of imbó-mirim bark; the base of the gourd is surrounded with multicolored hair and feathers; the gourd itself is covered with carved designs; and the tip of the handle is ornamented in the same fashion as its base.

Like all primitive peoples, the Botocudo are familiar with the rudiments of those sciences directly related to their daily needs.

806 They recognize three yearly seasons: summer (ámbang), the time of great heat; winter (hotschóma), the time of cold weather; and autumn (kdnóõ-to-kutáma), the time when trees shed their leaves.

The lunar month is called kutschá and calculated from one full moon to another. Their recognition of seasons provides them with the concept of a yearly cycle; they are also guided by the flowering of certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

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or subtribes. The *Dorin*, who lived on the river of the same name, and the *Tavon* (see above), whose habitat was bounded by the Paraná, the Piquirý, and the Itatí Rivers, were true *Caingang* subgroups different from the subtribe of the Guarapuava region.

The first settlers of the Campos of Guarapuava found these plains in 1810 entirely occupied by *Caingang*. These Indians were placed in aldeas under the care of Father das Chagas Lima, who wrote the first eye-witness account of them. In order to prevent constant clashes between the *Caingang* and the first colonists, the Brazilian Government made various attempts to settle them in aldeamentos. In 1855–56, the settlements of São Pedro de Alcántara, San Jeronymo, and Jatahý were founded for them on the Tibagý River. However, many *Caingang* groups remained independent in the forests between the Piquirý, upper Ivahý, and the Iguassú Rivers.

A census of the *Caingang* of the Guarapuava region taken in 1827 by Father das Chagas Lima (1842, p. 62) gave: Kamé, 152; Votóro, 190; *Dorin*, 400; *Shocren*, 60; and *Tavon*, 240. In 1905, Koenigswald (1908 a, p. 47) estimated the *Caingang* of the State of Paraná at about 2,000.

Coroado.—From the 18th century to the present day, the *Caingang* of São Paulo, Paraná, and Rio Grande do Sul have frequently been designated as *Coroado* or *Coroado* (The Crowned Ones) because of their typical Franciscan-like tonsure, a hairdress which they have abandoned only in recent years. This unfortunate term is responsible for the confusion between the *Caingang-Coroado* and the *Puri-Coroado*, who seem linguistically unrelated.

Coroados, Gualacho, and Caagua.—Lozano (1873, 1:69) applies the name "*Coroados*" to the Indians of the open plains or Campos de los Camperos, del Guarayru, del Cayyu, de los Cabelludos, and de los Coroados between the Huibay (Ivahý) and Iguassú Rivers. These *Coroados*, who were certainly *Caingang*, were the same as the *Gualacho* (*Gualachó*), *Chiqui*,[1] and *Cabelludo*, who lived in the same region. As a matter of fact, Lozano himself considers these names to be synonyms of *Guaiana* (i. e., *Guayaná*). In the Cartas Anuas of 1628 (Cartas Anuas, 1927–29, 20:344), the *Gualacho* who did not speak *Guaraní* lived 4 days' travel from the mission of San Pablo, that is to say, in the basin of the Tibagý River in the very heart of the *Caingang* region. Likewise, the *Caagua* (*Caaiguas*, "Forest Dwellers") of the Jesuits who roved between the Paraná and Uruguay Rivers, near Acaray in the region of La Guaira, were undoubtedly representatives of the *Caingang* subfamily. Jesuit maps indicate other *Caagua* in the

[1] According to Lozano (1873, 2:62), the Chiqui lived between the Iguassú and Itatí (Jataí) Rivers.

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precipitate it into a boiling pot. He also describes the slippery path from which it may fall into a swamp, where a huge crab awaits it (Nimuendajú, 1914, p. 372). 764 775

But at last the soul arrives at an underworld in the west, where it is day during our night, and where the forests teem with tapirs, deer, and other game. The souls of the aged become young again and live for the span of a human life. After a second death, the soul turns into a small insect, generally a mosquito or an ant, whose death ends everything; for this reason the *Caingang* never kill these insects (Baldus, 1937 c, p. 49).

WARFARE

A man who has been offended by some member of the community stands in front of his hut and in a loud voice enumerates all his grievances, sometimes bursting into a chant. He ends with threats against his enemy who, in the meantime, behaves in the same manner on the other side of the camp. After reciprocal abuses that often last a whole night, the challenger, followed by a group of supporters, advances toward the offender, who is immediately assisted by his own partisans. Both factions, armed with wooden clubs, fight a pitched battle, but are careful not to kill anybody. The sham battles of the *Caingang* have been described by many observers and may well be formalized brawls which have been interpreted as sportive games. 578 627

Feuds between *Caingang* groups may develop into regular warfare. When one group engages another, the members of the Kadnyerú moity subdivision always form the first line. The Kamé constitute the second line and enter the fight as a reserve to take the place of the exhausted Kadnyerú. Battles between related groups are always preceded by exchanges of insults and by other demonstrations of anger. Although no weapons but cudgels are used, blows are so lustily administered that many are seriously wounded or killed. 628 726 [616] [411]

Wars against foreign tribes or the Whites were less strictly patterned. The *Caingang*, like all Indians, relied mainly on surprise attacks carried on at dawn. After a general discharge of arrows, the warriors, armed with their clubs, rushed against the enemy (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 42). 726 648

Women and children were generally spared and were adopted by the victorious group. They cut off the heads of slain enemies but did not keep them as trophies. 727

ETIQUETTE

When a *Caingang* visits another village, he hides in the vicinity until able to announce his presence to some relative. The host receives him with his face covered with a cloth and does not look at his guest until 574 576

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Foreword

ooo OF ALL THE PRIMITIVE TRIBES OF THE WORLD, we know least about those of South America. It was a continent with the greatest possible diversity of culture—from the high civilization of the Andes with its great political and military kingdoms to the shy hunters and food gatherers of the simplest cultures who had no permanent dwellings, no agriculture, no boats. Old chronicles tell us much about the higher cultures, not only about the kingdom of the Incas, but about the Araucanians of Chile and the Tupinambá of Brazil. But there are only fragmentary and horrified notes on the simplest tribes of the widely scattered Gê peoples, and for very good reason. These people were not only shy, they were desperate and cruel; they not only fled from the Whites into the often impenetrable hinterland, but they killed the invading stranger.

● 648 Yet from the point of view of history the simplest peoples of South America are all-important. Many of them have taken over agriculture and social complexities from other cultures, but the so-called Botocudo of Santa Catarina, Brazil—the Kaingáng as they are more properly called by Dr. Henry in this book—were not settled in villages with permanent homes around a central dancing-green; they had no gardens to supplement their food gathering and hunting of the tapir. A reservation had been set up for some years before Dr. Henry's stay among them, but it was no highly regimented affair like United States reservations, and the agency had been chiefly effective in putting a stop to bloodshed both within the tribe and in encounters with Brazilians. The Kaingáng still took every possible opportunity to absent themselves from their little settlement to hunt the tapir, the deer and the peccary. In order to communicate with them it was necessary to speak their language.

[p. x is blank]

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So Patklé's wife brought Kuvén back, and one day as he wandered about 628
in the forest he was killed by Wainló, who had secretly returned and was lying in wait for him. With the murder of his brother, Kumbló became even more frightened and enraged. He blamed his own sister for luring Kuvén and him to their death. But Wainló too was miserable, for he was utterly alone. He stole back to live with Patklé but never dared sleep at the same fire with him for fear that Kumbló would come and kill him. He would sleep in some hidden place and his wife would come to him in secret at night. At last in desperation he went away, leaving his wife and children with Patklé and saying, "If Kumbló does not kill you but comes to live with you, let him bring them [the children] up." This brings to a close the first episode in the story of the killing of Nduichá. His murderers fled, but they came to distrust one another, with the inevitable result at last of more murders and disruption. Throughout the years the companions of Nduichá were content to let his murderers escape, but at last they hunted them down and killed four women and captured two, one of whom they had wounded. They also captured six boys, three of them sons of Kumbló.

Since Kaingáng economy is built primarily on the occupations of men, a 648
large cooperating male population is a necessary condition of its survival. 726
If the male population is scattered and reduced by feuds, the economic support is destroyed, and if the women are killed the loss of men cannot be compensated. Had the Brazilians known how efficiently the Kaingáng were destroying themselves, they might never have bothered to hire bands of murderers but could have depended on the Kaingáng to do away with themselves. The Brazilians killed many women and children, the death rate that they inflicted on women being about twice that of the men; but since the intratribal Kaingáng feuds also reduced the men, the women were dying off only about 25 percent faster. The population was scattered in two different ways by internal conflict: first through the escape of murderers and second through the sudden flight of whole families terrified by murders. But it was not only internal conflict that scattered the Kaingáng but also aggression from without, for their usual way of protecting themselves was to scatter in all directions when there was danger of attack. They ran away from their ancient enemies the Kangdjá, from the Brazilians, and from each other. Whenever they attacked the Brazilians and feared pursuit they scattered. When the Kangdjá hunted them they scattered, and they themselves say that the reason that they now live so widely separated is "because Kovi killed Nduichá." The Kaingáng have no idea of coming together and forming a solid unit against an outside aggressor. For them there was safety only in wakefulness and flight. Whoever pursues them constantly has them at his mercy, for they become panic-stricken and never turn to face their pursuers until they are brought to bay like hunted animals.

The killing of the women and children by Nduichá's avengers brought 628

Memoir on the Botocudo of Paraná and Santa Catarina, Organized by the Indian Protection Service Under the Direction of Dr. José Maria de Paula

101 The Botocudo of Santa Catarina are descendants of the primitive aborigines who were formerly scattered all over the interior of southern Brazil--the Tapuya, members of the great Aimore nation. According to this view, which seems to us the most appropriate, the Botocudo now remaining in the camps of the Plate River are the last survivors of that large and warlike nation.

648 [31] This tribe used to roam the vast area bounded by the Iguaçu and Uruguay rivers and the ocean, waging a colossal struggle against the civilized populations who were clearing their forests and exterminating their major source of food--their game.

The first verified notices of Indian attack date from the year 1830.

In order to protect the colonists in those areas most severely threatened by the Indians, a troop of so-called pedestres [foot soldiers] was created in 1836. Their function was to set the aborigines to flight and to pursue them; but this did not put an end to the raids.

In his speech of 1856, the president of the province, Dr. João José Coutinho, suggests that the only truly effective measure would be to force these "murderers and sons of barbarians" to leave the forest and settle in locations from which they could not escape.

Translator's Note

104 The spelling of Portuguese words and geographical names has been changed in accordance with the 1943 orthography reform. All Indian words have been left as in the original owing to their doubtful phonetic rendition.

It may be stated that (´) marks stress, (^) indicates a close vowel sound, and x stands for English sh.

648 The "Indian peril" recurred, and serious measures were required. The Government organized bands of experienced frontiersmen whose task was to seek out the Indians. If they could not make friends with them, they were to drive them away without harming them.

In the municipality of Blumenau, where the danger grew constantly, Frederico Decke was appointed capitão do mato [leader of the frontiersman band]. He was a man of great courage and prudence, who in the course of his expeditions through the forest attempted in every way to make contact with the Indians and to render them friendly and peaceful.

Nothing was achieved, however. The Indian raids continued at the same rate, and in 1879, as an economy measure, the group of frontiersmen was disbanded.

Up to that time, these expeditions had been given express orders not to harm the Indians.

Now the system of batidas [a systematic search through the woods as for game.--Translator] prevailed, and its aim was to exterminate the aborigines completely.

Whenever an Indian raid had occurred, large bands of frontiersmen were formed under private as well as official auspices; they murdered hundreds of Indians in the course of these batidas in the most cruel fashion. Upon their return they exhibited in the larger communities [118] the wives and numerous children of their unfortunate victims, as "heroic trophies" and irrefutable proof that the slaughter of the Indian camp had been carried out thoroughly. These poor survivors brought with them weapons and utensils of all sorts which had belonged to the unfortunate victims, attacked by surprise in the midst of their deepest sleep.

The results nevertheless remained negative. The Indians no longer attacked merely out of necessity, owing to the progressive colonization which took place all around them, but out of a thoroughly justified spirit of vengeance and a real hatred as well.

The horrors perpetrated against the Indians in the course of these batidas were crudely made known, and many charitable souls protested against these infamous cruelties.

648 An organization was formed in Florianópolis by the name of Liga Patriótica [Patriotic League], with the exclusive aim of solving the Indian problem and pacifying the Botocudo of the state [of Santa Catarina].

José Bernardino da Silveira was appointed "Peacemaker." Accompanied by two Indian women who had been captured on one of the batidas, he proceeded to the vicinity of the Rio das Pombas with the intention of establishing there a small "model village" [aldeia de atração].

The results were altogether null; as could easily be foreseen, the Indian women ran away as soon as they reached the woods and were not heard of again.

"Peacemaker" Alberto Fric, another envoy sent by the League, met with the same lack of success. He proceeded to a tributary of the Itajaí do Norte River, but merely collected Indian objects among the civilized settlers.

797 Attempts at "catechism" carried out in 1868 by the Capuchin fathers Virgilio do Amplar and Estevão de Vicenza in Lages and Itajaí did not meet with the slightest success. This was not surprising, for they never penetrated into the interior to establish relations with the Indians.

In 1885, the Capuchin father Luiz de Comitila failed in a new attempt to "catequize" the Botocudo Indians of Santa Catarina.

648 The problem entered a new and decisive phase with the creation of the Federal Indian Protection Service, which on September 22, 1914, finally managed to establish the first peaceful contact with the "ferocious and indomitable" Botocudo of this state.

142 The Botocudo Indians of Santa Catarina are usually of medium height and well built; the women are short.

147 Their physique is highly developed; their muscular strength and endurance are extraordinary.

Out of their woods, especially when dressed, the Indians never convey a reliable impression of what they truly are. Our clothing altogether conceals the great agility, strength and skill they possess and makes them appear clumsy and sluggish.

To form an accurate idea of their abilities, it is necessary to live with them in the forest and to accompany them on their perilous tasks of hunting, gathering fruit, opening bee nests, and their many

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in the middle of the night and finds himself without food may, if he is brazen enough, get up, and while the owner is asleep, eat the leg of his howler monkey or the rib of his tapir. He must keep his tongue between his teeth, for to refuse food is the most frightful sin the Kaingáng can imagine. *Ndegn*, to refuse, has such an aura of destructive affect about it that every time I heard it it chilled my blood. To hear *ndegn* applied to food is to expect murder around the corner. In times of plenty it does not matter how much meat a man has; in times of hunger food passes through his fingers like water. Still, with all this each of the Kaingáng likes to take the biggest piece even when game is scarce. For one or two days the bellies of his children will be full, but soon the meat is all gone.

This possessive feeling about food applies with somewhat greater intensity to pine nuts. These are often gathered by a man and his wife. He climbs the tree and jumps around on the boughs until he dislodges the great five-pound cones; and then he descends and helps his wife gather them up and break them open to extract the nuts. They fill their yard-deep baskets, and what they cannot use immediately they bury in stream beds to preserve them. The theft of a full unburied basket is rare—I know of only one case—but the theft of nuts from the preservation beds is quite common. The nonchalance of the Kaingáng about these thefts is perplexing to the ethnologist steeped in the traditions of western culture and trained to expect conflicts after theft. Nevertheless I never knew the theft of a basket of nuts to create more than a one-day grumble. Indians would protest to me about property people had stolen, and they would tell me in no uncertain language what they thought of such people, but they never did anything about it. It is not possible to formulate precisely the movements of food in Kaingáng society. When one has said that the primary emphasis is on giving to affinal relatives, to parents and siblings, to hunting companions, and to the friends whom one has inherited from one's father, everything has been said that can be about the structuralization of food distribution.

Kaingáng property arrangements are not a matter of checks and balances which ensure that for every piece of meat which A gives to B he may expect a piece in return. It is impossible to make them understand any theory of exchange other than that of outright purchase which they have learnt from the whites. I tried in vain to make them understand that when I lent them a scythe to clear their fields they should give me a little corn when it became green. Their understanding of reciprocity is in terms of lifelong symbiosis, not in terms of balanced exchanges. No accounts are kept, but in the back of his mind each man knows who has been systematically helpful to him and who not. Many of the conflicts within the extended families arise out of some failure to live up to the ideal of constant

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snatch away some human being to bear them company. If the ghost longs 765
to renew intercourse and return at night for this purpose, it is the old spouse who suffers, never the new partner. No woman remains a widow because men are afraid to marry her. The Kaingáng are forever daring the supernatural anyway.

The children belong to their parents, if one can speak of "belonging" in 593
a society in which children are not valued as property. What we so strongly idealize the Kaingáng actually feel, for to them children are like highly charged emotional batteries. They are valued for their potentialities as emotionally satisfying living things, like most other pets.[11] There is no idea expressed that when they grow up they will feed and protect their parents,[12] 887
for in nomadic days the latter knew only too well the whims that urged and the necessities that compelled their children to wander away from them. They themselves had felt the desire to go north or west or east to see the country or to attack the Brazilians, and they too had left their own parents to follow the camps of their wives' relatives. But when children are left fatherless it often devolves upon the father's family to take care of them, for they feel that responsibility, and it is in this way that it comes about that a widow often marries someone of her husband's kin. She goes where her [587]
children are, and it is there, in the midst of her husband's close kin, that she begins her sex life anew and often finds her new husband.

It is a similar factor of residence that brings it about that in the majority 595
of cases the co-spouses in a polygynous or polyandrous marriage are either siblings or first cousins. For in the closer relationship that springs up among the members of the families related by marriage the most obvious choice is a person whom one sees all the time and with whom, therefore, one delights to have an affair. Since this choice rests almost wholly with the widow and since it is conditioned by a large number of accidental factors, principally what men are available at the moment, her new husband is as likely to be older than her dead husband as younger. Even when he is past middle age a man is still a vigorous hunter, and even if he is an old man, he can depend on someone to help toward the support of his household. His wife may philander as she will, but she is still his wife, and if he [624]
catches or suspects her he may beat her or even put a club through her chest.

If we were to believe Yatí as quoted by Thunder Storm's son, we could say that Thunder Storm acquired his third wife because he was an outstanding figure. But I am inclined to doubt this. His third wife was

[11] The Kaingáng, like many South American peoples, keep pet monkeys, pigs, quail and hawks. Only the latter are used—for their feathers. Dogs are not pets; emotionally they belong rather in the category of unrelated human beings.

[12] It is true, nevertheless, that the parents could generally depend to some extent on their children's help, particularly before marriage.

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Later in the day Kanyahé took it into his head to make fun of me. 839
"You're always walking around making love," he shouted. "No I'm not," I yelled back. We had a large audience. "You make love everywhere," Kanyahé bellowed; "everybody sees you!" "You lie, you're the one who makes love." "You bet I do," he roared. This was my cue to see how far he was willing to walk on thin ice, and I retaliated: "No one has to see you. It is the talk of everyone, how much you walk about taking women." This was too much even for Kanyahé. He dropped the subject immediately without another word and turned to weeding. Through it all Yakwá stood, his powerful hands on the handle of his scythe, a broad smile on his face, completely enjoying the show.

This affair throws into bold relief the fate that awaits the principals in a conflict whose solution is prevented by a possessive husband. The jealous husband pursues his wife to the point where his behavior causes much smiling behind polite hands. His endless quarrels with her culminate in blows and often in dissolution of the marriage. Yakwá's threat to kill Kanyahé would never have been carried out because murder in Kaingáng [634] society must have a background of vendetta,[5] but it illustrates well the complete break between the two men.

Another drama enacted by a mother and a son-in-law, illustrates the 595 ever-ripening character of this relationship. Just as they have resolved the 606 struggle between a man and his son for the same woman through the son's marriage to his stepmother, the Kaingáng have arrested the conflict between a woman and her daughter for the same man by the man's marrying his mother-in-law too.[6] Instead of surrounding the mother-in-law with disrupting taboos that send the son-in-law flying when he hears her coming or keeping him cooling his heels outside as long as his mother-in-law, whose face he may not see, is in the house, the Kaingáng have developed the relationship between a man and his mother-in-law to the point where he sometimes marries her and becomes the second father of her children. Such was the relationship between Kuvén and Kanngá's mother and between the captive Nyepá and his mother-in-law, Kuichó. Yakwá has no one to take care of him if his wife Anggló chooses to remain at the post while he goes hunting with me and the Indians. But if his widowed mother-in-law, whose household he never left as long as she was alive, went along, his food was cooked when he came back after a long day's range in the forest just as if she had been his wife and there were always fresh fern leaves for him to stretch his body on. At night he slept beside the old woman or at her feet across the campfire. When he moved camp it was she who carried his few belongings, and when she needed a basket it was

[5] See pp. 52, 62.
[6] I have no instances of a man's marrying his daughter-in-law.

411 Another weapon is the kõuan, a club 1.50 centimeters [sic] in length. Its cylindrical handle extends into a broadening lozenge [prism] with very sharp edges.

These clubs as well as the spears (lõng-lõma, kõlẽdma) are ornamented with burned-in linear figures, and the latter are also adorned where the blade joins the shaft with an attractive strip plaited in two colors.

712 When fearing a possible attack, they fortify the vicinity of their camp with pitfalls which may be as deep as two meters and even more. The walls are covered with sharpened spikes, and in the center [124] they place a spear. Whoever falls into one of these holds invariably dies a horrible death.

They conceal these pits so skilfully, covering them with light sticks and foliage, that without previous knowledge even the Indians fail to discern them.

A lamentable accident occurred at the Post shortly after peaceful contact began. An Indian who had reached the camp at night from another location fell into one of the pits and died a few hours later from the horrible wounds lacerating his body.

In addition to these pits, the camps are always protected with barricades [trincheiras] built in the most propitious spots. When danger threatens, these barriers are manned day and night by experienced warriors.

198 They possess an efficient whistle language made up of various bird calls, through which they communicate remarkably well by exchanging signals and warnings when they keep watch around the camps, at night or in the daytime, whenever the need arises.

372 They make fire in the usual manner of Brazilian tribes--by rubbing two sticks, one of them hard wood and the other softer.

They proceed by steadying with their toes a piece of soft wood with a notch in the center, where they rest the tip of a rod made of very hard wood.

The rotating motion imparted to this stick with the palm of the hands produces a very fine dust which eventually catches fire. When a tenuous spiral of blue smoke begins to wind around the stick, the rotation is further accelerated and the dust begins to burn. Then minute fragments of dry grated wood are carefully piled together, and repeated blowing produces a small flame which is gradually enlarged.

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turns very light when dry. To straighten a reed, they lash it against 411
a horizontal piece of wood, fastening a weight at one end. Arrowheads are wide taquara splinters, barbed rods (fig. 59, *h*), wooden rods tipped with a sharp point of monkey or deer bones (fig. 59, *c*), and massive, blunt wooden knobs used for birds (fig. 59, *a*, *b*). Some bird arrows are also tipped with four slightly diverging sticks or thorns. In recent years, the hunting and war arrows of the Santa Catarina *Aweikoma-Caingang* have been tipped with duck-bill iron heads (fig. 59, *i*). Feathering is of the arched type (eastern Brazilian). Hunters always carry a ready supply of bone heads, shafts, and feathers to replace lost arrows.

Spears are common among the *Caingang*, who tipped them with iron blades obtained from the Whites (fig. 59, *m*). The *Aweikoma* were extremely skillful in handling these weapons, which they decorated with fire-engraved designs and with basketry coverings.

The clubs of the Paraná *Caingang* are short cylindrical cudgels covered with basketry (fig. 59, *l*); those of the so-called *Botocudo* are more or less tapering, with the cross section often prismatic, thus presenting sharp cutting edges (fig. 59, *k*). They are decorated with fire engravings and with a basketry sheath. The cudgels of the São Paulo *Caingang* have a bulging head and are from 5 to 6 feet long.

Countless stone rings have been found on archeological sites of the State of Rio Grande do Sul. In the 17th century, some tribes of the upper Paraguay River used clubs with stone heads (itaiza), but there is no evidence that these Indians were *Caingang*; it is more likely that they were *Guaraní*.

To frustrate attack or pursuit by an enemy, the *Caingang* strewed 726
the paths leading to their camps with caltrops made of sharp bone splinters bound in a bundle with cotton thread and wax. They also dug pitfalls in the bottom of which they placed sharp spears.

SOCIAL ORGANIZATION

Moieties.—The *Caingang* of Palmas have two exogamous, patri- 616
lineal moieties, each split into two groups. Baldus (1935, pp. 44–47) does not give the names of the moieties, merely stating that they were called by the word for both "friend" and "two," and that fellow members considered one another cousins. On the other hand, he lists the four subgroups according to their prestige as follows: Votóro, Kadnyerú (Kañerú), Aniky, and Kamé. The reason for this preferential ranking could not be ascertained. Every individual is born into a moiety, but is assigned to one of the subgroups at a mortuary feast by a man or a woman of his own moiety.

Among the *Caingang* of Palmas, the father decided, when he painted a son or a daughter for the first time, to which of the two

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precipitate it into a boiling pot. He also describes the slippery path 764
from which it may fall into a swamp, where a huge crab awaits it 775
(Nimuendajú, 1914, p. 272).

But at last the soul arrives at an underworld in the west, where it is day during our night, and where the forests teem with tapirs, deer, and other game. The souls of the aged become young again and live for the span of a human life. After a second death, the soul turns into a small insect, generally a mosquito or an ant, whose death ends everything; for this reason the *Caingang* never kill these insects (Baldus, 1937 c, p. 49).

WARFARE

A man who has been offended by some member of the community 578
stands in front of his hut and in a loud voice enumerates all his griev- 627
ances, sometimes bursting into a chant. He ends with threats against his enemy who, in the meantime, behaves in the same manner on the other side of the camp. After reciprocal abuses that often last a whole night, the challenger, followed by a group of supporters, advances toward the offender, who is immediately assisted by his own partisans. Both factions, armed with wooden clubs, fight a pitched battle, but are careful not to kill anybody. The sham battles of the *Caingang* have been described by many observers and may well be formalized brawls which have been interpreted as sportive games.

Feuds between *Caingang* groups may develop into regular warfare. 628
When one group engages another, the members of the Kadnyerú moity 726 ●
subdivision always form the first line. The Kamé constitute the second [614]
line and enter the fight as a reserve to take the place of the exhausted Kadnyerú. Battles between related groups are always preceded by exchanges of insults and by other demonstrations of anger. Although [411]
no weapons but cudgels are used, blows are so lustily administered that many are seriously wounded or killed.

Wars against foreign tribes or the Whites were less strictly pat- 726
terned. The *Caingang*, like all Indians, relied mainly on surprise 648
attacks carried on at dawn. After a general discharge of arrows, the warriors, armed with their clubs, rushed against the enemy (Horta Barbosa, 1912, p. 48).

Women and children were generally spared and were adopted by 727
the victorious group. They cut off the heads of slain enemies but did not keep them as trophies.

REQUESTS

When a *Caingang* visits another village, he hides in the vicinity until 574
able to announce his presence to some relative. The host receives him 576
with his face covered with a cloth and does not look at his guest until

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SM3 Caingang SM3
Awelkoena

So Patkíf's wife brought Kuvén back, and one day as he wandered about 628
in the forest he was killed by Wainkó, who had secretly returned and was lying in wait for him. With the murder of his brother, Kumbkó became even more frightened and enraged. He blamed his own sister for luring Kuvén and him to their death. But Wainkó too was miserable, for he was utterly alone. He stole back to live with Patkíf but never dared sleep at the same fire with him for fear that Kumbkó would come and kill him. He would sleep in some hidden place and his wife would come to him in secret at night. At last in desperation he went away, leaving his wife and children with Patkíf and saying, "If Kumbkó does not kill you but comes to live with you, let him bring them [the children] up." This brings to a close the first episode in the story of the killing of Nduichá. His murderers fled, but they came to distrust one another, with the inevitable result at last of more murders and disruption. Throughout the years the companions of Nduichá were content to let his murderers escape, but at last they hunted them down and killed four women and captured two, one of whom they had wounded. They also captured six boys, three of them sons of Kumbkó.

Since Kaingáng economy is built primarily on the occupations of men, a 643
large cooperating male population is a necessary condition of its survival. 726
If the male population is scattered and reduced by feuds, the economic support is destroyed, and if the women are killed the loss of men cannot be compensated. Had the Brazilians known how efficiently the Kaingáng were destroying themselves, they might never have bothered to hire bands of murderers but could have depended on the Kaingáng to do away with themselves. The Brazilians killed many women and children, the death rate that they inflicted on women being about twice that of the men; but since the intratribal Kaingáng feuds also reduced the men, the women were dying off only about 25 percent faster. The population was scattered in two different ways by internal conflict: first through the escape of murderers and second through the sudden flight of whole families terrified by murders. But it was not only internal conflict that scattered the Kaingáng but also aggression from without, for their usual way of protecting themselves was to scatter in all directions when there was danger of attack. They ran away from their ancient enemies the Kaingáng, from the Brazilians, and from each other. Whenever they attacked the Brazilians and feared pursuit they scattered. When the Kaingáng hunted them they scattered, and they themselves say that the reason that they now live so widely separated is "because Kovi killed Nduichá." The Kaingáng have no idea of coming together and forming a solid unit against an outside aggressor. For them there was safety only in wakefulness and flight. Whoever pursues them constantly has them at his mercy, for they become panic-stricken and never turn to face their pursuers until they are brought to bay like hunted animals.

The killing of the women and children by Nduichá's avengers brought 623

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SM3 Caingang SM3
Awefkoma

were so incapable of adhering to any such formal scheme that in actual practise this system of *kumbēdn* was almost completely superseded by other interpretations. The insects that were named as having oracular significance for each group were rarely mentioned in practice, and interest was directed toward different insects and ones that had no personal reference. When a funeral pyre was extinguished the Kaingáng came to look at the ashes, and they could tell by the position and condition of an insect how, when, and where one of their number would die. "The *kumbēdn* of one who will die far away is on the edge of the ashes. The head points outward. A death near by is shown by the insect's head pointing inward from the periphery. . . . *Pónkókló* points in the direction in which the man will be bitten by a snake. *It does not tell the name. Nddánwaichudnddán*[28] is lying in the mouth of the *pónkókló*. It showed the biting of Nyepá. 'A big snake will bite Nyepá,' said Konggó. Nyepá's *kumbēdn* was large. It was lying on the periphery of the place where Vádn was burnt. *They make ovyá on these occasions, naming the people, until a big belch comes and tells who it will be.* If one is to be killed with a club by another group of our own people the *kumbēdn* will be intact. The *kumbēdn* of those who are to be killed by Brazilians will have shattered legs, or their heads will be cut off. . . . Another will have cut wings. If someone is to fall the *kónggó* [insect] will be crushed in little pieces. When Patá died the bee showed rumpled and with twisted wings. This shows that the person is going to die while entire [i.e. of sickness]."

Some of the associations in this abbreviated account of *kumbēdn* are clear; others are unknown to me. The significance of the shattered appearance of the *kumbēdn* of the victims of Brazilians and the intact condition of those killed by Indians was rooted in the belief that Brazilians always cut their victims into little pieces while the victims of the Kaingáng were always left whole. The origin of the belief that a crushed insect indicated a fall from a tree is self-evident, while the belief that *pónkókló* foreshadows snake-bite was based on some association of this insect with the snake (*pón*, snake; *kókla*, ceremonial father; hence, the snake's ceremonial father). The association of bees with the line-pattern group arises from a mythological connection between the line people and bees. Bees are the *mang*[29] of the line people, just as the tapir is the *mang* of the dot people.

Kumbēdn was sometimes used in association with *ovégn*, a kind of war ritual intended to make the enemy sleep deeply. Before attacking, the Kaingáng "clean the ground and cut a stick. They take off the bark and scrape the stick. They sink the post and stamp their feet as they hold on

[28] An insect.
[29] Owned animals.

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926 to it. Then the Brazilians sleep. This is done with the *poimbēngnggēlē* [tree]. As its fruit fall with the wind, so will men sleep. They sing thus when they make *vavēgn:*

mēng nē hoi ke nyang ve
tiger is
mēng nē klēgn mbēgn yō va tōgn mē ē ya yukās[30] *kŋ*
tiger is animal large trail thereabouts its teeth
hui ke nyang vē
mēng nē hui ke nyang vē mēng nē hui ke nyang vē
tiger is

[This song means that] the tiger waits for the tapir [large animal] on its trail and that they [the Indians] are going to do the same thing. *Yukās* means that the tiger seizes animals with its teeth."

There is another song:

nggaivā chu yii chu ka eput kāi tōgn mē ke nyang mu va
a rat

which means that "*nggaivā*[31] is little, but it seizes birds, and therefore they want to do the same as it does. All the men go and make *vavēgn*. Then they walk a little way and come back and go to sleep. The next day early the shaman goes and sees the *kumbēdn* [and says], 'That one will be killed.' His *kumbēdn* is in his footprints.[32] *Kōlǭ*[33] or *patā*[33] lie dead in the footprint in imitation of death. It is his imitation."

787 *Kōplēgn*, divining with charcoal, is done in pitch darkness, and while anyone can do it, it requires rapport with the deer spirit. A pyramidal wick-like heap about a half inch high and six inches long is made of the charcoal of pine, cuqueiro, or canela wood, and as it is ignited they cry: "Deer, make *kōplēgn* with me!" In the darkness they watch the red starlike sparks appear and disappear as the glow travels along the wick very much as a cigarette burns, except that in *kōplēgn* there is no steady uniform glow but a constant twinkling as the burning proceeds. Then they can tell by the size of the spark and its location what animal will be killed and where it

[30] This is a word which I never came across elsewhere. In no Kaingáng song is the meaning clear from the context, because great liberties are taken with syntax. Very often when interpretations are given, the informants prefix their interpretations with "probably." Some of these are clearly fanciful.

[31] In this song we are faced with a problem similar to that in the first. There is much less evidence for the derivation of any meaning from the verse. The only words that mean anything are *nggaivā* and *tōgn mē*, which means thereabouts.

[32] On the trail.

[33] Insects.

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precipitate it into a boiling pot. He also describes the slippery path 764
from which it may fall into a swamp, where a huge crab awaits it 775
(Nimuendajú, 1914, p. 372).

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476 The hunter who kills an animal is not forced to share it, nor
224 do the others demand this from him.

Yet it is a natural thing among them, and they cannot conceive of any course of action other than to share the proceeds of the hunt, no matter how small, with everyone else.

127 [127] This same "instinctive" rule also applied to the distribution of plunder following their raids on civilized communities.

628 They have no judges to solve their disagreements, but attempt
[678] to reach a decision first through words and then through a duel.

If a man happens to be killed in the course of such a fight, his close relatives nearly always try to avenge him. Such "vendettas" have often led to the subdivision of the tribe into mutually hostile groups, frequently numerous, which exterminated each other in mass slaughters. This is the main reason for the decimation of this tribe, which used to be quite large and which numbered great quantities of warriors.

531 The Botocudo manifest their artistic taste in the carefully woven spear ornaments which surround the junction of the blade and shaft; in the manufacture of their arrows; and in the embellishment of the small waterproof baskets used within the huts. They also express it in their multicolored linear drawings and the fringes of their aprons, as well as in the ornamentation carved or burned in, which adorn many of their implements.

534 Their gourd rattles are heavily decorated. The handle is
531 covered with a cross-braiding made with the black fibers of imbó-mirim bark; the base of the gourd is surrounded with multicolored hair and feathers; the gourd itself is covered with carved designs; and the tip of the handle is ornamented in the same fashion as its base.

Like all primitive peoples, the Botocudo are familiar with the rudiments of those sciences directly related to their daily needs.

806 They recognize three yearly seasons: summer (iámbang), the time of great heat; winter (kotschóma), the time of cold weather; and autumn (kórókó-to-kutáma), the time when trees shed their leaves.

The lunar month is called kutschá and calculated from one full moon to another. Their recognition of seasons provides them with the concept of a yearly cycle; they are also guided by the flowering of certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

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Preface

131 TRIBES SPEAKING KAINGÁNG DIALECTS inhabit the highlands of southeastern South America from the state of São Paulo, Brazil to Argentina. Although no thorough study has previously been made of any of these tribes enough has appeared in print[1] to indicate that they differ in language and culture. The group I studied[2] is localized on the government reservation of Duque de Caxias in the municipality of Dalbergia in the state of Santa Catarina, Brazil. It is one extended family.[3] A handful of fellow tribesmen, probably another extended family, is living on a reservation at Palmas[4] in the state of Santa Catarina, and as late as 1934 a small group of Kaingáng, thought to be tribesmen of those at Duque de Caxias, was reported to be wandering wild and causing damage in the southern part of the state.

179 Since 1914 when the Kaingáng were pacified and localized at Duque de [73] Caxias epidemics have reduced their number from between three and four [61] hundred to 106,[5] and a number of changes have come over their culture.

[1] A summary of data on the Kaingáng tribes is given in "La civilisation materielle et la vie sociale et religieuse des Ze du Brésil meridional et oriental," by Dr. Hermann Ploetz and Dr. A. Metraux, *Revista del Instituto de Etnologia de la Universidad de Tucuman* (Argentina), Tucuman 1939. Volume 1, Entrega 2a, pp. 107-238.

[2] They have also been called Bonocudo. This is unfortunate for it confuses this Kaingáng speaking tribe with the linguistically unrelated Bonocudo of Minas Geraes, Brazil. Dr. José Maria de Paula has published a vocabulary and some remarks on the Kaingáng of Duque de Caxias in "Memoria Sobre os Bonocudos do Paraná e Santa Catarina . . ." in *Congresso Internacional de Americanistes*, Rio de Janeiro, 1922. 20 Session, Volume 1; pp. 117-137.

[3] This term is explained in the body of the book.

[4] Herbert Baldus has a vocabulary and some remarks on these Indians in *Anthropos*, Volume 30, 1, 2. January-April 1935, p. 191.

[5] 40 children (19 males, 21 females); 9 males and 15 females over thirty; 27 males and 15 females over fifty.

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difficult to talk to many of the Kaingáng on these occasions because they are so easily enraged, and the ethnologist had best hold his tongue and try to appear as small as possible. In death the Kaingáng feel a threat to their security. As they put it, "We are afraid of the ghost-souls; so we come together and live piled up." As in the feuds, no one knows when the deaths will cease. The presence of death lays bare the very fiber of the Kaingáng personality, for it is in terms of this emotional amalgam in which anger and fear are indistinguishably fused that we must understand all of their behavior in times of stress.

In 1918 when the first wave of the grippe struck the Kaingáng, killing them in such numbers that their bodies lay about unburied until the dogs ate them, Thunder Storm rose up in his rage and fear and beat the air and trees with a club. "When disease came," said his son to me, "my father beat the trees because he was afraid of the supernatural beings (*nggiyádn*). He said, 'If I see you, I'll kill you. You are *waikayú*[1] and kill us all the time. So if I see you come to me, I'll kill you! The Brazilians kill my relatives; so out of revenge I destroy them when I see them! When I see them, I kill them, and I'll do the same to you—when I see you, I'll kill you!' He spoke thus as he beat the trees." Nothing could express this side of the Kaingáng character and world-view better. Here is condensed the Kaingáng frantic fear and anger at the forces of death, the equation of the supernatural with any other enemy, and the identification of the situation created by death with the vendetta tradition and revenge.

The Kaingáng not only fight with death; they also fly from it. That is why Waipó told me that we must move on when Ndíli's baby died, and that is why old Kakthí moved out of her house when the grippe descended again in 1933. "Why has she left her house?" said I to her son-in-law. "She is afraid of our sickness. She said, 'If I stay there, I'll get sick'; so she went away. She is in the forest to get away from it. She went to another place so our sickness would not see her." Poor Kakthí fled in vain, for she soon fell ill and died. "Her [dead] husband called her, and that is why she died. Our ghost-souls led her off, and that is why she died. Her husband's ghost-soul led her away, and that is why she died. She lay there telling about it, and then she died. The supernatural beings and her husband's soul led her away. He [her husband] led her away so that he might go with her."

The ghost-soul loves and pities the living whom it has deserted, but the latter fear and abhor the ghost-soul. The ghost-soul longs for those it has left behind, but they remain cold to its longing. "One pities one's children and therefore goes with them [i.e. takes them] when one dies. One loves [literally, lives in] one's children, and dies and goes with one's children, and one [i.e. the child] dies." The dead pity those they have left alone with

[1] Vicious, aggressive.

147 other activities. At such times the speed, skill and sureness of each motion, upon which the Indian's life so often depends, come fully to the fore.

The same is true of the women; in spite of their short stature, they are endowed with unusual physical endurance. [119]

452 In the course of their wanderings through the forest, they carry for several weeks at a time enormous baskets filled with heavy loads, with a child nearly always sitting on the top. In addition to all this, they bear in their hands heavy objects such as axes, iron pans, etc. They are, so to speak, the true bearers of the tribe; the warriors carry loads only when away from the women.

142 Their skin is of a dark tan color, lighter among the women. Their hair is black, coarse and sleek.

164 Dental caries are widespread among them; as children their [752] teeth are already defective. They pull out a tooth as soon as it hurts, and this leaves them almost toothless quite early in life. It is a [364] curious fact that the warriors demand their wives (who are younger, and thus have better teeth) to masticate all their food; this leaves them only the effort of swallowing, which they do while lying comfortably by the fire.

There are no diseases peculiar to the Botocudo Indians. They have, however, been widely attacked by the deadly influenza and its complications, such as bronchitis, pneumonia, etc. They also suffer from rheumatism of the joints and muscles.

[147] The great ease with which their wounds are healed, even when extremely serious, is eminently worthy of note.

Venereal diseases of any sort are altogether unknown among them.

[163] Their high fecundity insures the perpetuation of the tribe.

224 This tribe subsists primarily on the proceeds of the hunt and is therefore nomadic, ever on the move through the woods in search of game. The tapir is preferred on account of the quantity and flavor of its flesh. It is hunted in the following way. The Indians look for a fresh spoor, set their dogs loose, and follow them on the run until the tapir is roused. Then they determine the direction taken by the animal, which always follows its habitual trails, known to the hunters; they take a shortcut through the woods and wait. Spurred on madly by the dogs, the tapir runs toward them and is attacked and killed with the spears.

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of which have been revealed to him by some spirit. A certain grass, said to be the favorite food of tapirs, is endowed with great medicinal virtues. It is used not only to cure but also to prevent sickness (Henry, 1941, p. 88). Massages play a great part in therapeutics. Sometimes these are so violent that the practitioner steps on the patient's stomach. The skin is frequently rubbed with pulverized barks or plants before the treatment. Burning herbs are used therapeutically, particularly for wounds. A patient bitten by a snake is laid upon a slanting platform over a fire and given warm water to drink to make him vomit. Manizer (1930, p. 784) was impressed by the number of people whose heads, arms, or legs were swathed in *Philodendron* for therapeutic purposes. To lessen fatigue on a long walk, the Indians bandage their legs up to the hip with tight braids. (On *Caingang* medicine, see Paula Souza, 1918, pp. 750–753.)

Bloodletting, which is practiced with a flint flake or a piece of glass, is a common cure for many ailments. Like many Indians, the *Caingang* treat fever with cold baths. Breathing on the affected spot is a common means of assisting a suffering person. Wounds are sprinkled with pulverized jaborandy powder.

When illness is caused by the loss of the soul, the patient may recover if appropriate words are spoken to induce the soul to return. It is often promised food. If the shaman's diagnosis reveals that the disease has been brought about by invisible missiles shot by a spirit, the cure consists of extracting them with the mouth. This procedure, however, was observed only among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* of Santa Catarina.

Magic practices.—To drive clouds away, old women blow against the right hand and then wave it toward the clouds, spreading the fingers as if to disseminate their breath. When the *Aweikoma-Caingang* desire rain, they put their mouths to the water and blow. They take some in their hands and cry, as they throw it upward, "Look here! Do like this." (Henry, 1941, p. 94.) Ashes thrown into a river are expected to stop its rise.

Divining.—According to Lozano (1873, 1:427), *Guayaná* shamans drank maté in order to consult spirits. Answering questions put to them by their clients, the shamans always said, "The grass [maté] told me this or that." Among modern *Aweikoma*, a man may be requested to drink maté and to belch while he is asked questions. A strong belch is interpreted as "No" and a weak one as "Yes" (Henry, 1941, p. 88).

In order to know which animals will be killed and where they will be found, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* set fire to a heap of pine-wood charcoal. The size of the spark corresponds to an animal species and the place where it twinkles indicates where the game will be slain.

basket in the water for the fish, and they came along and plumped into it. He showed her so that he and she might both see it all the time." The essential features of this very mild incident are the simple nature of the instruction and the division of the fish species into supernatural untouchables and natural touchables. This was characteristic of every animal category—some of it was recognizable by the shaman as supernatural, and the rest was natural and might be killed and eaten. When we remember that the spirit a person sees constantly is his close friend and companion, we can readily understand this cautious examination of the scene by the shaman and his painstaking selection of the animals to be killed and those to be left alone. Some of them are children of his friend, and the rest are simply animals which the spirit gives to him for food.

Spirits control their species and keep them in inclosures from which they let them out from time to time. When they are angered, either because too many have been killed or because some have not been killed, they close them up again and animals become scarce. Failure to bring down an animal is an unfortunate occurrence which annoys the spirit, but refusal to take a tapir or deer or any other animal which the *nggiyúdn* offers is tantamount to refusing food from a human benefactor and can have but one outcome, death. Whoever turns away from quarry pointed out by a spirit is bound to fall ill and die.

The more we examine the ways in which the Kaingáng maintained the bonds that united them with supernatural benefactors, the more we discover that they duplicated in any number of details the complex of relationships and feelings through which security was maintained in their own society. One more point may be added. Over and over again, malevolent supernaturals are referred to by the sinister term of "different thing," but guardian spirits were never called by this term; for "different things" are dangerous things, and guardian spirits were friendly and helpful.

Like most primitive peoples, the Kaingáng obtain from spirits some powers to cure disease, but this side of Kaingáng supernaturalism was very slightly developed. In many cultures in which religious values rate high, the powers to cure and kill supernaturally bring great rewards. But the Kaingáng never killed supernaturally; the most they did in this direction was to throw people into a deep sleep so that they could murder them with lance or club. They did cure through the agency of the supernatural, but the shaman received no pay for his efforts, and his practice was generally limited to his own immediate family. The ministerings of the shaman were viewed as attentions naturally received from a close relative. No shaman ever extended the benefits of his practice outside his own extended family. Kaingáng culture did not define achievement in supernatural terms—shamanistic powers of any kind were not even something to boast about or to plume oneself on. The most that a very powerful shaman got from his

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of men. One day Klendó, a man about sixty-five, and I were sitting together in my little house discussing the *kuplêng*. Gradually clouds gathered in the west. The wind began to mount, and at last with a rush the storm swept up the valley. As the wind increased in violence the look of anxiety intensified on Klendó's face. He gazed with frightened eyes through the window before us, and his mind wandered as he watched in fascination the rivulets of water trickling under the frame. At last the catch on the window that faced the wind snapped, and with a burst of thunder and lightning and a swirl of wind and rain, the window was flung open, drenching the house in an instant and sending my papers flying. Klendó was seized with acute terror, and jumping up with more animation than he had shown in weeks, he dashed to the door, opened it a crack, and bellowed: "My *kôklá*,[19] I am afraid of you; so stop! My *kôklá*, you are angry with me; so you have made the storm!" Thus he shouted to his *kôklá*, his second father, a man with whom he had had a most friendly relationship while he was alive.

"Why was he angry with you?" I asked. "I don't know," he replied, with that petulance that is so characteristic of the Kaingáng when they are frightened. But in the afternoon he had an explanation, for he had stopped to gossip and had learned that Kemblén's grandson had had a quarrel with Yukwáya that very day. Kemblén, "therefore, became angry with her [Yukwáya] and made it dark. Kemblén knew that Yukwáya was angry, and therefore it became dark."

In characteristic Kaingáng fashion, people fall sick and die either because they are attacked by some *nggiyúdn* who wishes them ill or because they are seduced or "led off" by one who wants them for company. Thus the causes of illness and death are oriented toward both extremes of the Kaingáng world-view. In any event, the ultimate cause of death is complete soul-loss. Seduction is accomplished either through invitations to visit a "good country," i.e. where the hunting is good and the honey plentiful, or through sexual stimulation. When Vomblé's father tried to lure him away, it was through promises of plenty, but Klendó almost died because a female *nggiyúdn* wanted him for a sex companion.

The defenses against soul-loss are very simple. The victim may simply say, "Let's go back," to those who wish to take him away, or he may renounce his connection with the *nggiyúdn* if it happens to be an unconsummated sexual one. If it is consummated he is lost and soon dies. First he may go mad like Patklé, who copulated with a female *nggiyúdn*, or he may rot inside, like Kulá. Whoever has intercourse with the supernatural will not burn easily on the funeral pyre, and he is an evil omen to his relatives. "One night," said Vomblé, "Kulá called out to her brother: 'Waipó,

[19] Ceremonial father.

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761 Far from permitting them control over species of plants and animals, the pessimistic totemism of the Kaingáng simply adds one more gloomy trait to the prevailingly somber character of their supernaturalism. Their totems are solely omens of death, for "When the Klendó are about to die there is no honey—there are only bees. When the Wanyekí are about to die the tapirs are very thin, because they are Wanyekí's *mang*. The pine tree belongs to Thethé [the circle people], and when they are about to die there are no pine cones. When they die they burn them in a dry pine tree. Before Chulí fell there were no pine cones—and then he fell. They burnt him in a dry pine tree. Before the Brazilians killed Kuikégn, the pines were the same way."

262 Like most peoples the world over, the Kaingáng reject certain things as foods while they accept others. But their preferences have little to do with their totemic ideas. There is a story in an origin myth of one of the line people who swam about in the water so much that he became a capavary, so that now the line people do not eat capavary; if they were to do so it would be like eating their own people. But almost no one at all eats capavary, nor do they eat armadillo or paca, that delicious fat little rodent that eludes the hunter like a streak of light. Some people abstain from tiger, but others eat its heart to make them valiant like the tiger, which roams and fights alone. None of these taboos are observed by everyone. Some animals from which the Kaingáng abstain were practically impossible for them to kill under the conditions of their old life, in which they had no traps or boats. The capavary is taken by trapping, the paca by trapping or by pursuit in a boat from which the hunter may kill it with a trident in the shallow water where it has hidden. The swift-flying and hypersensitive wild ducks are extremely hard to approach, and the meat of anteater and certain water birds has a very bad flavor. There seems to be less reason for abstaining from the toad, the armadillo, and the tiger. The Kaingáng say that they do not eat the tiger because its fat is white (not yellow like other animals') and that they abstain from armadillo because its bones break so easily that they are afraid their own will break.

All of these things that the Kaingáng do not eat are called *shanggiign*, which is the term they use for anything dirty. People who eat things that are *shanggiign* will lose their teeth, break their bones, or grow old prematurely.

Omens

187 The prevailing reason for the interest of the Kaingáng in omens is death. "I saw that before Padnmbá died it rained very heavily first," said Chukembégn. "Then the river rose after his death. The bees did not make honey—they just lived in the trees." All of this was because Padnmbá was

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basket in the water for the fish, and they came along and plumped into it. He showed her so that he and she might both see it all the time." The essential features of this very mild incident are the simple nature of the instruction and the division of the fish species into supernatural untouchables and natural touchables. This was characteristic of every animal category—some of it was recognizable by the shaman as supernatural, and the rest was natural and might be killed and eaten. When we remember that the spirit a person sees constantly is his close friend and companion, we can readily understand this cautious examination of the scene by the shaman and his painstaking selection of the animals to be killed and those to be left alone. Some of them are children of his friend, and the rest are simply animals which the spirit gives to him for food.

Spirits control their species and keep them in inclosures from which they let them out from time to time. When they are angered, either because too many have been killed or because some have not been killed, they close them up again and animals become scarce. Failure to bring down an animal is an unfortunate occurrence which annoys the spirit, but refusal to take a tapir or deer or any other animal which the *nggiyúdn* offers is tantamount to refusing food from a human benefactor and can have but one outcome, death. Whoever turns away from quarry pointed out by a spirit is bound to fall ill and die.

The more we examine the ways in which the Kaingáng maintained the bonds that united them with supernatural benefactors, the more we discover that they duplicated in any number of details the complex of relationships and feelings through which security was maintained in their own society. One more point may be added. Over and over again, malevolent supernaturals are referred to by the sinister term of "different thing," but guardian spirits were never called by this term; for "different things" are dangerous things, and guardian spirits were friendly and helpful.

Like most primitive peoples, the Kaingáng obtain from spirits some powers to cure disease, but this side of Kaingáng supernaturalism was very slightly developed. In many cultures in which religious values rate high, the powers to cure and kill supernaturally bring great rewards. But the Kaingáng never killed supernaturally; the most they did in this direction was to throw people into a deep sleep so that they could murder them with lance or club. They did cure through the agency of the supernatural, but the shaman received no pay for his efforts, and his practice was generally limited to his own immediate family. The ministerings of the shaman were viewed as attentions naturally received from a close relative. No shaman ever extended the benefits of his practice outside his own extended family. Kaingáng culture did not define achievement in supernatural terms—shamanistic powers of any kind were not even something to boast about or to plume oneself on. The most that a very powerful shaman got from his

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COMMUNICATION

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RELIGION

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825 *Aweikoma-Caingang* share the widespread belief that all animals have "masters," that is to say, spirits that control and protect them. Such spirits are willing to give up some of their kin to satisfy men's needs, but are angered if people destroy them wantonly or if hunters refuse an animal "offered" to them.

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of which have been revealed to him by some spirit. A certain grass, said to be the favorite food of tapirs, is endowed with great medicinal virtues. It is used not only to cure but also to prevent sickness (Henry, 1941, p. 83). Massages play a great part in therapeutics. Sometimes these are so violent that the practitioner steps on the patient's stomach. The skin is frequently rubbed with pulverized barks or plants before the treatment. Burning herbs are used therapeutically, particularly for wounds. A patient bitten by a snake is laid upon a slanting platform over a fire and given warm water to drink to make him vomit. Maniser (1930, p. 784) was impressed by the number of people whose heads, arms, or legs were swathed in *Philodendron* for therapeutic purposes. To lessen fatigue on a long walk, the Indians bandage their legs up to the hip with tight braids. (On *Caingang* medicine, see Paula Souza, 1918, pp. 750–753.)

Bloodletting, which is practiced with a flint flake or a piece of glass, is a common cure for many ailments. Like many Indians, the *Caingang* treat fever with cold baths. Breathing on the affected spot is a common means of assisting a suffering person. Wounds are sprinkled with pulverized jaborandy powder.

When illness is caused by the loss of the soul, the patient may recover if appropriate words are spoken to induce the soul to return. It is often promised food. If the shaman's diagnosis reveals that the disease has been brought about by invisible missiles shot by a spirit, the cure consists of extracting them with the mouth. This procedure, however, was observed only among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* of Santa Catarina.

Magic practices.—To drive clouds away, old women blow against the right hand and then wave it toward the clouds, spreading the fingers as if to disseminate their breath. When the *Aweikoma-Caingang* desire rain, they put their mouths to the water and blow. They take some in their hands and cry, as they throw it upward, "Look here! Do like this." (Henry, 1941, p. 94.) Ashes thrown into a river are expected to stop its rise.

Divining.—According to Lozano (1873, 1:427), *Guayaná* shamans drank maté in order to consult spirits. Answering questions put to them by their clients, the shamans always said, "The grass [maté] told me this or that." Among modern *Aweikoma*, a man may be requested to drink maté and to belch while he is asked questions. A strong belch is interpreted as "No" and a weak one as "Yes" (Henry, 1941, p. 88).

In order to know which animals will be killed and where they will be found, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* set fire to a heap of pine-wood charcoal. The size of the spark corresponds to an animal species and the place where it twinkles indicates where the game will be slain.

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lift me up.' When he heard this, he woke up and took hold of her, lifted, 761
and set her down. Then she said to him, 'It seems to me that you copulated 776
with me,' but he replied: 'No! Probably *nggīyúdn* copulated with you.' She lay there awhile and at last died. When she was burnt, she exploded. She was *sui* [an evil omen] to them. She lay on her back with her feet in the air. She also said her husband [Véye] copulated with her; that is why she died. Probably the *nggīyúdn* looked like Véye. Her blood came out of her vagina."

Another way of bringing back the errant *kuplêng* is through calling it, but it does not always return. "I saw Nggemú's *kuplêng*," said Vomblé, "before the Brazilians killed her. I got up at night when the moon was high. Nggemú was sleeping a little to the side. Her *kuplêng* sat up. I thought it was she herself. It went out into the darkness. I thought she had gone to urinate, and I waited for her to return. I was awake, and I looked for her. I called out, 'Are you there?' 'Yes. When he [her infant] cried, I sat up.' 'I thought you went that way, and I waited for you.' 'I didn't go; I just sat up.' 'You went that way; I heard your noise.' Then Kuthúgn [her husband] rose and called Nggemú['s *kuplêng*]: 'Come here, Nggemú, come here! Come to the meat you put aside!' He was calling her *kuplêng*, but it probably did not come back, for nine days later the Brazilians killed her." It is interesting that mortals often use the same inducement to lure back the wandering *kuplêng* as the *nggīyúdn* do to draw it away; namely, food. Through the promise of plenty the *kuplêng* of a man is lured away by the supernaturals; through food the soul of a dead child is induced to return to its mother's womb, and it was through food that the *kuplêng* of Nggemú was tempted to return to Kuthúgn.

Behind the *kuplêng's* wish to snatch away its living relatives is its strong attachment for them, but in the case of the ghost-soul of a dead enemy the motivating force is revenge. When relatives lead off the unwilling *kuplêng* it is so that it may be cherished, but enemies seize the soul to punish the body. So, also, when supernatural beings other than ghost-sou's take away *kuplêng*, it is for similar reasons. Thus the Kaingáng imagination follows out its pattern consistently both with *kuplêng* and with all other *nggīyúdn*.

Kuplêng may seduce, "lead off," or capture the souls of mortals, but de- 755
vouring and shooting are the privilege of other *nggīyúdn*. For devouring 776
there is no remedy—once a person is eaten, he is consumed and that is all, but for shooting there is a cure, and that is extraction of the missile, a reddish, wormlike object. Anyone may summon back a wandering soul or even cure sickness with an infusion of herbs or of bark scrapings, but only a shaman who has seen supernatural Pain can extract *thêyê*, the missiles which are shot into people by the monster Yunggí or by Pain.

"Tendó was a shaman. She took out men's *thêyê*. Her sister Kukú had a 756

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228 too, when a new-born child's ceremonial mother and father place its umbilical cord and placenta in the water, they wrap them in tapir's raw food. Throughout life's crises, wherever the threat of death is great or where the greatest stakes lie, tapir's raw food appears as a symbol to help the Kaingáng over difficult transitions.

235 When we review the techniques which the Kaingáng employ to cure their sick, one in particular seems in perfect harmony with what we know of the Kaingáng personality and world-view—that is the laying on of hands which accompanies every curing, no matter what additional therapeusis is utilized. This is at once a way of reassuring the sick by reawakening in them deep-rooted intuitions of security and a device for bringing the "physician" into rapport with his patient. Even herb infusions are not so constantly resorted to as the laying on of hands. The ceremony used by Thalú to cure her son is of a type well known throughout the primitive world and particularly in the Americas. The most remarkable thing about it, however, is that there should be only one such story from the Kaingáng and that it is so well known and so outstanding that it is told almost like a folktale. There has been nothing like it for a hundred years. *Thêfyé* extractions also have been disappearing, for the last that the Kaingáng remember occurred fifty years ago. The disappearance of curings by singing and by extraction of *thêfyé* are examples of the gradual simplification of the culture, which has been going on for centuries and of which we have abundant evidence from social organization and folklore.

The techniques of biting, spitting, blowing, and singing were obtained from the *nggiyáda*, but the laying on of hands anyone could practice. The application of warm infusions and warm hands has nothing to do with the supernatural, except in so far as everything in the Kaingáng world is supposed to have come from the supernatural. The history of Kaingáng society has been one of long-continued disruption and of gradual reduction in the circle of security. Thus, as the human world grew more and more hostile, the supernatural, which was already alive with monsters and charged with death, began to lose the modicum of beneficence that it had had and the Kaingáng came to rely more on things they received directly from those they had known since childhood. It is significant in this connection that the last *thêfyé* extraction was done just about the time of the last extermination of an extended family. The Kaingáng have not become sceptical of the supernatural, but have come to rely little on its goodness.

Hunting Practices[36]

224 Since the Kaingáng have placed their faith largely in the efficacy of personal contact with the supernatural and the element of rapport is rarely

[36] All that is said here regarding tapir applies equally to deer.

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monsters at night have more definite content. This is consonant with the fact that the Kaingáng have devoted much more interest and imagination to the elaboration of the fearful aspects of their supernatural world than to the benign.

With Kenéðn's simple vision of Toad compare the following horrible dream that Vomblé had of the *ŋgŋiyáda* before Véye died: "I was the first one to see that the *ŋgŋiyáda* ate Véye. I saw the *ŋgŋiyáda* come with Véye. I saw that they were going to kill him, and I said to them, 'Why do you want to kill Véye?' But they said nothing. Then they said, 'He is a pig.' 'It is Véye [said Vomblé]; I used to go around with him.' They took hoes and led Véye off. I said, 'Leave him alone.' But they killed Véye with hoes. 'Why did you kill him?' 'It is a pig.' 'It is a human being, and it is taboo for you to eat it.' They seized his feet and tore him apart. I protected him. I thought I was dreaming. They put salt on him and ate him. When they ate him, it was taboo. I almost vomited. 'Come and eat [they said], it is like tapir's marrow.' But it was capavary.[33] Then I vomited and sat up. I ate dirt and almost vomited. Next day I told Véye, 'They roasted your ribs with salt,' but Véye said I was lying. Three days later he died."

Horror and the impulses to murder and cannibalism which the Kaingáng constantly and compulsively express are much more congenial to their imagination than the warm relationships with beneficent spirits of the natural world. It is true that guardian spirits are often mentioned in Kaingáng folklore, but most frequently simply as incidents in a murder tale. Stories whose central theme is a relationship with a guardian spirit are extremely rare. Being "shown" a spirit was as simple an experience as seeing it oneself. One day while an Indian was out with someone who had been seeing a spirit, the shaman would say to him casually, "Go over there and shoot those howler monkeys," and always after that the Indian would see supernatural Howler Monkey and find howler monkeys very easily. Such an experience might be accompanied by darkness and wind, but generally it was not.

"Yokégn was a shaman. He saw Fish and Wasp. He went hunting, and when he came back, he said to his wife: 'Let us go to the fish I saw. I'm going to get some for them [the children].' So his wife emptied a basket and carried it along with her. When they reached the spot, the water was shallow and there were some [fish] in it. Then he said to her, 'Come over here and have a look.' When she approached, she saw its men[34] in there. She stood there looking, and at last, he [her husband] asked, 'Did you see?' 'Yes,' she replied. 'Let us go now to the other fish that one eats all the time. They are good. Catch some of them.' So she took her basket and entered [the stream]. The shallow water came toward her in waves. She put her

[33] An amphibious rodent (*Hydrochoerus capybara*) two feet long and twenty inches high.
[34] Fish in anthropomorphic form.

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basket in the water for the fish, and they came along and plumped into it. He showed her so that he and she might both see it all the time." The essential features of this very mild incident are the simple nature of the instruction and the division of the fish species into supernatural untouchables and natural touchables. This was characteristic of every animal category—some of it was recognizable by the shaman as supernatural, and the rest was natural and might be killed and eaten. When we remember that the spirit a person sees constantly is his close friend and companion, we can readily understand this cautious examination of the scene by the shaman and his painstaking selection of the animals to be killed and those to be left alone. Some of them are children of his friend, and the rest are simply animals which the spirit gives to him for food.

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Like most primitive peoples, the Kaingáng obtain from spirits some powers to cure disease, but this side of Kaingáng supernaturalism was very slightly developed. In many cultures in which religious values rate high, the powers to cure and kill supernaturally bring great rewards. But the Kaingáng never killed supernaturally; the most they did in this direction was to throw people into a deep sleep so that they could murder them with lance or club. They did cure through the agency of the supernatural, but the shaman received no pay for his efforts, and his practice was generally limited to his own immediate family. The ministerings of the shaman were viewed as attentions naturally received from a close relative. No shaman ever extended the benefits of his practice outside his own extended family. Kaingáng culture did not define achievement in supernatural terms—charismatic powers of any kind were not even something to boast about or to plume oneself on. The most that a very powerful shaman got from his

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fellows was a certain awe while he was alive and dread when he was dead. 756 Almost anywhere in North America, the ethnologist may obtain for the asking stories of shamans with great powers to cure, even where he does not learn the esoteric lore accompanying them. Among the Kaingáng such stories do not exist at all. After diligent questioning, one does find out that Chu used to cure people, and that once Kemblén treated Klendó and he recovered; but supernatural healing was not a theme that the culture elaborated. [539]

Kemblén was one of those rare individuals about whom supernatural influences seemed to cluster like lines of force about a magnet. He had lost an arm because of his refusal of power from Snake, who therefore bit him in anger. As he grew older he gradually accumulated the powers of Quatí, Monkey, Wind, and Fish, and in the end this was his undoing, for Quatí was out of sorts with him one day for some unknown reason, and he fell sick and died. Before he died, he showed two of his daughters, Anggló and Chantágn, his supernatural remedies. One day, after I had been among the Kaingáng for many months, Chantágn came to me, trembling with anxiety, and announced that for a price she would tell me about her father's medicine. There was no doubt about Chantágn's sincerity, and she was in real fear that her father might become aware of the fact that she was revealing his medicines and kill her. Although I ordinarily left windows open on the rare occasions when women were in my house, Chantágn's fear was so obvious and painful that I carefully closed all the doors and windows so that *nggiyúdn* could neither see nor hear what was going on, and prepared myself for a revelation.

At last, still trembling, Chantágn took out a little package wrapped in paper, unfolded it, and disclosed two plants, telling as she did so that one was to cure sickness in children and one was for sore eyes and that they should be pounded up and mixed with water. That was all—she asked her price and was prepared to leave. What a cold bath this experience was to me! For months I had been burrowing in search of just this kind of information with little success, and when at last Chantágn came to me straight from the source of power, I felt that surely now I should discover the real content of Kaingáng religion. I did, but it was little different from what I had known before. Naturally I questioned her. From her breathless replies in which one word stumbled on the heels of the next, I learned that Kemblén had received the medicines from Monkey when he was a *kélu*:[18] "'Give it to your children,' said Monkey. 'Apply it to their sides. Let them lie on their backs on a robe.' He said to Howler Monkey: 'Give it to me. When I see that they are sick I shall get it for them.' Then Howler Monkey cleared the ground and showed it to him." To Chantágn the whole potency of the curing was in the herbs she sold me.

[18] Any male between the ages of thirty-five or forty is a *kélu*.

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956 In all friendly relations a Kaingáng insists on superlatively developed emotional rapport and strong identification. A shaman's bond with the supernatural world was spun from the same emotional stuff as his tie with his fellow men, for he lived with the spirits, shared their food and his own, and adopted their children. Everything a shaman had from the supernatural he had by virtue of a strong and enduring emotional relationship with some supernatural being. After death he retained his connection with his guardian spirit, and even today the Kaingáng address their supplications directly to him, for he has real control over whatever forces the spirit directs. "Kukéye saw Howler Monkey. He died, and now whenever the others kill Howler Monkeys, they cry: *'Yúgn*, Kukéye, it is I. Protect me!'"

When shamans performed acts which had been made possible by virtue of their connections with the supernatural, their associations with the spirit were made manifest. Since it was forbidden shamans to announce in so many words their actual relations with the spirit, they did it by means of stereotyped formulae which were direct enough but did not take the form of actual stories of their experiences. Instead of saying, "I have seen the spirit of Howler Monkey," the shaman asked a question which might best be translated, "Am I not probably the useful howler monkey?" And then he uttered its cry. This announcement was an affirmation or momentary actualization of his bond with the spirit. It was the shaman's deep emotional roots in the supernatural that made it possible for him to cure his patient, who was always a member of his own extended family and usually a very close relative. Thus, literally, deep spoke to deep, and through their intense and highly charged rapport, cure was effected.

Chu was once married to Thalú, but she "threw him away" and married another. One day her son Kukéye was bitten by a snake. He lost consciousness and sang in his delirium. "When his relatives heard this, they wept. Thalú blew on him. She rushed around him and sang:

éng mbē thi tộ
éng mbē thi tộ
lô mbē ki nyang djô to nụ
éng ngglá ya tha tógn mé nụ ngglá mu ve
my dance place usual that about I dance
éng ngglá kụ echộ kôtêi ko ha wú éng nyatka
my dance and I fruit eat it my mouth
vêlê ve[10]
fall (plural)

[10] Elements not accompanied by interlinear translations are either meaningless syllables to carry the melody or untranslatable grammatical particles.

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Then she went *hũ hũ hũ hũ*—she was imitating the macuca. She was saying in the song that the macuca was eating something. The food of the macuca is in its throat. That is what she meant by *nyatka vẽlẽ*." A free translation of the little song is: "I dance in my customary dance place, and as I dance, the fruit tumbles into my mouth." The symbolism of the song and cry is transparent to the Kaingáng. "Probably," said my informant, "she is telling in her song about having seen macuca dancing. Probably she used to dance with them."

When Thalú had finished, she called to her former husband Chu: "'Come and look him over.' He came over and looked at Kukéye, who was lying on a robe. He rubbed his hands over him and then blew on him. Then he uttered the cry of the howler monkey, *ngga ngga ngga ngga*. He spat all over Kukéye." He prophesied that the patient would live, saying, "I have seen that my offspring will eat pine pollen." Now was the time for Chu to announce his bond with the supernatural, and he cried, "Am I the voice of the useful *cipo* [vine]!" meaning by that that he "was" the howler monkey that sits upon the cipo. "He was saying that he was a supernatural being. Then he stopped and said to his relatives, 'Wash him with some other remedy.' So they washed him with *tatalo*. Kukéye went *'Ho'* and vomited blood. He opened his eyes. Chu had thrown all the poison out of him."

English is poor in words indicating existence. In English we may say, "It is a tapir," and to us this simple statement will seem clear and definitive. But to a Kaingáng Indian the statement, "It is a tapir," would seem extraordinarily vague. He would want to know whether the tapir was standing up or lying down, whether it was walking around or standing still. In the Kaingáng language there are words meaning "to be" that convey in addition some such concepts as these. There is still another that implies probability and blurs the edges of existential categories. All of these can have but one translation in English—"to be." When Chu says, "Am I the voice of the useful cipo?" he frames his utterance in the category last mentioned and in this way does nothing more than indicate his bond with the howler monkey.[11] The expression itself is really untranslatable; but its general feeling is one of indefinite assertion. It by no means implies that Chu is a howler monkey.

A striking example of the close bond between a shaman and the phenomenon from whose spirit he once obtained supernatural powers was provided me one winter's day during a storm. Kenhlén, who numbered wind among his many guardian spirits, has been dead a number of years, but still his *kupléng*[12] is powerful and may influence the natural world to the injury

[11] Because the howler monkey habits on to the vine and makes a noise.
[12] Ghost-soul.

of men. One day Klendó, a man about sixty-five, and I were sitting together in my little house discussing the *kwplémg*. Gradually clouds gathered in the west. The wind began to mount, and at last with a rush the storm swept up the valley. As the wind increased in violence the look of anxiety intensified on Klendó's face. He gazed with frightened eyes through the window before us, and his mind wandered as he watched in fascination the rivulets of water trickling under the frame. At last the catch on the window that faced the wind snapped, and with a burst of thunder and lightning and a swirl of wind and rain, the window was flung open, drenching the house in an instant and sending my papers flying. Klendó was seized with acute terror, and jumping up with more animation than he had shown in weeks, he dashed to the door, opened it a crack, and bellowed: "My *kókli*,[28] I am afraid of you; so stop! My *kókli*, you are angry with me; so you have made the storm!" Thus he shouted to his *kókli*, his second father, a man with whom he had had a most friendly relationship while he was alive.

"Why was he angry with you?" I asked. "I don't know," he replied, with that petulance that is so characteristic of the Kaingáng when they are frightened. But in the afternoon he had an explanation, for he had stopped to gossip and had learned that Kemblén's grandson had had a quarrel with Yukwáya that very day. Kemblén, "therefore, became angry with her [Yukwáya] and made it dark. Kemblén knew that Yukwáya was angry, and therefore it became dark."

In characteristic Kaingáng fashion, people fall sick and die either because they are attacked by some *nggiyádn* who wishes them ill or because they are seduced or "led off" by one who wants them for company. Thus the causes of illness and death are oriented toward both extremes of the Kaingáng world-view. In any event, the ultimate cause of death is complete soul-loss. Seduction is accomplished either through invitations to visit a "good country," i.e. where the hunting is good and the honey plentiful, or through sexual stimulation. When Vomblé's father tried to lure him away, it was through promises of plenty, but Klendó almost died because a female *nggiyádn* wanted him for a sex companion.

The defenses against soul-loss are very simple. The victim may simply say, "Let's go back," to those who wish to take him away, or he may renounce his connection with the *nggiyádn* if it happens to be an unconsummated sexual one. If it is consummated he is lost and soon dies. First he may go mad like Puklé, who copulated with a female *nggiyádn*, or he may rot inside, like Kulé. Whoever has intercourse with the supernatural will not burn easily on the funeral pyre, and he is an evil omen to his relatives. "One night," said Vomblé, "Kulé called out to her brother: 'Waipó,

[28] Ceremonial father.

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lift me up.' When he heard this, he woke up and took hold of her, lifted, 761
and set her down. Then she said to him, 'It seems to me that you copulated 776
with me,' but he replied: 'No! Probably *nggīyúdn* copulated with you.' She lay there awhile and at last died. When she was burnt, she exploded. She was *vai* [an evil omen] to them. She lay on her back with her feet in the air. She also said her husband [Véye] copulated with her; that is why she died. Probably the *nggīyúdn* looked like Véye. Her blood came out of her vagina."

Another way of bringing back the errant *kuplêng* is through calling it, but it does not always return. "I saw Nggemú's *kuplêng*," said Vomblé, "before the Brazilians killed her. I got up at night when the moon was high. Nggemú was sleeping a little to the side. Her *kuplêng* sat up. I thought it was she herself. It went out into the darkness. I thought she had gone to urinate, and I waited for her to return. I was awake, and I looked for her. I called out, 'Are you there?' 'Yes. When he [her infant] cried, I sat up.' 'I thought you went that way, and I waited for you.' 'I didn't go; I just sat up.' 'You went that way; I heard your noise.' Then Kuthúgn [her husband] rose and called Nggemú['s *kuplêng*]: 'Come here, Nggemú, come here! Come to the meat you put aside!' He was calling her *kuplêng*, but it probably did not come back, for nine days later the Brazilians killed her." It is interesting that mortals often use the same inducement to lure back the wandering *kuplêng* as the *nggīyúdn* do to draw it away; namely, food. Through the promise of plenty the *kuplêng* of a man is lured away by the supernaturals; through food the soul of a dead child is induced to return to its mother's womb, and it was through food that the *kuplêng* of Nggemú was tempted to return to Kuthúgn.

Behind the *kuplêng's* wish to snatch away its living relatives is its strong attachment for them, but in the case of the ghost-soul of a dead enemy the motivating force is revenge. When relatives lead off the unwilling *kuplêng* it is so that it may be cherished, but enemies seize the soul to punish the body. So, also, when supernatural beings other than ghost-souls take away *kuplêng*, it is for similar reasons. Thus the Kaingáng imagination follows out its pattern consistently both with *kuplêng* and with all other *nggīyúdn*.

Kuplêng may seduce, "lead off," or capture the souls of mortals, but de- 755
vouring and shooting are the privilege of other *nggīyúdn*. For devouring 776
there is no remedy—once a person is eaten, he is consumed and that is all, but for shooting there is a cure, and that is extraction of the missile, a reddish, wormlike object. Anyone may summon back a wandering soul or even cure sickness with an infusion of herbs or of bark scrapings, but only a shaman who has seen supernatural Pain can extract *thêyê*, the missiles which are shot into people by the monster Yunggí or by Pain.

"Tondó was a shaman. She took out men's *thêyê*. Her sister Kukú had a 756

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rash that was so red, it seemed as if she had been burnt. She wept all night. Next day Tendó went to Kukú's mother and said, 'Why did she cry all night?' 'She cried all night because of her *théyé*.' Tendó looked at her feet. Then she fetched some water, put medicine in it, heated it, and washed Kukú's feet and rubbed them. She made her *théyé* come out by kneading it. She looked and put her mouth to it and bit out the thing. Kukú's mother did not watch, for she was making a shirt. Tendó bit out the thing—she bit out many, and said: '*Nyp*,[20] look here! This is what did it.' The *théyé* were red and she put them in the water. The *théyé* were red. Then she squeezed medicine over her and tied up the place."

In all *théyé* extractions there was always the use of warm water, the universal panacea, with or without a medicine, the kneading to the surface of the *théyé*, and finally extraction, not by sucking, but by seizing with the teeth and pulling—"biting," as the Kaingáng put it.

In our culture oral functions are often associated with ideas of destruction. Consider, for example, our vocabulary of oral destruction: "devour the enemy," "the jaws of death," "swallowed up in the sea," "biting humor," "eaten with rust," "gnawing hunger." Among the Kaingáng, however, oral destruction is relegated almost entirely to the realm of fantasy. The only beings that can actually destroy with the mouth are cannibalistic supernaturals and occasional masculine human characters in folklore. The situation in which oral functions are used for non-nutritional purposes on the human level is essentially a cherishing one—healing the sick. In curing, the Kaingáng spit, blow, and bite. A mother whose sick child refuses remedy or is too weak to nurse takes the medicine or food into her mouth and forces it between the child's lips. Women who esteem their husbands greatly chew their food for them. Although the cherishing motif predominates in oral behavior, there are two situations in which suggestions of oral annihilation appear. One is in the use of two curses[21] that are accompanied by spitting; the other is in the use of the term *nyat ka klédn*, mouth inside escape to escape out of the mouth, which is employed at times to mean escape from a tiger or from a human enemy, i.e. from a "different thing." It is striking that the Kaingáng rarely use the curses—I do not know of a single instance in which they actually were used, and I regard them not as weapons actually employed, but as techniques known to exist.

The kneading that precedes the extraction of the *théyé* is a special case

[20] Mother, or woman much older than the speaker.

[21] "So that they may go and die in one night they spit after them and say, 'When you go slip on this!' To lie there and die—that is a curse. They spit after him (and say), 'When you go may you do the same as *kóingplédn* (a tree) and rot!' This *kóingplédn* rots and falls at the slightest frost. They spit after him and he dies shortly."

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of the Kaingáng faith in the efficacy of "the laying on of hands." We already know what the multiplication of caresses means to the Kaingáng in the way of security, and the gentle application of warm infusions of herbs or bark to all parts of the body of a sick person is not different in kind from the reciprocal stroking of two young men lying in affectionate embrace. Still another way of curing the sick is to heat one's hands near the fire and lay them gently on the body of the patient. This high valuation of cutaneous contact is one aspect of the Kaingáng special interest in sensation.

But the Kaingáng do not only cure from without, they also cure from within; and to that end they administer a variety of herb and bark infusions in warm water. These are rubbed all over the surface of the body, for the Kaingáng cannot conceive of treating the inside of the body without also treating the outside.[22] Anyone at all may perform this tender and solicitous task, and it is no rarity to see a Kaingáng step aside from the trail to cut a few plants for someone else or to see him come back from the hunt with a handful of herbs for medicine. A number of these herbs are used as panaceas—they are applied with equal faith to relieve a headache or a pain in the chest or to heal a cut.[23]

Of all the herbs and barks that the Kaingáng use to treat the sick, one alone is based on something more than this kind of selection. The use of *ŭyŏlo nya tĕi*, "tapir's raw food," rests on a strong sense of its vital power. Tapir's raw food grows everywhere in the Kaingáng country. It is the favorite eating of the tapir and enjoys a wider use as a remedy among the Kaingáng than any other plant in their medicinal catalogue. But this herb is used not only to cure sickness but also to prevent evil. It is spread over the body of a dead tapir to please its *kuplêng* so that it will not take all the rest of its brethren with it and leave mankind to starve, and in the same way it is placed all around the body of a dead infant to induce its *kuplêng* to return to its mother. When a widow's hair and nails are cut, they are mixed with tapir's raw food before they are thrown into the water, so that they will not rot; and when she returns to camp after her isolation, tapir's raw food is strewn in her path to drive off the *kuplêng* of her husband. So,

[22] Nowadays they do swallow the white man's remedies without rubbing them over their bodies.

[23] Their use is based not on exact knowledge of their efficacy in specific cases but on the simple faith that they are beneficial. The employment of herbs in this naive uncritical manner must lie at the roots of some of the great medicinal discoveries of primitive peoples, like quinine. Just as the Kaingáng scrape the bark of a number of trees and use them indiscriminately to relieve a variety of ills, the Indians of the interior of South America may have used the bark of the quina tree for a number of ailments until they observed that one disease in particular, malaria, yielded to it, whereas others did not. This marked the real discovery of quinine, one of the American Indian's great contributions to the relief of human suffering.

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273 the juice of a fern to "make the beer red," is fermented in wooden troughs from 5 to 6 feet (1.5 to 1.8 m.) long made of tree stumps hollowed out by burning and chopping, then closed at both ends with wax. To accelerate fermentation, the beverage is heated every 3d day with red-hot stones and then covered with pieces of bark.

COMMUNICATION

202 The *Caingang* leave messages in symbolic code for those who will follow the same path. A stick with honey indicates where a bees nest has been found; dolls and sticks represent a feast to which some group is being invited; an inclined stick shows the time of day at which some event took place; feathers scattered on the ground tell of a successful hunting party, etc. (Maniser, 1930, p. 790). Lozano (1873, 1:425) stated that to declare war, the *Guayaná* (i. e., the *Caingang*) stuck an arrow into a tree near a path followed by their enemies. [574] A circle of maize cobs on the ground or hanging from a tree was an invitation to a drinking bout.

RELIGION

771 776 **Religious beliefs.**—The *Aweikoma* conceive the world to be strongly animistic, peopled with ghosts (kupléng) and spirits (nggiyádin) of all sorts who dwell in trees, rocks, mountains, stars, winds, and in large and small animals. To meet a spirit is, as a rule, an ominous event. But spirits may be friendly and appear to a man to offer their aid. Those who are assisted in hunting by a guardian spirit share with it the game which they have killed. A man may even adopt a spirit child and place it in his wife's womb.

825 *Aweikoma-Caingang* share the widespread belief that all animals have "masters," that is to say, spirits that control and protect them. Such spirits are willing to give up some of their kin to satisfy men's needs, but are angered if people destroy them wantonly or if hunters refuse an animal "offered" to them.

756 **Shamanism.**—The *Caingang* shaman consults spirits at night, puffing his pipe until he is surrounded by a cloud of smoke. The spirits talk to him in long whistles and tell him where to find a favorable hunting ground or abundant honey. They may also reveal the outcome of an undertaking involving the band.

755 757 Shamans are also doctors, but this rule is less conspicuous among the *Caingang* than elsewhere and is even absent among the *Caingang* of Palmas and of São Paulo. Among the decadent *Aweikoma-Caingang*, observed by Henry (1941, p. 76), shamans only treated members of their immediate family and did not receive a fee for their cures. The shaman knows many magic remedies, generally herbs, the virtues

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of which have been revealed to him by some spirit. A certain grass, said to be the favorite food of tapirs, is endowed with great medicinal virtues. It is used not only to cure but also to prevent sickness (Henry, 1941, p. 83). Massages play a great part in therapeutics. Sometimes these are so violent that the practitioner steps on the patient's stomach. The skin is frequently rubbed with pulverized barks or plants before the treatment. Burning herbs are used therapeutically, particularly for wounds. A patient bitten by a snake is laid upon a slanting platform over a fire and given warm water to drink to make him vomit. Manizer (1930, p. 784) was impressed by the number of people whose heads, arms, or legs were swathed in *Philodendron* for therapeutic purposes. To lessen fatigue on a long walk, the Indians bandage their legs up to the hip with tight braids. (On *Caingang* medicine, see Paula Souza, 1918, pp. 730–753.)

Bloodletting, which is practiced with a flint flake or a piece of glass, is a common cure for many ailments. Like many Indians, the *Caingang* treat fever with cold baths. Breathing on the affected spot is a common means of assisting a suffering person. Wounds are sprinkled with pulverized jaborandy powder.

When illness is caused by the loss of the soul, the patient may recover if appropriate words are spoken to induce the soul to return. It is often promised food. If the shaman's diagnosis reveals that the disease has been brought about by invisible missiles shot by a spirit, the cure consists of extracting them with the mouth. This procedure, however, was observed only among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* of Santa Catarina.

Magic practices.—To drive clouds away, old women blow against the right hand and then wave it toward the clouds, spreading the fingers as if to disseminate their breath. When the *Aweikoma-Caingang* desire rain, they put their mouths to the water and blow. They take some in their hands and cry, as they throw it upward, "Look here! Do like this." (Henry, 1941, p. 94.) Ashes thrown into a river are expected to stop its rise.

Divining.—According to Lozano (1873, 1:427), *Guayaná* shamans drank maté in order to consult spirits. Answering questions put to them by their clients, the shamans always said, "The grass [maté] told me this or that." Among modern *Aweikoma*, a man may be requested to drink maté and to belch while he is asked questions. A strong belch is interpreted as "No" and a weak one as "Yes" (Henry, 1941, p. 86).

In order to know which animals will be killed and where they will be found, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* set fire to a heap of pine-wood charcoal. The size of the spark corresponds to an animal species and the place where it twinkles indicates where the game will be slain.

66

Ndili handed her some medicine, a pounded herb mixed with water, and she tried to force that between the child's lips; but it only trickled down its chin. Some of the women sought to help her by heating their hands over the fire and laying them on the baby.

When it seemed that the child must surely die, Waipó left camp to call the others of our hunting party, for when the ghost-souls are about they may take away the living; and the Kaingáng feel the need for each other's protection and "live piled up."

When I climbed into my hammock that night, there had been a lull in the weeping, but I was awakened several hours before dawn by the frantic keening of Waikomé. One by one, others joined her, and I knew then that the baby was dead. As I watched, the emotion gradually grew more intense; and some went to join the group mourning around the child. There was no play-acting here, no singling out of those whom relationship obliged to weep from those who could just look on. Those who were not affected kept aloof and performed their daily tasks, but those who felt an identification with the bereaved parents mourned with them. Ndili's second cousin sat with his arm around him and wept, but Ndili's brother seemed entirely unmoved and soon went off to get honey. At last, late in the morning, the parents took up their little bundle and went away, and the sound of their keening came back to us through the forest.

That day no one went hunting even though there was no meat in camp. Toward noon Waipó said to me, his voice intense with fear: "You'd better pack your things, because we're going away from here right away. We thought we would stay and kill another tapir, but the baby died; and now we have to move." Who knows what might have happened if they had remained? The ghost-soul of the baby might have taken someone along with it or the ghost-soul which had killed it might kill again. It really does the Kaingáng no good to flee from the ghost-soul, for although it has a tendency to lurk about the place where the bones of its dead body are buried, it also is nomadic like the Kaingáng and may dog their footsteps wherever they go.

If we think of death among ourselves and the demonstrations that accompany it among the less inhibited members of our own society; if we disregard for a moment the wild surroundings, the rhythmic keening, the fear of the ghost-soul, and even, perhaps, the useless medicine that was forced between the choking child's lips (although, Heaven knows, that too might be easily duplicated in our society), we cannot but see a striking resemblance between the grief of Waikomé and Ndili and the members of their group and similar displays in our own society. Among ourselves, anger is generally thrust into the background and often disappears entirely when grief is sincere, but among the Kaingáng it pervades the entire scene and manifests itself in an irritability that may easily become anger. It is

600 certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

802 These Indians count from one to five on the fingers of one hand, and continue up to ten on the other hand. They indicate other quantities with both hands.

757 They treat diseases with the juice of various plants, nearly always applied externally by means of rubbing and massage. Some organic products such as deer stomachs [buxo] etc. are also used [There is a Brazilian plant, Amaiova cryptocarpa, which is popularly called "deer stomach" (bucho de veado). As some of the information in this article may have been obtained second-hand, the above might be the result of erroneous interpretation. --Translator]

They have the habit of tightly binding up all painful body areas, not only in case of snake bite but of any disease as well.

323 They formerly used various objects of fired clay, such as pots
177 of different sizes and shapes and small vessels of varying form which they utilized to prepare and cook their food.

In the course of their later raids on civilized populations, however, they found similar utensils of iron and other metals [128] which they naturally came to prefer. As a result the art of ceramics declined sharply, especially following their contact with us. Prior to this contact, some of the older members of the tribe still made pottery.

821 It is obvious that they need a special clay for the manufacture
323 of these objects. They believe that rainbows point to deposits of this clay, and call them kuiron-ndouma--"pot arrows"--on account
[704] of this belief. They never buried their dead in earthen jars nor do they do so now, but dispose of the bodies in the manner described above.

852 Every year, toward the end of December or the beginning of January--during the lambang-uan season, at the height of our southern summer--they carry out important celebrations for the baptism of children.

273 The Botocudo prepare a drink for the occasion which they call
852 mdeg-ma. Its basic element is wild honey, and the preparation is a rather lengthy process. One moon before the event, the Indians have already started on various specialized tasks. The fathers of the children to be baptized are entrusted with the building of large troughs

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Funerary rites.—Death may result from the abduction of the soul by some spirit or by the ghost of a relative. 761

> The ghost-soul loves and pities the living whom it has deserted, but the latter fear and abhor the ghost-soul. [Henry, 1941, p. 67.]

Not long ago the *Aweikoma-Caingang* cremated the dead and later collected and buried the bones, along with part of the deceased's property. After a cremation, they extinguished their fires and drilled fire anew. The soul of the deceased loomed as a peril especially to the surviving spouse, who went into retreat, abstained from eating meat, and underwent lustration. To terminate mourning, the mourner's hair and fingernails were clipped, pounded up, and thrown into the water. Then followed a beer festival, accompanied by dances and songs, during which the widow drank beer from a bamboo tube. Keening was not confined to the period of death, but occurred throughout the following year whenever relatives recalled their bereavement. 764 765

The *Caingang* now inter their dead with knees drawn up. Chants are sung around the body during and after its transportation to the grave. One cemetery had two central tumuli, 10 to 20 feet by 18 to 25 feet (3 to 6 m. by 5.5 to 7.5 m.) surrounded by vertically walled ditches. The same tumuli have been reported for the 18th-century *Guayaná*, ancestors of the *Caingang*[9] (fig. 60). The corpse, with funeral deposit, is put in a deep chamber, roofed with palm fronds and earth. The villagers at once desert the settlement and hastily construct new dwellings in the woods. For 3 days they eat only palm shoots (palmitos) and maize boiled by throwing heated potsherds in the water. They destroy part of the deceased's property and impose a strict taboo on his name. 764 768

The grave is periodically visited to renew the mound and to hold a memorial service with lamentations, dancing, chanting, and drinking. For several years, at dawn and dusk the relatives of a dead person utter funeral laments. 765

In days of old if a person died far away from his village, his companions interred his body on the spot but kept his head in a pot. On returning home they celebrated a funeral ceremony and buried the head in the communal cemetery (Horta Barbosa, 1913, pp. 29–30). 766

Life after death.—Before the burial, the shaman, as he rattles his gourd by the corpse, warns the soul about the lurking dangers in the other world. He tells it that it will arrive at two paths, one leading to the cobweb of a gigantic spider and the other to a trap which will 775 764

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[9] See Lozano (1873–74, 1: 423): "tienen un género de cementerio, que conservan muy limpio; y en él abren sus sepulturas, y en enterrando á alguno, ponen sobre cada una un montón de tierra en figura piramidal, en cuyo remate ciertan un medio calabazo, y al pié conservan de continuo un fuego lento que van á cebar todos los dias con leña muy tenue, sus mas cercanos parientes. El calabazo, dicen, es para que no falte al difunto con que beber, si le afligiere la sed; y el fuego para que ahuyente las moscas." On the funerary mounds, see also Serrano (1930, pp. 15–16).

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"Chantígn, listen to this. Chantígn, listen to this." Singing is a favorite way of showing off among the Kaingáng, as among ourselves. Sometime later after Chukembégn had had a fight with his wife he complained bitterly that Kanggúin had said to her: "'if you were my wife I would not treat you that way.' Whenever anyone has a fight with his wife Kanggúin always talks that way to her. He wants a wife, but no one will live with him!"

Nanmblí has two wives. Although his wives compete for him they are not totally at a loss if they have to sleep without him. When I was at his brother-in-law's house one day while he was away, Nanmblí's wife Wainlúin was there watching with amused appreciation while Padnmbá cast a knife at a log. Nothing passed between them but their boisterous laughter, but when Padnmbá at last went away Wainlúin leaned against the house-post and gazed after him. When he had gone fifty paces down the path he turned around, flashed a smile, and disappeared down the slope. I never heard what happened between Wainlúin and Padnmbá after that, but I did hear of a quarrel that Nanmblí had with both his wives because they had relations with other men. One day I saw Vomblé caressing his son's mother-in-law. Another time Chukembégn told me that he and a few others were on the side of a hill when a little way's off they saw Padnmbá making love to Waikuklé's wife in the bushes. Soon she got up and ran off but Chukembégn and his companions called out laughingly "You don't have to run; we saw you." A complete account of all the sexual intrigues would fill a long but rather repetitious chapter.

The amorous history of every young man or woman is one of the favorite themes of conversation among the young people. "First Koktá had an affair with Yonggó, then with Kanggúin and then with me. Then she went around with Kanyahé but he left her and took up with Yu'ó." "I went around for a while with Koktá. . . ." "Oh, no you didn't. She used to go around with Kundégn but now she's going to change to Kanyahé." They enumerate, expand, correct without end and with unflagging interest.

I never heard them discuss these affairs in front of the principals' spouses, but Amandá's presence did not prevent them from joking about her unmarried daughter's relations with Padnmbá and Ndíli. "Layongndá [her daughter] is lying with Ndíli. She has gone off with her lover Ndíli to get nuts." Amandá sat listening and laughing while she nursed her little bastard of five months.

The Kaingáng preoccupation with sex expresses itself also in the belief that death is often caused by intercourse with a supernatural monster or with a ghost. Both men and women may wake up in the morning sick and bleeding or insane because they have spent the night with the supernatural, who has lured or forced them into intercourse. Unlike their neighbors in

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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of men. One day Klendó, a man about sixty-five, and I were sitting together in my little house discussing the *kuplóng*. Gradually clouds gathered in the west. The wind began to mount, and at last with a rush the storm swept up the valley. As the wind increased in violence the look of anxiety intensified on Klendó's face. He gazed with frightened eyes through the window before us, and his mind wandered as he watched in fascination the rivulets of water trickling under the frame. At last the catch on the window that faced the wind snapped, and with a burst of thunder and lightning and a swirl of wind and rain, the window was flung open, drenching the house in an instant and sending my papers flying. Klendó was seized with acute terror, and jumping up with more animation than he had shown in weeks, he dashed to the door, opened it a crack, and bellowed: "My *kókli*,[39] I am afraid of you; so stop! My *kókli*, you are angry with me; so you have made the storm!" Thus he shouted to his *kókli*, his second father, a man with whom he had had a most friendly relationship while he was alive.

"Why was he angry with you?" I asked. "I don't know," he replied, with that petulance that is so characteristic of the Kaingáng when they are frightened. But in the afternoon he had an explanation, for he had stopped to gossip and had learned that Kemblén's grandson had had a quarrel with Yukwáya that very day. Kemblén, "therefore, became angry with her [Yukwáya] and made it dark. Kemblén knew that Yukwáya was angry, and therefore it became dark."

In characteristic Kaingáng fashion, people fall sick and die either because they are attacked by some *nggiyádn* who wishes them ill or because they are seduced or "led off" by one who wants them for company. Thus the causes of illness and death are oriented toward both extremes of the Kaingáng world-view. In any event, the ultimate cause of death is complete soul-loss. Seduction is accomplished either through invitations to visit a "good country," i.e. where the hunting is good and the honey plentiful, or through sexual stimulation. When Vomblé's father tried to lure him away, it was through promises of plenty, but Klendó almost died because a female *nggiyádn* wanted him for a sex companion.

The defenses against soul-loss are very simple. The victim may simply say, "Let's go back," to those who wish to take him away, or he may renounce his connection with the *nggiyádn* if it happens to be an unconsummated sexual one. If it is consummated he is lost and soon dies. First he may go mad like Patklé, who copulated with a female *nggiyádn*, or he may rot inside, like Kulá. Whoever has intercourse with the supernatural will not burn easily on the funeral pyre, and he is an evil omen to his relatives. "One night," said Vomblé, "Kulá called out to her brother: 'Waipó,

[39] Ceremonial father.

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lift me up.' When he heard this, he woke up and took hold of her, lifted, 761
and set her down. Then she said to him, 'It seems to me that you copulated 776
with me,' but he replied: 'No! Probably *nggīyúdn* copulated with you.' She lay there awhile and at last died. When she was burnt, she exploded. She was *vai* [an evil omen] to them. She lay on her back with her feet in the air. She also said her husband [Véye] copulated with her; that is why she died. Probably the *nggīyúdn* looked like Véye. Her blood came out of her vagina."

Another way of bringing back the errant *kuplêng* is through calling it, but it does not always return. "I saw Nggemú's *kuplêng*," said Vomblé, "before the Brazilians killed her. I got up at night when the moon was high. Nggemú was sleeping a little to the side. Her *kuplêng* sat up. I thought it was she herself. It went out into the darkness. I thought she had gone to urinate, and I waited for her to return. I was awake, and I looked for her. I called out, 'Are you there?' 'Yes. When he [her infant] cried, I sat up.' 'I thought you went that way, and I waited for you.' 'I didn't go; I just sat up.' 'You went that way; I heard your noise.' Then Kuthúgn [her husband] rose and called Nggemú['s *kuplêng*]: 'Come here, Nggemú, come here! Come to the meat you put aside!' He was calling her *kuplêng*, but it probably did not come back, for nine days later the Brazilians killed her." It is interesting that mortals often use the same inducement to lure back the wandering *kuplêng* as the *nggīyúdn* do to draw it away; namely, food. Through the promise of plenty the *kuplêng* of a man is lured away by the supernaturals; through food the soul of a dead child is induced to return to its mother's womb, and it was through food that the *kuplêng* of Nggemú was tempted to return to Kuthúgn.

Behind the *kuplêng's* wish to snatch away its living relatives is its strong attachment for them, but in the case of the ghost-soul of a dead enemy the motivating force is revenge. When relatives lead off the unwilling *kuplêng* it is so that it may be cherished, but enemies seize the soul to punish the body. So, also, when supernatural beings other than ghost-souls take away *kuplêng*, it is for similar reasons. Thus the Kaingáng imagination follows out its pattern consistently both with *kuplêng* and with all other *nggīyúdn*.

Kuplêng may seduce, "lead off," or capture the souls of mortals, but de- 755
vouring and shooting are the privilege of other *nggīyúdn*. For devouring 776
there is no remedy—once a person is eaten, he is consumed and that is all, but for shooting there is a cure, and that is extraction of the missile, a reddish, wormlike object. Anyone may summon back a wandering soul or even cure sickness with an infusion of herbs or of bark scrapings, but only a shaman who has seen supernatural Pain can extract *thêyê*, the missiles which are shot into people by the monster Yunggí or by Pain.

"Tendó was a shaman. She took out men's *thêyê*. Her sister Kukú had a 756

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761 Far from permitting them control over species of plants and animals, the pessimistic totemism of the Kaingáng simply adds one more gloomy trait to the prevailingly somber character of their supernaturalism. Their totems are solely omens of death, for "When the Klendó are about to die there is no honey—there are only bees. When the Wanyekí are about to die the tapirs are very thin, because they are Wanyekí's *mang*. The pine tree belongs to Thethé [the circle people], and when they are about to die there are no pine cones. When they die they burn them in a dry pine tree. Before Chulí fell there were no pine cones—and then he fell. They burnt him in a dry pine tree. Before the Brazilians killed Kuikégn, the pines were the same way."

762 Like most peoples the world over, the Kaingáng reject certain things as foods while they accept others. But their preferences have little to do with their totemic ideas. There is a story in an origin myth of one of the line people who swam about in the water so much that he became a capavary, so that now the line people do not eat capavary; if they were to do so it would be like eating their own people. But almost no one at all eats capavary, nor do they eat armadillo or paca, that delicious fat little rodent that eludes the hunter like a streak of light. Some people abstain from tiger, but others eat its heart to make them valiant like the tiger, which roams and fights alone. None of these taboos are observed by everyone. Some animals from which the Kaingáng abstain were practically impossible for them to kill under the conditions of their old life, in which they had no traps or boats. The capavary is taken by trapping, the paca by trapping or by pursuit in a boat from which the hunter may kill it with a trident in the shallow water where it has hidden. The swift-flying and hypersensitive wild ducks are extremely hard to approach, and the meat of anteater and certain water birds has a very bad flavor. There seems to be less reason for abstaining from the toad, the armadillo, and the tiger. The Kaingáng say that they do not eat the tiger because its fat is white (not yellow like other animals') and that they abstain from armadillo because its bones break so easily that they are afraid their own will break.

All of these things that the Kaingáng do not eat are called *thanggĩgn*, which is the term they use for anything dirty. People who eat things that are *thanggĩgn* will lose their teeth, break their bones, or grow old prematurely.

Omens

787 The prevailing reason for the interest of the Kaingáng in omens is death. "I saw that before Padnmbá died it rained very heavily first," said Chukembégn. "Then the river rose after his death. The bees did not make honey—they just lived in the trees." All of this was because Padnmbá was

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Appendix III

Rituals

Death

765 WHEN DEATH COMES the emotional resources of the Kaingáng are mobilized to overcome the forces of destruction that have been set in motion. Death, the perpetual threat, has become momentarily actualized in the form of the *kuplêng*, the ghost-soul of the deceased, and the most elaborate ritual forms the Kaingáng possess are directed toward the elimination of this threat. Of all the survivors at a death the one who stands in greatest peril from the *kuplêng* is the spouse, the *thûpáya*. The Kaingáng feel that the spouses have had such intimate relations that there must be a complete wiping out of all the old contacts. The rites through which the *thûpáya* passes are intended, however, not only to safeguard his life, but also to protect the community. No one can be sure whom the *kuplêng* will select for its companion, but since it clings most closely to the *thûpáya* he must free himself from the *kuplêng* as soon as possible. The *thûpáya* is a threat to the members of his group—they are genuinely afraid of him—and the rites which he performs serve both to rid him of his personal fear of his dead spouse and to make him once more acceptable to his fellows. As Klendó put it, "They . . . make a festa when the husband or the wife comes back so that he [or she] can live with them."

765 Even before his spouse's bones are buried the *thûpáya* leaves camp for
783 his widower's (or widow's) isolation, his *weikómáng*. "I did not want to see the bones," said Klendó; "so I left before she was burnt. I was afraid I would die; so I went to another place. I used to talk to her; therefore I was afraid to see her bones. I did not want to see her bones because I did not want to see her *kuplêng* while I was asleep."[1] A man leaves camp alone,
[762] taking his bow and arrows, an axe and a blanket, but no pot, for *thûpáya*

[1] Up to this point all that has been said applies equally to men and women.

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VI

The Supernatural

Death

WHEN WAIKOMÉ'S BABY FELL ILL, she sat all day gazing at it in desperation. "Will you give me some medicine for it?" said Ndíli, its father, to me. "What is the matter with it?" I asked. "I don't know; it's just hot, hot," he replied, and his face and voice were utterly despairing. "If I don't know what's the matter with it, I can't give you anything," I said, and Ndíli walked away. When I returned to camp, Waikomé was keening. Tears streamed down her face, and her voice rose in a loud rhythmic wail as she spoke of her dead relatives. "I long to see my father who always gave me food. I have been forgetting my mother. Will I see her again?" These formulae are recited on every occasion of mourning, and it does not matter who the dead or dying person is. As the baby grew worse and seemed to lapse into a coma, Waikomé completely lost control of herself. Her face became terribly distorted with fear and grief, and she tried to make the poor little thing on her lap suckle. She rubbed her hand over its face and attempted to pry the rigid jaws apart with her finger so that she could pour her milk between the lips. Again and again she tried to force this symbol of life into the child's mouth, but in vain. The more susceptible women around her keened too, and finally Ndíli began to weep and to keen loudly. As Ndíli's emotion became more intense he turned in anger on the people sitting around in sympathetic silence: "Why did you and Julio bring me here into the forest? If we had stayed at the post my baby would never have fallen ill!"

No one uttered a word in reply. They were utterly helpless. Waikomé, beside herself, could think of nothing to offer her baby but her breast, with which she had nourished three other children and which to her was a source of life and healing. Ndíli handed her some "medicine," a pounded

66
Ndili handed her some medicine, a pounded herb mixed with water, and she tried to force that between the child's lips; but it only trickled down its chin. Some of the women sought to help her by heating their hands over the fire and laying them on the baby.

When it seemed that the child must surely die, Waipó left camp to call the others of our hunting party, for when the ghost-souls are about they may take away the living; and the Kaingáng feel the need for each other's protection and "live piled up."

When I climbed into my hammock that night, there had been a lull in the weeping, but I was awakened several hours before dawn by the frantic keening of Waikomé. One by one, others joined her, and I knew then that the baby was dead. As I watched, the emotion gradually grew more intense; and some went to join the group mourning around the child. There was no play-acting here, no singling out of those whom relationship obliged to weep from those who could just look on. Those who were not affected kept aloof and performed their daily tasks, but those who felt an identification with the bereaved parents mourned with them. Ndili's second cousin sat with his arm around him and wept, but Ndili's brother seemed entirely untouched and soon went off to get honey. At last, late in the morning, the parents took up their little bundle and went away, and the sound of their keening came back to us through the forest.

That day no one went hunting even though there was no meat in camp. Toward noon Waipó said to me, his voice intense with fear: "You'd better pack your things, because we're going away from here right away. We thought we would stay and kill another tapir, but the baby died; and now we have to move." Who knows what might have happened if they had remained? The ghost-soul of the baby might have taken someone along with it or the ghost-soul which had killed it might kill again. It really does the Kaingáng no good to flee from the ghost-soul, for although it has a tendency to lurk about the place where the bones of its dead body are buried, it also is nomadic like the Kaingáng and may dog their footsteps wherever they go.

If we think of death among ourselves and the demonstrations that accompany it among the less inhibited members of our own society; if we disregard for a moment the wild surroundings, the rhythmic keening, the fear of the ghost-soul, and even, perhaps, the useless medicine that was forced between the choking child's lips (although, Heaven knows, that too might be easily duplicated in our society), we cannot but see a striking resemblance between the grief of Waikomé and Ndili and the members of their group and similar displays in our own society. Among ourselves, anger is generally thrust into the background and often disappears entirely when grief is sincere, but among the Kaingáng it pervades the entire scene and manifests itself in an irritability that may easily become anger. It is

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

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difficult to talk to many of the Kaingáng on these occasions because they are so easily enraged, and the ethnologist had best hold his tongue and try to appear as small as possible. In death the Kaingáng feel a threat to their security. As they put it, "We are afraid of the ghost-souls; so we come together and live piled up." As in the feuds, no one knows when the deaths will cease. The presence of death lays bare the very fiber of the Kaingáng personality, for it is in terms of this emotional amalgam in which anger and fear are indistinguishably fused that we must understand all of their behavior in times of stress.

In 1918 when the first wave of the grippe struck the Kaingáng, killing them in such numbers that their bodies lay about unburied until the dogs ate them, Thunder Storm rose up in his rage and fear and beat the air and trees with a club. "When disease came," said his son to me, "my father beat the trees because he was afraid of the supernatural beings (*nggiyúdn*). He said, 'If I see you, I'll kill you. You are *waikayú*[1] and kill us all the time. So if I see you come to me, I'll kill you! The Brazilians kill my relatives; so out of revenge I destroy them when I see them! When I see them, I kill them, and I'll do the same to you—when I see you, I'll kill you!' He spoke thus as he beat the trees." Nothing could express this side of the Kaingáng character and world-view better. Here is condensed the Kaingáng frantic fear and anger at the forces of death, the equation of the supernatural with any other enemy, and the identification of the situation created by death with the vendetta tradition and revenge.

The Kaingáng not only fight with death; they also fly from it. That is why Waipó told me that we must move on when Ndíli's baby died, and that is why old Kakthí moved out of her house when the grippe descended again in 1933. "Why has she left her house?" said I to her son-in-law. "She is afraid of our sickness. She said, 'If I stay there, I'll get sick'; so she went away. She is in the forest to get away from it. She went to another place so our sickness would not see her." Poor Kakthí fled in vain, for she soon fell ill and died. "Her [dead] husband called her, and that is why she died. Our ghost-souls led her off, and that is why she died. Her husband's ghost-soul led her away, and that is why she died. She lay there telling about it, and then she died. The supernatural beings and her husband's soul led her away. He [her husband] led her away so that he might go with her."

The ghost-soul loves and pities the living whom it has deserted, but the latter fear and abhor the ghost-soul. The ghost-soul longs for those it has left behind, but they remain cold to its longing. "One pities one's children and therefore goes with them [i.e. takes them] when one dies. One loves [literally, lives in] one's children, and dies and goes with one's children, and one [i.e. the child] dies." The dead pity those they have left alone with

[1] Vicious, aggressive.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

the Whites, but was retained for small children. In recent times the Santa Catarina *Aweikoma-Caingang* of both sexes shaved the hair over the forehead and on top of the head (Paula Souza, 1904, p. 132). 302

The *Caingang* abhor body hair and always remove it. Combs consist of small wooden splinters passed through a slit in a piece of reed.

The *Caingang* seem to have used charcoal more than urucú for body painting. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* certain body paints belong to exogamic groups of people. The main motifs are dots, vertical lines, circles, and horizontal bars with vertical lines. The *Caingang* observed by Maniser (1880, p. 771) painted themselves only for funeral ceremonies. They regarded the black stripes on their chest as a protection against the ghosts. The pigment was charcoal mixed with honey and water or with the sticky sap of a creeper. 302 386 591 [764] [769]

TRANSPORTATION

River navigation never was so important to the *Caingang* as to their *Tupí-Guaraní* neighbors. To cross a river, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* fell a tree on each side of the river and connect the intervening space with a tree trunk braced with poles fixed in the river bed. 491

Caingang women carry babies on their backs, often in a net, by means of bark tumplines. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* these straps are 4 inches (10 cm.) wide, woven of embira fibers. Knapsacks are suspended by a tumpline. 854 482

MANUFACTURES

Netting.—According to Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 49), the Paraná *Caingang* made net bags of caraguatá fibers. 286

Basketry.—*Caingang* carrying baskets have a hexagonal weave, and, like those of the *Tupí*, are elongated and rectangular knapsacks open on top and on the outer side, so that only the bottom and sides support the burden. Basketry containers woven from thin strips of split bamboo, frequently have stepped designs produced by alternating black and natural color strands (fig. 58, *c*). Some baskets, like those of the *Guayaná*, are made in two parts that telescope into each other. 285 415

The *Aweikoma* have three main types of baskets: large baskets for transportation of goods; small, impervious water or honey containers of Taquara mesas strips coated with wax; and small receptacles, similarly waterproofed, used as cups and dishes.

Spinning.—*Caingang* textiles are made with the fibers of the ortiga brava, probably a Bromelia. Women seize the leaves with leather-covered hands, cut them at the base, and remove all the thorns, then macerate the leaves in water, dry, and, finally, crush them. The fibers are then rolled into threads with the palm of the hand against the 283

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

Funerary rites.—Death may result from the abduction of the soul by some spirit or by the ghost of a relative. 761

The ghost-soul loves and pities the living whom it has deserted, but the latter fear and abhor the ghost-soul. [Henry, 1941, p. 67.]

Not long ago the *Aweikoma-Caingang* cremated the dead and later collected and buried the bones, along with part of the deceased's property. After a cremation, they extinguished their fires and drilled fire anew. The soul of the deceased loomed as a peril especially to the surviving spouse, who went into retreat, abstained from eating meat, and underwent lustration. To terminate mourning, the mourner's hair and fingernails were clipped, pounded up, and thrown into the water. Then followed a beer festival, accompanied by dances and songs, during which the widow drank beer from a bamboo tube. Keening was not confined to the period of death, but occurred throughout the following year whenever relatives recalled their bereavement. 764 765

The *Caingang* now inter their dead with knees drawn up. Chants are sung around the body during and after its transportation to the grave. One cemetery had two central tumuli, 10 to 20 feet by 18 to 25 feet (3 to 6 m. by 5.5 to 7.5 m.) surrounded by vertically walled ditches. The same tumuli have been reported for the 18th-century *Guayaná*, ancestors of the *Caingang*[8] (fig. 60). The corpse, with funeral deposit, is put in a deep chamber, roofed with palm fronds and earth. The villagers at once desert the settlement and hastily construct new dwellings in the woods. For 3 days they eat only palm shoots (palmitos) and maize boiled by throwing heated potsherds in the water. They destroy part of the deceased's property and impose a strict taboo on his name. 764 768

The grave is periodically visited to renew the mound and to hold a memorial service with lamentations, dancing, chanting, and drinking. For several years, at dawn and dusk the relatives of a dead person utter funeral laments. 765

In days of old if a person died far away from his village, his companions interred his body on the spot but kept his head in a pot. On returning home they celebrated a funeral ceremony and buried the head in the communal cemetery (Horta Barboza, 1913, pp. 29–30). 766

Life after death.—Before the burial, the shaman, as he rattles his gourd by the corpse, warns the soul about the lurking dangers in the other world. He tells it that it will arrive at two paths, one leading to the cobweb of a gigantic spider and the other to a trap which will 775 764

[8] See Lozano (1873–74, 1: 423): "forman un género de cementerio, que conservan muy limpio; y en él abren sus sepulturas, y en enterrando á alguno, ponen sobre cada una un montón de tierra en figura piramidal, en cuyo remate sientan un medio calabazo, y al pié conservan de continuo un fuego lento que van a cebar todos los días con leña muy tenue, sus mas cercanos parientes. El calabazo, dicen, es para que no falte al difunto con que beber, si le afligiere la sed; y el fuego para que ahuyente las moscas." On the funerary mounds, see also Serrano (1939, pp. 15–16).

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

764

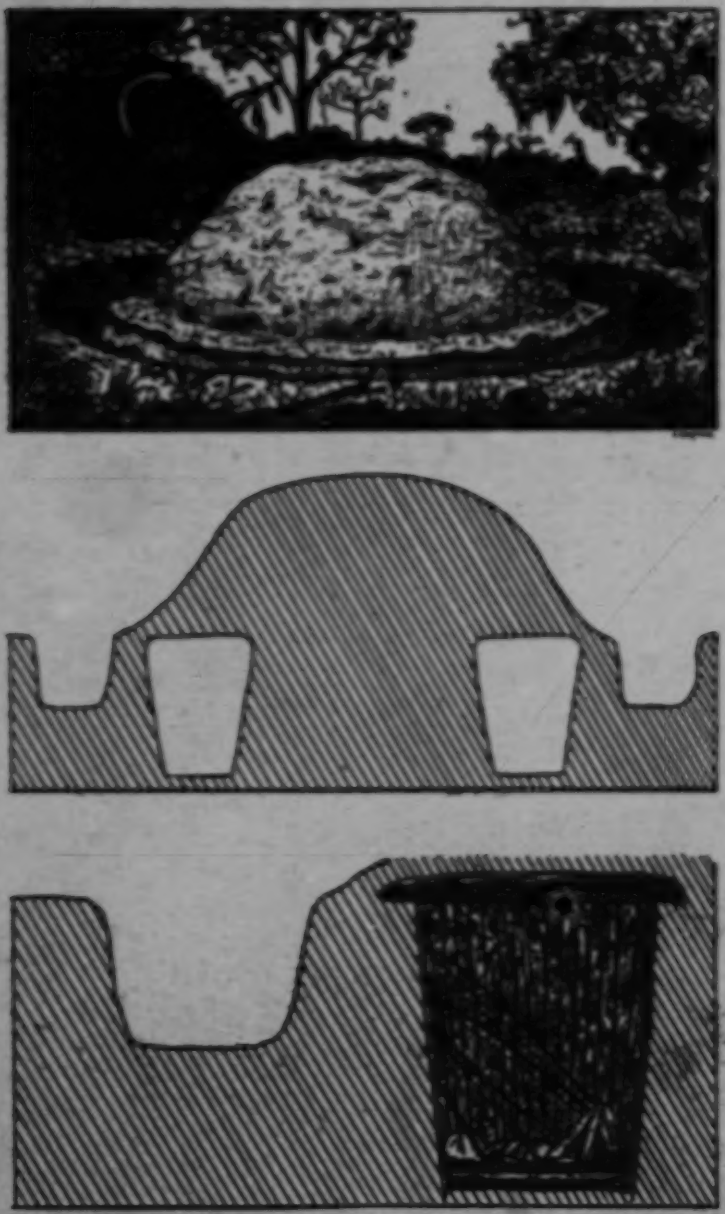

FIGURE 60.—Caingang burial mound. *Top:* View of mound shortly after completion. *Center:* Cross section of mound showing location of burial chambers. *Bottom:* Cross section of burial chamber in mound with body and accompanying grave artifacts. (Redrawn from Manizer, 1900, p. 782.)

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

precipitate it into a boiling pot. He also describes the slippery path 764
from which it may fall into a swamp, where a huge crab awaits it 775
(Nimuendajú, 1914, p. 373).

But at last the soul arrives at an underworld in the west, where it is day during our night, and where the forests teem with tapirs, deer, and other game. The souls of the aged become young again and live for the span of a human life. After a second death, the soul turns into a small insect, generally a mosquito or an ant, whose death ends everything; for this reason the *Caingang* never kill these insects (Baldus, 1937 c, p. 49).

WARFARE

A man who has been offended by some member of the community 578
stands in front of his hut and in a loud voice enumerates all his griev- 627
ances, sometimes bursting into a chant. He ends with threats against his enemy who, in the meantime, behaves in the same manner on the other side of the camp. After reciprocal abuses that often last a whole night, the challenger, followed by a group of supporters, advances toward the offender, who is immediately assisted by his own partisans. Both factions, armed with wooden clubs, fight a pitched battle, but are careful not to kill anybody. The sham battles of the *Caingang* have been described by many observers and may well be formalized brawls which have been interpreted as sportive games.

Feuds between *Caingang* groups may develop into regular warfare. 628
When one group engages another, the members of the Kadnyerú moity 726
subdivision always form the first line. The Kamé constitute the second [646]
line and enter the fight as a reserve to take the place of the exhausted Kadnyerú. Battles between related groups are always preceded by exchanges of insults and by other demonstrations of anger. Although [411]
no weapons but cudgels are used, blows are so lustily administered that many are seriously wounded or killed.

Wars against foreign tribes or the Whites were less strictly pat- 726
terned. The *Caingang*, like all Indians, relied mainly on surprise 648
attacks carried on at dawn. After a general discharge of arrows, the warriors, armed with their clubs, rushed against the enemy (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 49).

Women and children were generally spared and were adopted by 727
the victorious group. They cut off the heads of slain enemies but did not keep them as trophies.

ETIQUETTE

When a *Caingang* visits another village, he hides in the vicinity until 574
able to announce his presence to some relative. The host receives him 576
with his face covered with a cloth and does not look at his guest until

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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you want?" said I. "Chukembégn is going to leave me." "Oh, no, he isn't." 536
"Yes, he is. He said so up the river and they are talking about it." "But he is not going to leave you." "How do you know?" "He told me." "What did he tell you?" "He told me that he loves you." I used the strongest term that the language has to offer, a term that I heard used only in folktales. "But he *is* going to leave me. Julio, if he leaves me, will you marry me?" "No," said I; "I never marry anyone." And there the matter rested.[8]

A man separated from his wife may live with someone else and share 581
his fire. At the worst he can cook his own meals and spread his own bed, 573
for no shame attaches to a man who does a woman's work. But after a 555
woman has borne three children a marriage does not break up. The 764
woman needs the man to take care of her children, and Kaingáng men are 766
fond fathers. There is no end to the fondling and delousing a child gets from its father and other men. He makes toys for it and takes it hunting for company. Nowadays they are as much interested in having their little girls decked out in brand new calico dresses as American mothers are in getting their children permanent waves. Even in death parents do not relinquish their children, for, they say, a child who dies before the age of about twelve returns to its mother's womb and is reborn. The corpse of a grown-up is placed on the funeral pyre, pounded on the chest and told to go away, and summarily burnt. But, I was told, a little child is placed in a grave, covered with wholesome herbs and begged to return. Its mother puts a little honey and meat aside for it, puts her baby's carrying-band on her head and walks about crying, "Come here, come here! Come and eat the meat and honey I have put aside for you. If you stay in some other camp one will be angry with you! Come back! Come back!"

Except for the somewhat aberrant Chukembégn there is not a single case 536
of a marriage dissolved after three children had been born. Chukembégn was a child of about nine when the Kaingáng settled on the reservation, and he grew up in close contact with the agent. He married Tendó but left her after she had borne him three children. His present wife, Chantégn, "led him away by the hand." Now he rarely goes near Tendó, but she is still regarded as his wife. Two years after leaving her he still buys cloth for her to make dresses for herself and her children. Yet idle tongues will wag, and one day when Chukembégn, Klendó, and I were hunting together, Chukembégn burst out: "It is not true that I ignore her. I got medicine and bought a chicken for her when she was ill!" Klendó observed mildly that he had never said that Chukembégn had not taken care of her. Then Chukembégn, turning to me, blurted in Portuguese: "This man has

[8] I mention this, and other cases in which I myself have been one of the actors, not because they are the only instances of the kind that I have, but because they are usually the most complete.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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IV

Polyandry and Joint Marriages

The Kaingáng are uneasy by hunger and swayed by the strength of their kinship ties, and they have in some degree overcome the one by building on the other. Food and sex have become so closely interwoven in the Kaingáng mind that they even use the same term for eating as they do for coitus. In human relationships the overt, articulate emphasis is always upon food, and the strongest bond that one man can have with another is that he suffered hunger with him. When the soul of the deceased is speed on its way the dead man's relative, tormented by the fear that he might be taken along by the ghost, shouts as he pounds the dead body on the chest: "Leave me and go! You and I suffered great hunger together; so leave me and go!" Now, since men are the principal sources of food supply, talk of marriage centers primarily on their value as providers for the girls and their parents and brothers and sisters. When a man speaks of his marriage he does not discuss the qualities of his wife nor the material advantage to him of the alliance, but of feeding his wife and her relatives. "First I married Kulí," said Vomblé. "Then I left her and married Kulí. My father's brother sent her to me. At the same time Wanenggló sent his sister Waikfli to me, but I sent her to my brother Nélli. When she left him he married Kulí. I lived only with Kulí. I went hunting with Waikfli but sent her to Nélli. Two women have many children, and my wives had no families that were capable of giving me food. Yet I had to feed my children. I was hungry. My father [Thunder Storm] had three wives, but they had brothers who could give him food. I have to give things to Kulí's brothers and sisters, but they could give nothing because they were so small. Waikfli had only one brother."

Through her marriage Kulí's family gained Vomblé as an ally in the

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

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of the Kaingáng faith in the efficacy of "the laying on of hands." We already know what the multiplication of caresses means to the Kaingáng in the way of security, and the gentle application of warm infusions of herbs or bark to all parts of the body of a sick person is not different in kind from the reciprocal stroking of two young men lying in affectionate embrace. Still another way of curing the sick is to heat one's hands near the fire and lay them gently on the body of the patient. This high valuation of cutaneous contact is one aspect of the Kaingáng special interest in sensation.

But the Kaingáng do not only cure from without, they also cure from within; and to that end they administer a variety of herb and bark infusions in warm water. These are rubbed all over the surface of the body, for the Kaingáng cannot conceive of treating the inside of the body without also treating the outside.[28] Anyone at all may perform this tender and solicitous task, and it is no rarity to see a Kaingáng step aside from the trail to cut a few plants for someone else or to see him come back from the hunt with a handful of herbs for medicine. A number of these herbs are used as panaceas—they are applied with equal faith to relieve a headache or a pain in the chest or to heal a cut.[29]

Of all the herbs and barks that the Kaingáng use to treat the sick, one alone is based on something more than this kind of selection. The use of *ǔyǒlo nya tēi*, "tapir's raw food," rests on a strong sense of its vital power. Tapir's raw food grows everywhere in the Kaingáng country. It is the favorite eating of the tapir and enjoys a wider use as a remedy among the Kaingáng than any other plant in their medicinal catalogue. But this herb is used not only to cure sickness but also to prevent evil. It is spread over the body of a dead tapir to please its *kuplêng* so that it will not take all the rest of its brethren with it and leave mankind to starve, and in the same way it is placed all around the body of a dead infant to induce its *kuplêng* to return to its mother. When a widow's hair and nails are cut, they are mixed with tapir's raw food before they are thrown into the water, so that they will not rot; and when she returns to camp after her isolation, tapir's raw food is strewn in her path to drive off the *kuplêng* of her husband. So,

[28] Nowadays they do swallow the white man's remedies without rubbing them over their bodies.

[29] Their use is based not on exact knowledge of their efficacy in specific cases but on the simple faith that they are beneficial. The employment of herbs in this naive uncritical manner must lie at the roots of some of the great medicinal discoveries of primitive peoples, like quinine. Just as the Kaingáng scrape the bark of a number of trees and use them indiscriminately to relieve a variety of ills, the Indians of the interior of South America may have used the bark of the quina tree for a number of ailments until they observed that one disease in particular, malaria, yielded to it, whereas others did not. This marked the real discovery of quinine, one of the American Indian's great contributions to the relief of human suffering.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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the dead.[1] The only function of the marks is magical. When a person dies all the people around him paint themselves with their marks in order to frighten the *kuplêng* away. "It sees them and becomes afraid and goes." A widowed person, a *thâpya*, paints himself with marks other than his own on his return from his period of isolation in order that the *kuplêng* may not recognize him. About five years before my arrival a number of people added the circle design to their other marks because when Kemblén died he told all the people to change their marks "so that the *kuplêng* would see it and go away."

A number of kinship usages are explained on the basis of the marks. These will be discussed in the section on the kinship system. It is only necessary to say here that all such explanations are purely theoretical and do not support kinship usage.

The Kinship System

(1) *plą*, wife; women with whom a man has had sexual relations; women with marks different from a man, and with whom, therefore, such relationships are "permissible."

(2) *mbdâ*, husband; men with whom a woman has had sexual relations; men with marks different from a woman, and with whom, therefore, such relationships are "permissible."

(3) *ygą*, father; grandfather; all males much older than Ego;[2] men who have had relations with Ego's mother.

(4) *nyą*, mother; grandmother; all females much older than Ego; women who have had relations with Ego's father.

(5) *nyungnyên*, all blood relatives excepting real parents and grandparents and grandparents' siblings and own children. All members of the same extended family. It is often used specifically for Ego's own brothers, sisters, and first cousins, and for anyone about Ego's own age. In this case the term becomes reciprocal. It may be used also for anyone a little older than Ego. All individuals having the same mark as Ego.

(6) *ywî*, all people somewhat younger than Ego.

(7) *yi*, child; all people very much younger than Ego and the children of all the people with whom Ego has had sexual relations.

(8) *klą*, offspring. Tapirs and dogs have *klą*, but to speak of an animal's *yi* provokes laughter.

(9) *yênbîl*, (plural) *yîgunbîl*, all the blood relatives of No. 2 and No. 1. In a more limited sense, all the No. 5 of No. 2 and No. 1 with the

[1] See fn. 1, p. 175.

[2] Ego=person speaking or spoken about.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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Now the *thápéya*, after a period of approximately three to five weeks, could again take up his normal course of existence, except that he had still to abstain from sexual intercourse. 765

One of my informants gave me a number of ritualistic specializations in terms of the body-paint scheme. Although I consider them of very doubtful validity, I give them here for the sake of completeness.

(1) When a man comes back from *waikómáng* he is given his food by a woman of the opposite mark, because "they are different and therefore are not afraid."

(2) The period for which Wanyekí *kóikó hẽ* must abstain from cooked food is much longer than for Klendó.

(3) The former keep their body paints on for a much longer time.

(4) The Klendó *kóikó hẽ* use pine needles in the pot at the ritual of the first eating of cooked food.

The rituals of the *waikómáng* and the *angdjũn* are limited to *thápéya*, the widowed, for it is only the surviving spouse who must go through any procedure at all.[16]

Cremation and Burial

Vomblé's description of these ceremonies, which I never had the opportunity to see, since the Kaingáng no longer burn their dead, is so clear and vivid that it needs practically no elucidation or paraphrasing; and I therefore give it word for word. 764

"They place him on a blanket. Arrows are placed beside him. Feathers are placed on him.[17] His arrows are broken. The bowstring is cut and the arrows tied with it; also the wrapping for future arrows. The bow is chopped in half and tied together with the arrows. His head is laid to the west and his feet to the east because the *kuplêng* dwell in the west. He will see the road and go that way. If they were to put him on the other way he would err. The wood [of the pyre] is waist-high. They place him on it and pile wood on top of him until it is as high as a man. They sink posts on the side all around so that the wood will not fall down. They put wax[18] and meat in his hands and say: 'There! Take it and go and leave me! You go to the many.' They pound him on the chest [and say]: 'Leave your animals[19] to me and go! When I am suffering [hunger] I'll shoot and eat them. Leave your people and go! Leave the honey for me! You went to

[16] All inherited property, however, should be wiped off with tapir's raw food.
[17] I do not know why.
[18] Symbolic of honey.
[19] All game animals. The *kuplêng* is asked not to take the souls of the animals with it.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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764 the many!' When a person has many children [they say]: 'Leave your children and things to me and go. When they are hungry they will kill and eat them. Now the [things] I have given you to be your own are there [in your hands]. Take them and go. But leave the rest of the things that are here for me and go!' This is also said to women. Then they talk again. They call his name and say: 'Speak well of me. I suffered much with you. Do not be *vai*[20] to me! Speak well of me. I suffered a great deal with you, and so I am putting you in a prepared place.' Then they set fire to the pile with flaming bamboo. When they set fire they sing." There is no special song for igniting the pyre.[21]

"When they burn a man they go off and sleep. Much later they come back to his bones. They go around toward his head and say to him: 'I come to see you. Do not be *vai* to me. I suffered a great deal with you—do not be *vai* to me.' Then they come to the pile. The bones are whole if the pile burnt slowly. If the corpse is *vai* it did not burn completely but fell off the pyre beyond the stays. *Vai* means a threat of death—he has seen someone die without walking about. Patá fell in the direction of the place in which his people would die. Children are never *vai*,[22] but men and women are *vai*. Kutá exploded and fell off the pyre—she was *vai*. She was foretelling the death of Pepó [her husband]. Next day they went there, and only her arms were burnt. The fire burnt out alone. Then they made another fire for her.

"The people who burn them treat themselves with *tutólo* and with *mbē* leaves. *Ndáyá waikóktó* is also used. These are pounded. They smell like orange[23] leaves. They are rubbed over the hands and body for five days.[24] When they walked around burning them [i.e. the corpses] the smoke enveloped them and stuck to them—so it is this that they wash off.

"When the fire is out they throw the ashes off the bones and gather them together in bark. When they gather up the bones they make a big basket for them and put fern in the basket with *kungglú* and *tai* leaves.

[20] To be *vai* means to be supernaturally dangerous. Specifically it involves a prediction of death. The capacity to be *vai* is limited to dead bodies—which show that they are *vai* by not burning on the first pyre. The informant's explanation of the command "Speak well of me" is that "he should not be *vai* to them." This does not seem very illuminating.

[21] See p. 192.

[22] Children are also never burnt; nevertheless this absence of threat in dead children is correlated rather with the attitude toward children than with ceremonial procedure. Children are universally loved.

[23] Since they have been on the reservation the Kaingáng have become familiar with oranges.

[24] A very doubtful period both from the standpoint of fixity and from the standpoints of the informant's notions of time and number, which are extremely vague.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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They carry the basket with the bones and go to another place to bury them. They carry a long stick, leaning on it, [and they sing:] 764 639

1) *nde te tɨ ve*
what carry
2) *nde te tɨ ve*
what carry
3) *vɨ ma la nyakzhó te tɨ ve*
look you sun faeces carry
4) *vɨ ma la ynún yó klam tɨ ve*
look you sun come out place under

Since the words are in perfect syntactic order the obvious translation is:

Line (1) What is being carried?
(2) What is being carried?
(3) Look, you. Sun's faeces are being carried.
(4) Look, you. Under the place where the sun emerges.

I have no explanation of the significance of this song. Klendó said that they sing the song "that it should be light [in weight] and that the people should not slip.

"They sing this song because they are afraid they will die. They are afraid they will slip—a person who is about to die will fall, but one who will live to old age does not fall. If there are many of them they do not sing this song, but if there are few they sing. After carrying the bones they wash themselves with clay and rub themselves with stones. They all do this, not only the one who carries the bones. [They say,] 'I am going to be like the old stone—I am never going to die.' They do not bury the bones in the place the person died—it is not good." 764

As they walk along they cut *ŋgigu* (fern) repeatedly and throw it away. "They carry it [*ŋgigu*] so that the carrying of our bones should be no more.[20] It is to rub out the sweat caused by carrying the basket. . . . At last they pound the *ŋgigu* and wash themselves [with the titrated sap]."

When they reach the spot where they intend to bury the bones the ground is cleared, and hole dug and lined with fern, the bones and the basket placed in the hole, and a little house erected over the grave by the women.

[20] It is clear from the phraseology and from the general ideology of death ceremonies that this is a way of severing contact with the dead. The precise symbolism, however, eludes me. *Ŋgigu* is a fern with a short (about four feet), woody, extremely thorny trunk that grows exclusively on heavily wooded hillsides. Besides its function in death ceremonies it is used to ferment beer. When titrated it produces a deep red juice.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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764 "When they burn a man or woman they throw away their firebrands after the burning and make a new fire with a fire drill, for if they remained beside the old fires they would die—it was the fire by which the dead used to sleep."

Keening

765 The Kaingáng mourn in a rhythmic chant heavily interspersed with sobbing and snuffling. When a number of people come together at a death they all keen, but most of the keening throughout the year is done by individuals who start to think about their dead relatives and burst into tears. Keening is most commonly heard in the very early morning or evening, when the Kaingáng have nothing to do and it is not yet time for a meal. Nevertheless people may start to keen at any time at all and wherever they may be. Although the Kaingáng feel that it is respectful toward the dead to weep and are scornful of those who do not, they do not particularly select large crowds to weep in. The lusty voices of the Kaingáng carry wonderfully in the cool air before dawn or after sunset, and I have heard them as much as a quarter of a mile away. In a small camp it would be unnecessary for them to raise their voices so in order to be heard, but nowadays when the settlement stretches for half a mile on both sides of the river a powerful voice has its advantages. To me this mourning was always unintelligible, but anyone who has ever tried to understand a sobbing person in our own society will understand that my difficulties were not simply linguistic. The only way I could obtain texts was through informants. The chants thus obtained are a good sample of the general drift of the occasional keening, but since they were not uttered under the influence of emotion and were not taken down while the individuals were actually mourning they lack somewhat the variety of the "natural" product and are greatly reduced in length. Nevertheless they are faithful.

During the very early part of my stay I heard Anggló keening at a festa, and with the help of my interpreter, who gave me snatches of what she said with the interpretation, I managed to record a great deal.

Anggló's Chant

765 I am weeping. I forgot my daughter's[26] name and now I am remember-
539 ing. I loved[27] her much, and now I can love her no more. I desire very much to see her again. She used to call me mother. Before my daughter died she wept much. I desire to see my daughter today. My father[28] always provided food for me, but now I am hungry; that is why I am weeping.

[26] Anggló had one child who died.

[27] *Ka lóló nya.*

[28] Now she begins to mourn for her father.

585 As a general rule, the young warrior builds himself a hut where he takes the girl of his choice, who lives henceforth as his wife. Sometimes, when the girl's family is small, he goes to live with his wife in her parents' hut. Incest does not occur among them, for [835] marriage is forbidden among close relatives. It is the custom of the tribe to respect marriage; adultery is unamously condemned and rarely occurs.

595 The warrior chooses his second wife with no more formality than the first. Both women enjoy the same rights. The additional wives are often sisters of the first one.

551 Male children are given the name of an outstanding ancestor, to which is added as a surname that of their father and of his lineage. The name of female children is chosen freely by the mother, whose own name is added as surname along with the name of her lineage.

This explains the great length of their names, such as for instance: Korikrã-Lãksi-Layondêsi, Vaikõidn-Ungrõsima-Põa-Tupi-Vaimusima.

764 Dead adults, men as well as women, are cremated in large fires built with selected woods. Pubescent children of both sexes are granted the same procedure, while young children are buried.

A warrior's weapons and other personal implements are burned along with his body. The ashes are gathered the following day and placed in a round pit, previously lined with tree bark and leaves, which is then filled with earth, covered with fragments of wood, and surmounted with a shelter.

765 The death of a chief or outstanding warrior is lamented by the whole tribe; his exploits are sung in a sort of litany for several days. Then the women recount in similar chants the virtues of the dead man in the domestic life of the tribe.

It is to be noted that on such occasions the Botocudo are seized by a profound sadness. Absorbed in their great sorrow, they become sullen and indifferent to everything and observe for several days a rigorous fast.

476 The social rule of the Botocudo is mutual aid, for which they were naturally trained by the insecure nomadic existence which has always been their lot.

000 certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

802 These Indians count from one to five on the fingers of one hand, and continue up to ten on the other hand. They indicate other quantities with both hands.

757 They treat diseases with the juice of various plants, nearly always applied externally by means of rubbing and massage. Some organic products such as deer stomachs [buxo] etc. are also used [There is a Brazilian plant, Amaiova cryptocarpa, which is popularly called "deer stomach" (bucho de veado). As some of the information in this article may have been obtained second-hand, the above might be the result of erroneous interpretation. --Translator]

They have the habit of tightly binding up all painful body areas, not only in case of snake bite but of any disease as well.

323 177 They formerly used various objects of fired clay, such as pots of different sizes and shapes and small vessels of varying form which they utilized to prepare and cook their food.

In the course of their later raids on civilized populations, however, they found similar utensils of iron and other metals [128] which they naturally came to prefer. As a result the art of ceramics declined sharply, especially following their contact with us. Prior to this contact, some of the older members of the tribe still made pottery.

821 323 It is obvious that they need a special clay for the manufacture of these objects. They believe that rainbows point to deposits of this clay, and call them kukron-ndouma--"pot arrows"--on account [764] of this belief. They never buried their dead in earthen jars nor do they do so now, but dispose of the bodies in the manner described above.

852 Every year, toward the end of December or the beginning of January--during the lambang-uan season, at the height of our southern summer--they carry out important celebrations for the baptism of children.

273 852 The Botocudo prepare a drink for the occasion which they call mõng-ma. Its basic element is wild honey, and the preparation is a rather lengthy process. One moon before the event, the Indians have already started on various specialized tasks. The fathers of the children to be baptized are entrusted with the building of large troughs

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

Funerary rites.—Death may result from the abduction of the soul by some spirit or by the ghost of a relative. 761

The ghost-soul loves and pities the living whom it has deserted, but the latter fear and abhor the ghost-soul. [Henry, 1941, p. 67.]

Not long ago the *Aweikoma-Caingang* cremated the dead and later collected and buried the bones, along with part of the deceased's property. After a cremation, they extinguished their fires and drilled fire anew. The soul of the deceased loomed as a peril especially to the surviving spouse, who went into retreat, abstained from eating meat, and underwent lustration. To terminate mourning, the mourner's hair and fingernails were clipped, pounded up, and thrown into the water. Then followed a beer festival, accompanied by dances and songs, during which the widow drank beer from a bamboo tube. Keening was not confined to the period of death, but occurred throughout the following year whenever relatives recalled their bereavement. 764 765

The *Caingang* now inter their dead with knees drawn up. Chants are sung around the body during and after its transportation to the grave. One cemetery had two central tumuli, 10 to 20 feet by 18 to 25 feet (3 to 6 m. by 5.5 to 7.5 m.) surrounded by vertically walled ditches. The same tumuli have been reported for the 18th-century *Guayaná*, ancestors of the *Caingang*[8] (fig. 60). The corpse, with funeral deposit, is put in a deep chamber, roofed with palm fronds and earth. The villagers at once desert the settlement and hastily construct new dwellings in the woods. For 3 days they eat only palm shoots (palmitos) and maize boiled by throwing heated potsherds in the water. They destroy part of the deceased's property and impose a strict taboo on his name. 764 768

The grave is periodically visited to renew the mound and to hold a memorial service with lamentations, dancing, chanting, and drinking. For several years, at dawn and dusk the relatives of a dead person utter funeral laments. 765

In days of old if a person died far away from his village, his companions interred his body on the spot but kept his head in a pot. On returning home they celebrated a funeral ceremony and buried the head in the communal cemetery (Horta Barboza, 1913, pp. 29–30). 766

Life after death.—Before the burial, the shaman, as he rattles his gourd by the corpse, warns the soul about the lurking dangers in the other world. He tells it that it will arrive at two paths, one leading to the cobweb of a gigantic spider and the other to a trap which will 775 764

[8] See Lozano (1873–74, 1: 423): "forman un género de cementerio, que conservan muy limpio; y en él abren sus sepulturas, y en enterrando á alguno, ponen sobre cada una un montón de tierra en figura piramidal, en cuyo remate sientan un medio calabazo, y al pié conservan de continuo un fuego lento que van a cebar todos los dias con leña muy tenue, sus mas cercanos parientes. El calabazo, dicen, es para que no falte al difunto con que beber, si le afligiere la sed; y el fuego para que ahuyente las moscas." On the funerary mounds, see also Serrano (1939, pp. 15–16).

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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primary causes of polygyny is that "There are no other men." Like Wanyekí,[10] the first husband of Amendó, a man may acquire two or more wives because there "are no other men around." But although this was true in the case of Wanyekí who lived far away from other people, it is necessary to remember that it is easier to give this as a blanket explanation than to bother about the numerous causes of a man's taking two or more wives. Among the young men on the reservation today there are several young bachelors; Nanmblá, however, has two wives.

Kuthúgn, old Thunder Storm, on the other hand, went around without a wife for years until his older brother died, leaving two wives, and Kuthúgn married them. But the Kaingáng do not impose or bestow on men the duty or the privilege of marrying their dead brothers' wives, nor do they compel widows to marry their brothers-in-law. Since the Kaingáng have no lien on spouses, since spouses are not conceived of as belonging to one group that has bought them or whose entire pattern of affinal exchanges is based on their permanent attachment to it, and since, furthermore, no group has given a man or woman in marriage in exchange for one received from a different group, there is no mechanism to compel a widow or widower to accept any particular new spouse. The ideology of mourning and the isolation of the widowed shows a complete lack of interest in these things.

A widowed person is dangerous, for the ghost of the departed clings to its last earthly vestiges in the hair of the surviving spouse that touched its own while living and under the nails where the dirt from food cooked or killed for the one now dead still lies. It follows its spouse about wherever it goes, for it is loath to give up its earthly attachments. It is a menace not only to the surviving spouse but to the whole community, for no one knows whom it may select as desirable to keep it company in the land of souls. So the widowed must be got out of camp for two weeks or two months, until the attachment of the ghost is enfeebled. Then, at the end of this time of fasting from the foods that he killed for his wife or that she cooked for her husband, the spouse is brought back with hair and nails cut off and is thus freed from the dirt that was so close a link to the ghost. Before the Kaingáng came to the reservation the return of the surviving spouse was the occasion for an elaborate ritual. With head covered with feathers as a disguise to fool the ghost, with wholesome herbs strewn in the path, to the noise of frantic singing and rattling to frighten the ghost away the widowed person came back and soon began his sex life anew. When the ghost of her husband had been frightened away contact with the woman was safe, for Kaingáng ghosts do not suffer from sexual jealousy after the first few weeks but oscillate eerily between the land of the dead and the dwellings of the living, harassed by a loneliness that urges them from time to time to

[10] He and Amendo died in about 1905.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
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snatch away some human being to bear them company. If the ghost longs 765
to renew intercourse and return at night for this purpose, it is the old spouse who suffers, never the new partner. No woman remains a widow because men are afraid to marry her. The Kaingáng are forever daring the supernatural anyway.

The children belong to their parents, if one can speak of "belonging" in 593
a society in which children are not valued as property. What we so strongly idealize the Kaingáng actually feel, for to them children are like highly charged emotional batteries. They are valued for their potentialities as emotionally satisfying living things, like most other pets.[11] There is no idea expressed that when they grow up they will feed and protect their parents,[12] 882
for in nomadic days the latter knew only too well the whims that urged and the necessities that compelled their children to wander away from them. They themselves had felt the desire to go north or west or east to see the country or to attack the Brazilians, and they too had left their own parents to follow the camps of their wives' relatives. But when children are left fatherless it often devolves upon the father's family to take care of them, for they feel that responsibility, and it is in this way that it comes about that a widow often marries someone of her husband's kin. She goes where her [587]
children are, and it is there, in the midst of her husband's close kin, that she begins her sex life anew and often finds her new husband.

It is a similar factor of residence that brings it about that in the majority 595
of cases the co-spouses in a polygynous or polyandrous marriage are either siblings or first cousins. For in the closer relationship that springs up among the members of the families related by marriage the most obvious choice is a person whom one sees all the time and with whom, therefore, one delights to have an affair. Since this choice rests almost wholly with the widow and since it is conditioned by a large number of accidental factors, principally what men are available at the moment, her new husband is as likely to be older than her dead husband as younger. Even when he is past middle age a man is still a vigorous hunter, and even if he is an old man, he can depend on someone to help toward the support of his household. His wife may philander as she will, but she is still his wife, and if he [684]
catches or suspects her he may beat her or even put a club through her chest.

If we were to believe Yatí as quoted by Thunder Storm's son, we could say that Thunder Storm acquired his third wife because he was an outstanding figure. But I am inclined to doubt this. His third wife was

[11] The Kaingáng, like many South American peoples, keep pet monkeys, pigs, *quatí* and hawks. Only the latter are used—for their feathers. Dogs are not pets; emotionally they belong rather in the category of unrelated human beings.

[12] It is true, nevertheless, that the parents could generally depend to some extent on their children's help, particularly before marriage.

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Appendix III

Rituals

Death

765 WHEN DEATH COMES the emotional resources of the Kaingáng are mobilized to overcome the forces of destruction that have been set in motion. Death, the perpetual threat, has become momentarily actualized in the form of the *kuplêng*, the ghost-soul of the deceased, and the most elaborate ritual forms the Kaingáng possess are directed toward the elimination of this threat. Of all the survivors at a death the one who stands in greatest peril from the *kuplêng* is the spouse, the *thûpáya*. The Kaingáng feel that the spouses have had such intimate relations that there must be a complete wiping out of all the old contacts. The rites through which the *thûpáya* passes are intended, however, not only to safeguard his life, but also to protect the community. No one can be sure whom the *kuplêng* will select for its companion, but since it clings most closely to the *thûpáya* he must free himself from the *kuplêng* as soon as possible. The *thûpáya* is a threat to the members of his group—they are genuinely afraid of him—and the rites which he performs serve both to rid him of his personal fear of his dead spouse and to make him once more acceptable to his fellows. As Klendó put it, "They . . . make a festa when the husband or the wife comes back so that he [or she] can live with them."

765 Even before his spouse's bones are buried the *thûpáya* leaves camp for
783 his widower's (or widow's) isolation, his *waikômáng*. "I did not want to see the bones," said Klendó; "so I left before she was burnt. I was afraid I would die; so I went to another place. I used to talk to her; therefore I was afraid to see her bones. I did not want to see her bones because I did not want to see her *kuplêng* while I was asleep."[1] A man leaves camp alone,
[762] taking his bow and arrows, an axe and a blanket, but no pot, for *thûpáya*

[1] Up to this point all that has been said applies equally to men and women.

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may not eat cooked food until they have completed the ritual series. If they did they would get hot inside and die. The *thûpáya* must refrain from all meat; all they are allowed to eat is honey and vegetable foods, and by the end of their *waikómáng* they may be very thin. If a widower encounters game he may shoot it, but he must not eat it. Instead he opens its belly and rubs the blood "all over himself to wash off[2] the hunting[3] that he used to do for his wife. This is called wiping[4] off and throwing away. He does the same with honey, bees' larvae, and bee sugar. He shoots tapir, pigs, deer, *tateti*, monkeys, jacutingas, howler monkeys, macucas, ururús [and a number of other birds]. He shoots several and does this wiping himself off."[5] By rubbing himself with the blood of game animals the husband removes one of the principal ties with his wife, for during her life he had shot game for her. Thus the whole ritual, including the fasting, is a transparent cleansing ceremony, in which the very terminology makes the psychological point clear. The Kaingáng do not feel that the dead are impure or that they contaminate, but that the *kuplêng* follows the vestiges of its earthly life, to the peril of survivors.

The *thûpáya* does not remain so far away from camp that he is completely out of contact. Under aboriginal conditions that would have put him in actual peril of his life from human enemies,[6] but always remains close enough for some woman to prepare a sleeping-place for him every night. There he sleeps alone with two stems of the *nggign* fern[7] in his arms "just as he used to hold his wife.[8] The *kuplêng* is afraid of these and goes away." Women remain nearer to camp than men, and if they have nursing infants they take them along. They do not always sleep alone, for often a woman who prepares the sleeping-place for the *thûpáya* and sprinkles it with protective herbs wraps her in her arms all night long in a protective embrace against her husband's *kuplêng*. If there have been a number of deaths at one time, as from a raid by the *bugreiros* or by ven-

[2] *Waikupé*, to wash oneself.

[3] *ê plą thi mộ ê tộ pánúi yó*
his wife her for he (instrumental particle) shoot place

Literally, the place where he used to shoot for his wife.

[4] *Wainyekúi*, to wipe oneself. Without the reflexive it means "to wipe," as in cleansing the barrel of a gun.

[5] Women, since they have not the weapons with which to kill animals, simply rub themselves with honey.

[6] When the Brazilian Indian hunters, the *bugreiros*, were thought to be in the neighborhood, no one went on *waikómáng*.

[7] See p. 187 fn.

[8] Or husband.

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detta enemies, the male and female *thûpáya* form separate groups and go off together. 765

The period of *waikómáng* is exceedingly variable. Until a few years ago the end of *waikómáng* was marked by *angdjīdn*, the festa of rattles. In preparation for this event, which marked the reacceptance of the *thûpáya* by his group, beer was prepared. But before the *thûpáya* returned he had to be completely cleansed of his spouse's "dirt,"[9] and to this end the people who went to fetch him cut his hair, "because when he slept with his wife their heads were together," and his finger nails. It is said of women that their nails were cut "because they used to get meat under their nails in preparing food for their husbands." The people sang during the entire rite of cutting the hair and nails in order to frighten off the *kuplêng*. The songs that were sung during the death rituals are called *ēhēdn*;[10] some of them were sung only at certain points in the ritual series, while others are not ritual songs but are part of the general song repertoire of each man.[11] While the hair was being cut it was held with a bit of medicine to protect the cutter, and when the task was finished hair and nails were pounded up in a mortar with a number of herbs, including the ubiquitous tapir's raw food, and thrown into the water.[12]

"The hair is thrown into the water because they are afraid to let it rot on earth. The first-born [i.e. the ancients] came out along the water, and therefore they throw the hair into the water." Like tapir's raw food, water is a general life-symbol to the Kaingáng. In the same way the hair and nails of young children are thrown into the water "so that they will grow. Otherwise the children would dry up and die," and the umbilical cord is placed in the water for the same reason. The Kaingáng have great faith in bathing wounds with water, and all herbs are mixed with water before they are applied to the body as remedies.

The entire body of the *thûpáya* was now rubbed with tapir's raw food to cleanse him, and his head was covered with feathers or a feathered cloth, for the combination of the haircut and the feathers would prevent the *kuplêng* from recognizing him. As he walked toward camp where the beer was waiting someone went before him scattering herbs in his path to frighten away the *kuplêng*, and as they walked fearfully along they sang

[9] *Nyanggli*, dirt; taboo as applied to food.

[10] From the stem *hē*, whole, entire, sound. The purpose of these songs is to keep people well.

[11] See p. 192 this section.

[12] "They also cut the hair of her small child. Its father used to see its hair; so they cut it off." The hair at the nape of the neck was never cut off in this rite, for that would cause death.

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whatever songs occurred to them. When those in camp heard the singing they too began and as the group entered the dance circle they were greeted by loud singing and the whirr of gourd rattles. "This is our song of fear. He[13] was afraid of her.[14] He was singing for her husband's *kuplêng* to be afraid and go away. He sang in front of her. When they saw him coming they began to dance with their rattles. The women came behind her, rattling. These rattles are for the *kuplêng* of the husband to fear and go away. Widows sit and the men dance around them. They dance about behind the woman. She is told to sit down. They are afraid of the woman. They think that if they stay there they might die; that is why they dance the woman. They are afraid of the woman because she used to live with her husband. That is why they have the *angdjîdn*. When there is no more beer they go to the water and wash themselves and then wash their mouths with muddy water. They wash their mouths because they are afraid of the songs. It is because they sang with their mouths. They rub their bodies with sand and stones because they do not rot. I am going to be like stones that never die. I am going to grow old like stones."

Starting with the change of the body-paint symbols, as described in Appendix II, the normal activities of life were in part reversed, with the object of confusing the *kuplêng*. Instead of drinking his beer from a gourd or from a basket the *thûpfya* drank from a bamboo tube. A widow was *given* the drink because formerly she used to *give* it out to others, and she remained lying down in the morning when her children were already up because she used to get up to take care of her husband. "If she were to get up while her children slept they would die."

It is still dangerous to eat cooked food for a while, but after a few more days another rite overcomes the danger inherent in this act. "They kill a tapir and cook it, mixing *ndolô* or *kakleiklé* leaves in a clay pot with water. The water is brought to a boil with heated stones. They boil it and take it off and pour it into a plate. Then the people are called together and they drink the remedy and eat the meat."[15]

[13] A relative who was leading the group back to camp. Specific relationships are of no importance in these ceremonies.

[14] Although this is a description of a particular ceremony that took place when a relative of the informant died, leaving his widow, the description has equal validity for widowers.

[15] This has some striking parallels in the rites following the killing of men. "A man who killed a Brazilian did not eat from a pot. He roasted his food. They would pound the thorns of *chuio*, put it in a pot, and put water on top to boil it. Then they would drink it, and then they would eat from the pot. When they killed their own people they would do the same thing. They wanted to [be able to] kill men; so they pounded thorns and mixed it with water and drank it. When we are walking along thorns seize us and rip our skin; so they do this [pound thorns] so that they will be able to do the same thing. If one were to eat from a pot after killing the Brazilians one could not kill anyone after that. Some people would wash themselves after an attack on the Brazilians to protect themselves from [the scent of] dogs."

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Now the *thápfyu* after a period of approximately three to five weeks could again take up his normal course of existence, except that he had still to abstain from sexual intercourse. 765

One of my informants gave me a number of ritualistic specializations in terms of the body-paint scheme. Although I consider them of very doubtful validity, I give them here for the sake of completeness.

(1) When a man comes back from *swaikdnáng* he is given his food by a woman of the opposite mark, because "they are different and therefore are not afraid."

(2) The period for which Wanyekí *kdikd kí* must abstain from cooked food is much longer than for Klendó.

(3) The former keep their body paints on for a much longer time.

(4) The Klendó *kdikd kí* use pine needles in the pot at the ritual of the first eating of cooked food.

The rituals of the *swaikdnáng* and the *angdjida* are limited to *thápfyu*, the widowed, for it is only the surviving spouse who must go through any procedure at all.[20]

Cremation and Burial

Vomble's description of these ceremonies, which I never had the opportunity to see, since the Kaingáng no longer burn their dead, is so clear and vivid that it needs practically no elucidation or paraphrasing; and I therefore give it word for word. 764

"They place him on a blanket. Arrows are placed beside him. Feathers are placed on him.[21] His arrows are broken. The bowstring is cut and the arrows tied with it; also the wrapping for future arrows. The bow is chopped in half and tied together with the arrows. His head is laid to the west and his feet to the east because the *kupléng* dwell in the west. He will see the road and go that way. If they were to put him on the other way he would err. The wood [of the pyre] is waist-high. They place him on it and pile wood on top of him until it is as high as a man. They sink posts on the side all around so that the wood will not fall down. They put wax[22] and meat in his hands and say: 'There! Take it and go and leave me! You go to the many.' They pound him on the chest [and say]: 'Leave your animals[23] to me and go! When I am suffering [hunger] I'll shoot and eat them. Leave your people and go! Leave the honey for me! You went to

[20] All inherited property, however, should be wiped off with tapir's raw food.
[21] I do not know why.
[22] Symbolic of honey.
[23] All game animals. The *kupléng* is asked not to take the souls of the animals with it.

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764 "When they burn a man or woman they throw away their firebrands after the burning and make a new fire with a fire drill, for if they remained beside the old fires they would die—it was the fire by which the dead used to sleep."

Keening

765 The Kaingáng mourn in a rhythmic chant heavily interspersed with sobbing and snuffling. When a number of people come together at a death they all keen, but most of the keening throughout the year is done by individuals who start to think about their dead relatives and burst into tears. Keening is most commonly heard in the very early morning or evening, when the Kaingáng have nothing to do and it is not yet time for a meal. Nevertheless people may start to keen at any time at all and wherever they may be. Although the Kaingáng feel that it is respectful toward the dead to weep and are scornful of those who do not, they do not particularly select large crowds to weep in. The lusty voices of the Kaingáng carry wonderfully in the cool air before dawn or after sunset, and I have heard them as much as a quarter of a mile away. In a small camp it would be unnecessary for them to raise their voices so in order to be heard, but nowadays when the settlement stretches for half a mile on both sides of the river a powerful voice has its advantages. To me this mourning was always unintelligible, but anyone who has ever tried to understand a sobbing person in our own society will understand that my difficulties were not simply linguistic. The only way I could obtain texts was through informants. The chants thus obtained are a good sample of the general drift of the occasional keening, but since they were not uttered under the influence of emotion and were not taken down while the individuals were actually mourning they lack somewhat the variety of the "natural" product and are greatly reduced in length. Nevertheless they are faithful.

During the very early part of my stay I heard Anggló keening at a festa, and with the help of my interpreter, who gave me snatches of what she said with the interpretation, I managed to record a great deal.

Anggló's Chant

765 I am weeping. I forgot my daughter's[26] name and now I am remember-
539 ing. I loved[27] her much, and now I can love her no more. I desire very much to see her again. She used to call me mother. Before my daughter died she wept much. I desire to see my daughter today. My father[28] always provided food for me, but now I am hungry; that is why I am weeping.

[26] Anggló had one child who died.

[27] *Ka lflé nya.*

[28] Now she begins to mourn for her father.

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I am always bewailing my father. Before he died he suffered much. I thought that my father was alive, but he is dead. I always forget my father, but now I am remembering him. My father had many relatives, but I alone am weeping for him. I feel like weeping all day long for my father. He used always to get food for me. I wish to see him. I weep all day long for my daughter. When my father was alive I used to call him "father," but now I cannot. He always gave me food. I pity him. My father loved me much, but he left me and went away. I am forgetting my father a great deal. He suffered much. I desire to see my daughter who called me "mother." Before she died she called me "mother." My father used always to bring food for me, and now I wish to see him. My father died and never remembered me. My father died, and now I pity him. I am suffering because of my daughter. I cannot sleep because I am always thinking of my daughter. Whenever I eat I do not forget my daughter. She is there now [where she died, at the Post].

Kulá's Chant[29]

I am remembering my mother.[30] I want to call her mother. I am remembering my mother. I am the one who called her mother, but now it is all over. I am remembering my mother. When my mother would look at me she would remember that my father had seen me and she would weep—now that is all over. I am remembering my mother. I and my children used to call my mother mother—that is all over. I am remembering my mother. I want to see my mother. When my father would return after leaving me he would think of how I suffered, and he would weep. Grandmother, whose name I bear, would think of my sickness and suffering.

Kundidn's Chant

One of my *nyp*[31] would see my brother and me suffering, and she would come to us to weep. I suffered with him. My brother and I had no father; so he and I wept for my children. He and I suffered. I want to see my father.

Kundidn has lost all her nearest relatives—husband, parents, brothers, sisters, and four of her five children—and it is probable that if she had continued longer she would have mentioned her mother.

[29] This and the succeeding chants were obtained from informants. Kulá is Anggló's sister, but this chant was recorded eight or nine months after Anggló's, when their mother had died of the grippe. Kulá lost one baby many years ago—apparently she had stopped mourning for it.

[30] Literally, "I am remembering what mother looked like."

[31] See Appendix II.

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Kuthúgn's Chants

I. For His Mother

965 539 Mother saw me and mourned every night. I was suffering. I forget what she looked like. I was hungry. I forget what she looked like. I forget what she looked like. I suffered. I forget what she looked like. I suffered. I am always weeping but I never see her. I forget her.

II. For men

Nyungnyén shot things for me. I suffered. I forget what he looked like. I used to wander about with *nyungnyén*, and he loved me. I used to go about with him, and I forget what he looked like. I forget what he looked like. *Nyungnyélé*[32] and I suffered a great deal and I forget him. I forget what he looked like. [Then he sings:] *e ko yo ho nei mo ko ma ve yo na ta ko ma chudn ve yo ne ta ko ma chudn ve.*[33] I suffered with *nyungnyén* a great deal and I forget what they looked like. I attacked other men with *nyungnyén*. I used to shoot things with them. I forget what they looked like.

Klendó's Chants[34]

I. For His Wife

I do not see my wife. Will I see her? I go with my wife. I do not see her.

II. For His Mother

I do not see my mother. Will I not see my mother? I forgot my mother.

III. For Véye (Who Died a Few Weeks Ago)

I do not see *nyungnyélé*. I do not hear *nyungnyélé* call me *yágn*.

IV. For a Father's Brother

I do not see *yágn*. I forget what *yágn* looked like. *Yágn* lived in me.

V. For a First Cousin Once Removed

I do not see *nyungnyén*. Will I see another who looks like her? I do not see her.

Vomblé's Chants

I. For His Relatives

My relatives shot things for me, and now I and my children are suffering.

[32] The term *nyungnyélé* is a form of *nyungnyén* that occurs only in mourning chants.
[33] This song has no meaning.
[34] These and the chants of Vomblé were recorded while they were my informants.

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II. For His Father

My father used to set food before me, and my children and I ate it; and now my children and I are suffering. My father would weep when he saw me because of my mother's having seen me.[35] Now when I am suffering I think of my father's face.[36]

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539

III. For His Mother

I and mother had no *yúgn*,[37] and I got nothing for her for a long time.[38] Since she left me I have no mother.

IV. For Véye (Who Died a Few Weeks Ago)

My *klą*[39] came to where he had seen me, and I had forgotten him. My *klą* and my many relatives shot things for me. My *klą* and I have no father. I am remembering his face and his leaving me.

To the Kaingáng these are all tender chants of remembering, forgetting, and regret, and they are striking for the complete absence of any elements of fear. So, too, there is only one resentful expression—in Anggló's chant where she says, "My father died and never remembered me." It is curious that the Kaingáng, who desire less than anything on earth to see their dead relatives, should express in their mourning chants a desire to see them. The chants of Klendó and Kuthúgn, with their monotonous reiteration of "I forget what he looked like" and "I do not see him" may be pure and simple expressions of their horror of seeing the dead again rather than elliptical statements which might be completed: "I forget what he looked like, he has been so long dead; and how sorry I am."

The chants of the three women are of the occasional type, i.e. of the type chanted whenever the mood comes on one, whereas those of the three men are of the type uttered at funerals.

While I was among the Kaingáng the women did much more keening than the men. The Indians, however, could not be made aware of the fact that there was any difference between the amount of keening done by the women and that done by the men.

Death Songs (Ēhēdn)

The following songs may be sung as the funeral pyre is being ignited:

[35] His mother was dead.
[36] Literally, "his appearance."
[37] She had no father, and therefore he had no grandfather.
[38] Vembló's explanation: "I would go to look for meat and not find it."
[39] See Appendix II.

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I

a to na a wa lê hê nų yô nê kê ya ma mbû vô yô
ta to na ha vâi kēgn yâ nggâ kô yêyê ko yīgn mbâ
ha yê kô yīgn mbâ.

Vomblé said, "They do this so that the *kuplêng* will go. If they did not do this it would take the living away."

II

kī yē ų tộ kô pando mê lêlê nya
kûi kī yē ha lêlê nya kų
kûi kī yē ų tộ kô pando mêêlêlê nya kų
kûi kī yē lêlê nya

Vomblé explained: "They say to them that when they were alive they climbed trees.[40] Then they say '*ha ha.*' When the *kuplêng* hears this it goes off. If they did not sing this all the souls would come and live with the living, and then the living would go with them."

III

la kônang yukê[41] *pītpīlī vadnvala*
la kôna yukê pītpīlī vadn vala

"This song is sung so that the pyre may burn," said Klendó.

IV

1) *hēi tệ*[42] *vê hēi tệ vê*
intact intact
sound
2) *vâ ma la yudn*[43] *yô klą tē*
3) *hēi tệ vê hēi tệ vê*
4) *vâ ma la lâdn yô klą tēi tē*
look you sun down place
5) *tộ vai tệ vê*

[40] The interpretation is clearly one of accommodation to what Vomblé feels to be the ethnologist's taste for interpretations. The song is made up of syllables some of which, though identical with meaningful elements in the Kaingáng language, have no conceivable meaning in the present context.

[41] The first five syllables have a general resemblance to what might be translated as "sun's eyebrows"; the two succeeding words might be translated as "ururú" (a bird) and "fever" respectively. Since, however, no explanation was vouchsafed by the informant and the reference is not clear, it seems best to reserve judgment.

[42] A predicating element.

[43] See p. 193.

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Vomblé said that they sing this song "so that the *kuplêng* will not be *vai* to them. [When they say sing] *hẽi tệ vê* they are saying that when it is burnt the bones will be intact." But he immediately added: "They never sing this song. They sing their real song," i.e. their personal songs. Klendó said that this song made the corpse *vai*. "Kangdádn sang this song, and that is why Patá did not burn. It has [a syllable]*vai*[44] in it—that is why." But then, on the other hand, he says, "When Patá's *kuplêng* heard this it probably became afraid and went away." Another interpretation of this song by the same informant is that "he is singing in order that there should be no *kumbẽdn* on the edge of the burning place where the sun comes up."

Klendó, who is usually silent when asked for interpretations of songs, thought that in line 4 the "place where the sun comes down" referred to the sun's being alive and red and that *tộ vai tệ vê* meant that the edge of the ashes [toward the west] is evil-omened.

Although Vomblé and Klendó give different interpretations of this song there is a general agreement between them. Both informants feel that the effect of the song will be to make things *hẽ*, sound, well, but Klendó feels that it also involves certain dangers because of the presence of the syllable *vai*.

The following are hair-cutting songs:

V

kaichâ yûpĩ tê kô
wa kâ na yô anggû kâi mô a nê
yangvê yukĩ kunê anê vavû ho
anê vavâ kaichâ yûpĩ tê kô
kaichâ yûpĩ tê kô
wa kâ na yô anggû kâi mbô anê
nang vê yûkĩ ku nê anê va vû ho
a nê vâ hâ

This song has no meaning whatsoever.

VI

ụ nụ yômên ho lâ wa
kĩ kẽ lâ kalê hê
ụ nụ yômên hô lâ wa
kuyo kaichô
ụ nụ yômê hô lâ wa
kĩ kẽ kalê hê [and then repeat from the beginning]

[44] See line 5.

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765 This song has no meaning whatsoever. Said Vomblé: "This is our song
537 of fear. He is afraid of her [the *thâpáya*]. He is singing for her husband's *kuplêng* to be afraid and go away."

Ceremonies for the Kôklá [Ceremonial Father,] and Mbĕ [Ceremonial Mother][48]

The Placenta and Umbilical Cord

846 When the child is born the placenta and the piece of the umbilical cord that was attached to the child are wrapped in medicinal herbs, placed in a little basket, and sunk in a stream, and a sharpened stick is forced through the basket to keep it from floating away. This is called by the term *páyú*, which means to steal or to conceal. *páyú* is done most usually by a brother of the mother and his wife. Through the series of rites that begin with the *páyú* of his umbilical cord the child is bound to his father's affinal relatives.

The Baby's Meal of Cooked Food (Yôgndêyê)

852 Soon after the child is born its ankles are wrapped loosely with about twenty turns of cord, its *patthêyê*,[49] foot cords, and these are kept on for two weeks or so. Then the father decides to make a *yôgndêyê* for his child, and he goes out hunting, with perhaps a brother-in-law to help him, and hunts intensively for a number of days to get together enough meat for a big feast. When the meat has been collected the *mbê* and *kôklá* as well as all the close relatives of the child's parents who happen to be around, together with friends, are invited to a feast, and while their guests dine the parents look on without eating. Were they to eat, the father would never be able to shoot game again.

These ceremonies are almost always conducted in high spirits unless the hosts are stingy, and then everyone is rather gloomy and there are secret grumblings afterward. Everyone sits down wherever he wants to, the more distant relatives keeping discreetly in the background and joining but mildly in the conversation, the in-laws acting as if they "belonged," pushing the pots around and dishing out the food. When everyone has eaten as much as he can, or as much as there is, the men start to sing and the baby's mother hastens to remove the *patthêyê*, and when they are all unwound the party wanders off, carrying with it the remains of the feast. Depending on the quantity of meat, the party may last from a half hour to an hour.

[48] The explanation of all these ceremonies for the child is that if they were not performed the child would die, that it would not grow up, or that it would dry up and die.

[49] "The *patthêyê* are put on so they may be taken off at the *yôgndêyê*."

585 As a general rule, the young warrior builds himself a hut where he takes the girl of his choice, who lives henceforth as his wife. Sometimes, when the girl's family is small, he goes to live with his wife in her parents' hut. Incest does not occur among them, for [835] marriage is forbidden among close relatives. It is the custom of the tribe to respect marriage; adultery is unamously condemned and rarely occurs.

595 The warrior chooses his second wife with no more formality than the first. Both women enjoy the same rights. The additional wives are often sisters of the first one.

551 Male children are given the name of an outstanding ancestor, to which is added as a surname that of their father and of his lineage. The name of female children is chosen freely by the mother, whose own name is added as surname along with the name of her lineage.

This explains the great length of their names, such as for instance: Korikrã-Laksi-Layondesi, Vaikõidn-Ungrõsima-Põa-Tupi-Vaimusima.

764 Dead adults, men as well as women, are cremated in large fires built with selected woods. Pubescent children of both sexes are granted the same procedure, while young children are buried.

A warrior's weapons and other personal implements are burned along with his body. The ashes are gathered the following day and placed in a round pit, previously lined with tree bark and leaves, which is then filled with earth, covered with fragments of wood, and surmounted with a shelter.

765 The death of a chief or outstanding warrior is lamented by the whole tribe; his exploits are sung in a sort of litany for several days. Then the women recount in similar chants the virtues of the dead man in the domestic life of the tribe.

It is to be noted that on such occasions the Botocudo are seized by a profound sadness. Absorbed in their great sorrow, they become sullen and indifferent to everything and observe for several days a rigorous fast.

476 The social rule of the Botocudo is mutual aid, for which they were naturally trained by the insecure nomadic existence which has always been their lot.

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Not long ago the *Aweikoma-Caingang* cremated the dead and later collected and buried the bones, along with part of the deceased's property. After a cremation, they extinguished their fires and drilled fire anew. The soul of the deceased loomed as a peril especially to the surviving spouse, who went into retreat, abstained from eating meat, and underwent lustration. To terminate mourning, the mourner's hair and fingernails were clipped, pounded up, and thrown into the water. Then followed a beer festival, accompanied by dances and songs, during which the widow drank beer from a bamboo tube. Keening was not confined to the period of death, but occurred throughout the following year whenever relatives recalled their bereavement. 764 765

The *Caingang* now inter their dead with knees drawn up. Chants are sung around the body during and after its transportation to the grave. One cemetery had two central tumuli, 10 to 20 feet by 18 to 25 feet (3 to 6 m. by 5.5 to 7.5 m.) surrounded by vertically walled ditches. The same tumuli have been reported for the 18th-century *Guayaná*, ancestors of the *Caingang*[8] (fig. 60). The corpse, with funeral deposit, is put in a deep chamber, roofed with palm fronds and earth. The villagers at once desert the settlement and hastily construct new dwellings in the woods. For 3 days they eat only palm shoots (palmitos) and maize boiled by throwing heated potsherds in the water. They destroy part of the deceased's property and impose a strict taboo on his name. 764 768

The grave is periodically visited to renew the mound and to hold a memorial service with lamentations, dancing, chanting, and drinking. For several years, at dawn and dusk the relatives of a dead person utter funeral laments. 765

In days of old if a person died far away from his village, his companions interred his body on the spot but kept his head in a pot. On returning home they celebrated a funeral ceremony and buried the head in the communal cemetery (Horta Barboza, 1913, pp. 29–30). 766

Life after death.—Before the burial, the shaman, as he rattles his gourd by the corpse, warns the soul about the lurking dangers in the other world. He tells it that it will arrive at two paths, one leading to the cobweb of a gigantic spider and the other to a trap which will 775 764

[8] See Lozano (1873–74, 1: 423): "forman un género de cementerio, que conservan muy limpio; y en él abren sus sepulturas, y en enterrando á alguno, ponen sobre cada una un montón de tierra en figura piramidal, en cuyo remate sientan un medio calabazo, y al pié conservan de continuo un fuego lento que van a cebar todos los dias con leña muy tenue, sus mas cercanos parientes. El calabazo, dicen, es para que no falte el difunto con que beber, si le afligiere la sed; y el fuego para que ahuyente las moscas." On the funerary mounds, see also Serrano (1929, pp. 15–16).

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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you want?" said I. "Chukembégn is going to leave me." "Oh, no, he isn't." 586
"Yes, he is. He said so up the river and they are talking about it." "But he is not going to leave you." "How do you know?" "He told me." "What did he tell you?" "He told me that he loves you." I used the strongest term that the language has to offer, a term that I heard used only in folktales. "But he *is* going to leave me. Julio, if he leaves me, will you marry me?" "No," said I; "I never marry anyone." And there the matter rested.[8]

A man separated from his wife may live with someone else and share 581
his fire. At the worst he can cook his own meals and spread his own bed, 593
for no shame attaches to a man who does a woman's work. But after a 855
woman has borne three children a marriage does not break up. The 764
woman needs the man to take care of her children, and Kaingáng men are 766
fond fathers. There is no end to the fondling and delousing a child gets from its father and other men. He makes toys for it and takes it hunting for company. Nowadays they are as much interested in having their little girls decked out in brand new calico dresses as American mothers are in getting their children permanent waves. Even in death parents do not relinquish their children, for, they say, a child who dies before the age of about twelve returns to its mother's womb and is reborn. The corpse of a grown-up is placed on the funeral pyre, pounded on the chest and told to go away, and summarily burnt. But, I was told, a little child is placed in a grave, covered with wholesome herbs and begged to return. Its mother puts a little honey and meat aside for it, puts her baby's carrying-band on her head and walks about crying, "Come here, come here! Come and eat the meat and honey I have put aside for you. If you stay in some other camp one will be angry with you! Come back! Come back!"

Except for the somewhat aberrant Chukembégn there is not a single case 586
of a marriage dissolved after three children had been born. Chukembégn was a child of about nine when the Kaingáng settled on the reservation, and he grew up in close contact with the agent. He married Tendó but left her after she had borne him three children. His present wife, Chantágn, "led him away by the hand." Now he rarely goes near Tendó, but she is still regarded as his wife. Two years after leaving her he still buys cloth for her to make dresses for herself and her children. Yet idle tongues will wag, and one day when Chukembégn, Klendó, and I were hunting together, Chukembégn burst out: "It is not true that I ignore her. I got medicine and bought a chicken for her when she was ill!" Klendó observed mildly that he had never said that Chukembégn had not taken care of her. Then Chukembégn, turning to me, blurted in Portuguese: "This man has

[8] I mention this, and other cases in which I myself have been one of the actors, not because they are the only instances of the kind that I have, but because they are usually the most complete.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

some other tribe, the ancient *Caingang* were improvident and consumed their crops as they matured, storing none for the lean months ahead. On the other hand, Horta Barbosa (1913, p. 34) states that maize was as important to them as "wheat for the Europeans." The *Caingang* of the region of San Pedro (Misiones), observed by Ambrosetti (1895, p. 337), opened their clearings in tracts covered with bamboo or sparse bush. They broke the small trees with cudgels or by hand. When the dead trees were dry, they burned them and waited until the beginning of the rainy season for sowing. Women planted crops with digging sticks; they also harvested the crops and carried them home. Men do all the farming in the reservation of Palmas.

In modern groups the tiller of a field is recognized as its exclusive owner; if he dies before harvest, the seedlings are destroyed.

Collecting.—When the *Caingang* were still living in their aboriginal condition, pine nuts of *Araucaria angustifolia*, a tree which has a distribution coinciding more or less with that of the tribe, was fundamental to the native diet. From April to June the Indians gathered in the forests to climb the trees and knock down the ripened fruits, which the women helped to pick up. The climbing technique—also used in getting honey or in robbing birds' nests—was to pass one noose around the feet, another around the tree and the climber's back, and alternately move the two bands up the trunk. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* used only a noose of bamboo strips.

The *Caingang* also collected wild tubers (*Dioscorea* sp.) and a great many wild fruits, such as jaboticaba (*Myrciaria* sp.), pitanga (Myrtaceae sp.), articú (*Annona montana*), pineapples, papaya (*Carica papaya*), caraguatá (*Bromelia* sp.), etc. The starchy pith of the pindo palm (*Cocos romansoffiana*) was formerly an important food item, but today has been supplanted by manioc flour.

Honey and the larvae of bees and especially the larvae of the tambú beetle, which abound in decayed palm and bamboo trunks, are prized delicacies. It is also reported in some sources that the ancient *Caingang* did not despise snakes or lizards.

Hunting.—The *Caingang* spend a large portion of their time hunting alone or in small parties. The dog, treated by some groups as an indispensable auxiliary, is a recent acquisition. Some *Caingang* groups lacked it as late as 1912. To develop the smelling powers of their dogs, the Indians expose them to the smoke of the burnt skin of the game which they are to stalk. They never give them the bones of game animals to gnaw, taking great precaution lest the game be offended.

An entire band participates in a peccary hunt. Old and young, preceded by dogs, endeavor to drive the animals toward hunters, who shoot them with arrows. The *Aweikoma-Caingang* follow droves

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Their rigorous environment and lack of a close social structure that would automatically provide the aging hunter with helpers or the widow who has children with a husband make the problem of food supply terribly pressing for these people. It was for this reason that Ketédn made my next-door neighbor, Kuthúgn, a member of his household when the latter was still a boy. "When I am dead," said Ketédn, "you will take care of my wife and children." Events showed that Ketédn had acted with foresight—perhaps because of his supernatural power—for he was killed by the Brazilians, and now Kuthúgn was living next door to me with Ketédn's wife who was so much older than he.

A widow who is no longer young has a hard time of it with her small children. Dependent on relatives, she wanders from household to household. At night she sleeps alone with her little child. There is no one to take care of her. Her brother or cousin or brother-in-law give her food when they have it. They share what they have as a matter of course, but when there is little food their children come first and the widow may get only short rations. Kundídn is such a widow. One day she eats at her cousin's house, the next at her brother's, the next at the house of another cousin. When she is sick her cousin Anggló sometimes comes to sit beside her, but if Anggló is away at some secret rendezvous with her lover, or off hunting with her brother, Kundídn often lies alone and miserable. None of the young men would marry a woman of forty with a goiter. But when she is well Kundídn is vigorous and aggressive. She works longer days in the fields than the younger women, she goes out frequently to look for honey, she is an aggressive and determined suitor and she had almost chopped off Véye's leg when the latter deliberately drowned her brother. Whenever I had to pass her house I made a wide circle because I knew that Kundídn would attempt to seduce me in her violent and jocular manner if she caught sight of me. At last she offered me her wild, thin little daughter, Tombá, aged about eleven. "Take her and bring her up," she said. "When she is grown, marry her, and she will keep house for you."

These forms of marriage and the custom of occasional adoption with an eye to the consummation of a future sex relationship are only crystallizations from an almost amorphous social life. Nevertheless, however imperfectly defined, informal, and even casual their sexual arrangements may be, the Kaingáng have made them the center of some kind of relationship that has a permanent value for this society. The casual relationships among young people in our own society that are the outgrowth of passion often serve no other function than to satisfy an overwhelming desire for sexual experience and companionship. Once the couple has drifted apart they have no claims on each other. They are strangers and can never depend on one another for anything. But among the Kaingáng, who literally have

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763 Ndíli handed her some medicine, a pounded
75 herb mixed with water, and she tried to force that between the child's lips; but it only trickled down its chin. Some of the women sought to help her by heating their hands over the fire and laying them on the baby.

763 When it seemed that the child must surely die, Waipó left camp to call the others of our hunting party, for when the ghost-souls are about they may take away the living; and the Kaingáng feel the need for each other's protection and "live piled up."

When I climbed into my hammock that night, there had been a lull in the weeping, but I was awakened several hours before dawn by the frantic keening of Waikomé. One by one, others joined her, and I knew then that the baby was dead. As I watched, the emotion gradually grew more intense; and some went to join the group mourning around the child. There was no play-acting here, no singling out of those whom relationship obliged to weep from those who could just look on. Those who were not affected kept aloof and performed their daily tasks, but those who felt an identification with the bereaved parents mourned with them. Ndíli's second cousin sat with his arm around him and wept, but Ndíli's brother seemed entirely untouched and soon went off to get honey. At last, late in the morning, the parents took up their little bundle and went away, and the sound of their keening came back to us through the forest.

775 That day no one went hunting even though there was no meat in camp.
763 Toward noon Waipó said to me, his voice intense with fear: "You'd better pack your things, because we're going away from here right away. We thought we would stay and kill another tapir, but the baby died; and now we have to move." Who knows what might have happened if they had remained? The ghost-soul of the baby might have taken someone along with it or the ghost-soul which had killed it might kill again. It really does the Kaingáng no good to flee from the ghost-soul, for although it has a tendency to lurk about the place where the bones of its dead body are buried, it also is nomadic like the Kaingáng and may dog their footsteps wherever they go.

763 If we think of death among ourselves and the demonstrations that
152 accompany it among the less inhibited members of our own society; if we disregard for a moment the wild surroundings, the rhythmic keening, the fear of the ghost-soul, and even, perhaps, the useless medicine that was forced between the choking child's lips (although, Heaven knows, that too might be easily duplicated in our society), we cannot but see a striking resemblance between the grief of Waikomé and Ndíli and the members of their group and similar displays in our own society. Among ourselves, anger is generally thrust into the background and often disappears entirely when grief is sincere, but among the Kaingáng it pervades the entire scene and manifests itself in an irritability that may easily become anger. It is

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difficult to talk to many of the Kaingáng on these occasions because they are so easily enraged, and the ethnologist had best hold his tongue and try to appear as small as possible. In death the Kaingáng feel a threat to their security. As they put it, "We are afraid of the ghost-souls; so we come together and live piled up." As in the feuds, no one knows when the deaths will cease. The presence of death lays bare the very fiber of the Kaingáng personality, for it is in terms of this emotional amalgam in which anger and fear are indistinguishably fused that we must understand all of their behavior in times of stress.

In 1918 when the first wave of the grippe struck the Kaingáng, killing them in such numbers that their bodies lay about unburied until the dogs ate them, Thunder Storm rose up in his rage and fear and beat the air and trees with a club. "When disease came," said his son to me, "my father beat the trees because he was afraid of the supernatural beings (*nggĭyúdn*). He said, 'If I see you, I'll kill you. You are *waikayú*[1] and kill us all the time. So if I see you come to me, I'll kill you! The Brazilians kill my relatives; so out of revenge I destroy them when I see them! When I see them, I kill them, and I'll do the same to you—when I see you, I'll kill you!' He spoke thus as he beat the trees." Nothing could express this side of the Kaingáng character and world-view better. Here is condensed the Kaingáng frantic fear and anger at the forces of death, the equation of the supernatural with any other enemy, and the identification of the situation created by death with the vendetta tradition and revenge.

The Kaingáng not only fight with death; they also fly from it. That is why Waipó told me that we must move on when Ndíli's baby died, and that is why old Kakthí moved out of her house when the grippe descended again in 1933. "Why has she left her house?" said I to her son-in-law. "She is afraid of our sickness. She said, 'If I stay there, I'll get sick'; so she went away. She is in the forest to get away from it. She went to another place so our sickness would not see her." Poor Kakthí fled in vain, for she soon fell ill and died. "Her [dead] husband called her, and that is why she died. Our ghost-souls led her off, and that is why she died. Her husband's ghost-soul led her away, and that is why she died. She lay there telling about it, and then she died. The supernatural beings and her husband's soul led her away. He [her husband] led her away so that he might go with her."

The ghost-soul loves and pities the living whom it has deserted, but the latter fear and abhor the ghost-soul. The ghost-soul longs for those it has left behind, but they remain cold to its longing. "One pities one's children and therefore goes with them [i.e. takes them] when one dies. One loves [literally, lives in] one's children, and dies and goes with one's children, and one [i.e. the child] dies." The dead pity those they have left alone with

[1] Vicious, aggressive.

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no one to care for them. They have left behind parts of themselves, for their children are those "in whom they live." But to the pity, love, and longing of the ghost-soul, the children return a cry of "Mother, leave me and go!" as she lies on the funeral pyre. The Kaingáng oscillate between a feeling of attachment for the dead and a desire never to see them again. Over and over again, their keening formulae repeat, "I desire to see my people," but the fear of seeing them is so great that some deny that they ever even dream of the dead. "I do not wish to get sick; that is why I never see my dead relatives," said Klendó.

The longing of the ghost-soul and its promise of good hunting is no more of an inducement to the Kaingáng to forsake this world than the glories of Paradise are to us. "A year[2] after my father died," said Vomblé, "I saw his soul. My brother was about to die, and probably my father came to call him. My father was about to talk to me. He said, 'I come to call you.' 'I don't want to go with you. My children are not here.' [Kulá, his wife, was away with her father.] 'But come with me to see my place. Leave your children and come with me.' 'No! Go! I won't go with you. Your ghost-soul went. I am not a ghost-soul. When you died, your ghost-soul went away and your children suffered. So I won't leave my children. If I die, all my children will go with me. But you left your children and things and went. I'll go to see your place and then come back, but I won't go with you. You live in a bad land. Your soul eats slugs that live in dead wood. My land is good. Women and game are plentiful. I will die when I am old. As I am now, I will not die. When I am old and weak, I will die.' When the others heard me talking, they shook me and told me why I was talking." This story expresses other things besides Vomblé's desire to live and his resentment against his father's ghost-soul. While Vomblé does not wish to be his father's companion in the other world, he declares that when he himself dies, he will take his children with him so that they will not suffer through his absence. The feeling of resentment at having been deserted by the dead runs through these accounts of experiences with the ghost-soul and integrates with the Kaingáng attitude toward social obligations.

There is another way in which Kaingáng life expresses itself in the emotional and imaginative streams that are loosed at death. The dead pass out of the embraces of the living, they are shut out of their lives in precisely the same way as members of other extended families; and they constantly threaten them with death. Their status is veritably that of "different things." When a man's ghost-soul came to call his sister, saying, "I have come to call you and your husband," she became angry with him and replied, "No! You are a different thing, and yet you come to me. They

[2] Literally—"one period of no pine nuts."

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killed you. When they killed you, I wandered around suffering, but you 768
come to call me!" When the ghost-soul at last went away, she was "all 775
green. She stood there without saying anything. He [her husband] said to her, 'Why are you green?' But she said nothing. She sat down holding on to a post. Then he asked if she was sick—if she had a pain in the belly. But she did not t[illegible]k. Wanenggló [her husband] asked her whether she had seen a gh[illegible]. Probably she saw a ghost-soul. But she did not say anything." Lik[illegible]detta enemies, the ghost-souls are "other things"—it is the only catego[illegible] Kaingáng have for those who dwell outside the limits of the extended families—and for people in this category they know only one emotion, fear-anger.

When the Kaingáng are drunk, their malevolent and fearsome impulses 152
rise to the surface, and the memory of death plays its part in this. Festa 579
time, when the beer troughs are brimming with the steaming, sourish, honey beer, is a special occasion for remembering the dead. It is also the occasion when recollections of adultery unpunished or of slights unrequited surge into consciousness. While some dance, sing, or brawl, others sit around the edge of the dance circle with their heads in their hands and tears streaming down their faces, and their sobs and high rhythmic keening mingle with the noise of quarreling and disordered singing. When they have done with their hour or so of weeping, they rise and fill their baskets or gourds with beer and join in the festa. No recollection of the dead can occur without unleashing fear, and fear cannot be liberated without the eruption of anger, so the memory of the dead only adds to the disruptive forces that are set in motion by the beer. The more one knows about the Kaingáng, the more one is struck by the extent to which the very roots of their being have been undermined and torn by impulses to violence. This is all the more amazing when we remember what affectionate people they seem to be—how much they love to multiply a hundredfold all kinds of personal attachments. Nevertheless, when drunkenness uncovers the Kaingáng personality, it does not bubble over in rivulets of tenderness, but pours out in torrents of violence. The only outlet is murder, and that is why festas, if not actually the scene of murders, used to be almost always the forerunners of raids on the Brazilians or on vendetta enemies. The Kaingáng themselves understand, in a way, what the festa meant to them, for they say, "We had festas in order to go to attack the Brazilians." Of course not every festa is characterized by violence, but many are.[8]

[8] Although the Kaingáng held an old-time beer festa at my request the aboriginal beer troughs have been superseded by jugs of sugar cane whiskey, and the tumultuous singing by the music of an accordion played by a white man. These changes, however, have not curbed the essential temper of the Indians, and fights still occur at festas. 534 273 177

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When a man dies, his most personal belongings, his bow and arrows and his lance and shirt and baskets, are destroyed. Theoretically everything else is, too, but actually the precious articles acquired from the Brazilians are kept—sometimes with apologies to the ghost. When Kakthí died during the epidemic of 1933 her son-in-law Yakwá could not endure to throw into her grave the beautiful steel knife she had inherited from her husband. So he kept it, and as she lay in her grave he spoke these words to her: *"Nyǫ́,* give me your knife—I am going to make it my own. Protect me from your husband—tell your husband that I took your knife. I have no knife; so I took it. Do not be angry with me. Do not leave me. If I fall ill I will ask you to protect me. I have given you all of your property and taken only the knife."

Every death can be explained in terms of a ghost that has followed the owner of some bit of property that belonged to it while it dwelt in a living body and rapt him away to bear it company. Blankets and, in recent times, clothing are always thrown away, for they have been in close contact with the deceased. Dogs, in spite of their great value, are frequently killed, for "they always used to go around with him" and have become too closely associated with the dead person to make it wholesome for the living to keep them about. Dogs that habitually hunt with large groups of human beings have very diffuse loyalties and will obey almost anyone, so that the death of their owner still does not render them useless. The iron pots are generally abandoned, for to the Kaingáng pots are much more than simple cooking utensils—they are symbols of the living organism,[10] and when death comes much of its affect crystallizes around them. The *thâpę́ya,* the widowed, must eat nothing from a pot until his isolation, his *waikómáng,* is terminated, nor could anyone who had killed a human being eat food cooked in a pot.[11] Thus, at death there is a general revulsion of feeling against those things that have been in close contact with the living, but the most valuable possessions are frequently kept in defiance of the *kuplêng.*[12] Knives, scissors, axes, and nowadays guns are the things most frequently kept, and the "inheritance" of these objects is most frequently within the immediate family, with the husband or the wife taking the greater part.[13] When an object has been "taken," however, its fate is by no means settled. Although Yakwá took Kakthí's knife, a few days later he had handed it over to Vomblé, his mother's brother's son.

But probably the most striking aspect of Kaingáng inheritance is the way

[10] See p. 184. The ancient clay pots were broken.

[11] For the further discussion of ideas and practices associated with death see Appendix III.

[12] Ghost-soul.

[13] This has been inferred from a large number of specific instances collected by going through a hundred cases of inheritance.

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in which the emphasis on obligations to relatives by marriage is followed through. Formerly if the dead man left any little children who had not yet had their lips pierced or their thighs pricked, a close relative, usually a brother, gathered the dead man's possessions together, prepared beer for the child's "blackening," and distributed the goods to the in-laws of the dead man. Perhaps the surviving relative also had children to blacken, and so on such an occasion his own property would also be distributed to his own in-laws.

Once property had been stolen from the Brazilians it flowed by gradual stages from the hands of the warrior into those of his relatives, and on his death it was either distributed to his in-laws or inherited by his wife and children. Societies like those of the Plains Indians of North America had made the distribution of property a device for the attainment of prestige, but when a Kaingáng gave away his booty he was doing simply what was expected of him as a relative. In many societies power tends to concentrate where property accumulates, but although the Kaingáng respect power they cannot tolerate any kind of intensification of it; for such intensification is felt by them to be disruptive. Through their insistence on the primary importance of the other person and their failure to reward achievement, the Kaingáng have suppressed processes that encourage the concentration of power in the hands of outstanding individuals.

The Meaning of the Feuds

One of the sources of aggression was the accumulation of resentments growing out of adultery and rejections by "deserting" relatives. Feuds and raids on the Brazilians provided substitute outlets for these resentments, and at the same time, by projecting the aggressions outside, operated to protect each extended family from internal disruption. A factor powerful in the perpetuation of the feuds is the Kaingáng feeling that once a force has been started it can never be stayed. Paralleling this on the human side is the belief that once a person has committed murder he will keep on.[14] With such a view of the natural world all that is necessary is that murder be committed once in order that there shall be perpetual distrust of the murderer. Given this attitude, the distinction in emotional ties within and between the extended families, and the peculiar social outlook of the Kaingáng, it is easy to see why things should have taken the turn they did: since murderousness is the attribute not only of individuals but also of groups, the groups suspect—and slay—one another forever.

[14] A parallel to this is not hard to find in our own society, for we believe that "a leopard cannot change its spots," and "once a criminal always a criminal." One of the fundamental bases of the theory of capital punishment is that a murderer must be got out of the way because he is likely to commit another murder under similar circumstances.

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787 The *Caingang* of São Paulo believe that old women have the power of foretelling the future in dreams which they induce by taking the pulverized leaves of an unknown plant.

769 **Cult of the dead.**—This cult is "the foundation and strongest expression of the spiritual culture of the *Kaingang*" (Baldus, 1935, p. 52), as the whole community takes part in the ceremonies, and children are at this time assigned by their fathers or others to moiety subgroups.

The aim of veingréinyã, the main ritual, is to break the bonds uniting the living with the ghosts, who are driven to their last abode, where they remain harmless. It takes place when the maize is green and pine nuts are ripe, that is, sometime between the middle of April and June. It is organized by mourners for a parent, a sister, or a son, but never for a wife or a daughter; according to Manizer, the initiative is taken by a distant relative.

The green bough placed above the tomb announces the coming performance; the news of which is carried to nearby settlements by messengers appointed by the "master of the dance." One of the heralds blows a horn; another informs the gathered listeners of the date.

In the meantime, the organizer piles up wood and gathers honey and maize, kept in pots in a special place, for liquor. For 3 days before the festival, men dance around these containers, crying and singing funeral songs. The fermented beverages, poured into large troughs dug out of bottle-tree trunks, are heated by throwing red-hot potsherds into them. During the night before the feast, the organizer and his assistant go to the cemetery to cover the grave with earth.

In the morning, the trough is dragged to the plaza and food heaped around it. Men sing and beat the ground with a stamping tube.

On the day before veingréinyã, the visitors, blowing horns and bamboo flutes, arrive and are met by their hosts and treated to beer. The following afternoon, the members of the moiety subgroups, adorned with their distinctive facial paintings, are led separately to the cemetery by relatives of the deceased. At the head of each moiety are a singer and three dancers, as well as the close relatives. On the way, the singer with his subgroups stops by every tree at which the corpse bearers have rested en route and sings a song of meaningless syllables, shaking his rattle and kicking his feet back and forth. After this musical interlude, they resume marching, but the other moiety has to go through the same ceremony. When the first moiety reaches the cemetery, the same dance is performed over the grave, the singer standing over the head of the deceased. The remainder of the crowd remains outside the cemetery. Then the other moiety dances over the grave. When the ghost is thought to have been expelled, everyone shouts for joy and runs in all directions.

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The moieties join, and the mixed sounds of "flutes and laughter and cries were heard all over the place." The singers and dancers receive liquor until completely drunk. Later the moieties dance in a double circle around bonfires lit on the plaza; finally, everyone drinks to his heart's content. 769

A few variant details are given by Manizer (1930, p. 787). The relatives of the dead, who remained in their huts with the head covered with blankets, are forced to drink beer until they lose consciousness. Those who have gone to the cemetery paint black strokes over their bodies. Soon after, many pairs of participants, standing face to face, cry out in turn, "xogn, xogn," while the spectators sing lugubrious melodies. Then everyone dances counter-clockwise around the fire, keeping time with his bamboo tube.

MYTHOLOGY

The mythology of the *Caingang* is known mainly through a few myths collected by Borba (1904) and summarized here: 773

Origin of agriculture.—The Indians suffered scarcity of food. A chief told them to cultivate a piece of land by fastening a creeper around his neck and trailing him on the ground. They did so, and 3 months later his penis produced maize, his testicles beans, and his head gourds.

Origin of fire.—Tejetó transformed himself into a white urraca (bird) and let himself be carried by a brook flowing by the house of the Master-of-fire, whose daughter picked up the bird and dried him by the fire. Tejetó stole an ember and was pursued, but hid in the crevice of a cliff. To strike him, the Master-of-fire thrust the end of his bow into the crevice. Tejetó made his nose bleed and smeared the bow with the blood. The Master-of-fire, convinced that he had killed the thief, went away. Tejetó kindled the dry branch of a palm. Since then men have had fire.

The deluge.—There was in olden times a great deluge. From the waters there emerged only the summit of the mountain Crinjijinbé, toward which the Kayurukré and the Kamé swam, with firebrands in their mouths. The Kayurukré and the Kamé were drowned, and their souls went to live in the center of the mountain. The *Caingang* and some *Curuton* or *Aré* arrived at the summit of Crinjijinbé. They remained there several days crouched in the branches of a tree or reposing on the ground.

The saracurás (a kind of bird) came with baskets full of dirt and began to fill the sea. They were aided in their work by the ducks.

The *Caingang* who were on the ground could leave, but those who had climbed into the trees were turned into monkeys, and the *Curuton* were changed into owls.

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273 the juice of a fern to "make the beer red," is fermented in wooden troughs from 5 to 6 feet (1.5 to 1.8 m.) long made of tree stumps hollowed out by burning and chopping, then closed at both ends with wax. To accelerate fermentation, the beverage is heated every 3d day with red-hot stones and then covered with pieces of bark.

COMMUNICATION

202 The *Caingang* leave messages in symbolic code for those who will follow the same path. A stick with honey indicates where a bees nest has been found; dolls and sticks represent a feast to which some group is being invited; an inclined stick shows the time of day at which some event took place; feathers scattered on the ground tell of a successful hunting party, etc. (Maniser, 1930, p. 790). Lozano (1873, 1:425) stated that to declare war, the *Guayaná* (i. e., the *Caingang*) stuck an arrow into a tree near a path followed by their enemies. [574] A circle of maize cobs on the ground or hanging from a tree was an invitation to a drinking bout.

RELIGION

771 **Religious beliefs.**—The *Aweikoma* conceive the world to be
716 strongly animistic, peopled with ghosts (kuplêng) and spirits (nggiyúdin) of all sorts who dwell in trees, rocks, mountains, stars, winds, and in large and small animals. To meet a spirit is, as a rule, an ominous event. But spirits may be friendly and appear to a man to offer their aid. Those who are assisted in hunting by a guardian spirit share with it the game which they have killed. A man may even adopt a spirit child and place it in his wife's womb.

825 *Aweikoma-Caingang* share the widespread belief that all animals have "masters," that is to say, spirits that control and protect them. Such spirits are willing to give up some of their kin to satisfy men's needs, but are angered if people destroy them wantonly or if hunters refuse an animal "offered" to them.

756 **Shamanism.**—The *Caingang* shaman consults spirits at night, puffing his pipe until he is surrounded by a cloud of smoke. The spirits talk to him in long whistles and tell him where to find a favorable hunting ground or abundant honey. They may also reveal the outcome of an undertaking involving the band.

755 Shamans are also doctors, but this role is less conspicuous among
757 the *Caingang* than elsewhere and is even absent among the *Caingang* of Palmas and of São Paulo. Among the decadent *Aweikoma-Caingang*, observed by Henry (1941, p. 76), shamans only treated members of their immediate family and did not receive a fee for their cures. The shaman knows many magic remedies, generally herbs, the virtues

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hunter's skill. A branch from a very thorny bush is burnt and the charcoal 224
mixed with the meat of the animal and eaten "so the hunter's arrows will 885
cut and tear like the thorn."

The bee, since it is a thing that lives and moves, is included in the ani- 224
mistic conceptualization of the world. When the Kaingáng chop out a hive, they say: "Bee, produce! I chopped you out to make beer of you! Yukúi's wife died, and I am making beer of you so that I can cut his hair." Or if they find that the larvae have eaten all the honey, they take the larvae and cry: "Bee, produce! It is I! I am alive! You ate up your honey and that is why you did not produce." And they throw a stick into the hive. After they have taken the honey they rub the sugar over the outside of the tree to show how high up the new hive should extend, and as they do so they exclaim, "Bee, make your honey go up along this way and leave off here" (at the limit of the sugar). The Yukúi mentioned in the formula is an imaginary person whom they use as an excuse for taking the honey. The implication is that since the post-mourning ceremony is extremely important, Bee certainly would not begrudge honey taken under pressure of such a necessity. When a Kaingáng cries, "It is I," he implies that the bee knows him, for such a statement can be intelligible only when the speaker is known.

Behind the requests, commands, and adjurations of the hunting and 824
honey-seeking formulae of the Kaingáng lies not a faith in the magical 671
power of words, but a deep conviction that people will do whatever they are asked and that any reason is sufficient in this society where reasons are unimportant and needs are everything. Whoever asks the Kaingáng to work for him must understand that they are motivated not only by hope of gain but particularly by their fear of refusing. Whoever stands his ground and asserts his rights can move mountains.[23]

Divining

There is scarcely a phenomenon in nature which has not at some time 771
an immediate bearing on the small and insecure cosmos of the Kaingáng. 787
But the feeling that things outside of a man's own body have direct reference to it is reduceable to a conception that most such things have a *destructive* reference. On the human level, the Kaingáng partially overcome this threat by extending their bodies through physical and emotional diffusion—the symbol of security is *ka lélé nyá*, to live in someone else. But everything outside of this social personality, that is to say, members of other extended families, is destructive. In the realm of the supernatural the

[23] This compulsive obedience is at the bottom of the feud victims' attendance at festas which they know are held solely to entrap them.

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771 787 Kaingáng have attempted the same extension of their positive emotional relationships, but with little success. The supernatural, to them, is an embodiment of terrors; for it is burdened with portents of death, and no matter what benefits the Kaingáng derive from the supernatural, death always dominates their outlook. In *vayú*, divining by belching, the great preoccupation is escape from death; *kumbēdn*, divining by insects in the ashes of the dead, is completely devoted to omens of death; *kóplēgn*, divining with charcoal, is concerned with the location of animals that may be hunted and killed, or with the impending death of human beings, and the meteorological omens of rain, darkness, tempest, and flood are all portents of death.

787 The oral functions of biting, spitting, and blowing form part of supernatural curing techniques, but belching has been elevated to prophetic dignity. Through *vayú*, divining by belching, the Kaingáng obtain many important insights. Any adult who feels that he can divine by belching may take this function on himself, and he or she may be sought out and asked to drink an infusion of *matte*[26] so that his belches may give some information about the chances of death from the enemy, the hunting prospects in a given direction, or the whereabouts of a lost dog. The oracular belch always comes in answer to a request that is usually put to the practitioner in a form like this: "Belch to see whether, if I go to look for my wife and child, the enemy will see me." Then the practitioner drinks the infusion, and if he belches strongly it means "No"; and if weakly, "Yes."

787 302 619 194 *Kumbēdn*, divining by insects, is connected with the exogamous system which the Kaingáng say they possessed far back in ancient times. According to this tradition the Kaingáng were divided into five groups, with each of which was associated a set of personal names and a design with which its members used to paint their bodies.[27] The Kaingáng still use these designs, but their only functions for two hundred years or more have been to protect the wearers against *kuplēng* and supposedly to provide a point of reference for this system of divining by insects. To each group belong certain insects, the presence of which in funeral ashes betokened the impending death of a member of the group. A certain fly and a little butterfly called *soto*, for example, indicated the future death of those who use the dot pattern; and other insects, among them all the different varieties of bees, a wasp, and insects that the Indians call *úpá* and *thathakumbēdn* foretold the death of someone who bore the line pattern.

787 In spite of the precise way in which the Kaingáng formulate it, they

[26] This is the familiar *yerba maté* or *matte* that grows wild in southeastern South America, particularly in Brazil, Argentina, and Paraguay.

[27] See Appendix II for full explanation of this scheme.

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your big heart! Be strong!" and when "the sun heard this, it appeared." If it has been raining a long time, the Kaingáng call to the sun: "Sun, appear; Sun appear; Sun appear; Sun appear."

Summary and Conclusions

As far back as they can remember, the Kaingáng have been a dying people. Hunted by foreign enemies and torn by conflict from within, they lived in the shadow of death, sleeping fitfully beside their campfires, awakening to peer with frightened eyes into the solid darkness around them. Nor did their imaginations conceive a happier life: their afterworld is a somber reproduction of this one. There the people still hunt vendetta enemies, there the honey tastes like water, and there there is no meat to eat but the grubs in rotten wood. Kaingáng folklore is a monotonous repetition of compulsive murder, revenge, and annihilation; they do not tell more than three or four humorous stories altogether—wherever one turns, there is the same gruesome emphasis. The Kaingáng even like the long tales of fights with the Kangdjá in which they were regularly worsted. In our survey of their religion we saw how preoccupied the Kaingáng are with death—not with the hereafter, but with the simple fact of death itself and its effects on the living. It is a striking fact that their most elaborate ritual complex has as its sole object the protection of the living against the dead.[85] It is true that a fair number of the Kaingáng secure guardian spirits, but the emphasis in their supernaturalism is not on the beneficence of the supernaturals but on their vindictiveness if thwarted and on the danger inherent in any contact with them. We have seen how threats from the supernatural stimulate the doubly toned emotion of anger-fear[86] and how this response finds expression in flights from the supernatural and in attacks on it. This flight-fight pattern is but a reflection of the behavior of the Kaingáng Indian in any similar situation on the human level. His reaction to a threat, even though the threat be nothing more than an outburst of violent language always takes the form of attack or flight.

Thus Kaingáng religion is not the expression of an "inner need" in the sense of an attempt of the organism to achieve stability. It is a naïve and pitiful projection of the Kaingáng social outlook and emotions on the supernatural, and it is far more a threat than a buttress to their security. What we see most clearly in Kaingáng supernaturalism is their feeling about their environment—the fundamental distinction between a person's own body (which becomes generalized into the extended family) and all other bodies, which are "different." One's own body provides one with

[85] See p. 181 and Appendix III.

[86] This argument is developed in detail in the author's "The Linguistic Expression of Emotion," *American Anthropologist*, NS, v. 38: 250-256.

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77/ security—it is one's only source. Whatever is outside is potentially destructive to one's body and must be brought close to it; nevertheless, since it is always outside, it remains forever an unknown quantity and a perpetual threat. The history of the reduction in number of the healing techniques among the Kaingáng as reflected in the disappearance of singing and *thfyé* extraction has involved not only a gradual sloughing off of procedures that were dependent on some supernatural being for their effectiveness but also the dropping of treatments not directly applied to the body of the patient or not designed to stimulate his own resources.[37]

The peculiar psycho-physical orientation of the Kaingáng is his own creation, but the type of supernaturalism, animism, through which it finds expression is something which he shares with most of his Indian brethren scattered over the American continents. Everywhere in the New World the fundamental religious outlook is animistic, and the fact that the Kaingáng share this is an accident of their location on the South American continent. What the Kaingáng have done is to utilize this material to give form to their profoundest feelings.

[37] By a treatment not directly applied to the patient's body is meant singing; by treatments not designed to stimulate the patient's own resources are meant extraction of *thfyé* and singing.

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●773 The *Caingang* established themselves in the vicinity of the Serra of Crinjijinbé. The Kayurukré and the Kamé left the mountain, the former by a smooth and level path, and the latter by a rugged trail, whence the small feet of the Kayurukré and large ones of the Kamé. Where the Kayurukré had been, a river gushed through the pass, but the place from which the Kamé emerged remained just as it was. That is why they continue to go to ask water of the Kayurukré.

The *Caingang* ordered the *Curuton* to seek the baskets they had left at the foot of the mountain; the latter did not want to go back. Ever since then, they have lived separated from the *Caingang*, who considered them fugitive slaves.

The creations of Kamé and Kayurukré.—Two brothers, Kamé and Kayurukré, after having left the mountain, created jaguars from ashes and coals; then the antas or tapirs from ashes only. The tapir, who had a small ear, heard that he was ordered to eat herbs and branches, when the Creators had told him to subsist on meat.

Kayurukré also made the great anteater, which he did not have time to finish, whence his toothless jaw and his tongue, which is only a little stick that Kayurukré in his haste put in his mouth.

Kayurukré made the useful animals, among them the bee; Kamé, the harmful creatures (pumas, serpents, wasps, etc.).

The brothers resolved to kill the jaguars. They made them get on a tree trunk thrown into a stream. Kamé was to push the trunk and make it drift away. Some jaguars clung to the bank and Kamé, frightened by their roaring, did not dare to push them into the water. It is on account of his faintheartedness that jaguars still exist.

The people of Kayurukré and those of Kamé intermarried. As the men were more numerous than the women, they allied themselves also with the *Caingang*. From that time on Kayurukré, Kamé, and *Caingang* considered themselves kinsmen and friends.

In olden times, the *Caingang* did not chant or dance. One day Kayurukré, going to hunt, saw some branches dancing at the foot of a tree. One branch was crowned with a gourd, which tinkled and marked the rhythm of a melody chanted by an invisible being.

Kayrukré's companions took the branches (stamping tubes), while he took the gourd (rattle). They danced with these instruments.

A few days later, Kayurukré met the great anteater, who stood erect on his paws and began to chant. His song was identical with the one that Kayurukré had heard the day he saw the sticks dancing. Thus he learned that the mysterious chanter was the great anteater. The anteater demanded of him his sticks and then danced. He predicted that his wife would bear him a boy.

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* of Santa Catarina tell only confused origin myths, but have stories of animals, among them how Humming-

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bird hoarded water. Traditions of internecine feuds, however, loom most prominently in their lore (Henry, 1941, pp. 124–152; 1935, pp. 177 f., 211). 773

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will be encountered. Big sparks mean tapirs, smaller ones indicate deer, and so on down through monkeys and birds. If the sparks appear on the left side of the heap, the animals will be killed on the left side of the river; if they twinkle on the right side, the animal will fall on the right side of the river; and if the spark appears near the watcher, the animal will be killed near at hand. *Kóplẽgn* never fails, because so many sparks appear that they cover every eventuality, and the Indians remember the details of the divination for a long time.

When an animal is killed weeks after the ethnologist hovered breathlessly over the beautiful little heap of glowing charcoal, he will hear an Indian say: "Ah! This is the jacutinga I saw in the *kóplẽgn*." The impending death of human beings can be seen in the *kóplẽgn* also, but no one can see his own death.

Totemism

In the religion of the Kaingáng, totemism, i.e. a close religious association between an individual (or a group) and some natural phenomenon, is simply a special emphasis in the general pattern of close associations between mankind and natural phenomena. The tiger and the tapir, the Kaingáng say, are Wanyekí's[34] *mang* because he made them in the very beginning when the first people emerged out of the shoreless sea in the east and over the "hard" mountains to the west. Some of these conceptions that link men with animals and plants appear in one of the confused origin myths of the Kaingáng, but it is impossible to establish clear connections between what is said in these obviously fossilized myths and what one hears from informants. The pine tree is believed to be the exclusive property of the circle people, but from the myth that refers to the origin of an (unnamed) animal from the bark of the young pine it is impossible to determine why the pine tree might not just as well be the property of the dot or disk people. The mark system has been confused for the past two hundred years. The association between Klendó (i.e. the line people) and the bee is explained as follows: "When Wanyekí came out first they found Klendó eating honey and therefore said it was Klendó's. A man saw Bee. Supernatural Bee has a name like man. Padnmbá [one of the line people] saw it and learnt the names. Then he said that the names were Klendó, Vomblé, Nyatkaé, Kanyahé, Waipó, Lugnmú, Vukthá, Pepó. *Nggĭyádn* said: 'Our names are thus. Let Klendó come with his offspring. His offspring are no more in the bad land.' When the bees heard this they migrated."

[34] Wanyekí is a male personal name and is used as a generic reference to all the dot people. Of course, in addition to Wanyekí there are many other names, both male and female, that belong to the dot people.

X193 (5) *kũ ŋv kɔɪŋgɜk tɛ̃ vv'ŋgɔ tɛ̃ ka ɛ*
then man a larva during his

X539 *plũ tɛ̃ ko 'vaɪ kũ tɛ̃*
wife coitus never and

So during the time of the *vv'ŋgɔ* men refrain from cohabiting with their wives.

(6) *kũ ɔŋ ŋv ŋaɪka'ŋglɔŋ mu*
then imitate

Then they imitated.

(7) *kũ ŋv ɔŋ paŋ ka'ŋglɔŋ mu*
then they shoot imitate

Then they experimented shooting.

In the following sentences, containing verbs similar in structure to the text example, we shall also see that when the verb has a direct object *ŋaɪ* disappears:

(1) *ɛŋ ha e tʃɔ̃ ɲɛŋga ku'pe e tʃɔ̃ ŋaɪɲɛ 'pe ŋa*
I I hand wash I wash

I am washing my hands.

(2) *ɛŋ ha e tʃɔ̃ ɛ tɛ̃ to ŋaɪɲɛ'pɔ̃ ŋa*
I I house order

I ordered the house (to be made).

(3) *a ha mbæŋ dʒɔklã tɛ̃ to ɛŋ ɲɛ'pɔ̃ ŋa*
you axe handle me order

You ordered me to make a handle for your axe; i. e. I was ordered to make a handle for your axe.

(4) *kũ yi ŋv ŋanɛ'ŋglɔ̃ tɛ̃*
then it is said a male personal name

ɛ ka'lɜ 'yɜlɜ ɛ tɔ̃ 'tu
his (own) lance cord he carry on the back

kũ ŋaɪɲɛ'klæŋ nɛ
and recite the origin myths sit

[411] Then *ŋanɛ'ŋglɔ̃* was sitting reciting the origin myths with his small lance (a small lance hung around the neck by a fibre strap) hanging down his back.

ko kɔ'ma ko 'klæŋ
eat fear (?) (ant eater) eat recite the

ŋa
origin myths

[778] [262] It is the origin myth about the eating of the ant-eater (a tabu animal).

[p.265 (A)]

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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Wangdjó is also a monster. Some say it is like a tapir, some that it is like a horse; still others think that its nose, eyes, hair, arms, legs, and buttocks are like those of an Indian. "There is no meat on it," and "its backbone sticks up." Its belly flashes as it flies through the trees, and smoke, ashes, and flame pour from its mouth and nostrils.

Like Kuchágn, Yunggí is piglike, and it kills people by shooting them.

Véin was another supernatural. He was good-looking. He looked just like a man; he was smooth and had no body hair at all. He walked on the earth like a human being and never flew through the air. He had red eyelids and an enormous penis, and his testicles were as large as those of a horse. His sexual desire kept pace with his corporeal endowments, for he wished to copulate with women constantly. In folklore he suffers death twice: once when he sodomizes Padnmbá, who kills him for it by throwing bees' sugar into his mouth, and on another occasion when, after eating several communities of people,[4] he is killed by a shaman.

This pantheon is rather a nightmare, but the Kaingáng are not so consistent in their thinking as they are in their dreaming. They call all supernatural beings, whether good or bad, *nggīyúdn* and confuse the malevolent with the benign, with the result that occasionally Yóin and Véin appear in benevolent roles. For a long time, for example, Yóin was a man's hunting companion and used to tell him where to find tapirs, and once Yóin told another man where he could find howler monkeys. But advantageous contacts with Yóin and Véin are rare, they are predominantly frightful characters to the Kaingáng.

As malevolent personalities Yóin and Véin are apt to be confused, at least in name, with any evil-working supernatural. "One night," said Klendó, "I died. A tapir that was an *nggīyúdn* that was a woman came and led me off and I went around with her. Then I came back and recovered. Next day they asked me about it, and I became well. Yóin did this to me. She wanted me to copulate with her, but I would not. I was young and that is why she wanted to take me away."

Spirits of the Natural World

The ghost-soul is called *kuplêng*,[5] but together with the monsters and the spirits of the natural world, it is also called *nggīyúdn*. The spirits of the natural world dwell everywhere—in trees, under the water, in rocks, and in cliffs. They inhabit the sun and the moon and the stars, and animate the wind and the storm. There are the spirits of the tapir, the deer, the squirrel, the snake, and all other animals and insects. These spirits may appear to humans in their natural form or in the shape of human beings.

[4] This act is attributed by some to Yóin.

[5] Plural, *nggaplêng*.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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Aweikoma

A monkey may address a man from a treetop, or "the tapir that is a supernatural being that is a man" [or woman] may suddenly appear to a hunter. Water's Talking, the *nggĭyúdn* of the waters, is an alligatorlike monster whose principal occupation is to seduce women when they come to fetch water. Spirits may confer supernatural powers, but encounters with them are just as often disastrous as they are beneficial. "A man sees an animal in the forest, and it says to him, 'Why do you come? You frightened me.' 'I come hunting.' 'You will not see any animals. Go away! Go back!' Then he goes away, and when he returns to camp, he tells the people and dies." Characteristically enough, when a Kaingáng meets the supernatural, the attitude is one of mutual distrust; the Indian fears the spirit, and the spirit fears him. Sometimes the spirit invites the Indian to visit his house, but the Indian is usually afraid for his life and goes away.

Snake said to Kemblén,[6] "Come and look at my house." So he went there and saw the tremendous number of offspring the snake had. They were like human children. "My children are here," said the snake; "take one of them." But Kemblén was frightened and said nothing. "Do not tell about having seen me," admonished Snake. But Kemblén told of his experience, and Snake became angry and bit him. That is how Kemblén lost his hand. "If he had not told, he would not have been bitten." The spirits tolerate a refusal to visit them or even to adopt one of their children, but they cannot endure anyone's telling about having seen them. Whoever reveals his experience with a spirit dies or falls sick, and if he has already received power from that spirit he loses it. But sometimes encounters with spirits are useful.

My informant Vomblé, for example, met Bee, who appeared to him in the form of a man. "He said to me: 'Live with me in my house. If you live with me, you will not be hungry. In my house it is warm even when it is cold. I am going to place some food aside for you.' I asked him, 'Where is your house?' and he said, 'It is here.' His honey was in the hollow of a tree. It was the door of his house. But I became afraid that I would be killed; so I said, 'I am going away. Later I will come back to you.' And I went away. But Bee said to me, 'When you go, you may be hungry;' so he showed me where there were honey and jacutingas, saying: 'Shoot some. Then go beyond and you will see howler monkeys on a pine tree. Shoot them all. Some may go away.' So next day I looked at the hive and told Angnelo[7] to cut it out. 'That is what Bee showed me,' said I. She chopped the tree down. It was a big hive, but I did not eat any of the honey because I was afraid since I had seen a *nggĭyúdn*. I also shot the jacutingas. I saw another hive. I met my father, and when I was walking along with

[6] See p. 77.
[7] His step-mother. Deceased.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

him, he asked me whether I had seen any honey. 'Yes,' said I, 'it is the one that Bee told about; so I came this way to look and saw it. I also shot the jacutingas he told me about.' My father chopped out the hive—there was a great deal of honey in it, but I ate none of it. I told him about the howler monkeys, and next day we went to look for them. After that I saw no more of Bee."

Since Vomblé told about his meeting with Bee he never saw the spirit again. It is not characteristic for people having these experiences to abstain from the fruits of their good fortune, and as far as I have been able to discover, this abstinence on the part of Vomblé was a matter of personal choice. Vomblé is not a shaman, and the economic benefits he received from the supernatural were only temporary. Yet one visitation yielded him something of permanent value, for it rendered him immune to all sickness. Once he was so sick that he became unconscious. While he lay there, he saw Moon. "He came down. He was like a cord—white. He came down with his wife, Star. Moon had a potsherd and there was medicine in it. He said to me, 'What is killing you?' 'I have a head- and chest-ache. My body is sick and I cannot stand.' Moon kneaded me and felt of me. He poured medicine over my body and head, and I recovered. I fell asleep. Moon was a little man. Now I am never sick."[8]

One of the ways in which mortals may establish permanent and friendly relations with the spirits is to adopt one of their children. One of Amendó's children [the Amendó of many husbands] was a bee child. She took one of the spirit's children and placed it in her womb, and ever after that she was able to find beehives easily. Another story tells how a man adopted a child of the monkey spirit. It looked like a human being and remained devoted to him like his own child. It deflected the arrows of his enemies, and when they tried to knock trees down on top of his house to crush him, it caused the trees to fall on the attackers. Sometimes men take the children of spirits and put them into their wives' wombs, from which they later emerge in the form of human children. Even if a spirit is adopted in its animal form and even if it never confers power of any kind, it is loved like a pet, and its death is avenged like the death of a human being. A highly affective relationship with the supernatural is the only kind of friendly relationship that is intelligible to the Kaingáng. Another kind of friendly tie with a spirit is phrased in terms of the hunting-companion relationship. Having a guardian spirit involves "going around with it" and "living with" it, just as one does with a hunting companion or in one's extended family. When the Kaingáng describe a shaman's relation to his guardian spirit or spirits, they say that "he saw it *all the time*."

[8] Vomblé is one of the most resistant of the Kaingáng and was one of the few who did not fall ill during the influenza epidemic in 1933.

774 The characteristic North American guardian spirit experience in which
776 an individual sees his benefactor once only and receives a token from him is unknown to the Kaingáng, to whom the only earnest of security is continuous, unbroken contact. All lasting relations with the spirits are expressed systematically in the habitual mode—"all the time." The Kaingáng do not say that the spirit did so and so. They say it "would [i.e. regularly] do so and so." So Ketédn,[9] who could walk dry through a downpour, "used to see *nggĩyúdn*. He saw Yóin and used to go out with him and shoot tapirs. Yóin would say: *'Yûgn*, there is a tapir,' and Ketédn would shoot it." Although "living with" the spirits does not involve intermarriage and sharing of wives, as it may on the human level, it does imply the sharing of food. A quarter must be left for the spirit that has shown one where to
[782] kill a tapir, and honey must be shared with one's supernatural benefactor. Kakthí[10] "saw Snake, who told her to get honey, and she always shared it with him." Such a division of food is not conceived as a sacrifice or as a payment for goods received but simply as the same kind of sharing that exists between hunting companions or among members of the same extended family.

Shamanism[11] *and Curing*

776 A guardian spirit came to one through an accidental encounter or through being "pointed out" by a shaman, i.e. one who already "had been seeing it" for a long time. The preliminary mortification of the flesh—the fasting and self-torture—that are found over wide areas in North America where the vision is known was foreign to the Kaingáng. Nor did the Kaingáng prescribe any training for those who were to receive guardian spirits. The spectacular visions that are features of the guardian-spirit quest in North America were unknown. Kaingáng visions of spirits of the natural world were very simple: "One day Ketédn bent down to drink from a pool. When he looked up over his shoulder, he saw Toad, who said to him, *'Yûgn*, why do you come?' 'I am looking for tapir.' 'You will not see tapir, you will see *tateti*.'[12] Then Ketédn shot *tateti*." Many visions were of this simple character. Some were invitations, like Vomblé's vision of Bee, who invited him to come to his house. Occasionally someone lost consciousness through fear of the spirit and was told where to find animals while lying senseless, but there was rarely any visual or auditory elaboration of detail. The very appearance of the spirits remained vague, for they were described simply as looking like human beings or like the animals they represented. Encounters with the ghost-soul or dreams of supernatural

[9] See p. 43.

[10] See fn. p. 67.

[11] There are no Kaingáng shamans today; the few there were have died.

[12] An animal resembling a pig that lives in burrows on hillsides. It is about two feet long and somewhat less in height.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

Funerary rites.—Death may result from the abduction of the soul by some spirit or by the ghost of a relative. 761

The ghost-soul loves and pities the living whom it has deserted, but the latter fear and abhor the ghost-soul. [Henry, 1941, p. 67.]

Not long ago the *Aweikoma-Caingang* cremated the dead and later collected and buried the bones, along with part of the deceased's property. After a cremation, they extinguished their fires and drilled fire anew. The soul of the deceased loomed as a peril especially to the surviving spouse, who went into retreat, abstained from eating meat, and underwent lustration. To terminate mourning, the mourner's hair and fingernails were clipped, pounded up, and thrown into the water. Then followed a beer festival, accompanied by dances and songs, during which the widow drank beer from a bamboo tube. Keening was not confined to the period of death, but occurred throughout the following year whenever relatives recalled their bereavement. 764 765

The *Caingang* now inter their dead with knees drawn up. Chants are sung around the body during and after its transportation to the grave. One cemetery had two central tumuli, 10 to 20 feet by 18 to 25 feet (3 to 6 m. by 5.5 to 7.5 m.) surrounded by vertically walled ditches. The same tumuli have been reported for the 18th-century *Guayaná*, ancestors of the *Caingang*[4] (fig. 60). The corpse, with funeral deposit, is put in a deep chamber, roofed with palm fronds and earth. The villagers at once desert the settlement and hastily construct new dwellings in the woods. For 3 days they eat only palm shoots (palmitos) and maize boiled by throwing heated potsherds in the water. They destroy part of the deceased's property and impose a strict taboo on his name. 764 768

The grave is periodically visited to renew the mound and to hold a memorial service with lamentations, dancing, chanting, and drinking. For several years, at dawn and dusk the relatives of a dead person utter funeral laments. 765

In days of old if a person died far away from his village, his companions interred his body on the spot but kept his head in a pot. On returning home they celebrated a funeral ceremony and buried the head in the communal cemetery (Horta Barboza, 1913, pp. 29–30). 766

Life after death.—Before the burial, the shaman, as he rattles his gourd by the corpse, warns the soul about the lurking dangers in the other world. He tells it that it will arrive at two paths, one leading to the cobweb of a gigantic spider and the other to a trap which will 775 764

[4] See Lozano (1873–74, 1: 423): "forman un género de cementerio, que conservan muy limpio; y en él abren sus sepulturas, y en enterrando á alguno, ponen sobre cada una un montón de tierra en figura piramidal, en cuyo remate sientan un medio calabaza, y al pié conservan de continuo un fuego lento que van a cebar todos los dias con leña muy tenue, sus mas cercanos parientes. El calabaza, dicen, es para que no falte al difunto con que beber, si le afligiere la sed; y el fuego para que ahuyente las moscas." On the funerary mounds, see also Serrano (1929, pp. 15–16).

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

precipitate it into a boiling pot. He also describes the slippery path from which it may fall into a swamp, where a huge crab awaits it (Nimuendajú, 1914, p. 372). 764 775

But at last the soul arrives at an underworld in the west, where it is day during our night, and where the forests teem with tapirs, deer, and other game. The souls of the aged become young again and live for the span of a human life. After a second death, the soul turns into a small insect, generally a mosquito or an ant, whose death ends everything; for this reason the *Caingang* never kill these insects (Baldus, 1937 c, p. 49).

WARFARE

A man who has been offended by some member of the community stands in front of his hut and in a loud voice enumerates all his grievances, sometimes bursting into a chant. He ends with threats against his enemy who, in the meantime, behaves in the same manner on the other side of the camp. After reciprocal abuses that often last a whole night, the challenger, followed by a group of supporters, advances toward the offender, who is immediately assisted by his own partisans. Both factions, armed with wooden clubs, fight a pitched battle, but are careful not to kill anybody. The sham battles of the *Caingang* have been described by many observers and may well be formalized brawls which have been interpreted as sportive games. 578 627

Feuds between *Caingang* groups may develop into regular warfare. When one group engages another, the members of the Kadnyerú moity subdivision always form the first line. The Kamé constitute the second line and enter the fight as a reserve to take the place of the exhausted Kadnyerú. Battles between related groups are always preceded by exchanges of insults and by other demonstrations of anger. Although no weapons but cudgels are used, blows are so lustily administered that many are seriously wounded or killed. 628 726 [616] [411]

Wars against foreign tribes or the Whites were less strictly patternised. The *Caingang*, like all Indians, relied mainly on surprise attacks carried on at dawn. After a general discharge of arrows, the warriors, armed with their clubs, rushed against the enemy (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 42). 726 648

Women and children were generally spared and were adopted by the victorious group. They cut off the heads of slain enemies but did not keep them as trophies. 727

ETIQUETTE

When a *Caingang* visits another village, he hides in the vicinity until able to announce his presence to some relative. The host receives him with his face covered with a cloth and does not look at his guest until 574 576

763 Ndíli handed her some medicine, a pounded
75 herb mixed with water, and she tried to force that between the child's lips; but it only trickled down its chin. Some of the women sought to help her by heating their hands over the fire and laying them on the baby.

763 When it seemed that the child must surely die, Waipó left camp to call the others of our hunting party, for when the ghost-souls are about they may take away the living; and the Kaingáng feel the need for each other's protection and "live piled up."

When I climbed into my hammock that night, there had been a lull in the weeping, but I was awakened several hours before dawn by the frantic keening of Waikomé. One by one, others joined her, and I knew then that the baby was dead. As I watched, the emotion gradually grew more intense; and some went to join the group mourning around the child. There was no play-acting here, no singling out of those whom relationship obliged to weep from those who could just look on. Those who were not affected kept aloof and performed their daily tasks, but those who felt an identification with the bereaved parents mourned with them. Ndíli's second cousin sat with his arm around him and wept, but Ndíli's brother seemed entirely untouched and soon went off to get honey. At last, late in the morning, the parents took up their little bundle and went away, and the sound of their keening came back to us through the forest.

795 That day no one went hunting even though there was no meat in camp.
768 Toward noon Waipó said to me, his voice intense with fear: "You'd better pack your things, because we're going away from here right away. We thought we would stay and kill another tapir, but the baby died; and now we have to move." Who knows what might have happened if they had remained? The ghost-soul of the baby might have taken someone along with it or the ghost-soul which had killed it might kill again. It really does the Kaingáng no good to flee from the ghost-soul, for although it has a tendency to lurk about the place where the bones of its dead body are buried, it also is nomadic like the Kaingáng and may dog their footsteps wherever they go.

763 If we think of death among ourselves and the demonstrations that
152 accompany it among the less inhibited members of our own society; if we disregard for a moment the wild surroundings, the rhythmic keening, the fear of the ghost-soul, and even, perhaps, the useless medicine that was forced between the choking child's lips (although, Heaven knows, that too might be easily duplicated in our society), we cannot but see a striking resemblance between the grief of Waikomé and Ndíli and the members of their group and similar displays in our own society. Among ourselves, anger is generally thrust into the background and often disappears entirely when grief is sincere, but among the Kaingáng it pervades the entire scene and manifests itself in an irritability that may easily become anger. It is

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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difficult to talk to many of the Kaingáng on these occasions because they are so easily enraged, and the ethnologist had best hold his tongue and try to appear as small as possible. In death the Kaingáng feel a threat to their security. As they put it, "We are afraid of the ghost-souls; so we come together and live piled up." As in the feuds, no one knows when the deaths will cease. The presence of death lays bare the very fiber of the Kaingáng personality, for it is in terms of this emotional amalgam in which anger and fear are indistinguishably fused that we must understand all of their behavior in times of stress.

In 1918 when the first wave of the grippe struck the Kaingáng, killing them in such numbers that their bodies lay about unburied until the dogs ate them, Thunder Storm rose up in his rage and fear and beat the air and trees with a club. "When disease came," said his son to me, "my father beat the trees because he was afraid of the supernatural beings (*nggĩyúdn*). He said, 'If I see you, I'll kill you. You are *waikayú*[1] and kill us all the time. So if I see you come to me, I'll kill you! The Brazilians kill my relatives; so out of revenge I destroy them when I see them! When I see them, I kill them, and I'll do the same to you—when I see you, I'll kill you!' He spoke thus as he beat the trees." Nothing could express this side of the Kaingáng character and world-view better. Here is condensed the Kaingáng frantic fear and anger at the forces of death, the equation of the supernatural with any other enemy, and the identification of the situation created by death with the vendetta tradition and revenge.

The Kaingáng not only fight with death; they also fly from it. That is why Waipó told me that we must move on when Ndĩli's baby died, and that is why old Kakthí moved out of her house when the grippe descended again in 1933. "Why has she left her house?" said I to her son-in-law. "She is afraid of our sickness. She said, 'If I stay there, I'll get sick'; so she went away. She is in the forest to get away from it. She went to another place so our sickness would not see her." Poor Kakthí fled in vain, for she soon fell ill and died. "Her [dead] husband called her, and that is why she died. Our ghost-souls led her off, and that is why she died. Her husband's ghost-soul led her away, and that is why she died. She lay there telling about it, and then she died. The supernatural beings and her husband's soul led her away. He [her husband] led her away so that he might go with her."

The ghost-soul loves and pities the living whom it has deserted, but the latter fear and abhor the ghost-soul. The ghost-soul longs for those it has left behind, but they remain cold to its longing. "One pities one's children and therefore goes with them [i.e. takes them] when one dies. One loves [literally, lives in] one's children, and dies and goes with one's children, and one [i.e. the child] dies." The dead pity those they have left alone with

[1] Vicious, aggressive.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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Aweikoma

no one to care for them. They have left behind parts of themselves, for their children are those "in whom they live." But to the pity, love, and longing of the ghost-soul, the children return a cry of "Mother, leave me and go!" as she lies on the funeral pyre. The Kaingáng oscillate between a feeling of attachment for the dead and a desire never to see them again. Over and over again, their keening formulae repeat, "I desire to see my people," but the fear of seeing them is so great that some deny that they ever even dream of the dead. "I do not wish to get sick; that is why I never see my dead relatives," said Klendó.

The longing of the ghost-soul and its promise of good hunting is no more of an inducement to the Kaingáng to forsake this world than the glories of Paradise are to us. "A year[2] after my father died," said Vomblé, "I saw his soul. My brother was about to die, and probably my father came to call him. My father was about to talk to me. He said, 'I come to call you.' 'I don't want to go with you. My children are not here.' [Kulá, his wife, was away with her father.] 'But come with me to see my place. Leave your children and come with me.' 'No! Go! I won't go with you. Your ghost-soul went. I am not a ghost-soul. When you died, your ghost-soul went away and your children suffered. So I won't leave my children. If I die, all my children will go with me. But you left your children and things and went. I'll go to see your place and then come back, but I won't go with you. You live in a bad land. Your soul eats slugs that live in dead wood. My land is good. Women and game are plentiful. I will die when I am old. As I am now, I will not die. When I am old and weak, I will die.' When the others heard me talking, they shook me and told me why I was talking." This story expresses other things besides Vomblé's desire to live and his resentment against his father's ghost-soul. While Vomblé does not wish to be his father's companion in the other world, he declares that when he himself dies, he will take his children with him so that they will not suffer through his absence. The feeling of resentment at having been deserted by the dead runs through these accounts of experiences with the ghost-soul and integrates with the Kaingáng attitude toward social obligations.

There is another way in which Kaingáng life expresses itself in the emotional and imaginative streams that are loosed at death. The dead pass out of the embraces of the living, they are shut out of their lives in precisely the same way as members of other extended families; and they constantly threaten them with death. Their status is veritably that of "different things." When a man's ghost-soul came to call his sister, saying, "I have come to call you and your husband," she became angry with him and replied, "No! You are a different thing, and yet you come to me. They

[2] Literally—"one period of no pine nuts."

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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killed you. When they killed you, I wandered around suffering, but you 768
come to call me!" When the ghost-soul at last went away, she was "all 775
green. She stood there without saying anything. He [her husband] said to her, 'Why are you green?' But she said nothing. She sat down holding on to a post. Then he asked if she was sick—if she had a pain in the belly. But she did not talk. Wanenggló [her husband] asked her whether she had seen a ghost-soul. Probably she saw a ghost-soul. But she did not say anything." Like vendetta enemies, the ghost-souls are "other things"—it is the only category the Kaingáng have for those who dwell outside the limits of the extended families—and for people in this category they know only one emotion, fear-anger.

When the Kaingáng are drunk, their malevolent and fearsome impulses 152
rise to the surface, and the memory of death plays its part in this. Festa 579
time, when the beer troughs are brimming with the steaming, sourish, honey beer, is a special occasion for remembering the dead. It is also the occasion when recollections of adultery unpunished or of slights unrequited surge into consciousness. While some dance, sing, or brawl, others sit around the edge of the dance circle with their heads in their hands and tears streaming down their faces, and their sobs and high rhythmic keening mingle with the noise of quarreling and disordered singing. When they have done with their hour or so of weeping, they rise and fill their baskets or gourds with beer and join in the festa. No recollection of the dead can occur without unleashing fear, and fear cannot be liberated without the eruption of anger, so the memory of the dead only adds to the disruptive forces that are set in motion by the beer. The more one knows about the Kaingáng, the more one is struck by the extent to which the very roots of their being have been undermined and torn by impulses to violence. This is all the more amazing when we remember what affectionate people they seem to be—how much they love to multiply a hundredfold all kinds of personal attachments. Nevertheless, when drunkenness uncovers the Kaingáng personality, it does not bubble over in rivulets of tenderness, but pours out in torrents of violence. The only outlet is murder, and that is why festas, if not actually the scene of murders, used to be almost always the forerunners of raids on the Brazilians or on vendetta enemies. The Kaingáng themselves understand, in a way, what the festa meant to them, for they say, "We had festas in order to go to attack the Braziliana." Of course not every festa is characterized by violence, but many are.[9]

[9] Although the Kaingáng held an old-time beer festa at my request the aboriginal beer troughs have been superseded by jugs of sugar cane whiskey, and the tumultuous singing by the music of an accordion played by a white man. These changes, however, have not curbed the essential temper of the Indians, and fights still occur at festas. 534 293 177

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

273 the juice of a fern to "make the beer red," is fermented in wooden troughs from 5 to 6 feet (1.5 to 1.8 m.) long made of tree stumps hollowed out by burning and chopping, then closed at both ends with wax. To accelerate fermentation, the beverage is heated every 3d day with red-hot stones and then covered with pieces of bark.

COMMUNICATION

202 The *Caingang* leave messages in symbolic code for those who will follow the same path. A stick with honey indicates where a bees nest has been found; dolls and sticks represent a feast to which some group is being invited; an inclined stick shows the time of day at which some event took place; feathers scattered on the ground tell of a successful hunting party, etc. (Manizer, 1930, p. 790). Lozano (1873, 1:425) stated that to declare war, the *Guayaná* (i. e., the *Caingang*) stuck an arrow into a tree near a path followed by their enemies. [574] A circle of maize cobs on the ground or hanging from a tree was an invitation to a drinking bout.

RELIGION

771 **Religious beliefs.**—The *Aweikoma* conceive the world to be strongly animistic, peopled with ghosts (kuplêng) and spirits (nggī-
●776 yúdn) of all sorts who dwell in trees, rocks, mountains, stars, winds, and in large and small animals. To meet a spirit is, as a rule, an ominous event. But spirits may be friendly and appear to a man to offer their aid. Those who are assisted in hunting by a guardian spirit share with it the game which they have killed. A man may even adopt a spirit child and place it in his wife's womb.

825 *Aweikoma-Caingang* share the widespread belief that all animals have "masters," that is to say, spirits that control and protect them. Such spirits are willing to give up some of their kin to satisfy men's needs, but are angered if people destroy them wantonly or if hunters refuse an animal "offered" to them.

756 **Shamanism.**—The *Caingang* shaman consults spirits at night, puffing his pipe until he is surrounded by a cloud of smoke. The spirits talk to him in long whistles and tell him where to find a favorable hunting ground or abundant honey. They may also reveal the outcome of an undertaking involving the band.

755 Shamans are also doctors, but this role is less conspicuous among
757 the *Caingang* than elsewhere and is even absent among the *Caingang* of Palmas and of São Paulo. Among the decadent *Aweikoma-Caingang*, observed by Henry (1941, p. 76), shamans only treated members of their immediate family and did not receive a fee for their cures. The shaman knows many magic remedies, generally herbs, the virtues

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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The Supernatural Monsters

776 Of all the supernatural beings, Yóin is the most terrific. His head, which is very large at the top and crowned with a mop of hair which some say is red and others think is woolly like a Negro's, has a groove down the middle. That is why little Thegnmbégn, who had an almost imperceptible depression in the middle of his head, was jokingly called Yóin. Yóin's eyes are white and are provided with red lids. His head is always shaking. He has great jaws, and his neck is thick and long. His body is broad and thick, and his belly flashes like a giant firefly as he flies through the sky at night. His buttocks are very narrow and widely separated, and his penis is long and his testicles large. When he walks on the ground he is like a man, but in the air his arms are pressed to his sides and his legs are tight together. He roams about, devouring men, women, and children, and his hands and mouth are red with the blood he has rubbed on them. He carries a little knife with him, and when he seizes a victim, he thrusts his bloody hand up through the anus, cuts out the heart and intestines, and devours them. "Yóin kills people because he is a different thing and never calls men 'my people'."

Then there is "Kuchágn which never dies. It kills people by crushing them, and its mouth is red with the blood of the people it eats. Its arms and ears are like those of a man, but it has a beard like a tiger. Its hard bristles stand out all over it in isolated clumps, and it walks on all fours and makes a noise like a pig. They think it is a pig and they go to look for it, but they never see it. One never sees its body."

"Kanggúin saw Kuchágn leaning on a rock. It said to him, 'Why have you come here?' 'I came to look for howler monkeys.' Then he lost consciousness. When he regained consciousness, Kuchágn was there. When Kanggúin saw it, he went away. His sister was coming along in the meanwhile shouting for directions, but he did not answer. Then at last Kanggúin cried to her. So she came to him. He was yellow. Then she said, 'Brother, why are you yellow?' 'I am sick. I have a pain in the abdomen, I am sick.' Blood came out of the corners of his mouth, and he said, 'I am sick; so do not feed me.' Late at night, Kuchágn came to Kanggúin and seized him. It sat on him. Then Kanggúin sat up and threw it on his father, and Kuchágn seized the father. When the father felt sick, he threw it on Kanggúin again. Kanggúin became all black. He was rotten from the chest down. His father was rotten and full of blood. Kanggúin stood up and cried, *'Hii!'* He burst open next day. He was so rotten he was full of holes, but he was alive. His sister asked him, and he said: 'There is a different thing that stands on all fours. Its hair is scattered over its body in clumps. Its mouth is red. I saw it and I am dying. A different thing has killed us.'"

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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Wangdjó is also a monster. Some say it is like a tapir, some that it is like a horse; still others think that its nose, eyes, hair, arms, legs, and buttocks are like those of an Indian. "There is no meat on it," and "its backbone sticks up." Its belly flashes as it flies through the trees, and smoke, ashes, and flame pour from its mouth and nostrils.

Like Kuchágn, Yunggí is piglike, and it kills people by shooting them.

Véin was another supernatural. He was good-looking. He looked just like a man; he was smooth and had no body hair at all. He walked on the earth like a human being and never flew through the air. He had red eyelids and an enormous penis, and his testicles were as large as those of a horse. His sexual desire kept pace with his corporeal endowments, for he wished to copulate with women constantly. In folklore he suffers death twice: once when he sodomizes Padnmbá, who kills him for it by throwing bees' sugar into his mouth, and on another occasion when, after eating several communities of people,[4] he is killed by a shaman.

This pantheon is rather a nightmare, but the Kaingáng are not so consistent in their thinking as they are in their dreaming. They call all supernatural beings, whether good or bad, *nggīyúdn* and confuse the malevolent with the benign, with the result that occasionally Yóin and Véin appear in benevolent roles. For a long time, for example, Yóin was a man's hunting companion and used to tell him where to find tapirs, and once Yóin told another man where he could find howler monkeys. But advantageous contacts with Yóin and Véin are rare, they are predominantly frightful characters to the Kaingáng.

As malevolent personalities Yóin and Véin are apt to be confused, at least in name, with any evil-working supernatural. "One night," said Klendó, "I died. A tapir that was an *nggīyúdn* that was a woman came and led me off and I went around with her. Then I came back and recovered. Next day they asked me about it, and I became well. Yóin did this to me. She wanted me to copulate with her, but I would not. I was young and that is why she wanted to take me away."

Spirits of the Natural World

The ghost-soul is called *kuplêng*,[5] but together with the monsters and the spirits of the natural world, it is also called *nggīyúdn*. The spirits of the natural world dwell everywhere—in trees, under the water, in rocks, and in cliffs. They inhabit the sun and the moon and the stars, and animate the wind and the storm. There are the spirits of the tapir, the deer, the squirrel, the snake, and all other animals and insects. These spirits may appear to humans in their natural form or in the shape of human beings.

[4] This act is attributed by some to Yóin.

[5] Plural, *nggupléng*.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

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774 A monkey may address a man from a treetop, or "the tapir that is a super-
776 natural being that is a man" [or woman] may suddenly appear to a hunter. Water's Talking, the *nggīyúdn* of the waters, is an alligatorlike monster whose principal occupation is to seduce women when they come to fetch water. Spirits may confer supernatural powers, but encounters with them are just as often disastrous as they are beneficial. "A man sees an animal in the forest, and it says to him, 'Why do you come? You frightened me.' 'I come hunting.' 'You will not see any animals. Go away! Go back!' Then he goes away, and when he returns to camp, he tells the people and dies." Characteristically enough, when a Kaingáng meets the supernatural, the attitude is one of mutual distrust; the Indian fears the spirit, and the spirit fears him. Sometimes the spirit invites the Indian to visit his house, but the Indian is usually afraid for his life and goes away.

Snake said to Kemblén,[6] "Come and look at my house." So he went there and saw the tremendous number of offspring the snake had. They were like human children. "My children are here," said the snake; "take one of them." But Kemblén was frightened and said nothing. "Do not tell about having seen me," admonished Snake. But Kemblén told of his experience, and Snake became angry and bit him. That is how Kemblén lost his hand. "If he had not told, he would not have been bitten." The spirits tolerate a refusal to visit them or even to adopt one of their children, but they cannot endure anyone's telling about having seen them. Whoever reveals his experience with a spirit dies or falls sick, and if he has already received power from that spirit he loses it. But sometimes encounters with spirits are useful.

My informant Vomblé, for example, met Bee, who appeared to him in the form of a man. "He said to me: 'Live with me in my house. If you live with me, you will not be hungry. In my house it is warm even when it is cold. I am going to place some food aside for you.' I asked him, 'Where is your house?' and he said, 'It is here.' His honey was in the hollow of a tree. It was the door of his house. But I became afraid that I would be killed; so I said, 'I am going away. Later I will come back to you.' And I went away. But Bee said to me, 'When you go, you may be hungry;' so he showed me where there were honey and jacutingas, saying: 'Shoot some. Then go beyond and you will see howler monkeys on a pine tree. Shoot them all. Some may go away.' So next day I looked at the hive and told Angnelo[7] to cut it out. 'That is what Bee showed me,' said I. She chopped the tree down. It was a big hive, but I did not eat any of the honey because I was afraid since I had seen a *nggīyúdn*. I also shot the jacutingas. I saw another hive. I met my father, and when I was walking along with

[6] See p. 77.

[7] His step-mother. Deceased.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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him, he asked me whether I had seen any honey. 'Yes,' said I, 'it is the one that Bee told about; so I came this way to look and saw it. I also shot the jacutingas he told me about.' My father chopped out the hive—there was a great deal of honey in it, but I ate none of it. I told him about the howler monkeys, and next day we went to look for them. After that I saw no more of Bee."

Since Vomblé told about his meeting with Bee he never saw the spirit again. It is not characteristic for people having these experiences to abstain from the fruits of their good fortune, and as far as I have been able to discover, this abstinence on the part of Vomblé was a matter of personal choice. Vomblé is not a shaman, and the economic benefits he received from the supernatural were only temporary. Yet one visitation yielded him something of permanent value, for it rendered him immune to all sickness. Once he was so sick that he became unconscious. While he lay there, he saw Moon. "He came down. He was like a cord—white. He came down with his wife, Star. Moon had a potsherd and there was medicine in it. He said to me, 'What is killing you?' 'I have a head- and chest-ache. My body is sick and I cannot stand.' Moon kneaded me and felt of me. He poured medicine over my body and head, and I recovered. I fell asleep. Moon was a little man. Now I am never sick."[8]

One of the ways in which mortals may establish permanent and friendly relations with the spirits is to adopt one of their children. One of Amendó's children [the Amendó of many husbands] was a bee child. She took one of the spirit's children and placed it in her womb, and ever after that she was able to find beehives easily. Another story tells how a man adopted a child of the monkey spirit. It looked like a human being and remained devoted to him like his own child. It deflected the arrows of his enemies, and when they tried to knock trees down on top of his house to crush him, it caused the trees to fall on the attackers. Sometimes men take the children of spirits and put them into their wives' wombs, from which they later emerge in the form of human children. Even if a spirit is adopted in its animal form and even if it never confers power of any kind, it is loved like a pet, and its death is avenged like the death of a human being. A highly affective relationship with the supernatural is the only kind of friendly relationship that is intelligible to the Kaingáng. Another kind of friendly tie with a spirit is phrased in terms of the hunting-companion relationship. Having a guardian spirit involves "going around with it" and "living with" it, just as one does with a hunting companion or in one's extended family. When the Kaingáng describe a shaman's relation to his guardian spirit or spirits, they say that "he saw it *all the time*."

[8] Vomblé is one of the most reticent of the Kaingáng and was one of the few who did not fall ill during the influenza epidemic in 1933.

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The characteristic North American guardian spirit experience in which an individual sees his benefactor once only and receives a token from him is unknown to the Kaingáng, to whom the only earnest of security is continuous, unbroken contact. All lasting relations with the spirits are expressed systematically in the habitual mode—"all the time." The Kaingáng do not say that the spirit did so and so. They say it "would [i.e. regularly] do so and so." So Ketédn,[9] who could walk dry through a downpour, "used to see *nggĩyúdn*. He saw Yóin and used to go out with him and shoot tapirs. Yóin would say: *'Yûgn*, there is a tapir,' and Ketédn would shoot it." Although "living with" the spirits does not involve intermarriage and sharing of wives, as it may on the human level, it does imply the sharing of food. A quarter must be left for the spirit that has shown one where to [782] kill a tapir, and honey must be shared with one's supernatural benefactor. Kakthí[10] "saw Snake, who told her to get honey, and she always shared it with him." Such a division of food is not conceived as a sacrifice or as a payment for goods received but simply as the same kind of sharing that exists between hunting companions or among members of the same extended family.

Shamanism[11] *and Curing*

A guardian spirit came to one through an accidental encounter or through being "pointed out" by a shaman, i.e. one who already "had been seeing it" for a long time. The preliminary mortification of the flesh—the fasting and self-torture—that are found over wide areas in North America where the vision is known was foreign to the Kaingáng. Nor did the Kaingáng prescribe any training for those who were to receive guardian spirits. The spectacular visions that are features of the guardian-spirit quest in North America were unknown. Kaingáng visions of spirits of the natural world were very simple: "One day Ketédn bent down to drink from a pool. When he looked up over his shoulder, he saw Toad, who said to him, *'Yûgn*, why do you come?' 'I am looking for tapir.' 'You will not see tapir, you will see *tateti*.'[12] Then Ketédn shot *tateti*." Many visions were of this simple character. Some were invitations, like Vomblé's vision of Bee, who invited him to come to his house. Occasionally someone lost consciousness through fear of the spirit and was told where to find animals while lying senseless, but there was rarely any visual or auditory elaboration of detail. The very appearance of the spirits remained vague, for they were described simply as looking like human beings or like the animals they represented. Encounters with the ghost-soul or dreams of supernatural

[9] See p. 43.

[10] See fn. p. 67.

[11] There are no Kaingáng shamans today; the few there were have died.

[12] An animal resembling a pig that lives in burrows on hillsides. It is about two feet long and somewhat less in height.

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monsters at night have more definite content. This is consonant with the fact that the Kaingáng have devoted much more interest and imagination to the elaboration of the fearful aspects of their supernatural world than to the benign. 776

With Ketédn's simple vision of Toad compare the following horrible dream that Vomblé had of the *nggĭyúdn* before Véye died: "I was the first one to see that the *nggĭyúdn* ate Véye. I saw the *nggĭyúdn* come with Véye. I saw that they were going to kill him, and I said to them, 'Why do you want to kill Véye?' But they said nothing. Then they said, 'He is a pig.' 'It is Véye [said Vomblé]; I used to go around with him.' They took hoes and led Véye off. I said, 'Leave him alone.' But they killed Véye with hoes. 'Why did you kill him?' 'It is a pig.' 'It is a human being, and it is taboo for you to eat it.' They seized his feet and tore him apart. I protected him. I thought I was dreaming. They put salt on him and ate him. When they ate him, it was taboo. I almost vomited. 'Come and eat [they said], it is like tapir's marrow.' But it was capavary.[13] Then I vomited and sat up. I ate dirt and almost vomited. Next day I told Véye, 'They roasted your ribs with salt,' but Véye said I was lying. Three days later he died."

Horror and the impulses to murder and cannibalism which the Kaingáng constantly and compulsively express are much more congenial to their imagination than the warm relationships with beneficent spirits of the natural world. It is true that guardian spirits are often mentioned in Kaingáng folklore, but most frequently simply as incidents in a murder tale. Stories whose central theme is a relationship with a guardian spirit are extremely rare. Being "shown" a spirit was as simple an experience as seeing it oneself. One day while an Indian was out with someone who had been seeing a spirit, the shaman would say to him casually, "Go over there and shoot those howler monkeys," and always after that the Indian would see supernatural Howler Monkey and find howler monkeys very easily. Such an experience might be accompanied by darkness and wind, but generally it was not. 776 756 224 [539]

"Yokégn was a shaman. He saw Fish and Wasp. He went hunting, and when he came back, he said to his wife: 'Let us go to the fish I saw. I'm going to get some for them [the children].' So his wife emptied a basket and carried it along with her. When they reached the spot, the water was shallow and there were some [fish] in it. Then he said to her, 'Come over here and have a look.' When she approached, she saw its men[14] in there. She stood there looking, and at last, he [her husband] asked, 'Did you see?' 'Yes,' she replied. 'Let us go now to the other fish that one eats all the time. They are good. Catch some of them.' So she took her basket and entered [the stream]. The shallow water came toward her in waves. She put her

[13] An amphibious rodent (*hydrochoerus capybara*) two feet long and twenty inches high.
[14] Fish in anthropomorphic form.

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basket in the water for the fish, and they came along and plumped into it. He showed her so that he and she might both see it all the time." The essential features of this very mild incident are the simple nature of the instruction and the division of the fish species into supernatural untouchables and natural touchables. This was characteristic of every animal category—some of it was recognizable by the shaman as supernatural, and the rest was natural and might be killed and eaten. When we remember that the spirit a person sees constantly is his close friend and companion, we can readily understand this cautious examination of the scene by the shaman and his painstaking selection of the animals to be killed and those to be left alone. Some of them are children of his friend, and the rest are simply animals which the spirit gives to him for food.

Spirits control their species and keep them in inclosures from which they let them out from time to time. When they are angered, either because too many have been killed or because some have not been killed, they close them up again and animals become scarce. Failure to bring down an animal is an unfortunate occurrence which annoys the spirit, but refusal to take a tapir or deer or any other animal which the *nggiyúdn* offers is tantamount to refusing food from a human benefactor and can have but one outcome, death. Whoever turns away from quarry pointed out by a spirit is bound to fall ill and die.

The more we examine the ways in which the Kaingáng maintained the bonds that united them with supernatural benefactors, the more we discover that they duplicated in any number of details the complex of relationships and feelings through which security was maintained in their own society. One more point may be added. Over and over again, malevolent supernaturals are referred to by the sinister term of "different thing," but guardian spirits were never called by this term; for "different things" are dangerous things, and guardian spirits were friendly and helpful.

Like most primitive peoples, the Kaingáng obtain from spirits some powers to cure disease, but this side of Kaingáng supernaturalism was very slightly developed. In many cultures in which religious values rate high, the powers to cure and kill supernaturally bring great rewards. But the Kaingáng never killed supernaturally; the most they did in this direction was to throw people into a deep sleep so that they could murder them with lance or club. They did cure through the agency of the supernatural, but the shaman received no pay for his efforts, and his practice was generally limited to his own immediate family. The ministerings of the shaman were viewed as attentions naturally received from a close relative. No shaman ever extended the benefits of his practice outside his own extended family. Kaingáng culture did not define achievement in supernatural terms—shamanistic powers of any kind were not even something to boast about or to plume oneself on. The most that a very powerful shaman got from his

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of men. One day Klendó, a man about sixty-five, and I were sitting together in my little house discussing the *kupléng*. Gradually clouds gathered in the west. The wind began to mount, and at last with a rush the storm swept up the valley. As the wind increased in violence the look of anxiety intensified on Klendó's face. He gazed with frightened eyes through the window before us, and his mind wandered as he watched in fascination the rivulets of water trickling under the frame. At last the catch on the window that faced the wind snapped, and with a burst of thunder and lightning and a swirl of wind and rain, the window was flung open, drenching the house in an instant and sending my papers flying. Klendó was seized with acute terror, and jumping up with more animation than he had shown in weeks, he dashed to the door, opened it a crack, and bellowed: "My *kókla*,[19] I am afraid of you; so stop! My *kókla*, you are angry with me; so you have made the storm!" Thus he shouted to his *kókla*, his second father, a man with whom he had had a most friendly relationship while he was alive.

"Why was he angry with you?" I asked. "I don't know," he replied, with that petulance that is so characteristic of the Kaingáng when they are frightened. But in the afternoon he had an explanation, for he had stopped to gossip and had learned that Kemblén's grandson had had a quarrel with Yukwáya that very day. Kemblén, "therefore, became angry with her [Yukwáya] and made it dark. Kemblén knew that Yukwáya was angry, and therefore it became dark."

In characteristic Kaingáng fashion, people fall sick and die either because they are attacked by some *nggĭyúdn* who wishes them ill or because they are seduced or "led off" by one who wants them for company. Thus the causes of illness and death are oriented toward both extremes of the Kaingáng world-view. In any event, the ultimate cause of death is complete soul-loss. Seduction is accomplished either through invitations to visit a "good country," i.e. where the hunting is good and the honey plentiful, or through sexual stimulation. When Vomblé's father tried to lure him away, it was through promises of plenty, but Klendó almost died because a female *nggĭyúdn* wanted him for a sex companion.

The defenses against soul-loss are very simple. The victim may simply say, "Let's go back," to those who wish to take him away, or he may renounce his connection with the *nggĭyúdn* if it happens to be an unconsummated sexual one. If it is consummated he is lost and soon dies. First he may go mad like Patklé, who copulated with a female *nggĭyúdn*, or he may rot inside, like Kulá. Whoever has intercourse with the supernatural will not burn easily on the funeral pyre, and he is an evil omen to his relatives. "One night," said Vomblé, "Kulá called out to her brother: 'Waipó,

[19] Ceremonial father.

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lift me up.' When he heard this, he woke up and took hold of her, lifted, 761
and set her down. Then she said to him, 'It seems to me that you copulated 776
with me,' but he replied: 'No! Probably *nggīyúdn* copulated with you.' She lay there awhile and at last died. When she was burnt, she exploded. She was *vai* [an evil omen] to them. She lay on her back with her feet in the air. She also said her husband [Véye] copulated with her; that is why she died. Probably the *nggīyúdn* looked like Véye. Her blood came out of her vagina."

Another way of bringing back the errant *kuplêng* is through calling it, but it does not always return. "I saw Nggemú's *kuplêng*," said Vomblé, "before the Brazilians killed her. I got up at night when the moon was high. Nggemú was sleeping a little to the side. Her *kuplêng* sat up. I thought it was she herself. It went out into the darkness. I thought she had gone to urinate, and I waited for her to return. I was awake, and I looked for her. I called out, 'Are you there?' 'Yes. When he [her infant] cried, I sat up.' 'I thought you went that way, and I waited for you.' 'I didn't go; I just sat up.' 'You went that way; I heard your noise.' Then Kuthúgn [her husband] rose and called Nggemú['s *kuplêng*]: 'Come here, Nggemú, come here! Come to the meat you put aside!' He was calling her *kuplêng*, but it probably did not come back, for nine days later the Brazilians killed her." It is interesting that mortals often use the same inducement to lure back the wandering *kuplêng* as the *nggīyúdn* do to draw it away; namely, food. Through the promise of plenty the *kuplêng* of a man is lured away by the supernaturals; through food the soul of a dead child is induced to return to its mother's womb, and it was through food that the *kuplêng* of Nggemú was tempted to return to Kuthúgn.

Behind the *kuplêng's* wish to snatch away its living relatives is its strong attachment for them, but in the case of the ghost-soul of a dead enemy the motivating force is revenge. When relatives lead off the unwilling *kuplêng* it is so that it may be cherished, but enemies seize the soul to punish the body. So, also, when supernatural beings other than ghost-souls take away *kuplêng*, it is for similar reasons. Thus the Kaingáng imagination follows out its pattern consistently both with *kuplêng* and with all other *nggīyúdn*.

Kuplêng may seduce, "lead off," or capture the souls of mortals, but de- 755
vouring and shooting are the privilege of other *nggīyúdn*. For devouring 776
there is no remedy—once a person is eaten, he is consumed and that is all, but for shooting there is a cure, and that is extraction of the missile, a reddish, wormlike object. Anyone may summon back a wandering soul or even cure sickness with an infusion of herbs or of bark scrapings, but only a shaman who has seen supernatural Pain can extract *thêyé*, the missiles which are shot into people by the monster Yunggí or by Pain.

"Tendó was a shaman. She took out men's *thêyé*. Her sister Kukú had a 756

x193 x539 The following are examples of its use in the dative:

ey ˈpɔ̃ kɔ tɔ̃ kuŋˈdʒuŋ kũ ŋglaṃ.
me for stick perforate and roast.
Spit this for me (with a stick) and roast it!

kuˈðvŋ ey pɔ̃ ti mɔ̃ mök
a male personal name me for him for bee-hive

pɐˈta
pierce
kuˈðvŋ, get honey for me, for him!

The following are examples of *mɔ̃* in the other persons of the pronoun:

ti ˈha tɔ̃ a mɔ̃ ndɐ ũ ˈyi ˈke ŋa
he you to thing other give about to
He is going to give you something.

yɐ nũ a mɔ̃ ɔk to vaˈtʃiŋ
indefinite future I you for them spare
I am going to spare them for you (for your sake).

ti ha tɔ̃ ti mɔ̃ neŋŋaŋ ŋa
he him to ascertain (to mark)
He is marking out for him, i. e. He is indicating the direction to him.

ˈkũ nũ ti mɔ̃ laiŋlai ŋgɐˈke mu
then I him for work habitually
Then I worked for him.

ti no ði mɔ̃ ti yiŋ mu
his mother feminine to him give
(They) give him to his mother.

mɔ̃ may also occur without any pronoun:

e tɔ̃ ˈve kũ ɔk tɔ̃ mɔ̃ ˈŋĩ yɐ
they see and they to speak in order to

la to tukðen
sun to make a bundle with narrow bindings

ˈke ŋa
habitually, continually

They make the bundle in the daytime so that they can see it and talk to it. (This refers to a magical bundle to which the Indians talk.) *to* here would give the expression *la ˈto* the force of ".... when it is light...." or ".... when there is sun....".

[778]

[p. 201 (8)]

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The characteristic North American guardian spirit experience in which an individual sees his benefactor once only and receives a token from him is unknown to the Kaingáng, to whom the only earnest of security is continuous, unbroken contact. All lasting relations with the spirits are expressed systematically in the habitual mode—"all the time." The Kaingáng do not say that the spirit did so and so. They say it "would [i.e. regularly] do so and so." So Ketédn,[9] who could walk dry through a downpour, "used to see *nggĭyúdn*. He saw Yóin and used to go out with him and shoot tapirs. Yóin would say: *'Yûgn*, there is a tapir,' and Ketédn would shoot it." Although "living with" the spirits does not involve intermarriage and sharing of wives, as it may on the human level, it does imply the sharing of food. A quarter must be left for the spirit that has shown one where to kill a tapir, and honey must be shared with one's supernatural benefactor. Kakthí[10] "saw Snake, who told her to get honey, and she always shared it with him." Such a division of food is not conceived as a sacrifice or as a payment for goods received but simply as the same kind of sharing that exists between hunting companions or among members of the same extended family.

Shamanism[11] *and Curing*

A guardian spirit came to one through an accidental encounter or through being "pointed out" by a shaman, i.e. one who already "had been seeing it" for a long time. The preliminary mortification of the flesh—the fasting and self-torture—that are found over wide areas in North America where the vision is known was foreign to the Kaingáng. Nor did the Kaingáng prescribe any training for those who were to receive guardian spirits. The spectacular visions that are features of the guardian-spirit quest in North America were unknown. Kaingáng visions of spirits of the natural world were very simple: "One day Ketédn bent down to drink from a pool. When he looked up over his shoulder, he saw Toad, who said to him, *'Yûgn*, why do you come?' 'I am looking for tapir.' 'You will not see tapir, you will see *tateti*.'[12] Then Ketédn shot *tateti*." Many visions were of this simple character. Some were invitations, like Vomblé's vision of Bee, who invited him to come to his house. Occasionally someone lost consciousness through fear of the spirit and was told where to find animals while lying senseless, but there was rarely any visual or auditory elaboration of detail. The very appearance of the spirits remained vague, for they were described simply as looking like human beings or like the animals they represented. Encounters with the ghost-soul or dreams of supernatural

[9] See p. 43.

[10] See fn. p. 67.

[11] There are no Kaingáng shamans today; the few there were have died.

[12] An animal resembling a pig that lives in burrows on hillsides. It is about two feet long and somewhat less in height.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

224 of wild pigs for several days, killing all those which come within their reach.

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* concentrate on hunting tapirs, which seem to be abundant in their territory. They track them with dogs or follow the deep "runs" opened by the tapirs in the bush and pursue their prey until it is forced into a stream, where they can kill it with ease. Similarly, they drive deer into streams, where they shoot or club them.

To capture birds, hunters conceal themselves in a shelter built on a tree where the birds roost, and snare them with a noose at the end of a long pole. To catch parrots, they use a tame parrot as a decoy; for pigeons, they put corn out as bait (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 31).

The spring-pole traps were constructed like those of the *Caingué* or of the Chaco Indians. They consisted of a flexible sapling and a noose placed near a bait (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 30).

224 **Hunting ritual.**—As a rule a hunter never ate the meat of the game
262 he had slain but gave it to some companion. He could not eat the
●783 flesh of a tapir he had killed before he had performed a rite in which he consumed premasticated tapir flesh and the charcoal of the burned tapir's windpipe wrapped in grass (Henry, 1941, p. 86). When the *Aweikoma-Caingang* killed a tapir they stewed "tapir grass" on it and placated its soul with friendly words lest it prevent other tapirs from being caught. Monkeys were also asked to come and share the food of the hunter. *Caingang* of São Paulo considered the jaguar and deer meat taboo (Horta Barbosa, 1913, p. 32); others refrain on some occasions from eating paca, capybara, and armadillo flesh.

226 **Fishing.**—The *Caingang*, although fond of fish, are very poor fishermen. They shoot fish with bows and arrows, impale them with two-pronged spears, or catch them by hand in the falls when shoals of fish ascend the river to spawn. They also capture them by hand in small lagoons formed by floods, which they drain (Horta Barbosa, 1913, pp. 32–33). The *Caingang* of Misiones blocked small streams with V-shaped stone dams. Against the openings they built a platform on which they placed a large mat folded and tied up at one end like a huge bag.

221 **Seasonal rhythm.**—After planting their fields, the *Caingang* of Misiones went fishing along the small tributaries of the Paraná River. Later they moved to the Sierra Central to collect pine nuts, and afterward returned to their fields for the harvest. During their wanderings they hunted and gathered fruits and larvae in the forest.

252 **Food preparation.**—The women do most of the cooking, though men generally prepare the game they kill. The *Caingang* generally roast the unskinned animal in ashes, on a spit, or on a rectangular barbacot. The earth oven serves for baking large slices of meat,

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941

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Appendix III

Rituals

Death

765 WHEN DEATH COMES the emotional resources of the Kaingáng are mobilized to overcome the forces of destruction that have been set in motion. Death, the perpetual threat, has become momentarily actualized in the form of the *kuplêng*, the ghost-soul of the deceased, and the most elaborate ritual forms the Kaingáng possess are directed toward the elimination of this threat. Of all the survivors at a death the one who stands in greatest peril from the *kuplêng* is the spouse, the *thûpéya*. The Kaingáng feel that the spouses have had such intimate relations that there must be a complete wiping out of all the old contacts. The rites through which the *thûpéya* passes are intended, however, not only to safeguard his life, but also to protect the community. No one can be sure whom the *kuplêng* will select for its companion, but since it clings most closely to the *thûpéya* he must free himself from the *kuplêng* as soon as possible. The *thûpéya* is a threat to the members of his group—they are genuinely afraid of him—and the rites which he performs serve both to rid him of his personal fear of his dead spouse and to make him once more acceptable to his fellows. As Klendó put it, "They . . . make a festa when the husband or the wife comes back so that he [or she] can live with them."

765 Even before his spouse's bones are buried the *thûpéya* leaves camp for
783 his widower's (or widow's) isolation, his *waikômáng*. "I did not want to see the bones," said Klendó; "so I left before she was burnt. I was afraid I would die; so I went to another place. I used to talk to her; therefore I was afraid to see her bones. I did not want to see her bones because I did not want to see her *kuplêng* while I was asleep."[1] A man leaves camp alone,
[762] taking his bow and arrows, an axe and a blanket, but no pot, for *thûpéya*

[1] Up to this point all that has been said applies equally to men and women.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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765 may not eat cooked food until they have completed the ritual series. If they
● 763 did they would get hot inside and die. The *thâpfyu* must refrain from all
262 meat; all they are allowed to eat is honey and vegetable foods, and by the end of their *waikômáng* they may be very thin. If a widower encounters game he may shoot it, but he must not eat it. Instead he opens its belly and rubs the blood "all over himself to wash off[2] the hunting[3] that he used to do for his wife. This is called wiping[4] off and throwing away. He does the same with honey, bees' larvae, and bee sugar. He shoots tapir, pigs, deer, *tatetú*, monkeys, jacutingas, howler monkeys, macucas, ururús [and a number of other birds]. He shoots several and does this wiping himself off."[5] By rubbing himself with the blood of game animals the husband removes one of the principal ties with his wife, for during her life he had shot game for her. Thus the whole ritual, including the fasting, is a transparent cleansing ceremony, in which the very terminology makes the psychological point clear. The Kaingáng do not feel that the dead are impure or that they contaminate, but that the *kuplêng* follows the vestiges of its earthly life, to the peril of survivors.

765 The *thâpfyu* does not remain so far away from camp that he is completely out of contact. Under aboriginal conditions that would have put him in actual peril of his life from human enemies,[6] but always remains close enough for some woman to prepare a sleeping-place for him every night. There he sleeps alone with two stems of the *nggign* fern[7] in his arms "just as he used to hold his wife.[8] The *kuplêng* is afraid of these and goes away." Women remain nearer to camp than men, and if they have nursing infants they take them along. They do not always sleep alone, for often a woman who prepares the sleeping-place for the *thâpfyu* and sprinkles it with protective herbs wraps her in her arms all night long in a protective embrace against her husband's *kuplêng*. If there have been a number of deaths at one time, as from a raid by the *bugreiros* or by ven-

[2] *Waikuyé*, to wash oneself.

[3] *I pãy thi mã i tũ pándi yó*
his wife her for he (instrumental particle) shoot place

Literally, the place where he used to shoot for his wife.

[4] *Waiyukũ*, to wipe oneself. Without the reflexive it means "to wipe," as in cleaning the barrel of a gun.

[5] Women, since they have not the weapons with which to kill animals, simply rub themselves with honey.

[6] When the Brazilian Indian hunters, the *bugreiros*, were thought to be in the neighborhood, no one went on *waikômáng*.

[7] See p. 187 fn.

[8] Or husband.

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of which have been revealed to him by some spirit. A certain grass, said to be the favorite food of tapirs, is endowed with great medicinal virtues. It is used not only to cure but also to prevent sickness (Henry, 1941, p. 83). Massages play a great part in therapeutics. Sometimes these are so violent that the practitioner steps on the patient's stomach. The skin is frequently rubbed with pulverized barks or plants before the treatment. Burning herbs are used therapeutically, particularly for wounds. A patient bitten by a snake is laid upon a slanting platform over a fire and given warm water to drink to make him vomit. Maniser (1930, p. 784) was impressed by the number of people whose heads, arms, or legs were swathed in *Philodendron* for therapeutic purposes. To lessen fatigue on a long walk, the Indians bandage their legs up to the hip with tight braids. (On *Caingang* medicine, see Paula Souza, 1918, pp. 750–753.)

Bloodletting, which is practiced with a flint flake or a piece of glass, is a common cure for many ailments. Like many Indians, the *Caingang* treat fever with cold baths. Breathing on the affected spot is a common means of assisting a suffering person. Wounds are sprinkled with pulverized jaborandy powder.

When illness is caused by the loss of the soul, the patient may recover if appropriate words are spoken to induce the soul to return. It is often promised food. If the shaman's diagnosis reveals that the disease has been brought about by invisible missiles shot by a spirit, the cure consists of extracting them with the mouth. This procedure, however, was observed only among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* of Santa Catarina.

Magic practices.—To drive clouds away, old women blow against the right hand and then wave it toward the clouds, spreading the fingers as if to disseminate their breath. When the *Aweikoma-Caingang* desire rain, they put their mouths to the water and blow. They take some in their hands and cry, as they throw it upward, "Look here! Do like this." (Henry, 1941, p. 94.) Ashes thrown into a river are expected to stop its rise.

Divining.—According to Lozano (1873, 1:427), *Guayaná* shamans drank maté in order to consult spirits. Answering questions put to them by their clients, the shamans always said, "The grass [maté] told me this or that." Among modern *Aweikoma*, a man may be requested to drink maté and to belch while he is asked questions. A strong belch is interpreted as "No" and a weak one as "Yes" (Henry, 1941, p. 86).

In order to know which animals will be killed and where they will be found, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* set fire to a heap of pine-wood charcoal. The size of the spark corresponds to an animal species and the place where it twinkles indicates where the game will be slain.

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787 The *Caingang* of São Paulo believe that old women have the power of foretelling the future in dreams which they induce by taking the pulverized leaves of an unknown plant.

769 **Cult of the dead.**—This cult is "the foundation and strongest expression of the spiritual culture of the *Kaingang*" (Baldus, 1935, p. 52), as the whole community takes part in the ceremonies, and children are at this time assigned by their fathers or others to moiety subgroups.

The aim of veingrĕinyĕ, the main ritual, is to break the bonds uniting the living with the ghosts, who are driven to their last abode, where they remain harmless. It takes place when the maize is green and pine nuts are ripe, that is, sometime between the middle of April and June. It is organized by mourners for a parent, a sister, or a son, but never for a wife or a daughter; according to Manizer, the initiative is taken by a distant relative.

The green bough placed above the tomb announces the coming performance; the news of which is carried to nearby settlements by messengers appointed by the "master of the dance." One of the heralds blows a horn; another informs the gathered listeners of the date.

In the meantime, the organizer piles up wood and gathers honey and maize, kept in pots in a special place, for liquor. For 3 days before the festival, men dance around these containers, crying and singing funeral songs. The fermented beverages, poured into large troughs dug out of bottle-tree trunks, are heated by throwing red-hot potsherds into them. During the night before the feast, the organizer and his assistant go to the cemetery to cover the grave with earth.

In the morning, the trough is dragged to the plaza and food heaped around it. Men sing and beat the ground with a stamping tube.

On the day before veingrĕinyĕ, the visitors, blowing horns and bamboo flutes, arrive and are met by their hosts and treated to beer. The following afternoon, the members of the moiety subgroups, adorned with their distinctive facial paintings, are led separately to the cemetery by relatives of the deceased. At the head of each moiety are a singer and three dancers, as well as the close relatives. On the way, the singer with his subgroups stops by every tree at which the corpse bearers have rested en route and sings a song of meaningless syllables, shaking his rattle and kicking his feet back and forth. After this musical interlude, they resume marching, but the other moiety has to go through the same ceremony. When the first moiety reaches the cemetery, the same dance is performed over the grave, the singer standing over the head of the deceased. The remainder of the crowd remains outside the cemetery. Then the other moiety dances over the grave. When the ghost is thought to have been expelled, everyone shouts for joy and runs in all directions.

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hunter's skill. A branch from a very thorny bush is burnt and the charcoal mixed with the meat of the animal and eaten "so the hunter's arrows will cut and tear like the thorn."

The bee, since it is a thing that lives and moves, is included in the animistic conceptualization of the world. When the Kaingáng chop out a hive, they say: "Bee, produce! I chopped you out to make beer of you! Yukúi's wife died, and I am making beer of you so that I can cut his hair." Or if they find that the larvae have eaten all the honey, they take the larvae and cry: "Bee, produce! It is I! I am alive! You ate up your honey and that is why you did not produce." And they throw a stick into the hive. After they have taken the honey they rub the sugar over the outside of the tree to show how high up the new hive should extend, and as they do so they exclaim, "Bee, make your honey go up along this way and leave off here" (at the limit of the sugar). The Yukúi mentioned in the formula is an imaginary person whom they use as an excuse for taking the honey. The implication is that since the post-mourning ceremony is extremely important, Bee certainly would not begrudge honey taken under pressure of such a necessity. When a Kaingáng cries, "It is I," he implies that the bee knows him, for such a statement can be intelligible only when the speaker is known.

Behind the requests, commands, and adjurations of the hunting and honey-seeking formulae of the Kaingáng lies not a faith in the magical power of words, but a deep conviction that people will do whatever they are asked and that any reason is sufficient in this society where reasons are unimportant and needs are everything. Whoever asks the Kaingáng to work for him must understand that they are motivated not only by hope of gain but particularly by their fear of refusing. Whoever stands his ground and asserts his rights can move mountains.[28]

Divining

There is scarcely a phenomenon in nature which has not at some time an immediate bearing on the small and insecure cosmos of the Kaingáng. But the feeling that things outside of a man's own body have direct reference to it is reducible to a conception that most such things have a *destructive* reference. On the human level, the Kaingáng partially overcome this threat by extending their bodies through physical and emotional diffusion—the symbol of security is *ke kfié nyé*, to live in someone else. But everything outside of this social personality, that is to say, members of other extended families, is destructive. In the realm of the supernatural the

[28] This compulsive obedience is at the bottom of the fetal victims' attendance at feasts which they know are held solely to entrap them.

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Kaingáng have attempted the same extension of their positive emotional relationships, but with little success. The supernatural, to them, is an embodiment of terrors; for it is burdened with portents of death, and no matter what benefits the Kaingáng derive from the supernatural, death always dominates their outlook. In *vayá*, divining by belching, the great preoccupation is escape from death; *kumbĕdn*, divining by insects in the ashes of the dead, is completely devoted to omens of death; *kŏplĕgn*, divining with charcoal, is concerned with the location of animals that may be hunted and killed, or with the impending death of human beings, and the meteorological omens of rain, darkness, tempest, and flood are all portents of death.

The oral functions of biting, spitting, and blowing form part of supernatural curing techniques, but belching has been elevated to prophetic dignity. Through *vayá*, divining by belching, the Kaingáng obtain many important insights. Any adult who feels that he can divine by belching may take this function on himself, and he or she may be sought out and asked to drink an infusion of *matte*[26] so that his belches may give some information about the chances of death from the enemy, the hunting prospects in a given direction, or the whereabouts of a lost dog. The oracular belch always comes in answer to a request that is usually put to the practitioner in a form like this: "Belch to see whether, if I go to look for my wife and child, the enemy will see me." Then the practitioner drinks the infusion, and if he belches strongly it means "No"; and if weakly, "Yes."

Kumbĕdn, divining by insects, is connected with the exogamous system which the Kaingáng say they possessed far back in ancient times. According to this tradition the Kaingáng were divided into five groups, with each of which was associated a set of personal names and a design with which its members used to paint their bodies.[27] The Kaingáng still use these designs, but their only functions for two hundred years or more have been to protect the wearers against *kuplĕng* and supposedly to provide a point of reference for this system of divining by insects. To each group belong certain insects, the presence of which in funeral ashes betokened the impending death of a member of the group. A certain fly and a little butterfly called *zozo*, for example, indicated the future death of those who use the dot pattern; and other insects, among them all the different varieties of bees, a wasp, and insects that the Indians call *ápé* and *zhathakumbĕdn* foretold the death of someone who bore the line pattern.

In spite of the precise way in which the Kaingáng formulate it, they

[26] This is the familiar *yerba maté* or matte that grows wild in southeastern South America, particularly in Brazil, Argentina, and Paraguay.

[27] See Appendix B for full explanation of this scheme.

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were so incapable of adhering to any such formal scheme that in actual practise this system of *kumbēdn* was almost completely superseded by other interpretations. The insects that were named as having oracular significance for each group were rarely mentioned in practice, and interest was directed toward different insects and ones that had no personal reference. When a funeral pyre was extinguished the Kaingáng came to look at the ashes, and they could tell by the position and condition of an insect how, when, and where one of their number would die. "The *kumbēdn* of one who will die far away is on the edge of the ashes. The head points outward. A death near by is shown by the insect's head pointing inward from the periphery. . . . *Pānkōklá* points in the direction in which the man will be bitten by a snake. *It does not tell the name. Ndādnwaichudndādn*[38] is lying in the mouth of the *pānkōklá*. It showed the biting of Nyepá. 'A big snake will bite Nyepá,' said Konggó. Nyepá's *kumbēdn* was large. It was lying on the periphery of the place where Vádn was burnt. *They make suyá on these occasions, naming the people, until a big belch comes and tells who it will be.* If one is to be killed with a club by another group of our own people the *kumbēdn* will be intact. The *kumbēdn* of those who are to be killed by Brazilians will have shattered legs, or their heads will be cut off. . . . Another will have cut wings. If someone is to fall the *kōnggó* [insect] will be crushed in little pieces. When Patá died the bee showed rumpled and with twisted wings. This shows that the person is going to die while entire [i.e. of sickness]."

Some of the associations in this abbreviated account of *kumbēdn* are clear; others are unknown to me. The significance of the shattered appearance of the *kumbēdn* of the victims of Brazilians and the intact condition of those killed by Indians was rooted in the belief that Brazilians always cut their victims into little pieces while the victims of the Kaingáng were always left whole. The origin of the belief that a crushed insect indicated a fall from a tree is self-evident, while the belief that *pānkōklá* foreshadows snake-bite was based on some association of this insect with the snake (*pān*, snake; *kōkla*, ceremonial father; hence, the snake's ceremonial father). The association of bees with the line-pattern group arises from a mythological connection between the line people and bees. Bees are the *mang*[39] of the line people, just as the tapir is the *mang* of the dot people.

Kumbēdn was sometimes used in association with *suvīgn*, a kind of war ritual intended to make the enemy sleep deeply. Before attacking, the Kaingáng "clean the ground and cut a stick. They take off the bark and scrape the stick. They sink the post and stamp their feet as they hold on

[38] An insect.

[39] Owned animals.

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724 to it. Then the Brazilians sleep. This is done with the *poimbēngnggēlē* [tree]. As its fruit fall with the wind, so will men sleep. They sing thus when they make *vavēgn:*

mēng nē hoi ke nyang ve
tiger is
mēng nē klēgn mbēgn yō va tōgn mē ē ya yukdi[30] *kų*
tiger is animal large trail thereabouts its teeth
hui ke nyang vē
mēng nē hui ke nyang vē mēng nē hui ke nyang vē
tiger is

[This song means that] the tiger waits for the tapir [large animal] on its trail and that they [the Indians] are going to do the same thing. *Yukdi* means that the tiger seizes animals with its teeth."

There is another song:

ngguivé chu yii chu ka eput kdi tōgn mē ke nyang mu va
a rat

which means that "*ngguivé*[31] is little, but it seizes birds, and therefore they want to do the same as it does. All the men go and make *vavēgn*. Then they walk a little way and come back and go to sleep. The next day early the shaman goes and sees the *kumbēdn* [and says], 'That one will be killed.' His *kumbēdn* is in his footprints.[32] *Kōlǫ*[33] or *patá*[33] lie dead in the footprint in imitation of death. It is his imitation."

787 *Kōplēgn*, divining with charcoal, is done in pitch darkness, and while anyone can do it, it requires rapport with the deer spirit. A pyramidal wick-like heap about a half inch high and six inches long is made of the charcoal of pine, cuqueiro, or canela wood, and as it is ignited they cry: "Deer, make *kōplēgn* with me!" In the darkness they watch the red starlike sparks appear and disappear as the glow travels along the wick very much as a cigarette burns, except that in *kōplēgn* there is no steady uniform glow but a constant twinkling as the burning proceeds. Then they can tell by the size of the spark and its location what animal will be killed and where it

[30] This is a word which I never came across elsewhere. In no Kaingáng song is the meaning clear from the context, because great liberties are taken with syntax. Very often when interpretations are given, the informants prefix their interpretations with "probably." Some of these are clearly fanciful.

[31] In this song we are faced with a problem similar to that in the first. There is much less evidence for the derivation of any meaning from the verse. The only words that mean anything are *ngguivé* and *tōgn mé*, which means thereabouts.

[32] On the trail.

[33] Insects.

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will be encountered. Big sparks mean tapirs, smaller ones indicate deer, and so on down through monkeys and birds. If the sparks appear on the left side of the heap, the animals will be killed on the left side of the river; if they twinkle on the right side, the animal will fall on the right side of the river; and if the spark appears near the watcher, the animal will be killed near at hand. *Kóplēgn* never fails, because so many sparks appear that they cover every eventuality, and the Indians remember the details of the divination for a long time. 787

When an animal is killed weeks after the ethnologist hovered breathlessly over the beautiful little heap of glowing charcoal, he will hear an Indian say: "Ah! This is the jacutinga I saw in the *kóplēgn*." The impending death of human beings can be seen in the *kóplēgn* also, but no one can see his own death.

Totemism

In the religion of the Kaingáng, totemism, i.e. a close religious association between an individual (or a group) and some natural phenomenon, is simply a special emphasis in the general pattern of close associations between mankind and natural phenomena. The tiger and the tapir, the Kaingáng say, are Wanyekí's[94] *mang* because he made them in the very beginning when the first people emerged out of the shoreless sea in the east and over the "hard" mountains to the west. Some of these conceptions that link men with animals and plants appear in one of the confused origin myths of the Kaingáng, but it is impossible to establish clear connections between what is said in these obviously fossilized myths and what one hears from informants. The pine tree is believed to be the exclusive property of the circle people, but from the myth that refers to the origin of an (unnamed) animal from the bark of the young pine it is impossible to determine why the pine tree might not just as well be the property of the dot or disk people. The mark system has been confused for the past two hundred years. The association between Klendó (i.e. the line people) and the bee is explained as follows: "When Wanyekí came out first they found Klendó eating honey and therefore said it was Klendó's. A man saw Bee. Supernatural Bee has a name like man. Padnmbá [one of the line people] saw it and learnt the names. Then he said that the names were Klendó, Vomblé, Nyntkaé, Kanyahé, Waipó, Lugnmú, Vukthá, Pepó. *Nggiyádn* said: 'Our names are thus. Let Klendó come with his offspring. His offspring are no more in the bad land.' When the bees heard this they migrated." 773 825

[94] Wanyekí is a male personal name and is used as a generic reference to all the dot people. Of course, in addition to Wanyekí there are many other names, both male and female, that belong to the dot people.

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761 Far from permitting them control over species of plants and animals, the pessimistic totemism of the Kaingáng simply adds one more gloomy trait to the prevailingly somber character of their supernaturalism. Their totems are solely omens of death, for "When the Klendó are about to die there is no honey—there are only bees. When the Wanyekí are about to die the tapirs are very thin, because they are Wanyekí's *mang*. The pine tree belongs to Thethé [the circle people], and when they are about to die there are no pine cones. When they die they burn them in a dry pine tree. Before Chulí fell there were no pine cones—and then he fell. They burnt him in a dry pine tree. Before the Brazilians killed Kuikégn, the pines were the same way."

762 Like most peoples the world over, the Kaingáng reject certain things as foods while they accept others. But their preferences have little to do with their totemic ideas. There is a story in an origin myth of one of the line people who swam about in the water so much that he became a capavary, so that now the line people do not eat capavary; if they were to do so it would be like eating their own people. But almost no one at all eats capavary, nor do they eat armadillo or paca, that delicious fat little rodent that eludes the hunter like a streak of light. Some people abstain from tiger, but others eat its heart to make them valiant like the tiger, which roams and fights alone. None of these taboos are observed by everyone. Some animals from which the Kaingáng abstain were practically impossible for them to kill under the conditions of their old life, in which they had no traps or boats. The capavary is taken by trapping, the paca by trapping or by pursuit in a boat from which the hunter may kill it with a trident in the shallow water where it has hidden. The swift-flying and hypersensitive wild ducks are extremely hard to approach, and the meat of anteater and certain water birds has a very bad flavor. There seems to be less reason for abstaining from the toad, the armadillo, and the tiger. The Kaingáng say that they do not eat the tiger because its fat is white (not yellow like other animals') and that they abstain from armadillo because its bones break so easily that they are afraid their own will break.

All of these things that the Kaingáng do not eat are called *thangglĩgn*, which is the term they use for anything dirty. People who eat things that are *thangglĩgn* will lose their teeth, break their bones, or grow old prematurely.

Omens

787 The prevailing reason for the interest of the Kaingáng in omens is death. "I saw that before Padnmbá died it rained very heavily first," said Chukembégn. "Then the river rose after his death. The bees did not make honey—they just lived in the trees." All of this was because Padnmbá was

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one of the line people, and since the line people came out of the shoreless sea, rain and swollen rivers are auguries of death for them. But when dot people die the rivers dry up, because they came over the "hard" mountain. "Before Wanyekí died, the river dried up until you could hardly pass with a canoe. Then when he died it rose a great deal [fifty feet]. It flooded José's mill and carried off the corn."

If a man's arrows fall on him at night he says, "I am going to die, that is why my arrows fell on me." There is a way of seeking omens by shooting arrows into the night. "At night a man calls out, 'Come here!' The men come to him. Late at night they take their arrows and shoot out into the darkness and talk after their arrows—'Shall I grow old?' They will die if the arrow goes far and sticks in a tree. If it falls on the ground they will grow old. When my father's went only a short distance they joked: 'That one cannot see at night and lands in a tree.' His mother said he was about to die; therefore it happened. I myself did this when I was *kēlú*—I shot far and it fell in the earth."

Rain and drought are omens of death, but a particularly evil omen is the sun shower. Even when omens have some other significance than the foretelling of death, the latter may be included in the portents. "They put their bows and arrows on top of posts and give them to the moon, saying: 'Moon, I give you my bow! Shoot an animal on my bow!' Next day when they come to them, cobwebs are all over them and fireflies are caught in them. This shows that they will kill tapir, for firefly is the tapir's *kumbēdn*." But they can also tell by this technique when a man is about to die, because then there is no cobweb on his bow. Sometimes they would put their pots in a clear place and leave them there all night. Next day, "if there are cobwebs on them, the owner of the favored pot will kill a tapir and cook. If a person is about to die, it will rain on the pot."

There is, however, one way of taking omens that is not used to foretell deaths. It is by snatching meat from a pot. "Before they go hunting they cook a little deer, *tateti*, pig, tapir, monkey; the arm of a howler monkey, the wing of a jacutinga, or a hawk. They clear the ground and put these in pots. The men are all together, and they rush to them and thrust their hands into the pots. They can tell by what they take out what they will kill. One who will shoot nothing gets nothing." Sometimes, on the other hand, when they were about to attack the Brazilians, "they would cut up cloth into pieces and put them in a pot. They would then rush to the pot and snatch them out. They mixed earth and wax with the cloth. Getting earth showed that they would kill Brazilians; getting cloth showed that they would get Brazilian clothing. They would also put axes and knives in the pots and pieces of wood with which they indicated pots. One who would get nothing from the Brazilians would get nothing in the rush."

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

the Whites, but was retained for small children. In recent times the Santa Catarina *Aweikoma-Caingang* of both sexes shaved the hair over the forehead and on top of the head (Paula Souza, 1924, p. 122). 302

The *Caingang* abhor body hair and always remove it. Combs consist of small wooden splinters passed through a slit in a piece of reed.

The *Caingang* seem to have used charcoal more than urucú for body painting. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* certain body paints belong to exogamic groups of people. The main motifs are dots, vertical lines, circles, and horizontal bars with vertical lines. The *Caingang* observed by Manizer (1930, p. 771) painted themselves only for funeral ceremonies. They regarded the black stripes on their chest as a protection against the ghosts. The pigment was charcoal mixed with honey and water or with the sticky sap of a creeper. 302 386 531 [764] [789]

TRANSPORTATION

River navigation never was so important to the *Caingang* as to their *Tupí-Guaraní* neighbors. To cross a river, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* fell a tree on each side of the river and connect the intervening space with a tree trunk braced with poles fixed in the river bed. 491

Caingang women carry babies on their backs, often in a net, by means of bark tumplines. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* these straps are 4 inches (10 cm.) wide, woven of embira fibers. Knapsacks are suspended by a tumpline. 854 482

MANUFACTURES

Netting.—According to Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 49), the Paraná *Caingang* made net bags of caraguatá fibers. 286

Basketry.—*Caingang* carrying baskets have a hexagonal weave, and, like those of the *Tupí*, are elongated and rectangular knapsacks open on top and on the outer side, so that only the bottom and sides support the burden. Basketry containers woven from thin strips of split bamboo, frequently have stepped designs produced by alternating black and natural color strands (fig. 58, *c*). Some baskets, like those of the *Guayaná*, are made in two parts that telescope into each other. 285 415

The *Aweikoma* have three main types of baskets: large baskets for transportation of goods; small, impervious water or honey containers of Taquara mansa strips coated with wax; and small receptacles, similarly waterproofed, used as cups and dishes.

Spinning.—*Caingang* textiles are made with the fibers of the ortiga brava, probably a Bromelia. Women seize the leaves with leather-covered hands, cut them at the base, and remove all the thorns, then macerate the leaves in water, dry, and, finally, crush them. The fibers are then rolled into threads with the palm of the hand against the 283

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of which have been revealed to him by some spirit. A certain grass, said to be the favorite food of tapirs, is endowed with great medicinal virtues. It is used not only to cure but also to prevent sickness (Henry, 1941, p. 88). Massages play a great part in therapeutics. Sometimes these are so violent that the practitioner steps on the patient's stomach. The skin is frequently rubbed with pulverized barks or plants before the treatment. Burning herbs are used therapeutically, particularly for wounds. A patient bitten by a snake is laid upon a slanting platform over a fire and given warm water to drink to make him vomit. Manizer (1930, p. 784) was impressed by the number of people whose heads, arms, or legs were swathed in *Philodendron* for therapeutic purposes. To lessen fatigue on a long walk, the Indians bandage their legs up to the hip with tight braids. (On *Caingang* medicine, see Paula Souza, 1918, pp. 750–753.)

Bloodletting, which is practiced with a flint flake or a piece of glass, is a common cure for many ailments. Like many Indians, the *Caingang* treat fever with cold baths. Breathing on the affected spot is a common means of assisting a suffering person. Wounds are sprinkled with pulverized jaborandy powder.

When illness is caused by the loss of the soul, the patient may recover if appropriate words are spoken to induce the soul to return. It is often promised food. If the shaman's diagnosis reveals that the disease has been brought about by invisible missiles shot by a spirit, the cure consists of extracting them with the mouth. This procedure, however, was observed only among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* of Santa Catarina.

Magic practices.—To drive clouds away, old women blow against the right hand and then wave it toward the clouds, spreading the fingers as if to disseminate their breath. When the *Aweikoma-Caingang* desire rain, they put their mouths to the water and blow. They take some in their hands and cry, as they throw it upward, "Look here! Do like this." (Henry, 1941, p. 94.) Ashes thrown into a river are expected to stop its rise.

Divining.—According to Lozano (1873, 1:427), *Guayaná* shamans drank maté in order to consult spirits. Answering questions put to them by their clients, the shamans always said, "The grass [maté] told me this or that." Among modern *Aweikoma*, a man may be requested to drink maté and to belch while he is asked questions. A strong belch is interpreted as "No" and a weak one as "Yes" (Henry, 1941, p. 88).

In order to know which animals will be killed and where they will be found, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* set fire to a heap of pine-wood charcoal. The size of the spark corresponds to an animal species and the place where it twinkles indicates where the game will be slain.

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imagine it is going to crash solidly on your head, these subterranean streams cast great sections of the earth into the rivers. Then streams that were sluggish and clear become turgid and rushing. Rivers that moved slowly and whose bottoms you could easily see through their few feet of clear water rise almost four feet overnight, and their purling shallows become dangerous rapids, pouring tons of muddy red water down toward the sea. Then all day long the shouts of the Indians—"Storm, go away, I am afraid of you; so stop!"—go up among the camps, rising faintly above the roar of the river, the rush of the rain, and the ceaseless rumble of the thunder.

Water is everywhere in Santa Catarina, and it literally grows on trees, or at least in bamboo, the hollow stems of which are filled with it. You cannot walk far without coming across at least a brook, and the Indians use the streams as short cuts, sometimes walking in the water for half a mile. In nine days a pair of rubber-soled tennis shoes rotted off my feet; by the end of my five-weeks' hunting trip the seams of my waterproof leather boots had rotted. Yet in this land where a hundred thousand terraces bear witness to ages of slow erosion and the winding streams interlace like silver bands, the Kaingáng are without boats or rafts. They have every other technique for crossing a stream that ingenuity and resourcefulness might suggest: they knock down a tree on one side of a stream so that it will fall on the other and form a bridge, and they also build crude bridges. Men who have supernatural power obtained from some water animal may even brave a turbulent stream to carry a line across so that other people may pull themselves across on it. But before they came to Duque de Caxias the Kaingáng knew nothing of navigation, and the one instance in folklore of an attempt at it ended in a fiasco. Of course the Kaingáng were land nomads. It would have been too much work to build a canoe or even a raft just to cross a stream and it was much easier for them to wait until the river went down; for the Kaingáng never felt a pressing need to be anywhere at any particular time. They might just as well have been on one side of the river as on the other.

To know how to walk in the bed of a stream, stepping unerringly from stone to slippery stone, is really a blessing, for a smarting body appreciates the respite from thorns, and the coldness of the water is soothing to one's battered and aching shins. The forest is no place for a pleasant stroll. The gait of the forest rover is unmistakable, for he never just steps; he *places his feet*. Where a thorn may prick, a vine slash, a fallen log batter; where the earth may crumble underfoot or a snake strike from the concealment of a pile of leaves or a low bush overhanging the trail, every move must be a maneuver. When an Indian is scratched or bruised, he stops and removes the cause so that those who follow will not suffer as he did. He gropes for the thorn until he finds it and then carries it far away to dispose

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Control of the Elements

789 When the thunder rumbles distantly the Kaingáng growls back at it in annoyance. His face contracts in a scowl, and he looks up and expresses his anger by the same kind of growl with which he greets any animal that happens to disturb him. When the storm swells in intensity, when the thunder crashes, the wind roars, and the trees rock, he shouts in fear, "Storm, go away! I am afraid of you; so go away!" Or: "Storm, go away from me! You are killing me and my children!" Once a mild rain storm threatened to spoil the hunting for us, and as I lay by the campfire I called to one of the Indians, "Tell it that you have come hunting with your relative." So he obediently called out, "Storm, go away; I have come hunting with my relative!" Another cry is, "Storm, go where you were having intercourse with Chulúin," and at this reference to his traditional amour, Storm becomes ashamed and goes away. Thus, in the attempt to control the elements, the Kaingáng try to stimulate in them the emotions that are crucial in human society.

It is in weather control that the Kaingáng techniques of imitative magic are most highly developed, but even here the technique is rarely free from animism. Sometimes when there is a tempest they burn tapir's hair and throw the ashes up in the air with the cry: "Go away! Blow with my animal overhead!" "Probably," said Vomblé, "supernatural fire fights with Storm, and it goes elsewhere. Then the wind stops. The wind smells the ashes of the hair and goes away." When Kopaké heard the thunder, he would warm his hands in the fire and wave them, and as he blew he would say: "You! Drift away that way and do not notice me! Go somewhere else!" Vomblé describes this technique as peculiar to his brother. The blowing and the heating of the hands are reminiscent of Kaingáng curing practices. When the rivers rise the Indians may fill a basket with ashes and throw them into the water: "When the water smells it, it will disappear." One technique of weather control is free of animistic notions: when it rains incessantly and the rivers rise high above their beds, the Indians boil rain water until it all evaporates.

When the Kaingáng want rain they put their mouths to the water and blow. They take some in their hands and cry as they throw it upward, "Look here! Do like this!" "When the rain hears this, it comes down."

The sun and moon are also susceptible to purely emotional influences, for once when there was an eclipse of the moon the Kaingáng cried, "'Moon, show me your big heart! Moon, do not die. I see you about to die; stop! Moon, be courageous!' and when the moon heard this, it appeared again." The sun also takes heart at this strong appeal to its courage, for once when there was an eclipse, they called to it: "My relative, show me

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your big heart! Be strong!" and when "the sun heard this, it appeared." If it has been raining a long time, the Kaingáng call to the sun: "Sun, appear; Sun appear; Sun appear; Sun appear."

Summary and Conclusions

As far back as they can remember, the Kaingáng have been a dying people. Hunted by foreign enemies and torn by conflict from within, they lived in the shadow of death, sleeping fitfully beside their campfires, awakening to peer with frightened eyes into the solid darkness around them. Nor did their imaginations conceive a happier life: their afterworld is a somber reproduction of this one. There the people still hunt vendetta enemies, there the honey tastes like water, and there there is no meat to eat but the grubs in rotten wood. Kaingáng folklore is a monotonous repetition of compulsive murder, revenge, and annihilation; they do not tell more than three or four humorous stories altogether—wherever one turns, there is the same gruesome emphasis. The Kaingáng even like the long tales of fights with the Kangdjá in which they were regularly worsted. In our survey of their religion we saw how preoccupied the Kaingáng are with death—not with the hereafter, but with the simple fact of death itself and its effects on the living. It is a striking fact that their most elaborate ritual complex has as its sole object the protection of the living against the dead.[38] It is true that a fair number of the Kaingáng secure guardian spirits, but the emphasis in their supernaturalism is not on the beneficence of the supernaturals but on their vindictiveness if thwarted and on the danger inherent in any contact with them. We have seen how threats from the supernatural stimulate the doubly toned emotion of anger-fear[39] and how this response finds expression in flights from the supernatural and in attacks on it. This flight-fight pattern is but a reflection of the behavior of the Kaingáng Indian in any similar situation on the human level. His reaction to a threat, even though the threat be nothing more than an outburst of violent language always takes the form of attack or flight.

Thus Kaingáng religion is not the expression of an "inner need" in the sense of an attempt of the organism to achieve stability. It is a naïve and pitiful projection of the Kaingáng social outlook and emotions on the supernatural, and it is far more a threat than a buttress to their security. What we see most clearly in Kaingáng supernaturalism is their feeling about their environment—the fundamental distinction between a person's own body (which becomes generalized into the extended family) and all other bodies, which are "different." One's own body provides one with

[38] See p. 181 and Appendix III.

[39] This argument is developed in detail in the author's "The Linguistic Expression of Emotion," *American Anthropologist*, NS, v. 38: 250-256.

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177 Until 1914 the Kaingáng robbed and killed the Brazilian colonists, but now they live in peace. Under government instruction they have learned to till the soil. Both men and women have adopted the clothes of the whites and the men have cut their hair and discarded their typically male ornament, the lip plug. The young men use fire arms exclusively; one man about sixty uses only bow and arrow; the other men over forty alternate between bow and arrow and gun. Nowadays the Kaingáng attempt houses after the fashion of the poor white farmers of the region—mud walls, thatched roofs and dirt floors—but the Kaingáng often do not get beyond the roof, and even that leaks. Changes are also noticeable in ritual and social life. Some rituals have dropped out and the bloody feuds between the extended families are no longer carried on. Although polygyny is still practised polyandry has been given up.

In spite of change, however, many of the old ways of life are still followed and fundamental attitudes remain the same. The culture is far from dead. Because of their ferocity only the bugreiros—men hired by the colonists to kill the Indians—ever dared approach the Kaingáng before pacification. Since that time the government has steadily resisted all attempts to establish missions among them. Although there is a Catholic church about [799] five miles away from the reservation its effect on the Kaingáng has been practically nil.

123 I lived on the reservation from December 1932 to January 1934 and my house was in the center of the Kaingáng village.

Although the Kaingáng are now small farmers they still spend about half their time hunting. They are great week-enders. Every Friday some of them plunge into the jungle and turn up on Monday with a few quarters of tapir, deer or wild pig, or some birds. From time to time I joined them on these trips but with the exception of a five week expedition I made with them into the jungle my work was largely limited to wandering about the village, in and out of houses, sitting by fires and talking, working with paid informants, and, of course, treating their ailments.

114 Frae Mansueto Barcatta de Val Floriana has published a grammar[6] of the language of the Kaingáng of São Paulo but no systematic study of the language of any of the Kaingáng speaking tribes of Santa Catarina had appeared in print prior to my "A Kaingáng Text."[7]

191 Although today Kaingáng males between 20 and 30 years of age know some Portuguese there was only one whose Portuguese was good enough

[6] "Ensaio de Grammatica Kaingang," *Revista do Museu Paulista*, Volume X, São Paulo, 1918. Frae Mansueto's grammar suffers from an attempt to impose Indo-European grammatical categories on the Kaingáng language. His "Diccionario Kaingang-Portuguez e Portuguez-Kaingang," *Revista do Museu Paulista*, Volume XII, São Paulo, 1920, is excellent.

[7] *International Journal of American Linguistics*, Volume VIII, 1935, pp. 172-218.

648 An organization was formed in Florianópolis by the name of Liga Patriótica [Patriotic League], with the exclusive aim of solving the Indian problem and pacifying the Botocudo of the state [of Santa Catarina].

José Bernardino da Silveira was appointed "Peacemaker." Accompanied by two Indian women who had been captured on one of the batidas, he proceeded to the vicinity of the Rio das Pombas with the intention of establishing there a small "model village" [aldeia de atração]

The results were altogether null; as could easily be foreseen, the Indian women ran away as soon as they reached the woods and were not heard of again.

"Peacemaker" Alberto Fric, another envoy sent by the League, met with the same lack of success. He proceeded to a tributary of the Itajaí do Norte River, but merely collected Indian objects among the civilized settlers.

● 747 Attempts at "catechism" carried out in 1868 by the Capuchin fathers Virgilio do Amplar and Estevão de Vicenza in Lages and Itajaí did not meet with the slightest success. This was not surprising, for they never penetrated into the interior to establish relations with the Indians.

In 1885, the Capuchin father Luiz de Comitila failed in a new attempt to "catequize" the Botocudo Indians of Santa Catarina.

648 The problem entered a new and decisive phase with the creation of the Federal Indian Protection Service, which on September 22, 1914, finally managed to establish the first peaceful contact with the "ferocious and indomitable" Botocudo of this state.

142 The Botocudo Indians of Santa Catarina are usually of medium height and well built; the women are short.

147 Their physique is highly developed; their muscular strength and endurance are extraordinary.

Out of their woods, especially when dressed, the Indians never convey a reliable impression of what they truly are. Our clothing altogether conceals the great agility, strength and skill they possess and makes them appear clumsy and sluggish.

To form an accurate idea of their abilities, it is necessary to live with them in the forest and to accompany them on their perilous tasks of hunting, gathering fruit, opening bee nests, and their many

600 certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

802 These Indians count from one to five on the fingers of one hand, and continue up to ten on the other hand. They indicate other quantities with both hands.

757 They treat diseases with the juice of various plants, nearly always applied externally by means of rubbing and massage. Some organic products such as deer stomachs [buxo] etc. are also used [There is a Brazilian plant, Amaiova cryptocarpa, which is popularly called "deer stomach" (bucho de veado). As some of the information in this article may have been obtained second-hand, the above might be the result of erroneous interpretation. --Translator]

They have the habit of tightly binding up all painful body areas, not only in case of snake bite but of any disease as well.

323 177 They formerly used various objects of fired clay, such as pots of different sizes and shapes and small vessels of varying form which they utilized to prepare and cook their food.

In the course of their later raids on civilized populations, however, they found similar utensils of iron and other metals [128] which they naturally came to prefer. As a result the art of ceramics declined sharply, especially following their contact with us. Prior to this contact, some of the older members of the tribe still made pottery.

921 323 It is obvious that they need a special clay for the manufacture of these objects. They believe that rainbows point to deposits of this clay, and call them kukron-ndouma--"pot arrows"--on account of this belief. They never buried their dead in earthen jars nor do they do so now, but dispose of the bodies in the manner described above.

852 Every year, toward the end of December or the beginning of January--during the lambang-uan season, at the height of our southern summer--they carry out important celebrations for the baptism of children.

273 852 The Botocudo prepare a drink for the occasion which they call mõng-ma. Its basic element is wild honey, and the preparation is a rather lengthy process. One moon before the event, the Indians have already started on various specialized tasks. The fathers of the children to be baptized are entrusted with the building of large troughs

476 The hunter who kills an animal is not forced to share it, nor
224 do the others demand this from him.

Yet it is a natural thing among them, and they cannot conceive of any course of action other than to share the proceeds of the hunt, no matter how small, with everyone else.

727 [127] This same "instinctive" rule also applied to the distribution of plunder following their raids on civilized communities.

628 They have no judges to solve their disagreements, but attempt
[579] to reach a decision first through words and then through a duel.

If a man happens to be killed in the course of such a fight, his close relatives nearly always try to avenge him. Such "vendettas" have often led to the subdivision of the tribe into mutually hostile groups, frequently numerous, which exterminated each other in mass slaughters. This is the main reason for the decimation of this tribe, which used to be quite large and which numbered great quantities of warriors.

531 The Botocudo manifest their artistic taste in the carefully woven spear ornaments which surround the junction of the blade and shaft; in the manufacture of their arrows; and in the embellishment of the small waterproof baskets used within the huts. They also express it in their multicolored linear drawings and the fringes of their aprons, as well as in the ornamentation carved or burned in, which adorn many of their implements.

534 Their gourd rattles are heavily decorated. The handle is
551 covered with a cross-braiding made with the black fibers of imbõ-mirim bark; the base of the gourd is surrounded with multicolored hair and feathers; the gourd itself is covered with carved designs; and the tip of the handle is ornamented in the same fashion as its base.

Like all primitive peoples, the Botocudo are familiar with the rudiments of those sciences directly related to their daily needs.

805 They recognize three yearly seasons: summer (lãmbang), the time of great heat; winter (kotschõma), the time of cold weather; and autumn (kõzõiõ-to-kutãma), the time when trees shed their leaves.

The lunar month is called kutschã and calculated from one full moon to another. Their recognition of seasons provides them with the concept of a yearly cycle; they are also guided by the flowering of certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

600 certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

802 These Indians count from one to five on the fingers of one hand, and continue up to ten on the other hand. They indicate other quantities with both hands.

757 They treat diseases with the juice of various plants, nearly always applied externally by means of rubbing and massage. Some organic products such as deer stomachs [buxo] etc. are also used [There is a Brazilian plant, Amaiova cryptocarpa, which is popularly called "deer stomach" (bucho de veado). As some of the information in this article may have been obtained second-hand, the above might be the result of erroneous interpretation. --Translator]

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821 It is obvious that they need a special clay for the manufacture
323 of these objects. They believe that rainbows point to deposits of this clay, and call them kukron-ndouma--"pot arrows"--on account
[764] of this belief. They never buried their dead in earthen jars nor do they do so now, but dispose of the bodies in the manner described above.

852 Every year, toward the end of December or the beginning of January--during the lambang-uan season, at the height of our southern summer--they carry out important celebrations for the baptism of children.

273 The Botocudo prepare a drink for the occasion which they call
852 mdog-ma. Its basic element is wild honey, and the preparation is a rather lengthy process. One moon before the event, the Indians have already started on various specialized tasks. The fathers of the children to be baptized are entrusted with the building of large troughs

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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of it, or he carefully chops out the root or log until the path is clear; he never leaves a rough edge.

The forest has certain little peculiarities whose marks the Indians recognize when they see one of their number come back from the hunt with a bloody eye or a mass of little cuts on his legs. There is a kind of bamboo that the Indians call *kotkŏlo* which hangs like a vine from trees and whose mark on the human body is so specific that the Indians can always tell when one of them has fallen foul of it. *Kotkŏlo* has a surface like sandpaper and a long thorn that curves slightly upward like a tiny scimitar. If you escape the thorn the surface may rasp across your face and leave a stinging welt. There is also a tall strong grass that grows in the open places the Indians love so well and that cuts like a knife. No one dares just walk through it; the feet must swing out like scythes to beat it down.

The Indians are acutely aware of their mountain forests as something with which they have to struggle and which is full of pain for them. The forest is a mass of vines and thorns that cut and trip; it is alive with insects that suck and torment; and they make no bones about saying so. They divide the forest into "clean places," those in which there are no vines, thorns, or bamboo,—they also call them "pretty places"—and "dirty places," where the tangle is so thick that it obscures the light of day.

In the winter these mountain forests are cold and nights are gray with the mist that rises from the watercourses. The temperature often drops below freezing at night, and not even the thickest clothing will keep out the cold and damp. Yet for generations the only clothing the Indians had was a knee-length netlike robe of plant fiber, worn about the waist by the women, and a closely woven shirt of the same material, reaching to the hips, worn by the men in the winter. When they began to raid the Brazilians they stole vests and blankets and it was common to see an Indian naked except for a little belt around his waist to tie up his penis—and a vest. The vest kept the torso warm while it allowed freedom of motion to the arms. The Kaingáng never do anything more with an animal skin than make soup of it, and before they had blankets and vests they simply spread a few fern fronds on the ground at night and lay down on them to sleep, pulling a net-like robe over themselves if they were so fortunate as to possess one.

On winter nights they are miserable and often get up to warm themselves by the fire. One morning in May as I warmed my aching joints by the fire and watched my breath spiral upward, Chukembégn said to me: "Last night I slept all over the place. It was so cold nobody slept." Sometimes they fall asleep sitting by the fire, their arms on their drawn-up knees, their heads sunk forward. The scarcity of blankets brings the young men together in the sleeping parties they love, when a half dozen of them,

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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too, when a new-born child's ceremonial mother and father place its umbilical cord and placenta in the water, they wrap them in tapir's raw food. Throughout life's crises, wherever the threat of death is great or where the greatest stakes lie, tapir's raw food appears as a symbol to help the Kaingáng over difficult transitions.

When we review the techniques which the Kaingáng employ to cure their sick, one in particular seems in perfect harmony with what we know of the Kaingáng personality and world-view—that is the laying on of hands which accompanies every curing, no matter what additional therapeutis is utilized. This is at once a way of reassuring the sick by reawakening in them deep-rooted intuitions of security and a device for bringing the "physician" into rapport with his patient. Even herb infusions are not so constantly resorted to as the laying on of hands. The ceremony used by Thalú to cure her son is of a type well known throughout the primitive world and particularly in the Americas. The most remarkable thing about it, however, is that there should be only one such story from the Kaingáng and that it is so well known and so outstanding that it is told almost like a folktale. There has been nothing like it for a hundred years. *Thêyé* extractions also have been disappearing, for the last that the Kaingáng remember occurred fifty years ago. The disappearance of curings by singing and by extraction of *thêyé* are examples of the gradual simplification of the culture, which has been going on for centuries and of which we have abundant evidence from social organization and folklore.

The techniques of biting, spitting, blowing, and singing were obtained from the *nggiyúdn*, but the laying on of hands anyone could practice. The application of warm infusions and warm hands has nothing to do with the supernatural, except in so far as everything in the Kaingáng world is supposed to have come from the supernatural. The history of Kaingáng society has been one of long-continued disruption and of gradual reduction in the circle of security. Thus, as the human world grew more and more hostile, the supernatural, which was already alive with monsters and charged with death, began to lose the modicum of beneficence that it had had and the Kaingáng came to rely more on things they received directly from those they had known since childhood. It is significant in this connection that the last *thêyé* extraction was done just about the time of the last extermination of an extended family. The Kaingáng have not become sceptical of the supernatural, but have come to rely little on its goodness.

Hunting Practices[34]

Since the Kaingáng have placed their faith largely in the efficacy of personal contact with the supernatural and the element of rapport is rarely

[34] All that is said here regarding tapir applies equally to deer.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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missing in their dealings with it, the personal speech to the animal's *kuplêng* is almost always a feature of hunting rites, whatever other acts may be included in them. When a tapir has been killed and eaten, its windpipe (called "the tapir's heart-tube") is wrapped in vine and tapir's raw food; and before it is burnt, a short speech is addressed to the tapir's *kuplêng* in order that succeeding tapirs may stand still and allow themselves to be shot: "Look at your fine heart-bundle. I want to do the same to you—so stand looking at me!" The Kaingáng feel that when they are addressing one dead animal, they are addressing the species; for the *kuplêng* of the tapir will influence its brethren if it has been properly treated. The whole effort of the Kaingáng is directed toward pleasing the wild animals so that they will come and be killed. This technique parallels, on the one hand, that by which dead babies are induced to return to their mothers' wombs and, on the other, the treachery through which vendetta enemies are lured to their death.

There is a striking parallelism between the way in which dead children are caused to return to their parents and the way in which tapirs are prevailed on to come to the hunters. When a tapir is killed, it is set up crouching on its legs, and tapir's raw food is pounded and squeezed over its body and head, while the hunter says to it: "Look here at the nice remedy I am giving you. When I see you, stand looking at me and when I go *hii* [i.e. utter the tapir's cry] for you, listen and repeat it." When a child under twelve dies, it is placed in a grave in a sitting position (knees tucked up under chin, like a tapir's forepaws), and the very leaves and vines that are used for the tapir's "heart-tube bundle" are placed around it and an infusion of them rubbed over the child's body. "The *kuplêng* likes this and will come to the mother." In tempting the child's *kuplêng*, an offer of food is made much the same as to the temporarily wandering soul of an adult and to the *kuplêng* of dead howler monkeys. When a howler monkey has been killed, the hunter picks it up by the scruff of the neck and says in a conversational tone, directly into its face: "When the things I have planted, ripen, come and eat them. When the fruit is ripe on the trees, tell it to the howler monkeys and to the jacutingas and come with them to eat it. The fruit of the tree is good, and when you come I'll eat with you. Feel the warmth of my fire and defend me—defend me and my children." "I said this," Klendó told me, "so that it would protect me from the *aggiyúde*. When it becomes warm in my fire, it will like it and protect me." The offer of food and the promise of sharing it are amicable demonstrations similar to those which lured the ill-fated Patklé and his family to their doom.

Dogs are treated in an animistic fashion to ensure success in hunting. An infusion is made of the plants that are used for the tapir's heart-tube bundle, and this is rubbed on the dog's legs and poured into its mouth. "I

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hunter's skill. A branch from a very thorny bush is burnt and the charcoal mixed with the meat of the animal and eaten "so the hunter's arrows will cut and tear like the thorn."

The bee, since it is a thing that lives and moves, is included in the animistic conceptualization of the world. When the Kaingáng chop out a hive, they say: "Bee, produce! I chopped you out to make beer of you! Yukúi's wife died, and I am making beer of you so that I can cut his hair." Or if they find that the larvae have eaten all the honey, they take the larvae and cry: "Bee, produce! It is I! I am alive! You ate up your honey and that is why you did not produce." And they throw a stick into the hive. After they have taken the honey they rub the sugar over the outside of the tree to show how high up the new hive should extend, and as they do so they exclaim, "Bee, make your honey go up along this way and leave off here" (at the limit of the sugar). The Yukúi mentioned in the formula is an imaginary person whom they use as an excuse for taking the honey. The implication is that since the post-mourning ceremony is extremely important, Bee certainly would not begrudge honey taken under pressure of such a necessity. When a Kaingáng cries, "It is I," he implies that the bee knows him, for such a statement can be intelligible only when the speaker is known.

Behind the requests, commands, and adjurations of the hunting and honey-seeking formulae of the Kaingáng lies not a faith in the magical power of words, but a deep conviction that people will do whatever they are asked and that any reason is sufficient in this society where reasons are unimportant and needs are everything. Whoever asks the Kaingáng to work for him must understand that they are motivated not only by hope of gain but particularly by their fear of refusing. Whoever stands his ground and asserts his rights can move mountains.[28]

Divining

There is scarcely a phenomenon in nature which has not at some time an immediate bearing on the small and insecure cosmos of the Kaingáng. But the feeling that things outside of a man's own body have direct reference to it is reduceable to a conception that most such things have a *destructive* reference. On the human level, the Kaingáng partially overcome this threat by extending their bodies through physical and emotional diffusion—the symbol of security is *ka lálé nyá*, to live in someone else. But everything outside of this social personality, that is to say, members of other extended families, is destructive. In the realm of the supernatural the

[28] This compulsive obedience is at the bottom of the feud victims' attendance at feasts which they know are held solely to entrap them.

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

273 the juice of a fern to "make the beer red," is fermented in wooden troughs from 5 to 6 feet (1.5 to 1.8 m.) long made of tree stumps hollowed out by burning and chopping, then closed at both ends with wax. To accelerate fermentation, the beverage is heated every 3d day with red-hot stones and then covered with pieces of bark.

COMMUNICATION

202 The *Caingang* leave messages in symbolic code for those who will follow the same path. A stick with honey indicates where a bees nest has been found; dolls and sticks represent a feast to which some group is being invited; an inclined stick shows the time of day at which some event took place; feathers scattered on the ground tell of a successful hunting party, etc. (Manizer, 1930, p. 790). Lozano (1873, 1:425) stated that to declare war, the *Guayaná* (i. e., the *Caingang*) stuck an arrow into a tree near a path followed by their enemies. [574] A circle of maize cobs on the ground or hanging from a tree was an invitation to a drinking bout.

RELIGION

771 **Religious beliefs.**—The *Aweikoma* conceive the world to be
776 strongly animistic, peopled with ghosts (kuplêng) and spirits (nggī-yúdn) of all sorts who dwell in trees, rocks, mountains, stars, winds, and in large and small animals. To meet a spirit is, as a rule, an ominous event. But spirits may be friendly and appear to a man to offer their aid. Those who are assisted in hunting by a guardian spirit share with it the game which they have killed. A man may even adopt a spirit child and place it in his wife's womb.

● 825 *Aweikoma-Caingang* share the widespread belief that all animals have "masters," that is to say, spirits that control and protect them. Such spirits are willing to give up some of their kin to satisfy men's needs, but are angered if people destroy them wantonly or if hunters refuse an animal "offered" to them.

756 **Shamanism.**—The *Caingang* shaman consults spirits at night, puffing his pipe until he is surrounded by a cloud of smoke. The spirits talk to him in long whistles and tell him where to find a favorable hunting ground or abundant honey. They may also reveal the outcome of an undertaking involving the band.

755 Shamans are also doctors, but this role is less conspicuous among
757 the *Caingang* than elsewhere and is even absent among the *Caingang* of Palmas and of São Paulo. Among the decadent *Aweikoma-Caingang*, observed by Henry (1941, p. 76), shamans only treated members of their immediate family and did not receive a fee for their cures. The shaman knows many magic remedies, generally herbs, the virtues

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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When one of those great bows that the Kaingáng also use for clubs is bent, the strain is so great that a man's whole body tends to quake and shiver. The handling of a Kaingáng bow in the thick foliage where the ground is slippery underfoot and a dozen twigs and branches get in the way, where the light is dim and a mass of vines and leaves half obscure the target, calls for perfect coordination and the control of every muscle. The largest game bird, the jacutinga, appears generally as a black spot high up among the trembling leaves, and the branch on which it stands is almost always between the bird and the hunter. As it fills its maw with berries it turns nervously from side to side—it is a fluctuating spot in uncertain and gloomy surroundings. No wonder that our friend misses his *ururús*, and that the Indians often miss. With a grunt of disgust he goes on, down the hill and across a brook, up the other slope, and then down through a mass of bamboo to a stream. He stands in the water up to his knees, undecided for a moment which way to go. Then he wanders along the stream, stepping with automatic and perfect balance from stone to stone until he finds a place to climb out. His powerful toes hook into the tough damp clay at the water's edge, and he lifts his two hundred pounds by his toes, as self-assured as a ballet dancer, on to the high bank. Now from far up on the side of the hill comes a macaco's whistle, faint and clear, and the hunter beats his way toward it, imitating almost perfectly the monkey's high and penetrating whistle. I never learned to distinguish the macaco's whistle from the Indian's imitation.

As he nears the top of the hill, his breath whistling between his teeth, the monkeys are visible—little black bundles high up in a tree. "The sun is slanting," as he says, for it is growing late, and we have been out all day without a thing to eat. He climbs up past the tree so that he can shoot downhill. The first barbed wooden arrow hisses vainly through the leaves, to land somewhere far off down the hill. A second arrow pierces a monkey and knocks it from its tree. A third and fourth follow the first. The fifth sends the second monkey hurtling, and he falls dead in a tangle of brambles. Five arrows for two monkeys. The heads of the two arrows that found their marks are torn loose from the shaft and will have to be rebound. The three others are lost in the pathless tangle but it is too late to look for them. Next day he returns to search, following his own tracks back through the undergrowth that almost conceals them. The bush is so heavy that he cannot raise his arms or legs until he frees them from the vines that hold them like a net. Round and round he goes, looking about and up in the trees, for perhaps one of his arrows fell among the branches. After each circuit of the area he returns to the tree where the monkeys were and makes note of the trajectories of his arrows, pointing his arm along them. At last he finds two, but where is the third? After almost three hours of constant searching

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he sees it high in another tree, and up he goes to get it, for if he left it there it would weep and weep until, perhaps, its soul would come and kill him.

All through the morning he climbs the hills. Ticks come upon him in clods like brown mud and he scrapes them off with a knife, but the ones he misses deploy over him until he itches all over from their bites. Early in the afternoon he finds a little hive, and the cool sweet honey quenches his thirst and takes the edge off his hunger. Soon he comes on another, but "dangerous" stinging bees live there; and since he will not stop to make a fire drill and build a fire to smoke them out, he must leave it and return tomorrow or send someone after it. Now the sky clouds over, and it begins to rain. He stands shivering under a fern for a while, but hunger drives him out again. As the afternoon drags on his mood grows blacker and blacker as he searches the ground restlessly for a tapir's track. Nothing less than a tapir will satisfy him. But where are they? Didn't Chukembégn see tracks here yesterday when he was hunting jacutingas? But wait! What's this? Certainly a tapir has been nibbling the shoots of this bush, and there is its track. It seems fresh, too, for it is damp, and the soil appears newly scraped by the tapir's hoof. But in the rain all tracks are damp, and he is not sure that the tapir didn't nibble that bush yesterday. As he goes farther along, however, he comes upon the fresh spoor and then on the place where the tapir moved about, eating red berries that had fallen from a tree.

Now there is no doubt that the track is fresh. Tense and serious, he puts down his axe and arrows, of which he selects two with short shafts and heavy iron heads that look like table knives, round at the point but sharpened to a razor edge. As he moves along following the tapir's track he mimics its curious shrieking whistle. The trail leads through a bamboo network where rotten twigs lie thick upon the ground and the bamboo grows so high and dense that the light is dim; some of the bamboos have toppled over and dried where they have fallen. Hundreds of them lie criss-cross in every direction so that the hunter has to pick his way, twisting and turning his heavy bow so that it will not clatter and jar. He makes noise—no one could avoid it in such a jungle. But the tapir too is noisy, and there is no mistaking when its big, heavy body comes plunging awkwardly through the brush. At last the hunter draws up on the animal that has stopped to wait for him, deceived by his call; but the forest is so thick that he must get close for a shot, and indeed, the heads of his arrows are so heavy that they cannot travel far with great accuracy. But when it does leap from the bow the arrow drives through the tough hide of the tapir right to its vitals. What supreme pleasure that gives to the Indian! What pride is in that smiling brown face!

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Back in camp the hunter does not walk around and talk unless he has come back empty-handed, for then he feels he has to say something to ex-

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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basket in the water for the fish, and they came along and plumped into it. He showed her so that he and she might both see it all the time." The essential features of this very mild incident are the simple nature of the instruction and the division of the fish species into supernatural untouchables and natural touchables. This was characteristic of every animal category—some of it was recognizable by the shaman as supernatural, and the rest was natural and might be killed and eaten. When we remember that the spirit a person sees constantly is his close friend and companion, we can readily understand this cautious examination of the scene by the shaman and his painstaking selection of the animals to be killed and those to be left alone. Some of them are children of his friend, and the rest are simply animals which the spirit gives to him for food.

Spirits control their species and keep them in inclosures from which they let them out from time to time. When they are angered, either because too many have been killed or because some have not been killed, they close them up again and animals become scarce. Failure to bring down an animal is an unfortunate occurrence which annoys the spirit, but refusal to take a tapir or deer or any other animal which the *nggīyúdn* offers is tantamount to refusing food from a human benefactor and can have but one outcome, death. Whoever turns away from quarry pointed out by a spirit is bound to fall ill and die.

The more we examine the ways in which the Kaingáng maintained the bonds that united them with supernatural benefactors, the more we discover that they duplicated in any number of details the complex of relationships and feelings through which security was maintained in their own society. One more point may be added. Over and over again, malevolent supernaturals are referred to by the sinister term of "different thing," but guardian spirits were never called by this term; for "different things" are dangerous things, and guardian spirits were friendly and helpful.

Like most primitive peoples, the Kaingáng obtain from spirits some powers to cure disease, but this side of Kaingáng supernaturalism was very slightly developed. In many cultures in which religious values rate high, the powers to cure and kill supernaturally bring great rewards. But the Kaingáng never killed supernaturally; the most they did in this direction was to throw people into a deep sleep so that they could murder them with lance or club. They did cure through the agency of the supernatural, but the shaman received no pay for his efforts, and his practice was generally limited to his own immediate family. The ministerings of the shaman were viewed as attentions naturally received from a close relative. No shaman ever extended the benefits of his practice outside his own extended family. Kaingáng culture did not define achievement in supernatural terms—shamanistic powers of any kind were not even something to boast about or to plume oneself on. The most that a very powerful shaman got from his

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will be encountered. Big sparks mean tapirs, smaller ones indicate deer, and so on down through monkeys and birds. If the sparks appear on the left side of the heap, the animals will be killed on the left side of the river; if they twinkle on the right side, the animal will fall on the right side of the river; and if the spark appears near the watcher, the animal will be killed near at hand. *Kóplẽgu* never fails, because so many sparks appear that they cover every eventuality, and the Indians remember the details of the divination for a long time.

When an animal is killed weeks after the ethnologist hovered breathlessly over the beautiful little heap of glowing charcoal, he will hear an Indian say: "Ah! This is the jacutinga I saw in the *kóplẽgu*." The impending death of human beings can be seen in the *kóplẽgu* also, but no one can see his own death.

Totemism

In the religion of the Kaingáng, totemism, i.e. a close religious association between an individual (or a group) and some natural phenomenon, is simply a special emphasis in the general pattern of close associations between mankind and natural phenomena. The tiger and the tapir, the Kaingáng say, are Wanyekí's[84] *mang* because he made them in the very beginning when the first people emerged east of the shoreless sea in the east and over the "hard" mountains to the west. Some of these conceptions that link men with animals and plants appear in one of the confused origin myths of the Kaingáng, but it is impossible to establish clear connections between what is said in these obviously fossilized myths and what one hears from informants. The pine tree is believed to be the exclusive property of the circle people, but from the myth that refers to the origin of an (unnamed) animal from the bark of the young pine it is impossible to determine why the pine tree might not just as well be the property of the dot or dick people. The mark system has been confused for the past two hundred years. The association between Klendó (i.e. the line people) and the bee is explained as follows: "When Wanyekí came out first they found Klendó eating honey and therefore said it was Klendó's. A man saw Bee. Supernatural Bee has a name like man. Padnmbá [one of the line people] saw it and learnt the names. Then he said that the names were Klendó, Vomblé, Nyatkaé, Kanyahé, Waipó, Lugnmú, Vukthá, Pepó. *Nggiyádu* said: 'Our names are thus. Let Klendó come with his offspring. His offspring are no more in the bad land.' When the bees heard this they migrated."

[84] Wanyekí is a male personal name and is used as a generic reference to all the dot people. Of course, in addition to Wanyekí there are many other names, both male and female, that belong to the dot people.

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Appendix I

Material Culture

Hunting

STALKING, THE BASIC KAINGÁNG TECHNIQUE for tapir hunting, was described in Chapter II. I have called this the basic technique because all other techniques of tapir hunting are built on it. The core of the stalking technique is *following* the animal, and the Kaingáng do this whether they hunt with or without dogs. When they hunt the tapir with dogs one of two possibilities is open: either they can pursue the tapir by following the bark of the dog, or they can lie in wait for it beside one of its well-known runs and kill it as the dogs drive it. Now these two different kinds of hunting involve entirely different intellectual orientations. When the hunter follows the bark of his dog he acts directly; he swings into motion the moment his dog disappears into the brush with a yelp, and he follows persistently until he overtakes the dog where it has brought the tapir to bay or until it becomes too dark, in which case he tries to pick up the trail again the following day and continue the pursuit. But the technique of waiting is entirely different and so much at variance with the habits of the Kaingáng that they have never been able to carry it actually into effect.

Tapir run for generations in the same trails, *carreiras*, until they sometimes wear them down a yard in depth. Since, when a tapir is pursued it invariably seeks one of these *carreiras*, it is clear that anyone who knows the different *carreiras* in his neighborhood is well equipped for hunting. In the summer the hunted tapir frequently takes a *carreira* that leads to a stream, especially if the land is cut by many waterways and it is the habit of the white settlers to study the *carreiras* in the region carefully so that when they go hunting they can station men at all the spots where the *carreiras* debouche into the winding streams and can shoot the tapir when the dogs chase it into the water. This mode of hunting can, of course, be

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employed on land also; but there it is much more difficult, because as the tapir comes charging along it is extremely hard to get a good shot. In the water, however, with the dogs snapping at it, its movements are very much hampered and it becomes an easy target. Hunting the tapir in this way calls for careful planning, long residence in one region, and the cooperation of a number of men. From the Kaingáng point of view it means changing the unplanned, solitary stalking technique to one of planned cooperation. How have they met this situation? Perhaps a description of my personal experiences will suggest an answer to the question.

Early in the morning we lead the dogs out, and as we move slowly along we search the damp earth underfoot for tapir tracks, pushing the brush aside where it obscures the ground, talking in whispers, stopping every half minute to disentangle the dogs from the brush or from a fallen log where the bark or bamboo leashes have become tangled. We have a definite objective: we are going to find a tapir track, and we must hold the dogs in leash until we have found it. We do not let the dogs scamper aimlessly about where they may bark at any little bird that flashes above them and so frighten all the game within a quarter of a mile or where they may dash off wildly after some lesser animal like a *tatetí* or a deer.

At last the track is found, and the hunters begin to follow it methodically. They do not let the dogs go at once, for the tapir may have doubled several times in its rambling search for food, and it would be wasteful to let the dogs run over that unnecessary distance.[1] Perhaps the trail will show that the tapir has taken a route that would lead far off across a flat area where it might run and run indefinitely and never fall into a stream where it could be killed easily. The hunter who knows the land well seeks to control all these factors. At last when the hunters have become satisfied that it is well to let the dogs loose, they say to me, "Julio, you stay here. Here is a *carreira*, and if the tapir comes along you shoot it." Perhaps one of their number stays there with me also. Then the hunters go off, still leading the dogs, and disappear. After a while we hear the sudden excited barks of the dogs. When my companion hears them, his eyes flash, his body grows tense, and with a "Julio, you wait here; we'll come back for you," he is gone. All through the warm afternoon I sit beside the trail. The bark of the dogs has long since died in the distance. Somewhere beyond those ridges and trees that lie around me piled skyward one upon the other, brown figures are moving through the jungle, tense with excitement,

[1] Since, from the point of view of the dog, the track of an animal extends indefinitely in both directions—the direction from which it came as well as the direction in which it is going—it might be asked how the dog knows which way to go. The answer is that as it follows the track the scent grows stronger the closer it gets to its prey and vice versa.

224 The sureness of the first throw, which never misses its mark, is a wonderful thing to behold. The animal is killed instantly and its flesh prepared.

Formerly, and even today, if no dogs were available, the Indians would look for a spoor and follow it cautiously, with unequaled skill, until they came silently upon the tapir in its lair and killed it with their arrows.

They call this animal oyõlema or nia-mbang.

They follow the same procedure when hunting deer, cambẽma, which they surround or take by surprise. This is not an easy task, for it is well known that the deer is the fleetest and most alert game to be found in our forests.

Another important game animal is the wild pig, ũgma. The Indians value its flesh greatly, and are particularly enthusiastic about the fact that it can always be killed in such large numbers. Whenever they chance upon the spoor of wild pigs, they follow it carefully until they find and attack the animals. If the herd is large, the Indians often follow it for weeks on end, taking along their wives, children, and all their belongings. They attack the pigs whenever they can, and always kill as many as possible. [120]

Actually, nothing escapes their sure and deadly arrows and their excellent digestion. From the ferocious jaguar, mẽngma, to the graceful and dainty uru partridge, [Odontophorus genus--Translator] pupulẽma, nothing is spared.

● [525] They have a special liking for the flesh of monkeys, conhãrema, and howlers, gũma. They believe that the meat of these animals is endowed with exceptional qualities, possibly on account of the legend related below.

[534] The warriors keep count with great pride of the jaguars they kill, for this adds considerably to their standing in the tribe. Bravery demands that a jaguar be attacked when cornered upon the ground; this is the most dangerous situation for the hunter, who kills the animal with arrows or spear, depending on its position. Then the courageous hunter eats the heart of his victim, and shares the rest of its flesh with those who are present.

252 To roast meat they dig a large pit in the ground and line it with river stones, on which a fire is kept burning until the stones become red-hot. At this point the remnants of the fire are removed

x 193 In 1 and 5 *ðen* and *kvm* are functional
x 539 elements. *kvm* occurs rarely. With the exception of 1 the other verbs on this list seem to be either onomatopoetic (as 2), or symbolic (as 3 and 5), or reduplicated (as 4, from *vi* to avert the eyes); the Kaingang
● [826 828] discription of a stupid person emphasizes particularly the wandering of the eyes).

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ðɔŋgak'taŋ ŋgæ'ke ŋũ mu
pity habitually I
I have pity.

ti 'ha tɔ̃ ti yɔŋgak'taŋ ŋa
he him pity
He pities him.

v'yolo pan 've kũ tã ða'tẽ mu
tapir foot see and he go after (pursue)
When he saw the tapir's tracks he went after (him).

ɔŋ ha tɔ̃ eŋ ɲa'ðen ŋa
they me pursue
They pursued me.

Modifiers change in the same way when preceded immediately by the element they modify

Examples:

ðɔ'ŋgla kɔ
smooth (pretty, good) is
He is pretty.

For the meaning of *kɔ* see Note 92

a ðe tukðen yɔ'ŋgla
your heart to wrap with narrow binding good

tɔŋ 'ma kũ eŋ væŋ 'ɲa ha
this know and me look stand a long time
Look at this, your heart-bundle (a hunting charm) and stand looking at me.

[p.209 (A)]

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of the Kaingáng faith in the efficacy of "the laying on of hands." We already know what the multiplication of caresses means to the Kaingáng in the way of security, and the gentle application of warm infusions of herbs or bark to all parts of the body of a sick person is not different in kind from the reciprocal stroking of two young men lying in affectionate embrace. Still another way of curing the sick is to heat one's hands near the fire and lay them gently on the body of the patient. This high valuation of cutaneous contact is one aspect of the Kaingáng special interest in sensation.

But the Kaingáng do not only cure from without, they also cure from within; and to that end they administer a variety of herb and bark infusions in warm water. These are rubbed all over the surface of the body, for the Kaingáng cannot conceive of treating the inside of the body without also treating the outside.[28] Anyone at all may perform this tender and solicitous task, and it is no rarity to see a Kaingáng step aside from the trail to cut a few plants for someone else or to see him come back from the hunt with a handful of herbs for medicine. A number of these herbs are used as panaceas—they are applied with equal faith to relieve a headache or a pain in the chest or to heal a cut.[29]

Of all the herbs and barks that the Kaingáng use to treat the sick, one alone is based on something more than this kind of selection. The use of *kydlo nya sŭi*, "tapir's raw food," rests on a strong sense of its vital power. Tapir's raw food grows everywhere in the Kaingáng country. It is the favorite eating of the tapir and enjoys a wider use as a remedy among the Kaingáng than any other plant in their medicinal catalogue. But this herb is used not only to cure sickness but also to prevent evil. It is spread over the body of a dead tapir to please its *kuplŭng* so that it will not take all the rest of its brethren with it and leave mankind to starve, and in the same way it is placed all around the body of a dead infant to induce its *kuplŭng* to return to its mother. When a widow's hair and nails are cut, they are mixed with tapir's raw food before they are thrown into the water, so that they will not rot; and when she returns to camp after her isolation, tapir's raw food is strewn in her path to drive off the *kuplŭng* of her husband. So,

[28] Nowadays they do swallow the white man's remedies without rubbing them over their bodies.

[29] Their use is based not on exact knowledge of their efficacy in specific cases but on the simple faith that they are beneficial. The employment of herbs in this naive uncritical manner must lie at the roots of some of the great medicinal discoveries of primitive peoples, like quinine. Just as the Kaingáng scrape the bark of a number of trees and use them indiscriminately to relieve a variety of ills, the Indians of the interior of South America may have used the bark of the quina tree for a number of ailments until they observed that one disease in particular, malaria, yielded to it, whereas others did not. This marked the real discovery of quinine, one of the American Indian's great contributions to the relief of human suffering.

too, when a new-born child's ceremonial mother and father place its umbilical cord and placenta in the water, they wrap them in tapir's raw food. Throughout life's crises, wherever the threat of death is great or where the greatest stakes lie, tapir's raw food appears as a symbol to help the Kaingáng over difficult transitions.

When we review the techniques which the Kaingáng employ to cure their sick, one in particular seems in perfect harmony with what we know of the Kaingáng personality and world-view—that is the laying on of hands which accompanies every curing, no matter what additional therapeusis is utilized. This is at once a way of reassuring the sick by reawakening in them deep-rooted intuitions of security and a device for bringing the "physician" into rapport with his patient. Even herb infusions are not so constantly resorted to as the laying on of hands. The ceremony used by Thalú to cure her son is of a type well known throughout the primitive world and particularly in the Americas. The most remarkable thing about it, however, is that there should be only one such story from the Kaingáng and that it is so well known and so outstanding that it is told almost like a folktale. There has been nothing like it for a hundred years. *Thévé* extractions also have been disappearing, for the last that the Kaingáng remember occurred fifty years ago. The disappearance of curings by singing and by extraction of *thévé* are examples of the gradual simplification of the culture, which has been going on for centuries and of which we have abundant evidence from social organization and folklore.

The techniques of biting, spitting, blowing, and singing were obtained from the *aggiyúdn*, but the laying on of hands anyone could practice. The application of warm infusions and warm hands has nothing to do with the supernatural, except in so far as everything in the Kaingáng world is supposed to have come from the supernatural. The history of Kaingáng society has been one of long-continued disruption and of gradual reduction in the circle of security. Thus, as the human world grew more and more hostile, the supernatural, which was already alive with monsters and charged with death, began to lose the modicum of beneficence that it had had and the Kaingáng came to rely more on things they received directly from those they had known since childhood. It is significant in this connection that the last *thévé* extraction was done just about the time of the last extermination of an extended family. The Kaingáng have not become sceptical of the supernatural, but have come to rely little on its goodness.

Hunting Practices[24]

Since the Kaingáng have placed their faith largely in the efficacy of personal contact with the supernatural and the element of rapport is rarely

[24] All that is said here regarding tapir applies equally to deer.

837 are that way. When their husbands go away they sleep with others. That is
581 why I want to marry a Brazilian woman."

837 The conflict between the sharing that is experienced and absolutely exclusive possession, which is simply and unqualifiedly theory, is far more fundamental in Kaingáng society than it is in our own. Adultery in Kaingáng society is not a circumstance of some marriages but a condition of practically all. Yet, although husband and wife live in constant suspicion of each other's loyalty, it rarely becomes desperate. Husbands do not as a rule follow their wives about, nor wives their husbands, although if there are good grounds for suspicion a husband may beat his wife or a wife her husband. He often leaves her for days at a time even when he knows that there are enterprising men still in camp and no one to chaperon her. This attitude really saves the culture from becoming a nightmare. In a society in which everyone believes that everybody else is engaged in seducing his neighbor's wife, suspicion backed by intense jealousy would drive people to desperation. But when Waipó leaves his wife to go across the river to make manioc all she has to say to him is a laughing, "You're going over there where everyone is living in very close quarters," and with a rough caress he is gone. One evening when Chukembégn and I were coming from the manioc mill I said to him, "Now that you've left your wife alone she may sleep with someone else." "I don't care; let her," said he. There is something more than mere bravado in this statement. It expresses the typical determination not to see what is not forced on one.

582 Since hunting is the most vital occupation, it might be supposed that a good hunter would be the most desirable husband. It might be felt also that since the Kaingáng used to be perpetually at war with the Brazilians, with the Kangdjá, and with their vendetta enemies, they would place a high premium on ferocity, daring, bravery, enterprise, and intelligence and that these traits would influence a woman in the choice of a husband. Nevertheless a number of attitudes combined to render all these qualities almost completely inoperative.

224 Although hunting is the very basis of their economy the Kaingáng,
654 curiously enough, do not recognize differences in hunting skill. If a man returns empty-handed from the hunt he and his wife may share their relatives' food without shame. In all the time I was among the Kaingáng I never heard an unsuccessful hunter spoken of with scorn nor saw one overcome with shame, and although she may scold him roundly, no wife ever leaves her husband for coming home without meat.

227 Just as they assume that all men are practically equals in hunting skill
167 the Kaingáng assume that all men are brave. Special emphasis is laid on this trait, therefore, only in exceptional cases. This holds also for intelligence, for the Kaingáng have a strong tendency to think of wisdom

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and courage together. Today no one among them could be classed as outstanding in accordance with the fundamental feelings of Kaingáng society as it existed twenty years ago, for localization on the reservation, with its automatic suppression of feuds and raids on the Brazilians, has almost eliminated the necessity for making important decisions that call for the exercise of judgment and aggressiveness and has made considerations of ferocity and daring irrelevant. For an example of a really vital personality in Kaingáng society we must turn to the culture of twenty years ago when attacks on Brazilian settlements and pack trains raised daring and enterprise to the first importance and when dangers of surprise or the planning of a vendetta massacre enhanced the value of shrewdness, aggressiveness, ferocity, and wakefulness. Vomblé's father Kuthúgn, whom the Brazilians called Thunder Storm because he had a voice like thunder, was a dominating figure. Even the Indian agent spoke of him with profound respect, singling him out above all the others. When Vomblé sings his praises we can understand that it is not merely glorification of his own father. In one of his long feud stories Vomblé has Yatí, an old woman, say to an arrogant young man: "You think that you are men. If Kuthúgn heard what you were saying about him he would be angry. He is *waikayú*,[8] and therefore my in-laws listen to his counsel and go with him. That is why my in-laws give their women to him." Even the young man's brother reproved him for his arrogance, saying: "When I was young I used to go about with Kuthúgn and I have seen how wonderfully agile and vigorous he is. And he is exactly that way now. His relatives tell how he kills Brazilians. See his property beside him!" Kuthúgn's property was not a measure of his importance as a wealthy man but a sign that he had made many raids on the Brazilians. The equation of *waikayú* and wisdom is borne out by other remarks of Vomblé about his father: "He was a thinker. He always spoke to people when there was anger. He was like a captain. If the people did not do the right thing he always spoke to them. Therefore he killed many Brazilians."

This, then, was the ideal man: swift as lightning in the handling of his weapons and the shifting of his massive body, enterprising and daring in raids, shrewd in judgment—*waikayú*. Kuthúgn was all of fifty years old when Yatí made this judgment of him. The great warriors among the Kaingáng were not the young men but the middle-aged—the men between fifty and sixty. The *kélú*, the young men between fifteen and thirty-five could marry and have children, they could go on raids, and they might kill,

[8] The literal meaning of *waikayú* is "self-love." Any daring, ferocious, quarrelsome, enduring person is *waikayú*. These characteristics are directly related to a Kaingáng's opinion of himself and the good impression which he has tried to make on others, and which he dares not jeopardize.

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x 539

[826 828]

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Modifiers change in the same way when preceded immediately by the element they modify

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ðɔ'ŋgla kɔ
smooth (pretty, good) is
He is pretty.

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a ðe tukðen yɔ'ŋgla
your heart to wrap with narrow binding good

tɔŋ 'ma kũ sŋ vwŋ 'ɲa ha
this know and me look stand a long time
Look at this, your heart-bundle (a hunting charm) and stand looking at me.

[p.209 (A)]

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III

Sexual Relations and Marriage

Even Kaingáng babies learn that the terms connected with sex have an aura of laughter and spice. *Waikó*, to copulate; *waindjī*, to have an affair; *mbádn*, lover or husband; *plų*, wife or sweetheart; *ênglânglé*, my co-spouse, are some of the terms which, brought into a conversation, occasion any amount of smirking, tittering and laughing. The sexuality of little boys is stimulated by their mothers by manipulation of the genitals before they can walk. Although little children of two and three are told jocularly to copulate with one another, their attention is directed toward adults. A boy of three has already learnt to say, in answer to the question, "With whom do you copulate," "With Waikome," who may be his grandfather's sister. Babies are jokingly told to copulate with people anywhere from ten to twenty times their age, and a man sixty-five years old will call a toddler of three "my co-husband." Children of all ages are pressed into service to remove ticks, and it is not at all uncommon to see a little girl of five or six hovering over a supine man picking the ticks off his genitals.

A child soon learns to repeat the jokes that go around the campfire and to shout gleefully, "You copulate with your first cousin!" A boy of nine is jokingly taunted with masturbation, told that he has deflowered his fifteen-year-old cousin, or accused of wanting to copulate with a dog. As two dogs copulate the entire camp roars with laughter and a little girl of six cries delightedly, "They are copulating!" The children may see the boisterous open foreplay of the adults and glimpse the sexual act in the dim light of the early morning.

Yet with all of this I never saw or heard of intercourse among children. Jokes about the love affairs of children among themselves are never made by the adults nor by the children. The children receive so much satisfaction

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"Chantágn, listen to this. Chantágn, listen to this." Singing is a favorite 237
way of showing off among the Kaingáng, as among ourselves. Sometime later after Chukembégn had had a fight with his wife he complained bitterly that Kanggúin had said to her: "'if you were my wife I would not treat you that way.' Whenever anyone has a fight with his wife Kanggúin always talks that way to her. He wants a wife, but no one will live with him!"

Nanmblá has two wives. Although his wives compete for him they are [595]
not totally at a loss if they have to sleep without him. When I was at his brother-in-law's house one day while he was away, Nanmblá's wife Wainlúin was there watching with amused appreciation while Padnmbá cast a knife at a log. Nothing passed between them but their boisterous laughter, but when Padnmbá at last went away Wainlúin leaned against the housepost and gazed after him. When he had gone fifty paces down the path he turned around, flashed a smile, and disappeared down the slope. I never heard what happened between Wainlúin and Padnmbá after that, but I did hear of a quarrel that Nanmblá had with both his wives because they had relations with other men. One day I saw Vomblé caressing his son's mother-in-law. Another time Chukembégn told me that he and a few others were on the side of a hill when a little way's off they saw Padnmbá making love to Waikuklé's wife in the bushes. Soon she got up and ran off but Chukembégn and his companions called out laughingly "You don't have to run; we saw you." A complete account of all the sexual intrigues would fill a long but rather repetitious chapter.

The amorous history of every young man or woman is one of the favorite 239
themes of conversation among the young people. "First Koktá had an 521
affair with Yonggó, then with Kanggúin and then with me. Then she went around with Kanyahé but he left her and took up with Yu'á." "I went around for a while with Koktá. . . ." "Oh, no you didn't. She used to go around with Kundágn but now she's going to change to Kanyahé." They enumerate, expand, correct without end and with unflagging interest.

I never heard them discuss these affairs in front of the principals' spouses, but Amendé's presence did not prevent them from joking about her unmarried daughter's relations with Padnmbá and Ndíli. "Layongndá [her daughter] is lying with Ndíli. She has gone off with her lover Ndíli to get nuts." Amendé sat listening and laughing while she nursed her little bastard of five months.

The Kaingáng preoccupation with sex expresses itself also in the belief 231
that death is often caused by intercourse with a supernatural monster or [761]
with a ghost. Both men and women may wake up in the morning sick and bleeding or insane because they have spent the night with the supernatural, who has lured or forced them into intercourse. Unlike their neighbors in

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[171] 22 Unlike their neighbors in JUNGLE PEOPLE

831 Paraná the Kaingáng have no love magic. They are, in general, a very practical and aggressive people and not given to the use of charms. They view all people but little children as spontaneously, vigorously and indiscriminately sexual, and act accordingly.

The young man who, urged at last by his desire for a woman to cook and keep house for him, and the young woman who, impelled by her wish to have someone who will constantly care for her, at last settle down with a spouse, have this background of philandering, jesting and frequently adulterous sexual experience that will color married life into old age. Kaingáng men and women are not advised by their parents to be [864] faithful to one another. The only case I heard of is that of Amendó who was one of the wives of Wanyekí. When she and her sisters married him her mother said to her: "Live with him. If they leave him, you remain with him." And she always did.[2]

581 In our society the traditional, the ideal stabilizer of marriage is love—an
586 exclusive sex interest in one person. The Kaingáng have no tradition, no background for the development of such an interest. Marriage in other [583] primitive societies is sometimes stabilized by a large payment for the bride, but in Kaingáng society there is no such payment. If a woman leaves her husband she can always find a relative who will take care of her. Her brother or her cousin or her sister will always take her in, and although she lacks the full security that marriage gave her she need not starve, for there are any number of men who will accept her as an added responsibility without complaint, even boasting a little that they took care of her and that she called them *yágn*.[3] Besides having this dependable bulwark to her security a woman's own aggressiveness makes it far easier for her to get another husband than for a woman in a similar position in our society. When a woman is left without a husband the liaisons which she has established surreptitiously serve her in good stead, for then one of her lovers may become her new husband.[4]

586 Chukembégn had been having some trouble with his wife, Chantágn. When he left her for a few days to go hunting he told his hunting companions that he was going to leave his wife. News got back to the post before he returned. One day Chantágn, who had previously amused herself by casual approaches to me, called me. I came out of my house and sat down where anyone who happened to be around could see us. "What do

[2] See p. 30. These people have been long dead.

[3] See Appendix II, p. 177. Such a woman can partially earn her keep by gathering fruit and wood, helping with the cooking and the children, and clearing the ground for camp sites. If she has lovers they will contribute to the family larder.

[4] Sometimes, though rarely, former husbands may become lovers, but this does not occur where the woman herself has rejected them as husbands.

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found an outlet in attacks or designs on members of the same extended family.

The Development of Waikayú

When a male is *kẽlú* he lies about caressing his hunting companions and spends his nights seeking young women. This is the period when he is childless, when he follows leaders, and when no specific judgments are made of him. But as he grows older, becomes *chõi chí*, grown old, he becomes *waikayú*. This gradual acquisition of the traditional stamp of approval is accompanied by two significant events. First, the growing man relinquishes his youthful caressing—men of forty or more rarely caress other men. Second, he acquires children of his own and need no longer satisfy himself through playing with the babies of others. After three children have been born to his wife the union is stabilized. By this time the man had taken active part in several raids on the Brazilians and might even have slaughtered some venderta enemies. He was *waikayú;* he loved himself. Now he began to boast to his children of his capacity for beer and of his prowess in killing Brazilians.

The process of actually turning away from others physically may go quite far in some individuals. Klendó said to me, "Since I did not want *to have intercourse* I told my belly to my children."[3] It is significant that the introduction to a discussion of boasting should contain a statement regarding a reduction in sex interests.

157 Sexual relations, although enjoyable, are felt as obstacles to the achieve-
231 ment of *waikayú*, and any weakness or failure in social obligations may be ridiculed in terms of preoccupation with sex. In a story Vomblé kills Kuichó's relatives, but when Kuichó asks him where they are he replies, "They have forgotten all about you because they are too much taken up with copulating in the buttock-hole."[5] They copulated so much that they forgot their father. Then Kuichó said, 'I thought so! They have been copulating so much in the buttock-hole . . . that they do not think of me.'" In similar terms Kundãgn ridicules an enemy who manages to escape him: "You showed your manliness by setting women on their heads!"[6] The Kaingáng are the only primitive people known to me who made a special point of boasting to their own children, and this, too, is significant when seen against the general background of self-interest. One's children are extensions of oneself, one lives in them, and boasting to them is almost like boasting to oneself.

[3] This refers to his drinking beer.

[5] This is a Kaingáng vulgarism. The remark is usually understood as a reference to the customary Kaingáng manner of intercourse from behind.

[6] Another vulgarism. He is describing the position assumed by dogs.

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reaching for each other's genitals, but the Kaingáng, although they stand around holding their own penises, do not hold other men's.

In the whole mass of Kaingáng folklore there is one hundred-word story of a homosexual relationship between two men and another that tells of a male supernatural that was killed by a man because it sodomized him by trickery. I never heard a remark that alluded in any way to homosexuality. The men like to congregate together, and when the women are in camp they leave them and sit around in groups, weaving baskets or just talking. Sometimes a woman may join them because her husband is there, but even when the men are away the women rarely come together as the men do. They just visit. Like the indiscriminate playing of the children, these caressings, sleeping parties, and gossipings do not follow relationship lines. Whatever may be the specific obligations of cousins or brothers-in-law, they are completely lost sight of in these ephemeral, wholly casual masculine contacts. The basis for man's loyalty to man has roots in the many warm bodily contacts between them. The violent, annihilating conflicts among men in Kaingáng society were all among those who had never shared the languid exchange of caresses on a hot afternoon under the green arched shelter of a house nor lain together night after night under a blanket against the cold. The very transient, unfixated nature of these contacts leaves no grounds for jealousy. The relationships built on these hours of lying together with anyone at all bear fruit in the softening of conflicts that are so characteristic of the Kaingáng. Indeed, there is a patterned friendship between men that has woven this contact into its very warp and woof, and that is the friendship of hunting companions. Men who have hunted together day after day, raided the Brazilians together, slept together beside the same fire, under the same blanket, wrapped in each other's arms, hold this relationship above their kinship with their brothers. The consequences for the general integration of Kaingáng society are immeasurable.

The elaborate laws of sexual avoidance that chart the behavior of men and women in many primitive societies, dividing the entire community into the touchables and the untouchables, are undreamt of among the Kaingáng. Little boys and girls play together in rough and tumble. Brothers and sisters, brothers- and sisters-in-law and cousins, sleep next to one another, cross legs, or embrace one another. The corollaries to this are the marriages and love affairs among almost all classes of relatives. Only marriages between parents and children and between full brothers and sisters are avoided. Marriages between half brothers and sisters are rare.

A complete lack of emphasis on temperamental differences between the sexes permits to boys and girls, men and women, the same jocular and often violent sexual aggressiveness. The term for intercourse may have

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562 either a masculine or a feminine object. The vulgar English terms can take
822 only feminine objects, and thus reveal in the very grammatical form of our vulgarisms the feeling that the male is the active and aggressive partner. But among the Kaingáng if Chukembégn picks up his hundred and fifty pound wife by the ears and thumps her down with tears of pain starting from her eyes, she may get up immediately and pound him as the tears trickle down her laughing face, and he roars with delight. Sexual approaches range all the way from the unobtrusive contact of bare legs beside the evening fires to open, ribald, and aggressive onslaughts by both men and women.

[149] Although I never put it to the test, I have a strong feeling that the widowed Kundídn, like many of her sex, was stronger than I. Her amorous pinches, punches, and pushes were a trial to me. Kundídn's aggressiveness stopped only at direct snatches at the sexual organs.

Anggló, who was having a passionate affair with Kanyahé, was not averse to pressing another suit on the side. While she did not square off in the boxerlike manner of Kundídn, she was aggressive enough in her own mild way. She did not pinch so hard nor call so loud, but if there were no one around, her quiet "I should like to talk to you and see the inside of your house" would set me thinking how I could best avoid her without hurting her feelings. But I might have spared myself worry on that score, for in this society, which lays no stress on man's aggressiveness as against woman's passivity, a woman who makes advances feels no vindictive anger at a repulse. In our society a woman who temporarily steps out of her culturally decreed role of the attacked to become the attacker feels shame that quickly becomes resentment against the desired object if she is rebuffed. The shame that she feels at reversing her part in the drama of the sexes is forgotten if she obtains her desire and turns to anger if she does not. But the Kaingáng women are able to make the same jocular approaches day after day without a change of attitude.

237 When a husband goes away his wife becomes fair game for anyone who is interested, and she is generally willing prey for the enterprising hunter. I most often have served all unwittingly as a chaperon to some man's wife while he was away hunting, but although my naive presence may have seriously handicaped the pair I was left to chaperon, it did not always inhibit them entirely. One day while Chukembégn, his wife Chantígn,
[150] Kanggúin, and I were on a hillside feasting on wasp's larvae, the bark of the dogs in pursuit of a tapir came faintly from the distance. Chukembégn seized his gun and was away in a flash, leaving his wife, Kanggúin, and me alone. When he had gone Kanggúin began to boast of his love affairs and to remark how curious it was that he never married. On the way back to camp he kept singing all the way, stopping every once in a while to say:

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It may be that the use of the leg instead of the thigh is due in the case of men to their wearing trousers and in the case of women to their unwillingness, since they have begun to wear dresses, to impair their newly acquired modesty by lifting them above their knees.

A Kaingáng Bridge

Two trees (A and B) are felled on opposite banks of the stream so that they will fall into it, and posts (C) are sunk on the downstream side to keep the trees from being carried away. A third log (D) is lashed to A and B just above the surface of the water. Then three sets of tall uprights (E) are sunk into the stream bed on either side of A and B and tied together at the top. At the bottom they are united by horizontal boughs (F) that pass across the top of D. A bough (G) is laid on either side of D and lashed to F. These structures, D and G, form the gangway. Now railings are made by tying long boughs (H) to E on both sides.

Ornaments

Lip Plugs

The Kaingáng no longer wear lip plugs. These were usually made from pine knots but some men preferred beef bone.[10] Still others liked to slip a fine deer bone over the pine-knot plug. There was a considerable amount of individual variation in the shape of the plugs, and the members of some extended families were distinguished by the shape of their lip plugs.

Dance Ornaments

These are made only for baby blackenings.

kôndjidón are, as the name implies, sticks about three feet long covered with feathers and stuck in the ground around the dance circle. Near the top they are provided with a tiny plaited square or disk and are usually surmounted by feathers. In making these ornaments the men do not try to surpass one another in originality, and all the *kôndjidón* are very much alike. The most striking innovation at the blackening that I witnessed was that of Chukembégn, who put the tail of a tesoureiro on top of his *kôndjidón* instead of the usual feather.

Lu are made of small basketlike objects set on the ends of poles about thirty feet long and set up on the dance ground. As the festivities mount they are lifted out of their holes and carried around on the shoulders of the men.

Smaller *lu*, about eight inches long, are held in the hand.

[10] Obtained from cattle killed in raids on the Brazilians.

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157 found an outlet in attacks or designs on members of the same extended family.

The Development of Waikayú

When a male is *kēlú* he lies about caressing his hunting companions and spends his nights seeking young women. This is the period when he is childless, when he follows leaders, and when no specific judgments are made of him. But as he grows older, becomes *chói chí*, grown old, he becomes *waikayú*. This gradual acquisition of the traditional stamp of approval is accompanied by two significant events. First, the growing man relinquishes his youthful caressing—men of forty or more rarely caress other men. Second, he acquires children of his own and need no longer satisfy himself through playing with the babies of others. After three children have been born to his wife the union is stabilized. By this time the man had taken active part in several raids on the Brazilians and might even have slaughtered some vendetta enemies. He was *waikayú;* he loved himself. Now he began to boast to his children of his capacity for beer and of his prowess in killing Brazilians.

The process of actually turning away from others physically may go quite far in some individuals. Klendó said to me, "Since I did not want *to have intercourse* I told my belly to my children."[2] It is significant that the introduction to a discussion of boasting should contain a statement regarding a reduction in sex interests.

157 231 Sexual relations, although enjoyable, are felt as obstacles to the achievement of *waikayú*, and any weakness or failure in social obligations may be ridiculed in terms of preoccupation with sex. In a story Vomblé kills Kuichó's relatives, but when Kuichó asks him where they are he replies, "'They have forgotten all about you because they are too much taken up with copulating in the buttock-hole.'[3] They copulated so much that they forgot their father. Then Kuichó said, 'I thought so! They have been copulating so much in the buttock-hole . . . that they do not think of me.'" In similar terms Kundágn ridicules an enemy who manages to escape him: "You showed your manliness by setting women on their heads!"[4] The Kaingáng are the only primitive people known to me who made a special point of boasting to their own children, and this, too, is significant when seen against the general background of self-interest. One's children are extensions of oneself, one lives in them, and boasting to them is almost like boasting to oneself.

[2] This refers to his drinking beer.

[3] This is a Kaingáng vulgarism. The remark is readily understood as a reference to the customary Kaingáng manner of intercourse from behind.

[4] Another vulgarism. He is describing the position assumed by dogs.

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reaching for each other's genitals, but the Kaingáng, although they stand around holding their own penises, do not hold other men's.

In the whole mass of Kaingáng folklore there is one hundred-word story of a homosexual relationship between two men and another that tells of a male supernatural that was killed by a man because it sodomized him by trickery. I never heard a remark that alluded in any way to homosexuality. The men like to congregate together, and when the women are in camp they leave them and sit around in groups, weaving baskets or just talking. Sometimes a woman may join them because her husband is there, but even when the men are away the women rarely come together as the men do. They just visit. Like the indiscriminate playing of the children, these caressings, sleeping parties, and gossipings do not follow relationship lines. Whatever may be the specific obligations of cousins or brothers-in-law, they are completely lost sight of in these ephemeral, wholly casual masculine contacts. The basis for man's loyalty to man has roots in the many warm bodily contacts between them. The violent, annihilating conflicts among men in Kaingáng society were all among those who had never shared the languid exchange of caresses on a hot afternoon under the green arched shelter of a house nor lain together night after night under a blanket against the cold. The very transient, unfixated nature of these contacts leaves no grounds for jealousy. The relationships built on these hours of lying together with anyone at all bear fruit in the softening of conflicts that are so characteristic of the Kaingáng. Indeed, there is a patterned friendship between men that has woven this contact into its very warp and woof, and that is the friendship of hunting companions. Men who have hunted together day after day, raided the Brazilians together, slept together beside the same fire, under the same blanket, wrapped in each other's arms, hold this relationship above their kinship with their brothers. The consequences for the general integration of Kaingáng society are immeasurable.

The elaborate laws of sexual avoidance that chart the behavior of men and women in many primitive societies, dividing the entire community into the touchables and the untouchables, are undreamt of among the Kaingáng. Little boys and girls play together in rough and tumble. Brothers and sisters, brothers- and sisters-in-law and cousins, sleep next to one another, cross legs, or embrace one another. The corollaries to this are the marriages and love affairs among almost all classes of relatives. Only marriages between parents and children and between full brothers and sisters are avoided. Marriages between half brothers and sisters are rare.

A complete lack of emphasis on temperamental differences between the sexes permits to boys and girls, men and women, the same jocular and often violent sexual aggressiveness. The term for intercourse may have

585 As a general rule, the young warrior builds himself a hut where he takes the girl of his choice, who lives henceforth as his wife. Sometimes, when the girl's family is small, he goes to live with his wife in her parents' hut. Incest does not occur among them, for [835] marriage is forbidden among close relatives. It is the custom of the tribe to respect marriage; adultery is unamously condemned and rarely occurs.

595 The warrior chooses his second wife with no more formality than the first. Both women enjoy the same rights. The additional wives are often sisters of the first one.

551 Male children are given the name of an outstanding ancestor, to which is added as a surname that of their father and of his lineage. The name of female children is chosen freely by the mother, whose own name is added as surname along with the name of her lineage.

This explains the great length of their names, such as for instance: Korikrã-Lãksi-Layondési, Vaikõidn-Ungrósima-Póa-Tupi-Vaimusima.

764 Dead adults, men as well as women, are cremated in large fires built with selected woods. Pubescent children of both sexes are granted the same procedure, while young children are buried.

A warrior's weapons and other personal implements are burned along with his body. The ashes are gathered the following day and placed in a round pit, previously lined with tree bark and leaves, which is then filled with earth, covered with fragments of wood, and surmounted with a shelter.

765 The death of a chief or outstanding warrior is lamented by the whole tribe; his exploits are sung in a sort of litany for several days. Then the women recount in similar chants the virtues of the dead man in the domestic life of the tribe.

It is to be noted that on such occasions the Botocudo are seized by a profound sadness. Absorbed in their great sorrow, they become sullen and indifferent to everything and observe for several days a rigorous fast.

476 The social rule of the Botocudo is mutual aid, for which they were naturally trained by the insecure nomadic existence which has always been their lot.

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III

Sexual Relations and Marriage

EVEN KAINGÁNG BABIES LEARN that the terms connected with sex have an aura of laughter and spice. *Waikó*, to copulate; *waindjī*, to have an affair; *mbádn*, lover or husband; *plą*, wife or sweetheart; *ênglânglé*, my co-spouse, are some of the terms which, brought into a conversation, occasion any amount of smirking, tittering and laughing. The sexuality of little boys is stimulated by their mothers by manipulation of the genitals before they can walk. Although little children of two and three are told jocularly to copulate with one another, their attention is directed toward adults. A boy of three has already learnt to say, in answer to the question, "With whom do you copulate," "With Waikome," who may be his grandfather's sister. Babies are jokingly told to copulate with people anywhere from ten to twenty times their age, and a man sixty-five years old will call a toddler of three "my co-husband." Children of all ages are pressed into service to remove ticks, and it is not at all uncommon to see a little girl of five or six hovering over a supine man picking the ticks off his genitals.

A child soon learns to repeat the jokes that go around the campfire and to shout gleefully, "You copulate with your first cousin!" A boy of nine is jokingly taunted with masturbation, told that he has deflowered his fifteen-year-old cousin, or accused of wanting to copulate with a dog. As two dogs copulate the entire camp roars with laughter and a little girl of six cries delightedly, "They are copulating!" The children may see the boisterous open foreplay of the adults and glimpse the sexual act in the dim light of the early morning.

Yet with all of this I never saw or heard of intercourse among children. Jokes about the love affairs of children among themselves are never made by the adults nor by the children. The children receive so much satisfaction

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from adults it is hard to see why they should bother with one another.[1] They are at the beck and call of anyone who wants a warm little body to caress. As Monyá, age two, wobbles by on fat uncertain legs Kanyahé calls to him. He slowly overcomes the momentum of his walk, turns about, smiles and wobbles obediently over to Kanyahé. Children lie like cats absorbing the delicious stroking of adults. The little children receive an enormous amount of adult attention and one never sees them caress one another or lie down together. It is impossible to keep track of children around the campfire. By choice and from necessity they literally sleep all over the place. They like to cuddle next to an uncle, aunt or step-mother. In the winter when there may be only one blanket to shelter a family, the little ones are driven to crawling under the cover of someone else who welcomes the additional warmth of the little bundle. This wandering around often culminates in the sexual experience to which the grown-ups are eager to introduce the child, and he is generally enjoyed first by a person much older than he. Some married men have nicknames that bear a humorous reference to their experience in trying to deflower young girls. Yakwá was called, "You pierced your mother" because he had deflowered a young girl who had the same name as his mother. Kovi received a nickname because his first cousin clawed his penis when he tried to deflower her. The growing child's sexual experience is primarily humorous, often illicit, administered by adults, and apt to be violent in the case of girls.

When the children grow up to be young men and women a strange dichotomy of behavior is noticeable, which is all the more striking because the Kaingáng lay no emphasis on such differences. Kaingáng young men love to sleep together. At night they call to one another, "Come and lie down here with me, with *me!*" Then there is a shifting and squirming so that Nggugn or Waipó or Kanyahé can lie down where he is bidden. In camp one sees young men caressing. Married and unmarried young men lie cheek by jowl, arms around one another, legs slung across bodies, for all the world like lovers in our own society. Sometimes they lie caressing that way in little knots of three or four. Women never do these things. I have never seen any signs of complete homosexual relations among the men or women. I have sat night after night talking to knots of young men, and I have seen them caressing one another in an absolutely open fashion in the broad light of day. But I never saw them make an overt sexual gesture. In other cultures and even in our own one may see young men continually

[1] This whole situation contrasts strikingly with what I observed among the Pilagá Indians (MSS in preparation). There the children receive slight attention from the adults. Sexual intercourse begins at about 5 years and most of the sexual play of the children is perfectly open. Everyone talks and jokes about the sexual affairs of the children.

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plain how it was that he didn't kill. He walks about, telling loudly how he climbed this hill and descended that, how the thorns scratched him and how he saw no tracks. But the successful hunter sits down with the casual remark that "A tapir has been killed," and after a while, or next day, if it is late, the women go and bring it in. Before he sleeps he must mend his broken arrows, and late at night the yellow light of the dry bamboo illumines his puckered face still bent over them, while his wife sleeps with her baby against her breast. The Kaingáng do not sleep much. Even if there is no work to keep them up—no baskets for the men to weave, no arrows for them to mend—they are forever getting up to eat or to warm themselves by the fire. Before the reservation days they were a hunted people, harassed by another tribe, by the Brazilians, and by one another so that wakefulness became highly valued among them.

When the men are in camp they circulate noisily, but the women sit where they are, mingling their high-pitched voices with those of the men, taking an equal part in the conversation if it concerns anything they have any interest in. It is when the men are gone that the women come together for their own particular kind of intimate gossip: love affairs and projected separations; this one's change of heart and that one's scandalous behavior. They sit in a little group making dresses for themselves or sewing for their husbands or brothers, stopping every half hour or so to suckle their babies, who are given the breast whenever they cry, to scold a child who has defecated in a plate, to snatch another from the fire or to rub passionately a little head that has been bruised in falling. A man in the camp is an added spice to a spicy situation, and if a sprained limb or infected foot keeps him at home he becomes the focus for feminine jokes that run eternally in the same channel.

When the young women go out to pick up the fallen fruit or to gather the yellow *taí* fruit that grows in the center of a large spiked plant, they leave their babies with their old mothers or with other women to be suckled and cared for. Sometimes, if they have children who are a little grown, they may take them with them, but the Kaingáng do not feel that a woman should be accompanied by a little child so that its presence may prevent a swift and surreptitious sex encounter. They are generally free to pursue their love affairs secretly in the bush while their husbands are away, and if they cannot do that they spend their time talking about other people's affairs.

There is really very little for the women to do nowadays. Aside from their specifically feminine functions Kaingáng society could exist just as well without them. They "make the bed" and get the firewood, but their husbands help them build the house. The men hunt and also bring in most of the wild honey, for they range the farthest. It is they who climb the trees

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either a masculine or a feminine object. The vulgar English terms can take only feminine objects, and thus reveal in the very grammatical form of our vulgarisms the feeling that the male is the active and aggressive partner. But among the Kaingáng if Chukembégn picks up his hundred and fifty pound wife by the ears and thumps her down with tears of pain starting from her eyes, she may get up immediately and pound him as the tears trickle down her laughing face, and he roars with delight. Sexual approaches range all the way from the unobtrusive contact of bare legs beside the evening fires to open, ribald, and aggressive onslaughts by both men and women.

Although I never put it to the test, I have a strong feeling that the widowed Kundídn, like many of her sex, was stronger than I. Her amorous pinches, punches, and pushes were a trial to me. Kundídn's aggressiveness stopped only at direct snatches at the sexual organs.

Anggló, who was having a passionate affair with Kanyahé, was not averse to pressing another suit on the side. While she did not square off in the boxerlike manner of Kundídn, she was aggressive enough in her own mild way. She did not pinch so hard nor call so loud, but if there were no one around, her quiet "I should like to talk to you and see the inside of your house" would set me thinking how I could best avoid her without hurting her feelings. But I might have spared myself worry on that score, for in this society, which lays no stress on man's aggressiveness as against woman's passivity, a woman who makes advances feels no vindictive anger at a repulse. In our society a woman who temporarily steps out of her culturally decreed role of the attacked to become the attacker feels shame that quickly becomes resentment against the desired object if she is rebuffed. The shame that she feels at reversing her part in the drama of the sexes is forgotten if she obtains her desire and turns to anger if she does not. But the Kaingáng women are able to make the same jocular approaches day after day without a change of attitude.

When a husband goes away his wife becomes fair game for anyone who is interested, and she is generally willing prey for the enterprising hunter. I must often have served all unwittingly as a chaperon to some man's wife while he was away hunting, but although my naive presence may have seriously handicaped the pair I was left to chaperon, it did not always inhibit them entirely. One day while Chukembégn, his wife Chantágn, Kanggúin, and I were on a hillside feasting on wasp's larvae, the bark of the dogs in pursuit of a tapir came faintly from the distance. Chukembégn seized his gun and was away in a flash, leaving his wife, Kanggúin, and me alone. When he had gone Kanggúin began to boast of his love affairs and to remark how curious it was that he never married. On the way back to camp he kept singing all the way, stopping every once in a while to say:

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"Chantágn, listen to this. Chantágn, listen to this." Singing is a favorite way of showing off among the Kaingáng, as among ourselves. Sometime later after Chukembégn had had a fight with his wife he complained bitterly that Kanggúin had said to her: "'if you were my wife I would not treat you that way.' Whenever anyone has a fight with his wife Kanggúin always talks that way to her. He wants a wife, but no one will live with him!"

Nanmblá has two wives. Although his wives compete for him they are not totally at a loss if they have to sleep without him. When I was at his brother-in-law's house one day while he was away, Nanmblá's wife Wainlúin was there watching with amused appreciation while Padnmbá cast a knife at a log. Nothing passed between them but their boisterous laughter, but when Padnmbá at last went away Wainlúin leaned against the house-post and gazed after him. When he had gone fifty paces down the path he turned around, flashed a smile, and disappeared down the slope. I never heard what happened between Wainlúin and Padnmbá after that, but I did hear of a quarrel that Nanmblá had with both his wives because they had relations with other men. One day I saw Vomblé caressing his son's mother-in-law. Another time Chukembégn told me that he and a few others were on the side of a hill when a little way's off they saw Padnmbá making love to Waikuklő's wife in the bushes. Soon she got up and ran off but Chukembégn and his companions called out laughingly "You don't have to run; we saw you." A complete account of all the sexual intrigues would fill a long but rather repetitious chapter.

The amorous history of every young man or woman is one of the favorite themes of conversation among the young people. "First Koktá had an affair with Yonggó, then with Kanggúin and then with me. Then she went around with Kanyahé but he left her and took up with Yu'ő." "I went around for a while with Koktá. . . ." "Oh, no you didn't. She used to go around with Kundágn but now she's going to change to Kanyahé." They enumerate, expand, correct without end and with unflagging interest.

I never heard them discuss these affairs in front of the principals' spouses, but Amendő's presence did not prevent them from joking about her unmarried daughter's relations with Padnmbá and Ndíli. "Layongndá [her daughter] is lying with Ndíli. She has gone off with her lover Ndíli to get nuts." Amendő sat listening and laughing while she nursed her little bastard of five months.

The Kaingáng preoccupation with sex expresses itself also in the belief that death is often caused by intercourse with a supernatural monster or with a ghost. Both men and women may wake up in the morning sick and bleeding or insane because they have spent the night with the supernatural, who has lured or forced them into intercourse. Unlike their neighbors in

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the actual security it affords make them seek it eagerly, and in spite of the 691
lightness with which they seem to take it no marriage can be broken without some kind of mild stir and an early effort on the part of the principals to form another alliance, while their relatives try to patch up the old one. When Chantágn only felt that she *might* lose her husband she was already at my door asking whether I would be her next. However, unstable it may be, particularly in the beginning, marriage nevertheless is one of the ideal pillars of security on which the Kaingáng personality seeks ever to support itself. They have built their society on warm personal attachments, and [152]
anyone without such attachments makes them uneasy and perplexed. No [181]
one is spoken of more sadly than a mature person who is alone. "For a long time," said Voenblé sadly, "my father wandered around all over without a wife. At last when his brother died he married his wives." The women who did not try to interest me in themselves or in their children besought me to marry someone else—anyone—and one day even Yokó, a matron who was generally too shy to speak much to me, quizzed me uncomprehendingly on my bachelorhood and advised me to marry—not so that I could have someone to cook for me and mend my clothes, but just in order to be married. "Why? Why?" she kept repeating, "why do you live thus without a wife? Get a wife." "Whom shall I marry?" said I. "Marry anybody. Why go around unmarried?" Even the children found it hard to believe that I was single and they used to question me interminably: "Have you a wife in your country?" "Have you a sweetheart in your country?" "Will you marry her when you go back?" "Do you intend to marry?"

Once a couple are married they do not drop the liaisons formed before 737 ●
marriage. Their long training in philandering and the absence of an ideal 581
of faithfulness have not suited them to the stability that marriage implies. Furthermore the absence of binding legal forms or big property stakes, as well as the knowledge that a meal can always be found at one's father's or brother's fire, that one's mother or sister-in-law is ready to cook the food and spread the bed, makes marriage brittle and its rupture not sharply felt. Yet, in an utterly contradictory manner, the Kaingáng believe that a man and woman, once they are "sitting together," belong to each other, and they use the same word to designate this possession as they use for the exclusive possession of material objects. This theoretical possessiveness comes into constant conflict with the actual sharing in which the young people have taken part all their lives. The young man who for years before his marriage has dallied with the wife of anyone from his father to his second cousin, who has day in and day out enjoyed adultery with an equally delighted adulteress, decides suddenly, once he is married, that his possession should be exclusive. "I left my wife," Yuvén said to me, "because she took Kanjuhé and Kundígn as lovers. She sleeps with everyone. All the women

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237 are that way. When their husbands go away they sleep with others. That is
571 why I want to marry a Brazilian woman."

237 The conflict between the sharing that is experienced and absolutely exclusive possession, which is simply and unqualifiedly theory, is far more fundamental in Kaingáng society than it is in our own. Adultery in Kaingáng society is not a circumstance of some marriages but a condition of practically all. Yet, although husband and wife live in constant suspicion of each other's loyalty, it rarely becomes desperate. Husbands do not as a rule follow their wives about, nor wives their husbands, although if there are good grounds for suspicion a husband may beat his wife or a wife her husband. He often leaves her for days at a time even when he knows that there are enterprising men still in camp and no one to chaperon her. This attitude really saves the culture from becoming a nightmare. In a society in which everyone believes that everybody else is engaged in seducing his neighbor's wife, suspicion backed by intense jealousy would drive people to desperation. But when Waipó leaves his wife to go across the river to make manioc all she has to say to him is a laughing, "You're going over there where everyone is living in very close quarters," and with a rough caress he is gone. One evening when Chukembégn and I were coming from the manioc mill I said to him, "Now that you've left your wife alone she may sleep with someone else." "I don't care; let her," said he. There is something more than mere bravado in this statement. It expresses the typical determination not to see what is not forced on one.

582 Since hunting is the most vital occupation, it might be supposed that a good hunter would be the most desirable husband. It might be felt also that since the Kaingáng used to be perpetually at war with the Brazilians, with the Kangdjá, and with their vendetta enemies, they would place a high premium on ferocity, daring, bravery, enterprise, and intelligence and that these traits would influence a woman in the choice of a husband. Nevertheless a number of attitudes combined to render all these qualities almost completely inoperative.

224 Although hunting is the very basis of their economy the Kaingáng,
654 curiously enough, do not recognize differences in hunting skill. If a man returns empty-handed from the hunt he and his wife may share their relatives' food without shame. In all the time I was among the Kaingáng I never heard an unsuccessful hunter spoken of with scorn nor saw one overcome with shame, and although she may scold him roundly, no wife ever leaves her husband for coming home without meat.

228 Just as they assume that all men are practically equals in hunting skill
167 the Kaingáng assume that all men are brave. Special emphasis is laid on this trait, therefore, only in exceptional cases. This holds also for intelligence, for the Kaingáng have a strong tendency to think of wisdom

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584 Through her marriage Kuvén's family gained Vomblé as an ally in the quest for food. Even before marriage a girl's sexual interests are beneficial
[143] to her family, for her lovers come with presents of food, and they are welcome at her parents' fireside. The food a lover brings is not payment for favors he has received but a gift in expectation of favors still to come. Even after her marriage a woman's amorous intrigues are of considerable advantage to those around her—even to her own husband, for every time she attracts a man she has added a hunter to the band. Wherever his mistress is, there the lover stays, and unless her husband gets wind of the affair and flies into a rage the lover may very likely follow the camp almost indefinitely. His presence is welcome, of course, for another gun or bow and another knife and axe mean so much more meat and honey. Thus even adultery plays a constructive role in Kaingáng society, for it keeps within the band men who might otherwise go elsewhere in search of satisfaction, and it often culminated in polyandrous marriage, which has been one of the strongest integrating forces in Kaingáng society.

595 The story is told of Kuvén who was the lover of both Kanggá and her
582 mother. Now as Kanggá's father grew old and it became difficult for him to get meat, he felt more and more the necessity of having someone to help him hunt for his large family. As long as Kuvén remained he could depend on him, but when it seemed that the young man was becoming interested in Yemái, a woman who was no relative of his and whom, therefore, Kuvén might follow far away to her relatives, Kanggá's father said to his wife and daughter: "Call Kuvén; if he marries Yemái he will leave me and go away. Let him get food for your children when I die. If he marries another woman he will throw your children away." So Kanggá's mother called Kuvén and said to her daughter: "Marry him. I am going to live with you and him." So Kuvén married both mother and daughter, and when Kanggá's father died Kuvén took care of the latter's children.

621 The Kaingáng have no system of clans or moieties[1] to impose social obli-
671 gations on them. Their kinship system is not the crystallization of inescapable obligations that is found in many other primitive societies but prin-
[61] cipally a device for grouping people in large age classes. Their mode of life also made the maintenance of complex systems of obligations and loyalties extremely difficult, for they wandered from place to place in little groups of two to twenty adults. Even the biological family had little permanence as a cooperating unit, for children wandered away from their parents when
[594] they grew up and brothers separated to go with their in-laws or to travel with childhood playmates and hunting companions in search of adventure. Under the influence of the conflicting obligations of blood and marriage the composition of the small group of adults was forever changing. The dependence of the men on one another, and even their fundamental reali-

[1] See Appendix II, p. 175.

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Amendó and the other husbands and Nggevén married her young son-in-law and went away.

In relationships like these the violent hostility between an aging father and his son, both striving for the same woman, is resolved through the son's marriage to his step-mother. This has happened over and over again in Kaingáng society, and it is one of the few instances in which a people have been able to settle this ancient conflict peaceably. Instead of being violently possessive like the typical male in our society and like not a few in his own, Wanyekí was willing to share his wives. First he relinquished two of them and then he permitted his son and other men to come and share his remaining wife. This brought peace and security not only to him but also to the men who escaped conflict through his behavior, to the innumerable sympathizers who would have taken sides in the concomitant quarreling, and to the women who escaped the beatings that an angry husband might have given them. Wanyekí possessed a foresight that Yuvén[4] lacked. Yuvén, young, jealous and possessive, drove out his two co-husbands, but as he grew older and his family multiplied he was compelled to accept Kuvén as the husband of both his wife and daughter, for only in that way did he feel that his wife and children would be adequately cared for.

Yakwí is another violent possessive man who got into difficulties because he was unwilling to share his wife. Although he is about sixty years old he is as vigorous as any young man. His powerful muscles bulge beneath his skin and he is tireless in the hunt. No one is faster than he at clearing land for planting. For a nomad, unused to the ways of white civilization, he is an unusually energetic farmer. His violent rages were a trial to me. His wife was not at all like him. She was given to thieving, it is true, but my battles with her were always more or less genial. She was a persistent but gentle thief. She must have been about fifty years old, wonderfully well preserved, and her skin was a beautiful golden tan. There was no doubt that Anggló wanted a kind of love-making that her husband could not give her. So she turned to her son-in-law Kanyahé. Years before she and Yakwí had had a daughter, an only child, who had married Kanyahé but died a few years before I came to the reservation. Kanyahé was about thirty years old. He too was powerfully built, and for energy in the hunt he could match Yakwí. He kept a large household supplied with meat when no one else had any. His sexuality was aggressive and open, and he carried on his affairs almost under the noses of the husbands.

His affair with Anggló made the older man desperate. When Anggló came home he fought with her, not daring to mention the subject of the

[4] Kanggí's father. See p. 56.

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137 quarrel, but always pretending to rage about some irrelevant matter. One night there was a terrific uproar in their house. Both Yakwá and Anggló were yelling at the tops of their voices. But never a word about the real subject of the quarrel. Instead Yakwá was berating her for working somewhere else instead of helping him. Anggló in a towering rage struck her husband. There was no limit to her daring. Once she slept in the forest two nights with Kanyahé and came back early in the morning and lay down among the Indians who were making manioc at their mill. The Indians told me that when her husband saw her he kicked her twice in the belly. But, Anggló said to her cousin: "He may kill me, but I will not leave Kanyahé. I don't want Yakwá. I want something new." Anggló's passion for Kanyahé was a fine show that nearly everyone enjoyed.

Under the influence of her love affair Anggló's desire for a child became heightened to a passionate intensity. First she asked her cousin Koktá to ask me for something to "make her blood come out." Once before Koktá's husband had come to me for medicine, because his wife had a "pain in the belly." I had given him a phial of castor oil. It turned out, however, that the pain was a menstrual cramp, and the dose of castor oil precipitated the flow. Since the Kaingáng think that "women menstruate in order to have children" an association between castor oil and childbearing was easily made. I explained to Koktá that she was mistaken in thinking that castor oil had anything to do with menstruation and she at last gave up trying to persuade me to give her some for Anggló. But Anggló was not satisfied, and several days later when there was no one around she came up to me shyly and begged me for "medicine to make my blood come out. My blood is all choked up inside of me." Of course I could do nothing for her. As we stood there arguing her sister's husband walked by unconcernedly. Next day he said to me, "I know what she asked you for, she asked you for a medicine to make her have children. She asked me too, but I wouldn't give it to her because she won't sleep with her husband and he won't let anyone else do it; so she can't have intercourse anyway."

There was no limit to the enjoyment that the people derived from this struggle between three human beings, which might have been so easily settled if Yakwá and Kanyahé had become co-husbands of Anggló. Once when most of us were up the river at a weeding bee on Yuplú's farm a group of people around me began to talk about how Yakwá pursued his wife. Yakwá was not far off; so they talked quietly, without a change of expression or a smile that would have indicated the spicy nature of the conversation. A few days before, in the dead of night, Yakwá, who had come looking for his wife, had come where many Indians were gathered to help the agent weed his corn. He had wandered around among the sleepers like some wild animal, and some of them even thought he was one.

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Later in the day Kanyahé took it into his head to make fun of me. "You're always walking around making love," he shouted. "No I'm not," I yelled back. We had a large audience. "You make love everywhere," Kanyahé bellowed; "everybody sees you!" "You lie, you're the one who makes love." "You bet I do," he roared. This was my cue to see how far he was willing to walk on thin ice, and I retaliated: "No one has to see you. It is the talk of everyone, how much you walk about taking women." This was too much even for Kanyahé. He dropped the subject immediately without another word and turned to weeding. Through it all Yakwí stood, his powerful hands on the handle of his scythe, a broad smile on his face, completely enjoying the show.

This affair throws into bold relief the fate that awaits the principals in a conflict whose solution is prevented by a possessive husband. The jealous husband pursues his wife to the point where his behavior causes much smiling behind polite hands. His endless quarrels with her culminate in blows and often in dissolution of the marriage. Yakwí's threat to kill Kanyahé would never have been carried out because murder in Kaingáng society must have a background of vendetta,[8] but it illustrates well the complete break between the two men.

Another drama enacted by a mother and a son-in-law, illustrates the ever-ripening character of this relationship. Just as they have resolved the struggle between a man and his son for the same woman through the son's marriage to his stepmother, the Kaingáng have arrested the conflict between a woman and her daughter for the same man by the man's marrying his mother-in-law too.[9] Instead of surrounding the mother-in-law with disrupting taboos that send the son-in-law flying when he hears her coming or keeping him cooling his heels outside as long as his mother-in-law, whose face he may not see, is in the house, the Kaingáng have developed the relationship between a man and his mother-in-law to the point where he sometimes marries her and becomes the second father of her children. Such was the relationship between Kuvén and Kanngí's mother and between the captive Nyepá and his mother-in-law, Kuichó. Yakwí has no one to take care of him if his wife Anggló chooses to remain at the post while he goes hunting with me and the Indians. But if his widowed mother-in-law, whose household he never left as long as she was alive, went along, his food was cooked when he came back after a long day's tramp in the forest just as if she had been his wife and there were always fresh fern leaves for him to stretch his body on. At night he slept beside the old woman or at her feet across the campfire. When he moved camp it was she who carried his few belongings, and when she needed a basket it was

[8] See pp. 52, 60.
[9] I have no instances of a man's marrying his daughter-in-law.

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from adults it is hard to see why they should bother with one another.[1] They are at the beck and call of anyone who wants a warm little body to caress. As Monyá, age two, wobbles by on fat uncertain legs Kanyahé calls to him. He slowly overcomes the momentum of his walk, turns about, smiles and wobbles obediently over to Kanyahé. Children lie like cats absorbing the delicious stroking of adults. The little children receive an enormous amount of adult attention and one never sees them caress one another or lie down together. It is impossible to keep track of children around the campfire. By choice and from necessity they literally sleep all over the place. They like to cuddle next to an uncle, aunt or step-mother. In the winter when there may be only one blanket to shelter a family, the little ones are driven to crawling under the cover of someone else who welcomes the additional warmth of the little bundle. This wandering around often culminates in the sexual experience to which the grown-ups are eager to introduce the child, and he is generally enjoyed first by a person much older than he. Some married men have nicknames that bear a humorous reference to their experience in trying to deflower young girls. Yakwá was called, "You pierced your mother" because he had deflowered a young girl who had the same name as his mother. Kovi received a nickname because his first cousin clawed his penis when he tried to deflower her. The growing child's sexual experience is primarily humorous, often illicit, administered by adults, and apt to be violent in the case of girls.

When the children grow up to be young men and women a strange dichotomy of behavior is noticeable, which is all the more striking because the Kaingáng lay no emphasis on such differences. Kaingáng young men love to sleep together. At night they call to one another, "Come and lie down here with me, with *me!*" Then there is a shifting and squirming so that Nggugn or Waipó or Kanyahé can lie down where he is bidden. In camp one sees young men caressing. Married and unmarried young men lie cheek by jowl, arms around one another, legs slung across bodies, for all the world like lovers in our own society. Sometimes they lie caressing that way in little knots of three or four. Women never do these things. I have never seen any signs of complete homosexual relations among the men or women. I have sat night after night talking to knots of young men, and I have seen them caressing one another in an absolutely open fashion in the broad light of day. But I never saw them make an overt sexual gesture. In other cultures and even in our own one may see young men continually

[1] This whole attention contrasts strikingly with what I observed among the Pilagá Indians (MSS in preparation). There the children receive slight attention from the adults. Sexual intercourse begins at about 5 years and most of the sexual play of the children is perfectly open. Everyone talks and jokes about the sexual affairs of the children.

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reaching for each other's genitals, but the Kaingáng, although they stand around holding their own penises, do not hold other men's.

In the whole mass of Kaingáng folklore there is one hundred-word story of a homosexual relationship between two men and another that tells of a male supernatural that was killed by a man because it sodomized him by trickery. I never heard a remark that alluded in any way to homosexuality. The men like to congregate together, and when the women are in camp they leave them and sit around in groups, weaving baskets or just talking. Sometimes a woman may join them because her husband is there, but even when the men are away the women rarely come together as the men do. They just visit. Like the indiscriminate playing of the children, these caressings, sleeping parties, and gossipings do not follow relationship lines. Whatever may be the specific obligations of cousins or brothers-in-law, they are completely lost sight of in these ephemeral, wholly casual masculine contacts. The basis for man's loyalty to man has roots in the many warm bodily contacts between them. The violent, annihilating conflicts among men in Kaingáng society were all among those who had never shared the languid exchange of caresses on a hot afternoon under the green arched shelter of a house nor lain together night after night under a blanket against the cold. The very transient, unfixated nature of these contacts leaves no grounds for jealousy. The relationships built on these hours of lying together with anyone at all bear fruit in the softening of conflicts that are so characteristic of the Kaingáng. Indeed, there is a patterned friendship between men that has woven this contact into its very warp and woof, and that is the friendship of hunting companions. Men who have hunted together day after day, raided the Brazilians together, slept together beside the same fire, under the same blanket, wrapped in each other's arms, hold this relationship above their kinship with their brothers. The consequences for the general integration of Kaingáng society are immeasurable.

The elaborate laws of sexual avoidance that chart the behavior of men and women in many primitive societies, dividing the entire community into the touchables and the untouchables, are undreamt of among the Kaingáng. Little boys and girls play together in rough and tumble. Brothers and sisters, brothers- and sisters-in-law and cousins, sleep next to one another, cross legs, or embrace one another. The corollaries to this are the marriages and love affairs among almost all classes of relatives. Only marriages between parents and children and between full brothers and sisters are avoided. Marriages between half brothers and sisters are rare.

A complete lack of emphasis on temperamental differences between the sexes permits to boys and girls, men and women, the same jocular and often violent sexual aggressiveness. The term for intercourse may have

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LIFE CYCLE

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Nowadays, a *Caingang* woman bears her child wherever she happens to be, knowing how to take care of herself even if she is alone. Usually, she is delivered squatting while a midwife embraces her from behind, raising her now and then until travail is over. The navel cord is cut with a fingernail and tied with a caraguatá string.

Among the *Aweikoma*, the placenta and umbelical cord, wrapped in medicinal herbs, are placed in a basket and sunk in the stream. The mother winds a long cord around the ankles of the baby and removes it 15 days later during a feast given by the father to a group of relatives. The umbilical cord is disposed of by the mother's brother or his wife or by the mother's sister, who later become ceremonial parents.

In other *Caingang* groups, the mother pulls open the infant's eyelids immediately after birth "in order that he might see," breathes into his eyes and ears, and presses his temples and head from front to back. The father does not pay much attention to the baby until it is old enough to speak: Then he gives it 5 to 10 names. In the south, the names were bestowed without any rite after the above-mentioned ceremony.

The *Caingang* show the greatest tenderness to their children, seldom punishing them or using harsh words.

According to Horta Barbosa (1913, p. 27), when a boy reaches the age of 7, his mother rubs his body with the leaves of a certain tree and pours water over his head to make him courageous and diligent.

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765 This song has no meaning whatsoever. Said Vomblé: "This is our song
539 of fear. He is afraid of her [the *thûpáya*]. He is singing for her husband's *kuplêng* to be afraid and go away."

Ceremonies for the Kôklá [Ceremonial Father,] and Mbë [Ceremonial Mother][45]

The Placenta and Umbilical Cord

846 When the child is born the placenta and the piece of the umbilical cord that was attached to the child are wrapped in medicinal herbs, placed in a little basket, and sunk in a stream, and a sharpened stick is forced through the basket to keep it from floating away. This is called by the term *pâyú*, which means to steal or to conceal. *pâyú* is done most usually by a brother of the mother and his wife. Through the series of rites that begin with the *pâyú* of his umbilical cord the child is bound to his father's affinal relatives.

The Baby's Meal of Cooked Food (Yôgndêyê)

852 Soon after the child is born its ankles are wrapped loosely with about twenty turns of cord, its *patthêyê*,[46] foot cords, and these are kept on for two weeks or so. Then the father decides to make a *yôgndêyê* for his child, and he goes out hunting, with perhaps a brother-in-law to help him, and hunts intensively for a number of days to get together enough meat for a big feast. When the meat has been collected the *mbë* and *kôklá* as well as all the close relatives of the child's parents who happen to be around, together with friends, are invited to a feast, and while their guests dine the parents look on without eating. Were they to eat, the father would never be able to shoot game again.

These ceremonies are almost always conducted in high spirits unless the hosts are stingy, and then everyone is rather gloomy and there are secret grumblings afterward. Everyone sits down wherever he wants to, the more distant relatives keeping discreetly in the background and joining but mildly in the conversation, the in-laws acting as if they "belonged," pushing the pots around and dishing out the food. When everyone has eaten as much as he can, or as much as there is, the men start to sing and the baby's mother hastens to remove the *patthêyê*, and when they are all unwound the party wanders off, carrying with it the remains of the feast. Depending on the quantity of meat, the party may last from a half hour to an hour.

[45] The explanation of all these ceremonies for the child is that if they were not performed the child would die, that it would not grow up, or that it would dry up and die.

[46] "The *patthêyê* are put on so they may be taken off at the *yôgndêyê*."

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his back, and begins to walk back and forth across the circle singing. Then he and the rest of the men stop and shout, "This is your [the infant's] making," followed by: 852 304

> *hili* about twelve times; and then *lililihilihilihililililihololo changa changai yetyetyethohoho.*[49] [533]

Vomblé said that the cries were in imitation of the cry of Water's Talking, a water-dwelling supernatural monster. Since, however, the water monster has no part in the extremely scanty ideology of this ceremony, I regard this explanation as very dubious.

Following the baby's "making" they play the game of *kavign*, with soft bags[50] made of the inner bark of the embira tree and stuffed with tree hair. The bags are supposed to be thrown back and forth between the parents and the children's *kôklá* and *mbē*, but everyone joins in the fun of tossing the bags high in the air across the dance ground and catching them when they are thrown back. Meanwhile the people shout: "Come here! Catch my animal";[51] and *kaví kaví kaví* or *tē tē tē*[52] or *tektektek*.[53] 852 524

When the beer is gone the camp breaks up.

Although the Kaingáng do not say so, it is clear that the ceremonies of *pâyú* and *waichēdn* have the purpose of giving the child a ceremonial father and mother. The *kôklá* or the *mbē* are usually brothers or sisters of the mother. They perform the first formal act after the child is born by putting the umbilical cord, the symbol of its birth, in the water; and at last they "make the child" at the ceremony of baby-blackening. On this occasion they receive presents along with the other affinal relatives of the parents, but they are especially rewarded for their services in the lip-piercing. 852 608 846

[49] Instead of these syllables they might also shout the following: *chui* (about 12 times); *yo* (about 4 times); *chui yoyoyoyo o halalala halalala holo* (about 6 times); *tivi* (about 12 times), followed by *vivivi tivivivivi net* (about 5 times); *ho* (about 4 times); *tivi* (about a dozen times); *vivivi tivivivi ho* (4 times).

[50] These are plaited especially for the occasion and then thrown away.

[51] "Probably the first ones to come up [in the very beginning of things] referred to these as owned animals [*mang*]. The long bags are men and the short ones women. They are called his wives."

[52] Vomblé said that this was the cry of the dot people, who were imitating the small hawk called *tētē*.

[53] The same informant said that this was the cry of the circle people.

[p. 198 is blank]

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been saying that I have not been taking care of that woman, but I have!" Tendó had not married again and the community refused to admit that Chukembégn's obligations to her were ended.

Indeed I have no way of telling what would happen if a woman in such a position remarried, for Kaingáng society has no other such case to offer in more than a hundred and fifty years of its history.[6] Unless a woman is separated from her husband under the conditions of vendetta, a couple with several children stays together till death. Although the case of Chukembégn and Tendó is isolated it emphasizes the Kaingáng attitude toward marriages of long standing that have produced several children. The breaking up of Tendó's household left the society confused as to just how it should treat Chukembégn for there were no parallel instances. So they simply continued to insist that he owed some kind of support to Tendó, even though he planted his field with Chantágn, seldom went to visit Tendó, and that only when absolutely necessary, and maintained the most tenuous relations with her family.

But separations before many children are born are legion. Young people frequently pass through one or two marriages before they finally settle down. The relationship between the sexes is informal, and there is no marriage ceremony. In its early stages the only thing that distinguishes a marriage from a protracted affair is the announcement by the principals that they are married. There is no term for marriage. The Kaingáng use the term *né*, to sit, to express the husband-wife relationship. "He sat with her" means "he married her." Sometimes people do not know whether a couple who have separated have ever been "married." Even before marriage a man and woman may go hunting together, and unless her family takes it upon itself to "send her to him" or the man and woman themselves decide to set up a household, the relationship between the two remains unchanged. The man may even hunt with his sweetheart's relatives and contribute to the household's food supply without yet having the status of a husband. When one of the woman's brothers or sisters or parents see that she is pregnant they may "send her to" her most constant lover, but no stigma attaches to an extramarital birth. Mothers are just as passionately attached to their illegitimate[7] children as they are to their legitimate and all the children have equal chances in life. Illegitimacy, so often the pivotal point of some of the most dramatic episodes in our own and in primitive societies, is completely lacking in drama among the Kaingáng.

Though the Kaingáng know that unfaithfulness and brittleness are inevitable conditions of marriage among them, its implied permanence and

[6] My genealogies go back about two hundred years and include five hundred individuals of all ages. The fact that a woman has one or two children is no obstacle to her remarriage.

[7] I use this term simply to indicate children born out of wedlock.

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[4] It is reported that they gave birth unassisted in a special cabin (Serrano, 1939, p. 26).

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553 The child then receives a new name. Later, he may adopt names
952 that refer to notable incidents of his life.

852 In the Santa Catarina group, the perforation of the boys' lower lip
304 at the age of 2 or 3 is marked by great celebrations. Women, holding gourd rattles, dance with warriors, who beat the ground with their spears. The children are intoxicated with beer, and shaken until half unconscious, when their ceremonial fathers pierce their lips with a sharp stick (Henry, 1941, pp. 195–197).

582 **Marriage.**—According to Baldus' census (1937 c, p. 43), men are generally older than their wives, in some cases as much as 15 to 20 years; among 37 percent of the couples there was a difference of 10 years.

A man marries when 18 to 20 years of age. If his bride is not yet of age, he stays with her parents, waiting for the first signs of puberty. In case of child betrothal, the lad's parents have to provide for the girl's subsistence.

595 Polygyny is mentioned by all the early sources, but details vary. Some authors declare that it was an old man's privilege, others that it was restricted to the chiefs, good hunters, or famous warriors. There are also indications of sororal polygyny and of marriage simultaneously to a woman and her daughter (Teschauer, 1929, p. 350). In *Tupí-Guaraní* fashion, a girl often married her mother's brother.

[184] The *Caingang* of Palmas are, and claim always to have been monogamous.

Manizer (1930) states that though a man may not marry his cousin—he does not specify which—he usually takes her as a concubine until her own marriage. If pregnancy occurs meanwhile, the girl, as a rule, commits abortion. It often happened that a man grew fonder of his cousin than of his legal wife, and that he sometimes
[578] resolutely opposed her marriage. The continuation of such relationship was bitterly resented by the legitimate wife.

For the *Aweikoma*, Henry infers that 60 percent of all marriages are monogamous, a fair proportion of the remainder being polyandrous.

585 A marriage ceremony witnessed by Manizer (1930, p. 776) took place during a drinking bout. Some old men seized the bridegroom and bride and pushed them toward each other in spite of the woman's resistance. Then they dragged them into the bridegroom's hut and left them there under a blanket. The following day the woman ran away, but was brought back by force.

591 Matrilocal residence, formerly the *Caingang* rule, is still frequent, though many couples set up their own households. Baldus (1937 c, p. 43) heard "that only lazy men lived in their father-in-law's house and that, should the father-in-law die, the husband would have to 'govern' his mother-in-law."

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546 although he was willing to help Chukembégn, he felt quite differently about helping Chukembégn's brother, Kapíli. Kapíli had for a long time felt himself deserted by his wife's brother Waipó, and news of his anger had somehow reached Yuvén. But Waipó was Yuvén's co-husband, and Yuvén was angry, particularly because Waipó had died. "Yuvén came with many jacutingas. Wainlúin [his wife, the sister of Chukembégn and Kapíli] gave some to her brother Kapíli, but Yuvén ignored him. Kanyahé [Waipó's brother] did not speak to Kapíli." The situation between Kapíli and Waipó could be interpreted either as desertion on the part of Waipó or as desertion on the part of Kapíli. The close relatives of Waipó interpreted it, of course, in the latter way. This is the constant condition within the extended families: the streams of resentment are manifold, and the drying up of one does not mean the establishment of accord.

Property

556 852 In Kaingáng society there was only one reason for a man's accumulating property—in order to give it away to his affinal relatives when his little boy's lower lip was pierced for the insertion of the lip plug or when his little girl's thigh was pricked to make her "able to walk." In preparation for this festa of "blackening the children"[7] a number of men raided the Brazilians, stole their property, and came back and made beer for their affinal relatives. The people particularly singled out for recognition on this occasion were the child's *kókla* and *mbẽ*, the male and female affinal relatives who buried the child's umbilical cord in the water and who on this day pierced its lip or thigh and symbolically "made" the child, thereby completing the process through which they become the child's ceremonial father and mother.[8] This was the child's ceremonial induction into the long series of activities through which in later life his bond with his father's relatives by marriage was maintained, with the vicissitudes to which all relationships were subjected in Kaingáng society. But it is not only the *kókla*, the ceremonial father, and the *mbẽ*, the ceremonial mother, who received gifts on this day, but also other affinal relatives of the father, no matter whether he had come by them through his wife or through his sisters or cousins.

421 Accumulation of property is incomprehensible to the Kaingáng. Property is for use in the struggle for existence. It is not a means to prestige or power. Like most of the abstract values that our civilization has exploited, the concept of power over people is little developed among the Kaingáng. What property they gather above the immediate needs of existence is distributed throughout life to their close relatives. In days long ago, before the

[7] So called from the practice of smearing the children with charcoal. See Appendix III.
[8] See Appendix III.

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765 539 This song has no meaning whatsoever. Said Vomblé: "This is our song of fear. He is afraid of her [the *thâpéya*]. He is singing for her husband's *kuplêng* to be afraid and go away."

Ceremonies for the Kôklá [Ceremonial Father,] and Msã [Ceremonial Mother][45]

The Placenta and Umbilical Cord

846 When the child is born the placenta and the piece of the umbilical cord that was attached to the child are wrapped in medicinal herbs, placed in a little basket, and sunk in a stream, and a sharpened stick is forced through the basket to keep it from floating away. This is called by the term *péyá*, which means to steal or to conceal. *péyá* is done most usually by a brother of the mother and his wife. Through the series of rites that begin with the *péyá* of his umbilical cord the child is bound to his father's affinal relatives.

The Baby's Meal of Cooked Food (Yôgndêyê)

852 Soon after the child is born its ankles are wrapped loosely with about twenty turns of cord, its *patthêyê*,[46] foot cords, and these are kept on for two weeks or so. Then the father decides to make a *yôgndéyê* for his child, and he goes out hunting, with perhaps a brother-in-law to help him, and hunts intensively for a number of days to get together enough meat for a big feast. When the meat has been collected the *mbẽ* and *kôklá* as well as all the close relatives of the child's parents who happen to be around, together with friends, are invited to a feast, and while their guests dine the parents look on without eating. Were they to eat, the father would never be able to shoot game again.

These ceremonies are almost always conducted in high spirits unless the hosts are stingy, and then everyone is rather gloomy and there are secret grumblings afterward. Everyone sits down wherever he wants to, the more distant relatives keeping discreetly in the background and joining but mildly in the conversation, the in-laws acting as if they "belonged," pushing the pots around and dishing out the food. When everyone has eaten as much as he can, or as much as there is, the men start to sing and the baby's mother hastens to remove the *patthêyê*, and when they are all unwound the party wanders off, carrying with it the remains of the feast. Depending on the quantity of meat, the party may last from a half hour to an hour.

[45] The explanation of all these ceremonies for the child is that if they were not performed the child would die, that it would not grow up, or that it would dry up and die.

[46] "The *patthêyê* are put on so they may be taken off at the *yôgndêyê*."

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After the feast the *patthéyé* and the piece of the umbilical cord that was attached to the mother are wrapped with herbs and thrown into the water. Some time after this the child is given a name, but there is no ceremony of name-giving.

The Baby Blackening (Waichēdn)

This was the most joyful ceremony of the Kaingáng. Every few years, whenever there were enough children to warrant a baby-blackening, a large number of the people of one extended family used to come together in a big camp. While the men with children to blacken went out with their brothers and first cousins to get honey for beer, the others made dance ornaments[47] and hunted. The Kaingáng[48] cannot restrain themselves as the day of the festa draws near, and night after night as the beer ferments the men walk back and forth across the camp circle carrying their babies on their backs and singing. When at last the beer is *thō* the women paint their husbands with a black mixture made of charcoal and the sticky sap of a tree and stick feathers in it, and the men put little square hats of embira bark on their heads and wide bark belts around their waists, with bark tassels hanging down. Some of the belts are painted with black paint or animals' blood in crude designs that represent nothing at all. Now some men and women pass around the beer while the men stand or sit and sing, beating time by pounding on the ground with their clubs and lances. When the men have been singing awhile their wives come and stand or sit behind them, moving their arms slowly up and down in time to the music. Everyone sings as he chooses and as loud as he can, while clusters of young men stand around the older ones to try to learn the songs. There is no attempt to achieve harmony—everyone sings a different song, self-centered, musically oblivious to his surroundings. As they stand shaking their rattles or pounding their weapons on the ground—dancing, the Kaingáng call it—they stop from time to time to drink the beer. All day long and until late at night they drink while the women now stand, now sit, beside them, drinking beer, nursing babies, cooking food, eating, mourning, singing, quarreling. Every once in a while a group of men and women break out of the circle, grasp the *kóndjúdn* and the *lu*, and walk across and around the dance circle in a confused singing knot, drunk, intense, and unsteady. This staggering around the circle is called dancing

[47] See Appendix I, p. 171.

[48] Since the Kaingáng abandoned their lip plugs a number of years ago *swichidn* has been given up. What follows is based on observations made at a *swichidn* that was arranged for me. The actual piercing of the lip was done against my wishes and over my protest.

This staggering around the circle is called dancing
852 535 but bears not the slightest resemblance to the rhythmic artistic form usually called dancing. The Kaingáng make no effort to execute a formalized dance step. All they do is walk; yet their word for it is dancing, and they use the same term for the Brazilian polkas. What the word really means is something like "motion on foot while singing." Little children of five or more are not excluded from the festa but drink their beer, try to sing, and march around with the others. Sometimes two or three little boys will take a gourd of beer and go off by themselves and drink it, shaking rattles and singing.

853 304 At some time during this festa the children's lips are pierced. I saw only one child pierced—a boy about two. While Chantágn, its mother, held it on her lap, its grandmother forced beer into its mouth by pressing her lips against the child's and squirting while it wriggled and bawled to high heaven. This was to make the child sleep. Now while the child's mother, aunt, and some other women wept, the child was bathed in beer, wrapped in a blanket, screaming all the while, and laid down on a small heap of blankets. While the child was lying down it was coaxed to nurse to quiet it, even as its *kŏklá* sat by swinging the little piercing knife in time to his own song. "They sing," say the Kaingáng, "so that the child will become frightened and go to sleep." While we may credit the Kaingáng with deep knowledge of infantile behavior under stress, it was clear that in this case the infant was completely unaware of just what was to happen to him; for in spite of the beer and the nursing he was wide awake when his lower lip was marked with three parallel black lines and his upper with one. These were centering lines made so that the piercing would be precisely in the middle of the child's lower lip just under the red part.

Now as the completely terrorized infant is held down by a number of people, while its mother and other women around it weep and the loud singing goes on, the *kŏklá* thrusts his fingers into the child's mouth, distends the lip, and thrusts home with the knife. The child wriggles and screams, seizes the knife, and tries to pull it out as its mouth fills with blood and saliva. Now that the knife is extracted they try to insert the tiny lip plug, pushing and twisting and turning while the baby howls and the blood streams from its lip until at last the plug breaks in an ugly splintery end. Evidently the hole is not properly made. Again the *kŏklá* distends the little lip and thrusts again with the knife. This time must be the last, so he twists and twists the knife until he is sure at last that the hole is big enough. When the plug is successfully inserted it is bound around on the outside with a bit of fiber to prevent its slipping back. Then one of the men takes water in his mouth and squirts it over the wound.

The piercing over, the *kŏklá* picks up the baby, slings it in a blanket on

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his back, and begins to walk back and forth across the circle singing. Then he and the rest of the men stop and shout, "This is your [the infant's] making," followed by:

hili about twelve times; and then *lililihilihilihililiholololo changa changai yetyetyethohoho.*[49] [533]

Vomblé said that the cries were in imitation of the cry of Water's Talking, a water-dwelling supernatural monster. Since, however, the water monster has no part in the extremely scanty ideology of this ceremony, I regard this explanation as very dubious.

Following the baby's "making" they play the game of *kavign*, with soft bags[50] made of the inner bark of the embira tree and stuffed with tree hair. The bags are supposed to be thrown back and forth between the parents and the children's *kókla* and *mbē*, but everyone joins in the fun of tossing the bags high in the air across the dance ground and catching them when they are thrown back. Meanwhile the people shout: "Come here! Catch my animal";[51] and *kavi kavi kavi* or *tē tē tē*[52] or *tektektek*.[53]

When the beer is gone the camp breaks up.

Although the Kaingáng do not say so, it is clear that the ceremonies of *pãyá* and *waichēdn* have the purpose of giving the child a ceremonial father and mother. The *kókla* or the *mbē* are usually brothers or sisters of the mother. They perform the first formal act after the child is born by putting the umbilical cord, the symbol of its birth, in the water; and at last they "make the child" at the ceremony of baby-blackening. On this occasion they receive presents along with the other affinal relatives of the parents, but they are especially rewarded for their services in the lip-piercing.

[49] Instead of these syllables they might also shout the following: *chai* (about 12 times); *yo* (about 4 times); *chai yoyoyoyo o hololola hololola holo* (about 6 times); *tivi* (about 12 times), followed by *tiviri tiviriviri ner* (about 5 times); *ho* (about 4 times); *tivi* (about a dozen times); *tiviri tiviriviri ho* (4 times).

[50] These are plaited especially for the occasion and then thrown away.

[51] "Probably the first ones to come up [in the very beginning of things] referred to these as owned animals [*mang*]. The long bags are men and the short ones women. They are called his wives."

[52] Vomblé said that this was the cry of the dot people, who were imitating the small hawk called *tētē*.

[53] The same informant said that this was the cry of the circle people.

[p. 198 is blank]

x539

ɲaŋlɔ[78] *ŋv*[4] *ɔŋ* *ŋgɔyo*[82] *tɛ̃* *ki*[33]
In the meanwhile they water in

ka'mbɜ[30] *kɔ*[32] *kũ* *ŋv* *ɔŋ* *'mɛ*[36] *ka'klaŋ*[34] *mu* *ɔŋ*
many Then they drink their

nat[87] *ka'ŋga*[88] *'tɛ̃* *yɔ'ŋgɨ*[119] *kɔ*[92] *ha'kũ*[120] *ɔk*[11]
mouth dry very therefore they

tɔ̃[23] *ŋgɔyo*[92] *tɛ̃* *kɔnaŋ*[121] *mu*[122] *kæke*[41] *ŋa*[71]
water look for habitually

Free Translation.

The bee was gathering flowers. Then the tucan followed him but did not see the hive. Then he came back and said, "I did not see the hive." That is what he said. Then the baitaka did the same as he — when the bee was gathering flowers he followed him but did not see it. Then he came back. Then he arrived. Then he said, "I did not see the hive." That is what he said. Then when the bee gathered flowers the marcaná went after him again. Then he saw the hive. It was the marcaná that saw the hive. Then when he arrived he said, "I saw the hive, but it was inside a rock." That is what he said. Then they all went there. Then they pierced it. But their beaks would always break. So they said to the tucan, "Come here. Take your big beak." So he came there. Then he pierced but his beak broke. Now, there were a great many of them there trying to pierce the hive. Now, the woodpecker had his *mbɜ*[1] pestle under a cloth. Then he pierced the pestle. Then he pierced through. Then he turned it around and pierced again. Then he said, "If I go to the bee-hive I'll pierce it in just this way." So saying he went there. Then he said to them, "What's all this noise about?" That is what he said to them. Then they said to him, "The noise is because I am about to pierce this hive." That is what they said to him. Then they said to him, "Come here and pierce it for me." That is what they said to him. Then he came there. Then he

[852]

[1] The woman who treats ceremonially a child's umbilical cord.

[P.177 (B)]

x193 x539 (6) *a kɔ'na tɔ̃ 'mblitke lɔ*
your eye open imperative
Open your eyes!

In 6 the intransitive verb is used in what would be, in English, a transitive sense. But Kaingang by use of the instrumental changes the sense to "Open with your eyes!" The verb thus remains without an object. 5 is a reduplicated form of the verb without *ke*.

In the following we have a case similar to our English "He entered into an agreement". Here the verb "enter" has no object. But in "He entered the house" it has. In the first sentence the postposition "into" takes the object. Thus in the following Kaingang sentences:

(7) *ka'ŋɔlɔ tɔ̃ 'kivi ŋa ha ŋv*
an insect that cuts wood cut

ti 'ŋglɛ̃ tɛ̃ ki 'klv mu
his anus into enter

A branch cut by *ka'ŋɔlɔ* entered his rectum.

(8) *kũ ŋv tã ti 'ŋglɛ̃k tɛ̃ ki 'klupke kũ ti mu*
then it his anus into enter and die

Then it entered his rectum and (he) died.

In 7 and 8 we are dealing with the same intransitive verb. It is kept intransitive by the use of the locative, "into".

In the following instances the verb *'hutke* to stop, appears both with and without the *ke* with no change in meaning.

(9) .... *ke tɛ̃ tã 'hutke mu*
so saying he stop

When he said this he stopped.

(10) *e kɔ'kla hutke lɔ a tɔ̃ e*
my *kɔ'kla*[1], stop imperative you me

tʃɔ ɲu kũ ma huŋ mu
angry and you stop

My *kɔ'kla*[1], stop! You are angry with me and you stop (making the wind blow).

[852 304]

[1] The man who treats one's umbilical cord ceremonially and also pierces a male's lower lip for the insertion of the lip plug.

[p. 207 (A)]

000 certain trees and the ripening of certain fruits.

802 These Indians count from one to five on the fingers of one hand, and continue up to ten on the other hand. They indicate other quantities with both hands.

757 They treat diseases with the juice of various plants, nearly always applied externally by means of rubbing and massage. Some organic products such as deer stomachs [buxo] etc. are also used [There is a Brazilian plant, Amaiova cryptocarpa, which is popularly called "deer stomach" (bucho de veado). As some of the information in this article may have been obtained second-hand, the above might be the result of erroneous interpretation. --Translator]

They have the habit of tightly binding up all painful body areas, not only in case of snake bite but of any disease as well.

323 They formerly used various objects of fired clay, such as pots 177 of different sizes and shapes and small vessels of varying form which they utilized to prepare and cook their food.

In the course of their later raids on civilized populations, however, they found similar utensils of iron and other metals [128] which they naturally came to prefer. As a result the art of ceramics declined sharply, especially following their contact with us. Prior to this contact, some of the older members of the tribe still made pottery.

821 It is obvious that they need a special clay for the manufacture 323 of these objects. They believe that rainbows point to deposits of this clay, and call them kukron-ndouma--"pot arrows"--on account [744] of this belief. They never buried their dead in earthen jars nor do they do so now, but dispose of the bodies in the manner described above.

852 Every year, toward the end of December or the beginning of January--during the lambang-uan season, at the height of our southern summer--they carry out important celebrations for the baptism of children.

273 The Botocudo prepare a drink for the occasion which they call 852 mong-ma. Its basic element is wild honey, and the preparation is a rather lengthy process. One moon before the event, the Indians have already started on various specialized tasks. The fathers of the children to be baptized are entrusted with the building of large troughs

273 where the liquid is laid to ferment. These vessels are built masterfully with the greatest patience and skill.

The thick trunks of old cedars are selected for the purpose, felled, and cut into pieces from one and a half to two meters long, which are stripped of their bark.

Then a longitudinal opening is made in the wood, eighteen to twenty centimeters wide, and the inside of the log is hollowed out until the side walls are from three to four centimeters and the end walls from eight to ten centimeters in thickness.

They achieve this by means of fire and also with a sort of chisel which was formerly made of stone and which is now made of iron.

Once the log has been carefully hollowed, its end walls are thickly waxed to make them completely waterproof.

While the children's fathers carry out this task, the other relatives go out in search of honey. Small groups of Indians enter the forest in every direction, happy with the prospect of the feast and singing and jesting along the way. They return laden with honey and game.

The honey is laid out in the troughs along with water and with the juice extracted from ferns and from the stems of young palm trees. Then the openings of the troughs, kakógma, are covered with large pieces of cedar bark and topped with heavy weights.

The liquid rests thus for two weeks, at the end of which some round stones, previously heated in large fires, are plunged in to accelerate the process of fermentation. This procedure is repeated several times, until the liquid grows very warm. Then the troughs are covered once more, and when the stones grow cold they are replaced by hot ones.

This process is repeated for three days, and then interrupted for another three days. In this manner the drink ferments quickly and easily. [129]

852 In the meantime, the rest of the tribe, with the help of the women, make ornaments for the celebration, and prepare ground for dancing and games.

They select an appropriate site which they clear, level out and clean carefully in the shape of a vast circle. All around it small shelters are built, facing in. On the day of the celebration, an

852 enormous fire is built in the middle of the circle, and the warriors begin their chanting very early in the morning. At dawn they adorn themselves with all their warrior's badges and perform certain movements in unison around the fire.

[535] Then the women make their entrance, with rattles in both hands; singing, they begin to dance with the warriors. This dance consists of a rhythmic stepping to the regular muffled beat of spears upon the ground and the rattling of gourds.

852 After several hours of continuous dancing, and only then, the
273 troughs are opened and the drinking begins.

The men drink immoderately, as do the women, and the children to be baptized are forced to take some of the liquid. They are revolted by it and refuse to drink it, but the warriors force them to swallow until the children are completely dazed.

When nearly senseless, they are shaken in every conceivable manner by their fathers and relatives to stun them even more. This is done brutally, the children being held by the legs and flung through the air from one man to another until they become totally insensible.

304 The Indians finally proceed to perforate the lips of the
852 neophytes. This is done with a special awl made of very hard wood and hardened further by means of fire.

As soon as the perforation is made, a small labret [Portuguese botoque, hence Botocudo, "labretted."--Translator] ngrókozódma, is inserted through it; as the child grows, this is gradually exchanged for a thicker one in order to enlarge the hole.

[563] Female children are not endowed with lip plugs, but with two incisions made with the same instrument just below the kneecap.

Once these operations have been performed, the warriors resume drinking even more immoderately and go back to their dancing. Later, various games are played.

All the various groups of the Botocudo tribe get together for these important celebrations, which can only be carried out in the presence of all the warriors and never separately.

526 The groups break up along lines of kinship and interests to match their strength and skill in various games.

Ngréda is one of their most interesting games. It consists in catching or parrying a round stone enclosed in a bag of finely woven embira fiber.

Angneló, the sister of Kangndádn. Kangndádn had married Thunder Storm's sister and the two men had become almost inseparable. Though they are dead their relationship is perpetuated today in the relationship of their sons. But it was only after Kangndádn had married Thunder Storm's sister that Thunder Storm married Angneló. It is not at all rare among the Kaingáng that when a man marries another man's sister, her brother marries her husband's sister. The constant companionship of the two men, thrown together by the first marriage, brings this about in an informal way. Chukembégn, who deserted his wife Tendó and three children, was "led away" from her by his brother-in-law's sister, a young woman whom he saw day after day in his sister's house.

There is still another way in which polygyny may come about and that is if a wife calls another woman to "work with her." The husband, ostensibly, has no hand in the matter at all. The woman who does this gains a helper and companion, one who will nurse her children when she is away, who will accompany her on fruit-gathering expeditions, who will relieve her of the heavy loads of meat she has to transport and who will care for her when she is ill. At the same time, however, she assumes in herself an ability to share which experience may prove to be non-existent. But the Kaingáng tell me, the first wife may become so jealous of the second that her continual anger at last drives the second wife out, even after she has borne as many as two children. First wives never leave in such a situation. Thus it comes about that a second wife in a polygynous marriage shifts about a good deal. If she is heckled by the first wife she begins to look more seriously on her lovers, and when she slips out of one marriage she slips as easily into another.

Polygyny is not always an entirely pleasant experience for a man, for although it is good to have a second wife during the several months after childbirth when intercourse with the mother is stopped, and two wives lighten each other's and their husband's burdens and bring in more food, a man must put up with their quarreling between themselves and the insults of either one who feels herself slighted.

Every marriage system is organized around some system of ideas no matter how unformulated they may be. Our own culture continually balances the ideal of love against the desire for property. The ideas that serve as the basis for the contraction of marriage carry within them the criteria by which all individuals are judged. We value people insofar as they are lovable or rich and powerful. Our ideas of what we consider a desirable sex companion are pretty clearly formulated and furnish the subject of many a conversation. But the Kaingáng are not educated to an ideal of love, and they have not formulated success in life in terms of wealth or prestige. Even raiding the Brazilians has given them little property, and

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852 535 but bears not the slightest resemblance to the rhythmic artistic form usually called dancing. The Kaingáng make no effort to execute a formalized dance step. All they do is walk; yet their word for it is dancing, and they use the same term for the Brazilian polkas. What the word really means is something like "motion on foot while singing." Little children of five or more are not excluded from the festa but drink their beer, try to sing, and march around with the others. Sometimes two or three little boys will take a gourd of beer and go off by themselves and drink it, shaking rattles and singing.

853 304 At some time during this festa the children's lips are pierced. I saw only one child pierced—a boy about two. While Chantágn, its mother, held it on her lap, its grandmother forced beer into its mouth by pressing her lips against the child's and squirting while it wriggled and bawled to high heaven. This was to make the child sleep. Now while the child's mother, aunt, and some other women wept, the child was bathed in beer, wrapped in a blanket, screaming all the while, and laid down on a small heap of blankets. While the child was lying down it was coaxed to nurse to quiet it, even as its *kŏklé* sat by swinging the little piercing knife in time to his own song. "They sing," say the Kaingáng, "so that the child will become frightened and go to sleep." While we may credit the Kaingáng with deep knowledge of infantile behavior under stress, it was clear that in this case the infant was completely unaware of just what was to happen to him; for in spite of the beer and the nursing he was wide awake when his lower lip was marked with three parallel black lines and his upper with one. These were centering lines made so that the piercing would be precisely in the middle of the child's lower lip just under the red part.

Now as the completely terrorized infant is held down by a number of people, while its mother and other women around it weep and the loud singing goes on, the *kŏklé* thrusts his fingers into the child's mouth, distends the lip, and thrusts home with the knife. The child wriggles and screams, seizes the knife, and tries to pull it out as its mouth fills with blood and saliva. Now that the knife is extracted they try to insert the tiny lip plug, pushing and twisting and turning while the baby howls and the blood streams from its lip until at last the plug breaks in an ugly splintery end. Evidently the hole is not properly made. Again the *kŏklé* distends the little lip and thrusts again with the knife. This time must be the last, so he twists and twists the knife until he is sure at last that the hole is big enough. When the plug is successfully inserted it is bound around on the outside with a bit of fiber to prevent its slipping back. Then one of the men takes water in his mouth and squirts it over the wound.

The piercing over, the *kŏklé* picks up the baby, slings it in a blanket on

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

the Whites, but was retained for small children. In recent times the Santa Catarina *Aweikoma-Caingang* of both sexes shaved the hair over the forehead and on top of the head (Paula Souza, 1924, p. 122). 302

The *Caingang* abhor body hair and always remove it. Combs consist of small wooden splinters passed through a slit in a piece of reed.

The *Caingang* seem to have used charcoal more than urucú for body painting. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* certain body paints belong to exogamic groups of people. The main motifs are dots, vertical lines, circles, and horizontal bars with vertical lines. The *Caingang* observed by Maniser (1930, p. 771) painted themselves only for funeral ceremonies. They regarded the black stripes on their chest as a protection against the ghosts. The pigment was charcoal mixed with honey and water or with the sticky sap of a creeper. 302 386 531 [764] [789]

TRANSPORTATION

River navigation never was so important to the *Caingang* as to their *Tupí-Guaraní* neighbors. To cross a river, the *Aweikoma-Caingang* fell a tree on each side of the river and connect the intervening space with a tree trunk braced with poles fixed in the river bed. 491

Caingang women carry babies on their backs, often in a net, by means of bark tumplines. Among the *Aweikoma-Caingang* these straps are 4 inches (10 cm.) wide, woven of embira fibers. Knapsacks are suspended by a tumpline. 854 482

MANUFACTURES

Netting.—According to Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 49), the Paraná *Caingang* made net bags of caraguatá fibers. 286

Basketry.—*Caingang* carrying baskets have a hexagonal weave, and, like those of the *Tupí*, are elongated and rectangular knapsacks open on top and on the outer side, so that only the bottom and sides support the burden. Basketry containers woven from thin strips of split bamboo, frequently have stepped designs produced by alternating black and natural color strands (fig. 58, *c*). Some baskets, like those of the *Guayaná*, are made in two parts that telescope into each other. 285 415

The *Aweikoma* have three main types of baskets: large baskets for transportation of goods; small, impervious water or honey containers of Taquara mansa strips coated with wax; and small receptacles, similarly waterproofed, used as cups and dishes.

Spinning.—*Caingang* textiles are made with the fibers of the ortiga brava, probably a Bromelia. Women seize the leaves with leather-covered hands, cut them at the base, and remove all the thorns, then macerate the leaves in water, dry, and, finally, crush them. The fibers are then rolled into threads with the palm of the hand against the 283

1: Métraux E-4 (no date) 1946 SM3 Caingang SM3

POLITICAL ORGANIZATION

Chiefs wield little authority. They work in their fields and hunt like the rank and file of the group. Their position is conspicuous only when the community organizes a big feast, which is always given in the chief's name. Chiefs also are the leaders of any collective undertaking. They maintain their hold on their people by distributing gifts and looking after their well-being (Koenigswald, 1908 b, p. 47). A chief who is overbearing or miserly is abandoned by his followers. The son of a chief succeeds to his father if he is acceptable to the group (Horta Barboza, 1913, p. 25). 622

LIFE CYCLE

Birth and childhood.—Formerly, a pregnant *Caingang* woman did not consort with her husband, and both observed food taboos. Women gave birth in the forest, sheltered from the supposedly malefi- 843 844
cent moonbeans.[4] A few days after delivery the mother and child were fumigated, a rite accompanied by a drinking bout. [852]

Nowadays, a *Caingang* woman bears her child wherever she happens to be, knowing how to take care of herself even if she is alone. Usually, she is delivered squatting while a midwife embraces her from behind, raising her now and then until travail is over. The navel cord is cut with a fingernail and tied with a caraguatá string.

Among the *Aweikoma*, the placenta and umbelical cord, wrapped in medicinal herbs, are placed in a basket and sunk in the stream. The mother winds a long cord around the ankles of the baby and removes it 15 days later during a feast given by the father to a group of relatives. The umbilical cord is disposed of by the mother's brother or his wife or by the mother's sister, who later become ceremonial parents. 846

In other *Caingang* groups, the mother pulls open the infant's eyelids immediately after birth "in order that he might see," breathes into his eyes and ears, and presses his temples and head from front to back. The father does not pay much attention to the baby until it is old enough to speak: Then he gives it 5 to 10 names. In the south, the names were bestowed without any rite after the above-mentioned ceremony. [553]

The *Caingang* show the greatest tenderness to their children, seldom punishing them or using harsh words. 854

According to Horta Barboza (1913, p. 27), when a boy reaches the age of 7, his mother rubs his body with the leaves of a certain tree and pours water over his head to make him courageous and diligent. 852 553

[4] It is reported that they gave birth unassisted in a special cabin (Serrano, 1939, p. 26).

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

plain how it was that he didn't kill. He walks about, telling loudly how he climbed this hill and descended that, how the thorns scratched him and how he saw no tracks. But the successful hunter sits down with the casual remark that "A tapir has been killed," and after a while, or next day, if it is late, the women go and bring it in. Before he sleeps he must mend his broken arrows, and late at night the yellow light of the dry bamboo illumines his puckered face still bent over them, while his wife sleeps with her baby against her breast. The Kaingáng do not sleep much. Even if there is no work to keep them up—no baskets for the men to weave, no arrows for them to mend—they are forever getting up to eat or to warm themselves by the fire. Before the reservation days they were a hunted people, harassed by another tribe, by the Brazilians, and by one another so that wakefulness became highly valued among them.

When the men are in camp they circulate noisily, but the women sit where they are, mingling their high-pitched voices with those of the men, taking an equal part in the conversation if it concerns anything they have any interest in. It is when the men are gone that the women come together for their own particular kind of intimate gossip: love affairs and projected separations; this one's change of heart and that one's scandalous behavior. They sit in a little group making dresses for themselves or sewing for their husbands or brothers, stopping every half hour or so to suckle their babies, who are given the breast whenever they cry, to scold a child who has defecated in a plate, to snatch another from the fire or to rub passionately a little head that has been bruised in falling. A man in the camp is an added spice to a spicy situation, and if a sprained limb or infected foot keeps him at home he becomes the focus for feminine jokes that run eternally in the same channel.

When the young women go out to pick up the fallen fruit or to gather the yellow *tai* fruit that grows in the center of a large spiked plant, they leave their babies with their old mothers or with other women to be suckled and cared for. Sometimes, if they have children who are a little grown, they may take them with them, but the Kaingáng do not feel that a woman should be accompanied by a little child so that its presence may prevent a swift and surreptitious sex encounter. They are generally free to pursue their love affairs secretly in the bush while their husbands are away, and if they cannot do that they spend their time talking about other people's affairs.

There is really very little for the women to do nowadays. Aside from their specifically feminine functions Kaingáng society could exist just as well without them. They "make the bed" and get the firewood, but their husbands help them build the house. The men hunt and also bring in most of the wild honey, for they range the farthest. It is they who climb the trees

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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III

Sexual Relations and Marriage

EVEN KAINGÁNG BABIES LEARN that the terms connected with sex have an aura of laughter and spice. *Waikó*, to copulate; *waindjī*, to have an affair; *mbâdn*, lover or husband; *plų*, wife or sweetheart; *ênglânglé*, my co-spouse, are some of the terms which, brought into a conversation, occasion any amount of smirking, tittering and laughing. The sexuality of little boys is stimulated by their mothers by manipulation of the genitals before they can walk. Although little children of two and three are told jocularly to copulate with one another, their attention is directed toward adults. A boy of three has already learnt to say, in answer to the question, "With whom do you copulate," "With Waikome," who may be his grandfather's sister. Babies are jokingly told to copulate with people anywhere from ten to twenty times their age, and a man sixty-five years old will call a toddler of three "my co-husband." Children of all ages are pressed into service to remove ticks, and it is not at all uncommon to see a little girl of five or six hovering over a supine man picking the ticks off his genitals.

A child soon learns to repeat the jokes that go around the campfire and to shout gleefully, "You copulate with your first cousin!" A boy of nine is jokingly taunted with masturbation, told that he has deflowered his fifteen-year-old cousin, or accused of wanting to copulate with a dog. As two dogs copulate the entire camp roars with laughter and a little girl of six cries delightedly, "They are copulating!" The children may see the boisterous open foreplay of the adults and glimpse the sexual act in the dim light of the early morning.

Yet with all of this I never saw or heard of intercourse among children. Jokes about the love affairs of children among themselves are never made by the adults nor by the children. The children receive so much satisfaction

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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Aweikoma

[facing p. 28]

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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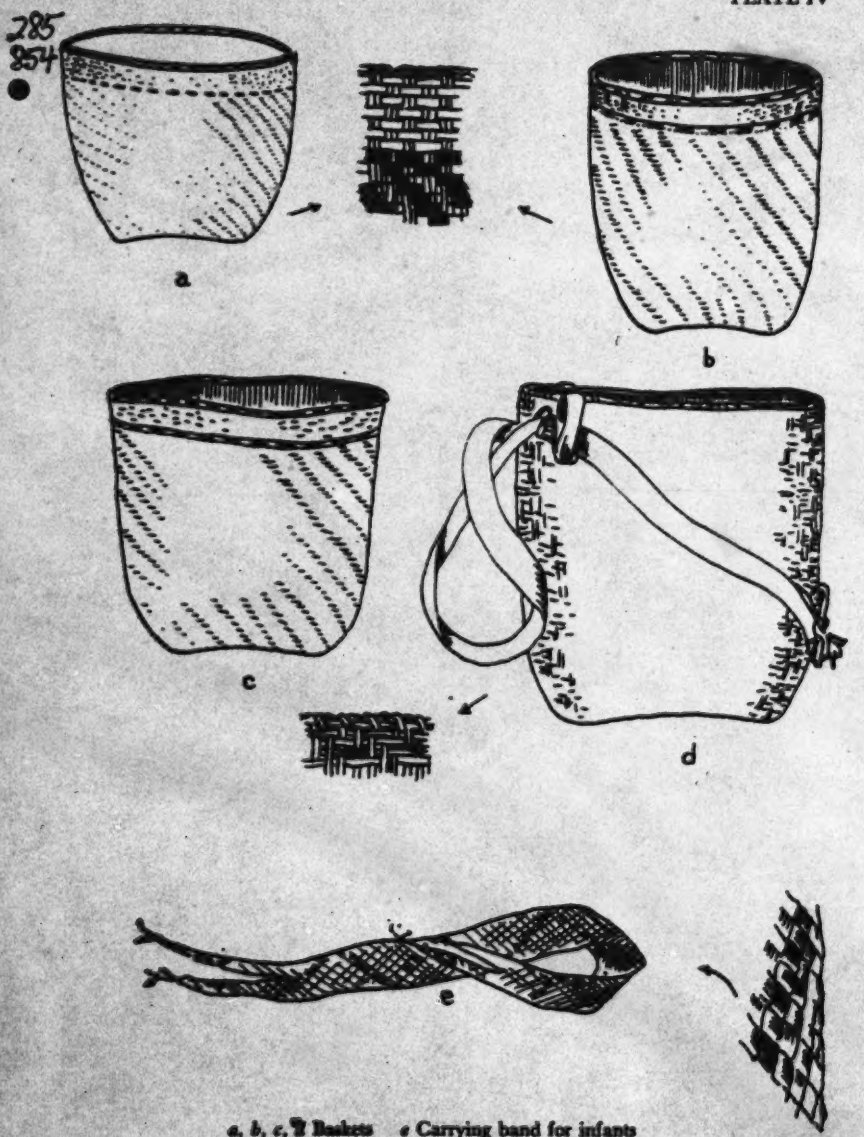
PLATE IV

285
854



a, b, c, ♀ Baskets *e* Carrying band for infants

[p.156 (B)]

285 Chusquea pinifolia--Translator] strips which vary only in their width
415 and thickness.

The larger waxed baskets are used as a sort of pail to convey water and honey. The small baskets, also waterproof, are used as vessels--mugs of a sort--for water and for mong-ma on festive occasions.

286 The Botocudo do not plait fans or mats. But they do weave a
482 strap, eight centimeters in width, tied at the ends with a special slipping knot which permits its shortening or lengthening. These straps are woven, sometimes in two colors, of embira fiber. The women use
[554] them placed against the forehead, or against the top of the head, to carry children. The Botocudo carry everything in this fashion, with the weight steadied against the head and resting along the back.

412 These Indians use large tongs made of taquarucu [a large bamboo, Guadua superba--Translator] or hard wood. These pincers are used to remove food from the fire and from boiling pots. They are called ko-pama, "wooden hand."

619 The Botocudo make up a single tribe composed of various families with equal rights.

622 Power rests with a single chief, pahi, who steers the destinies of the tribe and usually rules on all its actions.

The chief wields this power as long as his worth as a brave and fearless warrior is recognized by all. In his absence the most experienced and courageous warriors take over and exert authority upon the other members of the tribe.

When elderly the chief transfers his command to a worthy warrior, without losing his ascendancy over the tribe. He becomes its respected and venerated counselor.

595 The Botocudo are polygamous. According to his worth, the warrior usually marries two or three women; the chiefs always take more than three wives. [126]

304 On reaching adulthood the youths are tattooed on the arm with a warrior's badge, which consists of two dots laid horizontally. As they prove their manly qualities they are granted another two marks,
[552] tattoed similarly underneath the first. Once thus admitted among the warriors, they are considered ready to marry.

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Aweikoma

you want?" said I. "Chukembégn is going to leave me." "Oh, no, he isn't." "Yes, he is. He said so up the river and they are talking about it." "But he is not going to leave you." "How do you know?" "He told me." "What did he tell you?" "He told me that he loves you." I used the strongest term that the language has to offer, a term that I heard used only in folktales. "But he *is* going to leave me. Julio, if he leaves me, will you marry me?" "No," said I; "I never marry anyone." And there the matter rested.[5]

A man separated from his wife may live with someone else and share his fire. At the worst he can cook his own meals and spread his own bed, for no shame attaches to a man who does a woman's work. But after a woman has borne three children a marriage does not break up. The woman needs the man to take care of her children, and Kaingáng men are fond fathers. There is no end to the fondling and delousing a child gets from its father and other men. He makes toys for it and takes it hunting for company. Nowadays they are as much interested in having their little girls decked out in brand new calico dresses as American mothers are in getting their children permanent waves. Even in death parents do not relinquish their children, for, they say, a child who dies before the age of about twelve returns to its mother's womb and is reborn. The corpse of a grown-up is placed on the funeral pyre, pounded on the chest and told to go away, and summarily burnt. But, I was told, a little child is placed in a grave, covered with wholesome herbs and begged to return. Its mother puts a little honey and meat aside for it, puts her baby's carrying-band on her head and walks about crying, "Come here, come here! Come and eat the meat and honey I have put aside for you. If you stay in some other camp one will be angry with you! Come back! Come back!"

Except for the somewhat aberrant Chukembégn there is not a single case of a marriage dissolved after three children had been born. Chukembégn was a child of about nine when the Kaingáng settled on the reservation, and he grew up in close contact with the agent. He married Tendó but left her after she had borne him three children. His present wife, Chantágn, "led him away by the hand." Now he rarely goes near Tendó, but she is still regarded as his wife. Two years after leaving her he still buys cloth for her to make dresses for herself and her children. Yet idle tongues will wag, and one day when Chukembégn, Klendó, and I were hunting together, Chukembégn burst out: "It is not true that I ignore her. I got medicine and bought a chicken for her when she was ill!" Klendó observed mildly that he had never said that Chukembégn had not taken care of her. Then Chukembégn, turning to me, blurted in Portuguese: "This man has

[5] I mention this, and other cases in which I myself have been one of the actors, not because they are the only instances of the kind that I have, but because they are usually the most complete.

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Dances.—The members of a *Caingang* subgroup dance together. 535
The dancers, about 3 feet (1 m.) apart, form two concentric circles around a line of fires, the men inside and the women outside. A singer in the center first shakes his rattle and, placing each foot alternately before and behind, dances sideways. At this signal, the other performers shake their rattles, and both circles begin to turn in one direction, following the rhythm of the song and rattle. Men without rattles strike the ground with stamping tubes. Behind them, women lift their forearms and move their empty hands slightly to each side in a kind of "blessing" gesture. When the leader is back to the starting point, he stops, and the others wait quietly until he is rested or is replaced by another leader.

Toys and games.—*Caingang* children are very skillful at filliping 524
sticks, maize kernels, and small arrows resting on the bent arm. 857
Maize shuttlecocks are batted with the palm of the hand. Children spin tops made of a clay whorl or a lump of wax on a stick.

The favorite *Caingang* adult sport is a mock battle between mem- 526
bers of two communities, who hurl small clubs or, at night, firebrands at each other. Although these weapons may wound or even kill, casualties are not resented and do not call for blood revenge. This sport is played on open ground where heaps of clubs have previously been deposited. Women, protecting themselves with bark shields, run among the players to pick up and hand the clubs to their men. The *Aweikoma* throw stones wrapped in small fiber bags, which are parried with short clubs. The *Caingang* are also fond of wrestling.

Narcotics.—A great many stone pipes have been found in the 172
Caingang area—a puzzling fact since smoking has not been observed 276
among these Indians.

Drinking and intoxicants.—The *Caingang* prepare intoxicants 273
from maize, sweet potatoes, pine nuts, honey, and the fruit of several species of palm, especially buriti (*Mauritia vinifera*) and jussara (*Euterpe* sp.). Maize is slightly roasted over ashes, ground, and boiled in large pots for about a night. The next day part of the mass is chewed, then boiled again with the remainder. Shortly before the feast, the liquid is transferred to a huge trough made of a tree trunk and half buried in the ground. The liquor is heated by a fire built around the trough or by red-hot stones or potsherds which are thrown into it. During 2 or 3 days of fermentation, men dance around the beer, singing, shaking their rattles, and beating the ground with the stamping tubes.* The beer is often mixed with honey.

The *Aweikoma-Caingang* start to prepare their mead a month before its consumption. A mixture of honey and water, to which they add

* Koenigswald (1908 b, p. 45) distinguishes three kinds of beer: Goya-fi, made of naturally fermented maize meal; quequi (Kiki), prepared with maize and honey; and goya-kupri, made of chewed maize.

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Aweikoma

III

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Aweikoma

from adults it is hard to see why they should bother with one another.[1] They are at the beck and call of anyone who wants a warm little body to caress. As Monyá, age two, wobbles by on fat uncertain legs Kanyahé calls to him. He slowly overcomes the momentum of his walk, turns about, smiles and wobbles obediently over to Kanyahé. Children lie like cats absorbing the delicious stroking of adults. The little children receive an enormous amount of adult attention and one never sees them caress one another or lie down together. It is impossible to keep track of children around the campfire. By choice and from necessity they literally sleep all over the place. They like to cuddle next to an uncle, aunt or step-mother. In the winter when there may be only one blanket to shelter a family, the little ones are driven to crawling under the cover of someone else who welcomes the additional warmth of the little bundle. This wandering around often culminates in the sexual experience to which the grown-ups are eager to introduce the child, and he is generally enjoyed first by a person much older than he. Some married men have nicknames that bear a humorous reference to their experience in trying to deflower young girls. Yakwá was called, "You pierced your mother" because he had deflowered a young girl who had the same name as his mother. Kovi received a nickname because his first cousin clawed his penis when he tried to deflower her. The growing child's sexual experience is primarily humorous, often illicit, administered by adults, and apt to be violent in the case of girls.

When the children grow up to be young men and women a strange dichotomy of behavior is noticeable, which is all the more striking because the Kaingáng lay no emphasis on such differences. Kaingáng young men love to sleep together. At night they call to one another, "Come and lie down here with me, with *me!*" Then there is a shifting and squirming so that Nggugn or Waipó or Kanyahé can lie down where he is bidden. In camp one sees young men caressing. Married and unmarried young men lie cheek by jowl, arms around one another, legs slung across bodies, for all the world like lovers in our own society. Sometimes they lie caressing that way in little knots of three or four. Women never do these things. I have never seen any signs of complete homosexual relations among the men or women. I have sat night after night talking to knots of young men, and I have seen them caressing one another in an absolutely open fashion in the broad light of day. But I never saw them make an overt sexual gesture. In other cultures and even in our own one may see young men continually

[1] This whole situation contrasts strikingly with what I observed among the Pilagá Indians (MSS in preparation). There the children receive slight attention from the adults. Sexual intercourse begins at about 5 years and most of the sexual play of the children is perfectly open. Everyone talks and jokes about the sexual affairs of the children.

[171] Unlike their neighbors in JUNGLE PEOPLE
831 Paraná the Kaingáng have no love magic. They are, in general, a very practical and aggressive people and not given to the use of charms. They view all people but little children as spontaneously, vigorously and indiscriminately sexual, and act accordingly.

The young man who, urged at last by his desire for a woman to cook and keep house for him, and the young woman who, impelled by her wish to have someone who will constantly care for her, at last settle down with a spouse, have this background of philandering, jesting and frequently adulterous sexual experience that will color married life into old age. Kaingáng men and women are not advised by their parents to be [964] faithful to one another. The only case I heard of is that of Amendó who was one of the wives of Wanyekí. When she and her sisters married him her mother said to her: "Live with him. If they leave him, you remain with him." And she always did.[2]

581 In our society the traditional, the ideal stabilizer of marriage is love—an
586 exclusive sex interest in one person. The Kaingáng have no tradition, no background for the development of such an interest. Marriage in other [583] primitive societies is sometimes stabilized by a large payment for the bride, but in Kaingáng society there is no such payment. If a woman leaves her husband she can always find a relative who will take care of her. Her brother or her cousin or her sister will always take her in, and although she lacks the full security that marriage gave her she need not starve, for there are any number of men who will accept her as an added responsibility without complaint, even boasting a little that they took care of her and that she called them *yúgn*.[3] Besides having this dependable bulwark to her security a woman's own aggressiveness makes it far easier for her to get another husband than for a woman in a similar position in our society. When a woman is left without a husband the liaisons which she has established surreptitiously serve her in good stead, for then one of her lovers may become her new husband.[4]

586 Chukembégn had been having some trouble with his wife, Chantágn. When he left her for a few days to go hunting he told his hunting companions that he was going to leave his wife. News got back to the post before he returned. One day Chantágn, who had previously amused herself by casual approaches to me, called me. I came out of my house and sat down where anyone who happened to be around could see us. "What do

[2] See p. 30. These people have been long dead.

[3] See Appendix II, p. 177. Such a woman can partially earn her keep by gathering fruit and wood, helping with the cooking and the children, and clearing the ground for camp sites. If she has lovers they will contribute to the family larder.

[4] Sometimes, though rarely, former husbands may become lovers, but this does not occur where the woman herself has rejected them as husbands.

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When a man dies, his most personal belongings, his bow and arrows and his lance and shirt and baskets, are destroyed. Theoretically everything else is, too, but actually the precious articles acquired from the Brazilians are kept—sometimes with apologies to the ghost. When Kakthí died during the epidemic of 1933 her son-in-law Yakwá could not endure to throw into her grave the beautiful steel knife she had inherited from her husband. So he kept it, and as she lay in her grave he spoke these words to her: "*Nyǫ́*, give me your knife—I am going to make it my own. Protect me from your husband—tell your husband that I took your knife. I have no knife; so I took it. Do not be angry with me. Do not leave me. If I fall ill I will ask you to protect me. I have given you all of your property and taken only the knife."

Every death can be explained in terms of a ghost that has followed the owner of some bit of property that belonged to it while it dwelt in a living body and rapt him away to bear it company. Blankets and, in recent times, clothing are always thrown away, for they have been in close contact with the deceased. Dogs, in spite of their great value, are frequently killed, for "they always used to go around with him" and have become too closely associated with the dead person to make it wholesome for the living to keep them about. Dogs that habitually hunt with large groups of human beings have very diffuse loyalties and will obey almost anyone, so that the death of their owner still does not render them useless. The iron pots are generally abandoned, for to the Kaingáng pots are much more than simple cooking utensils—they are symbols of the living organism,[10] and when death comes much of its affect crystallizes around them. The *thâpẹ́ya*, the widowed, must eat nothing from a pot until his isolation, his *waikómáng*, is terminated, nor could anyone who had killed a human being eat food cooked in a pot.[11] Thus, at death there is a general revulsion of feeling against those things that have been in close contact with the living, but the most valuable possessions are frequently kept in defiance of the *kuplêng*.[12] Knives, scissors, axes, and nowadays guns are the things most frequently kept, and the "inheritance" of these objects is most frequently within the immediate family, with the husband or the wife taking the greater part.[13] When an object has been "taken," however, its fate is by no means settled. Although Yakwá took Kakthí's knife, a few days later he had handed it over to Vomblé, his mother's brother's son.

But probably the most striking aspect of Kaingáng inheritance is the way

[10] See p. 184. The ancient clay pots were broken.

[11] For the further discussion of ideas and practices associated with death see Appendix III.

[12] Ghost-soul.

[13] This has been inferred from a large number of specific instances collected by going through a hundred cases of inheritance.

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768 in which the emphasis on obligations to relatives by marriage is followed
881 through. Formerly if the dead man left any little children who had not yet had their lips pierced or their thighs pricked, a close relative, usually a brother, gathered the dead man's possessions together, prepared beer for the child's "blackening," and distributed the goods to the in-laws of the dead man. Perhaps the surviving relative also had children to blacken, and so on such an occasion his own property would also be distributed to his own in-laws.

556 Once property had been stolen from the Brazilians it flowed by gradual stages from the hands of the warrior into those of his relatives, and on his death it was either distributed to his in-laws or inherited by his wife and children. Societies like those of the Plains Indians of North America had made the distribution of property a device for the attainment of prestige, but when a Kaingáng gave away his booty he was doing simply what was expected of him as a relative. In many societies power tends to concentrate where property accumulates, but although the Kaingáng respect power they cannot tolerate any kind of intensification of it; for such intensification is felt by them to be disruptive. Through their insistence on the primary importance of the other person and their failure to reward achievement, the Kaingáng have suppressed processes that encourage the concentration of power in the hands of outstanding individuals.

The Meaning of the Feuds

628 One of the sources of aggression was the accumulation of resentments growing out of adultery and rejections by "deserting" relatives. Feuds and raids on the Brazilians provided substitute outlets for these resentments, and at the same time, by projecting the aggressions outside, operated to protect each extended family from internal disruption. A factor powerful in the perpetuation of the feuds is the Kaingáng feeling that once a force has been started it can never be stayed. Paralleling this on the human side is the belief that once a person has committed murder he will keep on.[14] With such a view of the natural world all that is necessary is that murder be committed once in order that there shall be perpetual distrust of the murderer. Given this attitude, the distinction in emotional ties within and between the extended families, and the peculiar social outlook of the Kaingáng, it is easy to see why things should have taken the turn they did: since murderousness is the attribute not only of individuals but also of groups, the groups suspect—and slay—one another forever.

[14] A parallel to this is not hard to find in our own society, for we believe that "a leopard cannot change its spots," and "once a criminal always a criminal." One of the fundamental bases of the theory of capital punishment is that a murderer must be got out of the way because he is likely to commit another murder under similar circumstances.

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have treated you for the tapir," they say to the dog. "When you see one, pursue it until, when you have exhausted it, you bring it to bay. I'll follow your trail all over, and when I see that you have brought it to bay, I'll kill it." The poor dog is not offered part of the kill as a lure, for the Kaingáng rarely think of feeding dogs at all, certainly not with a piece of the precious tapir. All other animals are induced to yield to the Kaingáng through pleasant treatment or through the offer of food, but not dogs. The Kaingáng feel that dogs should run long distances through scratching, slashing, buffeting jungle day after day without reward.

Even in making an arrow "sick" the Kaingáng are animistic. Sometimes an iron arrow head is placed in the tapir's heart-tube bundle with the words: "My arrow, be sick. I am treating you so that you will be sick." An arrow thus treated will kill even though the wound be superficial. The technique of making something sick does not extend beyond this—the Kaingáng have never developed techniques of sorcery. They feel that arrows have *kupléng;* not only do arrows weep and die if they are deserted or thrown away in the forest, but arrows can see when a man is threatened with death, and they will fall from their places in the house above him at night to warn him of his danger. "The arrows are with one all the time and can see what is going to happen."

One bit of hunting ritual has no reference to hunting efficiency. That is the ritualistic little meal the grown hunter eats with his closest relatives when he has at last reached the point where without fear of death from supernatural causes he may eat the tapir he has killed. Up to this point the *kélé* the fledgling male, must never eat of the tapir he has brought down himself, although he may share the kill of other men. When he becomes mature, "grown for a long time"—an extremely variable age—he eats a ritualistic dish of tapir meat, which someone who loves him has first thoroughly masticated and mixed with the charcoal of the tapir's heart-bundle. The preparation of this dish is essentially a service of love of one close blood relative to another. It comes at the time when the grown man is most likely to separate himself from the group with which he has spent years, and it marks the point at which he is no longer dependent on it for his food but may now launch out for himself. Previously, not being able to eat the meat of the tapir he had killed, he was dependent on others; no matter how great his prowess, he had to remain in the group or run the risk of starvation. This attitude is directed to the tapir alone; it does not apply even to the deer which is the next largest food animal. Other animals, particularly birds, are eaten in this ritualistic manner, but such meals come at any time at all and are repeated frequently throughout life. They are essentially techniques of imitative magic which are meant to increase the

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hunter's skill. A branch from a very thorny bush is burnt and the charcoal mixed with the meat of the animal and eaten "so the hunter's arrows will cut and tear like the thorn."

The bee, since it is a thing that lives and moves, is included in the animistic conceptualization of the world. When the Kaingáng chop out a hive, they say: "Bee, produce! I chopped you out to make beer of you! Yukúi's wife died, and I am making beer of you so that I can cut his hair." Or if they find that the larvae have eaten all the honey, they take the larvae and cry: "Bee, produce! It is I! I am alive! You ate up your honey and that is why you did not produce." And they throw a stick into the hive. After they have taken the honey they rub the sugar over the outside of the tree to show how high up the new hive should extend, and as they do so they exclaim, "Bee, make your honey go up along this way and leave off here" (at the limit of the sugar). The Yukúi mentioned in the formula is an imaginary person whom they use as an excuse for taking the honey. The implication is that since the post-mourning ceremony is extremely important, Bee certainly would not begrudge honey taken under pressure of such a necessity. When a Kaingáng cries, "It is I," he implies that the bee knows him, for such a statement can be intelligible only when the speaker is known.

Behind the requests, commands, and adjurations of the hunting and honey-seeking formulae of the Kaingáng lies not a faith in the magical power of words, but a deep conviction that people will do whatever they are asked and that any reason is sufficient in this society where reasons are unimportant and needs are everything. Whoever asks the Kaingáng to work for him must understand that they are motivated not only by hope of gain but particularly by their fear of refusing. Whoever stands his ground and asserts his rights can move mountains.[25]

Divining

There is scarcely a phenomenon in nature which has not at some time an immediate bearing on the small and insecure cosmos of the Kaingáng. But the feeling that things outside of a man's own body have direct reference to it is reduceable to a conception that most such things have a *destructive* reference. On the human level, the Kaingáng partially overcome this threat by extending their bodies through physical and emotional diffusion—the symbol of security is *ka lẹ̄lẹ̄ nyá*, to live in someone else. But everything outside of this social personality, that is to say, members of other extended families, is destructive. In the realm of the supernatural the

[25] This compulsive obedience is at the bottom of the feud victims' attendance at festes which they know are held solely to entrap them.

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snatch away some human being to bear them company. If the ghost longs 765
to renew intercourse and return at night for this purpose, it is the old spouse who suffers, never the new partner. No woman remains a widow because men are afraid to marry her. The Kaingáng are forever daring the supernatural anyway.

The children belong to their parents, if one can speak of "belonging" in 593
a society in which children are not valued as property. What we so strongly idealize the Kaingáng actually feel, for to them children are like highly charged emotional batteries. They are valued for their potentialities as emotionally satisfying living things, like most other pets.[11] There is no idea expressed that when they grow up they will feed and protect their parents,[12] 888
for in nomadic days the latter knew only too well the whims that urged and the necessities that compelled their children to wander away from them. They themselves had felt the desire to go north or west or east to see the country or to attack the Brazilians, and they too had left their own parents to follow the camps of their wives' relatives. But when children are left fatherless it often devolves upon the father's family to take care of them, for they feel that responsibility, and it is in this way that it comes about that [587]
a widow often marries someone of her husband's kin. She goes where her children are, and it is there, in the midst of her husband's close kin, that she begins her sex life anew and often finds her new husband.

It is a similar factor of residence that brings it about that in the majority 595
of cases the co-spouses in a polygynous or polyandrous marriage are either siblings or first cousins. For in the closer relationship that springs up among the members of the families related by marriage the most obvious choice is a person whom one sees all the time and with whom, therefore, one delights to have an affair. Since this choice rests almost wholly with the widow and since it is conditioned by a large number of accidental factors, principally what men are available at the moment, her new husband is as likely to be older than her dead husband as younger. Even when he is past middle age a man is still a vigorous hunter, and even if he is an old man, he can depend on someone to help toward the support of his household. His wife may philander as she will, but she is still his wife, and if he [684]
catches or suspects her he may beat her or even put a club through her chest.

If we were to believe Yatí as quoted by Thunder Storm's son, we could say that Thunder Storm acquired his third wife because he was an outstanding figure. But I am inclined to doubt this. His third wife was

[11] The Kaingáng, like many South American peoples, keep pet monkeys, pigs, coatí and hawks. Only the latter are used—for their feathers. Dogs are not pets; emotionally they belong rather in the category of unrelated human beings.

[12] It is true, nevertheless, that the parents could generally depend to some extent on their children's help, particularly before marriage.

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157 It was in times of great danger such as this that the two forces that are most dynamic in the integration of Kaingáng society, love of self[6] and love of others,[7] came into the foreground. The appeal to *waikayú* played its role side by side with the appeal through *ka lélé nyá*. The accusation "You are deserting me" would always bring back the fleeing Indian, even though to his own death. During the same battle in which Tondúin and Thukúgn lost their lives Kemblén was shot in the leg. When Kuklé made as if to go Kemblén called after him, " 'Affinal relative, you are deserting me!' So he [Kuklé] came back shooting, and the enemy went away. When Kuklé's arrows became exhausted, the enemy captured Kemblén. They tried to capture Kuklé but he ran away." Kuikégn lost his life under similar circumstances. He was about to leave after having slaughtered some of the enemy, but his wife, who had been taken captive, called to him, " 'You are leaving me!' So he came back and fought with them for her sake. He thrust her behind him and shot at them for her sake. Whenever he started to go she would say, 'You are deserting me!' and he would come back and shoot at them, until at last they killed him."

888 Like all nomads the Kaingáng were handicapped by those who were too old to move about easily. Yet they carried on their backs both men and women when they could no longer walk or walked too slowly. Kanyahé was so old that he tottered along on sticks and so nearly blind that he had to be led at the end of a bow. Yet he was not deserted. Even when they once seemed to have made up their minds to leave old Waimogué to her fate they took pity on her and returned and fetched her in carrying-bands like an infant. Few of the Kaingáng lived to a ripe old age under aboriginal conditions but when they did they were cherished to the last.

157 The typically *waikayú* individual was "dangerous" to outsiders. He was vicious, quarrelsome, and even, from our point of view, brave, for he would attack the Brazilians in the face of great danger and he was a great killer of tigers, the symbol of *waikayú* in the animal world. Aggressiveness finds mild expression within the extended families in the taking of the initiative, but initiative has a rather mild range. Movements of the hunting bands are determined almost entirely by the prevalence of game tracks in the region, and when anyone returns with the news that he has seen tracks somewhere the whole camp moves in the direction of the game. If the people are so far away from the pine forest that many days' journey would be necessary in order to reach it, some individual will suggest that they go there. His suggestion, however, has particular influence only over his own brothers and sisters and his close affinal relatives. Other people may choose to listen

[6] *Waikayú.*
[7] *Ka lélé nyá.*